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BLINDFOLDING THE MIND.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

I.

A SINGULAR distrust of human reason pervades the philosophies of the day. It seems to be the peculiar temper of the times to disparage intellectual conviction, and to seek refuge as well as guidance in some form of feeling or experience. That noble faculty which once made man the king of creation, entitling him to a place but a little lower than that of the angels in the scale of being, now scarcely raises him to the level of his animal kind in the estimation of some philosophers. The creatures of the animal kingdom, it is pointed out, easily outstrip man in the swiftness and sureness of their instincts, not having to pause between stimulation and action, as we do, to ponder and reflect, to verify and prove. The deliberative intelligence with which we human beings are endowed seems to philosophers of the sentimentalist school more in the nature of a drawback than an impetus, to the doing of the world's waiting work with thoroughness and dispatch. It is criticized and condemned alike for its slowness of movement and superficiality of achievement. The demand is for a deeper, swifter, truer, more serviceable mental faculty than this kindly light of reason which goes about its tasks with a leisurely calm and gentleness, ill-suited to an age that has taken rapidity to its bosom as the chiefest of the virtues.

Times change, and so do their dominating points of view. Not so many years ago the cry was, Wait! Let reason take its course, and prove what is good. Truth must not be hurried out of its ac-

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customed paces. Lay a soft, muffling finger on all the cognitions; keep every sense hushed and quiescent. See that no chance speck of dust disturbs the trembling balance of judgment. Weigh all considerations with the finest care, and then make up your mind with dignified composure, like the rational being you are, and expected at all times to be. Rationalism had come unto its own.

But now the trumpets of the times blare forth a far more urgent summons. Stand not upon the order of your knowing, but know at once! The bard of Avon will incidentally pardon us, we trust, for the perpetration of this paraphrase. Nowadays truth is felt, experienced, surmised, divined—anything but reasoned out or rationally approached. The intuitional folk who rush past facts to a truth, and return all aglow with the radiance of their vision, have the field of current literature pretty much all to themselves. The mystics are again among us, and lo! the name of Rabindranath Tagore leads all the rest. A royal road to knowledge seems to have been found at last, and its name is intuition. Philosophers themselves are turning away from reason and intelligence—from truth slowly ascertained to those swifter apprehensions of it which come to us, unbidden, we know not whence, and leave us with a sense of reality revealed, such as a flash of lightning dazzles us with for an instant, when it suddenly floods and bathes a darkened world with the short-lived splendor of noon. Better a single flash of intuition than all man's labored reasonings! Better far to *feel* compunction than to *know* its definition! So runs the new philosophy. The sentimentalists have come upon the scene.

There can be no doubt that we children of men enjoy a power of intuition. Our instinctive knowledge is startling at times; our ability to apprehend things in a flash extraordinary. We skip middle terms, omit reasoning processes, leap to conclusions at a bound, guess right answers without studying a question out, estimate a situation at a glance, take short cuts to the solution of problems, and know instantly what to do in a crisis without stopping to think. We have instinctive likes and dislikes, favorite sympathies and pet aversions, for which we should find ourselves in sore straits rationally to account. We form first impressions, and find them lasting; make snap judgments, and prove them true. Presentiments, foreshowings, premonitions, telepathic communications, and other sorts of quick, unsought impressions furnish every one of us at times with an instantaneous knowledge which is the fruit neither of reasoning nor reflection.

A fireman on duty in the patrol-room of an engine house, during the still watches of the night, suddenly experiences the unaccountable feeling that an alarm is coming in; and scarcely has the feeling died away when the tapper on the wall beside him begins its hurried ringing, men and horses come clattering out of beds and stalls to the machines, and are off on a spectacular dash through the city's streets to save life and property. If information of this kind could be capitalized, wireless telegraphy would become a work of supererogation. Speaking of angels is popularly and proverbially supposed to have something to do with inducing their presence, though the angels that appear in response to this mysterious summons are not always the messengers of sweetness and light. That, perhaps, explains in part why we are all so loath to make certain persons of our acquaintance the subject of prolonged conversation. Fear lest our "absent treatment" of them might suddenly give rise to an "intuition" makes us indirectly charitable, and keeps some of our "unconscious cerebrations" from assuming the draperies of speech. And this reminds me that "unconscious cerebration" has long since gone to join "innocuous desuetude," in the place all good words and phrases go to when they die.

Consider a number of other cases of sudden insight, where truth seems to spring up unexpectedly from slumberous depths that defy scrutiny. The poet writes in the morning, with apparent ease, lines that impishly refused to come, in response to repeated effort, under the soft radiance of the midnight lamp. A rhyme, for which he had long and vainly wooed the Muses, walks right into his mind without knocking, and abruptly asks: "Were you looking for me?" Newton guessed at gravitation from the sudden thud of a falling apple; Watts saw the possibility of making steam run an engine from the homely circumstance of the lifting of a kettle's lid; and Pasteur happened upon the "germ theory" by chance, while puzzling over the cause of fermentation in bottled wine that had been insecurely corked. It is said that the possibility of whitening sugar —long before the present bone-black process was instituted—first occurred to one who noticed the effect produced by a hen's clayey tracks in the bins of a storehouse; at every impress of the clay-covered feet the sugar had turned from brown to white. "Mother," said a little child, "the hens are all coming into the house. I just saw them wiping their feet out on the lawn." A child's intuition, this time, based on observation of precautions usual only with bipeds of the featherless tribe.

Still other instances, common in cases where affection or familiarity of relationship is present. The mother knows the unexpressed thoughts and needs of her children. An engineer in his cab feels that something is wrong with the engine, long before examination discloses the fact. A judge on the bench, a lawyer pleading before the bar, a detective in the court-room, all suddenly receive the impression that a witness is perjuring himself, and events so prove. A scientist in his laboratory has gone over the same problem for years without result. Some day, while he is, perhaps, on other things intent, an idea emerges, he knows not whence, and he stands aghast at the greatness of a discovery, which refused to disclose itself previously to his most meticulous research. How different seems the lumbering knowledge which comes through the colder channels of reasoning and reflection, from that which arrives abruptly and unannounced, when familiarity or sympathy bathes the light of knowledge with the warmth of love!

Take the mysterious kind of intuition that comes with holiness of life. The lives of the Saints are a golden source for the anti-intellectualist. He never tires of claiming their patronage for his views. The Christian mystics, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa, and all the shining galaxy of sainted souls, tell us with bated breath of the vision of God which came to them when they muffled the reasoning powers of the soul, and extinguished all the distracting lights of ordinary, every-day consciousness. So holy and transporting was the feeling which then flooded their darkened consciousness that heaven opened, and earth fell away like a robe discarded; and so sweet was the savor of the presence which they thus experienced, that the soul fell into a swoon, awaking later to complain of the poverty of human speech—its utter inability to do justice in words to the untranslatable experiences which they had encountered on the mountain tops of the spirit. It is holy ground, and we should approach it, as Moses the burning bush, with unshodden feet. What more wondrous than this intuition of God which holy souls enjoy? What is the secret? Some magic sublight of the natural mind coming suddenly into play? Something supernatural—an effect produced in them by God? Or a real raising of the veil, and a vision of the Unseen itself?

Drop from this spiritual altitude for a moment to consider things that are decidedly more of earth. You are all somewhat familiar with the mysteries of the so-called "subconscious." It is a commonplace of hypnotism, that an unconscious patient told to

return at a specified time—it may be days, it may be months afterward—does so unfailingly. Nearly every student has had the experience of sleeping on a problem, to find in the morning that it had mysteriously solved itself over night. As Hawthorne elegantly expresses it, "truth often finds its way to the mind, close-muffled in robes of sleep." Who that has not marvelled over the mysterious improvement knowledge undergoes, when it has lain long dormant in the recesses of the mind, away from the wakeful eye of consciousness? What student of music, who neglects for a while the practice of his art, has not been surprised, on his return to it, to find a new deftness in his fingers as they travel over the keys, which did not manifest itself in the period of conscious and labored effort preceding? We sit down to write. Our subject is mapped out, and we look at the plan, in joyous anticipation of adding to the sum of human knowledge. We cannot write a sentence. The world is gray, the founts of inspiration dry, and all "gentle readers" a most loathsome lot. Suddenly an idea bobs up; we rush for the implements of the literary trade; we write fast and furiously, to discover, after an hour or so, that the subject has simply written itself out, merely employing us for the time being in the capacity of stenographer. What accomplished this result? What assembled all the scattered wits and material which the wakeful mind, coax as it might, could not gather? What forged and riveted all this mysterious chain of thoughts and words? If we lived in the old Roman days, we should have said it was Melpomene, or Clio, Terpsichore, or some other of the Muses. But now we are more prosaic in the names we give it, though not less romantic in the way we explain it, calling it the "subliminal self," or something similar, as if some hidden elf, mentally related to those of the woodland, took a peep at itself every now and then in the mirror of consciousness, being vain of its unexhibited virtue, like the flower that is born to blush unseen.

The astonishing array of facts which we have just finished reviewing, seems to call for a special explanation. At least so the anti-intellectualist thinks. It seems to him that some mysterious power, other than intelligence, is here at work; that we are endowed with a *special sense* of an extraordinary kind, which acts independently of intelligence, and has its own peculiar way of arriving at truth and reality; that we are all Yankees at guessing, if we only knew it, and would solemnly set ourselves to cultivate a faculty that has been allowed to rust from disuse. And so the ques-

tion comes squarely before us, Have we any such non-rational power of intuition offering us a convenient "short cut" to truth and rendering superfluous the longest way round, which, the proverb says, is the shortest way home? In other words, Is the power of intuition, which we undoubtedly possess, a power of sense-insight merely, or a power, rather, of rational intelligence? Not the *existence*, be it observed, but the *nature* of this power is the point at issue. The question is one of great moment, bristling with consequences for life, education, and religion. Let us look into it carefully, skirting all the edges of the subjects and clearing the ground, before we start building a theory of explanation.

There can be no doubt of the fact that the intuitional glimpses of truth, which come to all of us at odd moments, are not due to any effort, at the time, to reason matters out for ourselves. Intuitions have a habit of arriving abruptly in periods of relaxation, when all the strain of effort is off the mind. Anybody at all familiar with what is going on in his own mental life, may readily see, without requiring to be told, that reasoning is a slow and laborious process, as compared to intuition; and that to experience a thing directly is a more perfect way of knowing it, than to infer its existence, by way of argument, from something else. Just why the anti-intellectualist should be at such pains to drive this obvious truth home to the thinking world of the day, passes comprehension, unless it be that he is acquainted with an abnormal somebody in the history of philosophy, who denied it, and escaped having his name recorded.

But are we at liberty to suppose, and is there any evidence going to show that, wherever you find *reasoning* absent, you have only some kind of *sense-activity* present? Is reasoning the only way reason has of manifesting and displaying its powers? Has it no direct, easy, quick, and spontaneous way of acting? Is there not a direct reason which apprehends instantly, as well as an indirect or reflex reason which argues and infers? And if there be an intuitive reason, as well as a reasoning reason within us, has not the anti-intellectualist forgotten something in his hurry to proclaim the existence of a new star in the mental firmament?

If you look into your mind at the present moment, you will find there a number of notions, such as the real, the true, the good, and the beautiful, more or less vague, dim, and ill-defined, which were not, through any labored effort on your part, originally acquired. They are not the result of reasoning, deduction, or personal choice—

these primary impressions of the real, the true, the beautiful, and the good—and yet you *know* spontaneously and immediately, if only somewhat vaguely, the meaning of all these notions, and their relation to life and action. How often have you dimly perceived that a certain action was wrong, and withheld from doing it; or that another was right, pleading for performance insistently, until you had it over and done. Have you never stood stock still in your tracks, your march through a gallery suddenly arrested by the matchless beauty of one particular picture which seemed to invite instant and further acquaintance, you knew not why? And was he not a type of all of us, in a measure, that old grenadier of Napoleon's army, who astonished and thrilled the audience of a Parisian theatre, listening to the strains of Beethoven's imperial march, by tottering to his feet in salute, and exclaiming: "Rise. The emperor is coming!" Alas! The emperor, whose expected approach the music had conjured up, no longer walked the earth, or made it tremble to the tread of marching feet, but lay quietly beneath it at St. Helena.

No one can consider these immediate intuitions of the mind, and the urgent promptings to action which accompany them, without recognizing the presence of an *intellective* power which is both *active and intuitive* at one and the same time. And this bit of introspection is richly confirmed by experimental research. A certain amount of unreasoned knowledge is an accompaniment of all our feelings and emotions; enough at least to shatter the thesis that our first sensations are absolutely irrational and blind—blows in the dark, we know not by what or whom delivered. There is an intellectual knowledge of the particular, as well as an intellectual knowledge of the general. These unreasoned intuitions of the particular which we find at the lowest levels of sensation, fall far short of being perfect concepts, it is true; but it is one thing to say that they furnish imperfect knowledge, and quite another thing altogether to claim that they furnish no knowledge at all. It is neither fair nor just to smother all recognition of this earliest modicum of information, by contrasting it to disadvantage with our later and larger lights, though such is the method usual with critics of the anti-intellectualist type. One may hold a little flickering candle up to the splendors of an electric lamp, and still not extinguish the lesser radiance by the greater. And so, likewise, it may well be, and is, that the relations between ourselves, on the one hand, and the good, the true, the real, and the beautiful on the other, are more felt at

first than known; more experienced than conceived or understood, without justifying the false inference that, because there is preponderance of feeling, there must be an utter absence of intelligence. What would you? Knowledge has to have a beginning somehow, somewhere. It is not let down ready-made from the skies; and we should look for a spark rather than expect a flame. The beginnings of our knowing are not in abstract ideas, but in spontaneous impressions—concrete particular intuitions, over which the search-light of reflex reason has not yet begun to play. But that our primitive feelings, emotions, or experiences are penetrated by no ray of intelligence, illumined by no light of apprehension whatsoever—well, it always did seem curious to the present writer how much some folk knew, and could tell, about what went on absolutely in the dark!

The most striking thing about these primitive impressions which we receive, of the good, the true, the real, and the beautiful, is that they are practicaly *simultaneous* with the first sensations we experience. All efforts to postdate their appearance have failed. Rising out of the performance of our earliest mental acts, these swift snatches of intuition date from the very awakening of our faculties. The mind seems made to make them, and the world of objects to produce their appearance, so immediate and spontaneous is the responsive reaction between the two. Professor James says somewhere that in touching his first object, the child has really become conversant, in a way remote and dim, with all the categories of philosophy; and we would be the last either to discount this admission or to decline its consequences.

So completely absorbed and interested in these first vague glimmerings of truth does this mind of ours become, that, instead of clearing them up at once into abstract ideas, by turning on all the higher lights of consciousness, it prefers to dwell for a while in this delightful twilight region of knowledge, enjoying contentedly the vagueness of its own first dawning intuitions, as if the vague were reality itself, and definition spoiled it, cut it up, and tore its seamless robe to shreds.

In fact, philosophers themselves have been known to cultivate this morning knowledge of the mind, in preference to the mid-day and evening forms which follow, lingering by choice where the lights are low, the din of the industrial world hushed, and nature all a-whisper with mysterious messages. How many a human soul, experiencing the feeling of universal dependence, has mistaken this vague impression for an immediate perception of God! How many

another soul, falling under the spell of the indefinite, which haunts a scene of special grandeur, to haunt the faculties as well long after, with the sweet-smelling incense of enchantment, has thought itself actually blest with a vision of the Infinite! The imagination takes fire at the very thought, and the affections stir uneasily in their sleep. A little rational criticism, if it were allowed to intervene, would soon tumble all this baseless fabric of a dream. But what is rational criticism, pray, to one who detaches his feelings from the ideas accompanying them, and prefers to live at the lower level of sensation—immersed forever in the vague—instead of rising up from it into the clear, and finishing a knowledge that has only just feebly begun? Yet even those who would rather live close to the original springs of knowledge, than follow the stream along its rising course, cannot banish all intellectual elements from their favorite well of emotion pure and undefiled. We must at least do them the credit of supposing that *some* simultaneous glimmer of what they are doing, accompanies their rapt worship of the indefinite.

But let us turn back from the rhapsodical to the real. It is impossible anywhere to find activities of sense going on, to which intelligence is a total, utter *stranger*. Reflex reason may be asleep, but spontaneous reason is ever wakeful. A certain amount of knowledge surrounds our most primitive sensations with a little fringe of light; leaves, as it were, a luminous spot to which it is possible for us afterward to revert. The same is true if we tap the stream of knowledge higher up, and some distance away from its original springs. You can see for yourself, by consulting such abstract notions as "reality," "eternity," "justice," "honor," "virtue," that the technical knowledge which you acquire of these subjects in the class-rooms of a college, or the lecture halls of a university, in later life, has been to some extent anticipated and preceded by a spontaneously furnished knowledge of a more direct, immediate, and unlabored kind. You do not have to be a philosopher, a theologian, a moralist, or a lawyer, to apprehend meaning; and surely when abstract terms like the foregoing are uttered in your presence, or pass over your lips in the rush of speech, some intuitive glimpse of their meaning attends upon their utterance, though perhaps you would not care to present yourself for examination before a board of specialists on the precise amount of your information. Men had a spontaneous knowledge of God long before the philosophers put on their thinking caps, to see whether or not it had been validly acquired.

Take, for example, a spontaneous notion existing in all minds, and the subject of perpetual controversy among philosophers—the notion of external reality. All of us have the notion of an external world, distinct from ourselves, the knowers of it, and not beholden to us for its existence. Strive as they may, philosophers cannot banish or exorcise this notion from the human mind. It haunts idealists, who disbelieve it, like Banquo's ghost at the feast. Efforts to explain it away have resulted only in accentuating its presence. No idealist can account for its *acquisition,* his attempts to do so all resolving themselves into a description of its *development,* which is far from being or affording an account of its *origin.* Philosophers, since Kant's time, have taken great offence at the human mind for daring to acquire such a notion as this, without consulting them as to its rights and powers in the premises. But there the notion stands, unreduced and irreducible—a defiant proof that we have a direct, spontaneous knowledge of more than our own mere selves, whatever the idealists may think or argue theoretically to the contrary.

The usual way of dismissing this notion as worthless and unfounded is to ask us to try to find it, by doubling the mind back, and turning its attention inward upon itself, in a perfect act of reflection. "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly. You might as well remain awake to discover how it was you fell asleep. How, pray, could the mind, when made to reflect directly on itself, discover anything more than its own sensations and states of consciousness, or be caught in the act of reflecting upon something else? Philosophers, it would seem, do not always submit their reflections to reflection. Otherwise the history of philosophy might have been a different story. There is a direct, as well as an indirect, way of reflecting. We may reflect on objects known, or on the subject knowing them—ourselves. The critic invites us to do the wrong kind of reflecting in this case, and we decline the invitation to look for something where we have no right in the world to expect to find it. The mind stops acting spontaneously, stops thinking of things, when you ask it to think of thoughts. The upshot of all of which is that we have direct as well as indirect knowledge. And the conclusion we wish to draw, or rather the fact we desire to point out, is that we possess spontaneous concepts or intuitions which are not the *results,* but the *sources* of scientific knowledge. A work of *acquiring* knowledge precedes the work of *criticizing* its deliverances. It is an unpardonable ex-

hibition of patrician pride to regard all knowledge as synonymous with scientific knowledge; to make the end of the knowing process the beginning. Why, if all our knowledge, or even the greater part of it, for that matter, came to us only over the slow road of scientific reasoning, the critics would have nothing to criticize, and philosophy would have to shut up shop for sheer dearth of material with which to conduct its business of reflection.

The spontaneous side of the mind's activity is truly wonderful, and the more we explore it, the more its wonders grow. It is a veritable laboratory, in which knowledge is prepared for future use and service. Here it is that we find the beginnings of natural religion, under the vague traits, at first, of something greater, better, more powerful, and more beautiful, than the visible panorama of earth and sky, or the perfections mirrored in man. Here, too, is the beginning of nature mysticism—that so-called experimental contact with the Divine, which seems to its sentimental seekers so utterly superior to all abstract and reasoned knowledge. Here also slip into the mind, unnoticed, many untagged, uncatalogued impressions, which fuse themselves with the existing store of knowledge, to surprise us later with their sudden uprush into a consciousness that seems to think them no child of hers. For every impression, however stray or faint, leaves traces, and becomes an item of that submerged knowledge, which the schoolmen called habitual, to distinguish it from actual. Here, in fine, the scattered bits of information which we gather from this source and that, are all mysteriously pieced together, each one finding, by a sort of selective affinity, which is really the work of the active reason, the companion-bit to which it is related and belongs.

But the most important thing of all, in the decisive bearing it has on the outcome of our present inquiry, is the fact that all our mental states mutually *compenetrate,* meeting as currents of water or of air meet, when they come together, passing *through* one another rather than around, blending, interfusing, permeating. The various attitudes, operations, or states of mind which we designate by the phrases, "I feel," "I think," "I will," "I do," cannot be physically separated, they can only be distinguished mentally. Our moral, esthetic, and religious experiences run into one another, so much so in fact that it requires the finest work of the analytic reason to unravel the living knot with which they are tied—a most convincing proof, if one were needed, that there is no special chamber of the spirit, where a man may find and keep his religion se-

questered altogether from the rest of his knowledge, as Albrecht Ritschl dreamed could be the case.

No such mechanical conception of the mind is possible, in view of the facts we have just allowed to speak. The mind is an interpenetrative whole of organized power, incapable of being split up into separate, non-communicating compartments, or divided into opposite hemispheres, of reason and sense, intellect and will. Its faculties, its functions are all the servants of one fundamental power which pervades it through and through—the power of intelligence—as may be seen from the fact, already described at length and in detail, that a vague concept accompanies the earliest and dimmest of our sensations. This mind of ours is a *life,* not a mechanism; and those who divide and subdivide it, speak the language of physics rather than that of psychology. In fact, most of the recent criticism of human ideas, their function, and value, might be sufficiently discounted simply by saying that it is not ideas which are to blame, so much as the critic's wrong idea of them. The last thing we ever think of criticizing is our own preconceptions and presuppositions. The schoolmaster who said that "a preposition is never a proper word to end a sentence *with,*" gave good advice, but very poor example.

Who would dare draw a hard and fast line through such a mind as we have just studied, and divide off feeling from reason or will from intelligence? No one ever proved the unity and continuity of consciousness more richly or more brilliantly than Professor James, the psychologist. And no one ever rent its unity and continuity more hopelessly asunder than the same Professor James, when he turned pragmatic philosopher, and cut the knowledge process in two, because of his neglect to take into due account the all too obvious fact that a spontaneous or direct reason is assiduously at work in the acquisition of human knowledge, long before the critical or reflex reason has bestirred itself into action. Wherever he found reasoning processes absent, he drew the too hasty conclusion that only some kind of sense-activity was present. He thus transferred to sense and sentiment a function that inalienably belongs to intelligence; robbing Peter to pay Paul, and then upbraiding Peter with his poverty and general shiftlessness of character. Peter might well rejoin that his poverty was not voluntary, but inflicted; and cite the parallel case, mentioned in the Scriptures, of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and suffered despoilment on the way, through no fault of his own.

Let us continue the personification, remembering all the while that Peter is the human intellect. This rhetorical device will add a vivid touch to the presentation, and redeem it from the pallor characteristic of abstract speech. Professor Bergson would take Peter to task severely. "See here," he would indignantly exclaim, "this talk of your having been robbed and plundered is the sheerest nonsense. You are poor by native disposition, and even when considered at your best. All that your most ardent admirers can bring forward in your favor is that you are a creature of *vague intuitions.* Your perception of a tree, flower, table, desk, chair, or what not else, is the perception merely of a confused mass or indistinct whole. We have to prod you to secure an itemized account of what it is you profess to see. You never vouchsafe details of your own accord; you are unable to tell us what reality looks like when viewed from the *inside,* and yet that is precisely what we want and need to know; you simply stop at the *external* surface of things, instead of entering into the life and spirit of reality, by cultivating closer sympathy with it.

"I propose to place you in a position where you can bring your superficial talents into full play. You will have charge of the mind's observatory. Your vague intuitions will do very well there, and be of service. You are a good spectator of events, and you can tell us all about what is happening on the surface of reality; what lines of action we should follow, what course of conduct pursue. For practical work of this kind I find you admirably equipped. You are a keen observer of the relations of things, a fine guide to *practice,* but you have no ability whatsoever for *discovering* reality. I have had a commission on efficiency and economy appointed to look into the way things are managed in the department of the interior, and their report to me is that you are splendid at suggesting action and outlining future conduct, but absolutely incompetent when it comes to gathering reliable information; so I have decided to place all the fields of human action under your supervision, and to take the labor of acquiring knowledge entirely off your hands. The commission on mental efficiency, of which I have the honor to be chairman, has recommended this redistribution of functions; so please put out of your mind from this day forth all concern about the acquisition of knowledge. Someone else will take care of that.

"I have an understudy who can do this work of acquisition much better, and in the way my notion of things in general requires. He has been an assistant of yours for centuries, nay, my theory of

evolution tells me, he was at one time actually your chief. He is the only real knowledge-gatherer we have. His name is *sympathetic intuition.* You can see from his very name that he does not furnish vague intellectual intuitions like yours, which are indeed excellent as programmes of conduct and plans of action, but worthless for knowing reality in its living, marching, changing, constantly shifting character. To know a reality that is ever on the march and never standing still, you have to make yourself one with it by sympathy, feel it and be it in all its changing moods; in a word, you have to plunge into the flux of reality, the stream of experience itself, and submerge all differences and distinctions between you, the knower, and it, the known, in that complete identity which is born of perfect sympathy, and only mutilated by intelligence. And that," says Professor Bergson to Peter, with a gesture of finality, "is something you cannot do."

"Well, hardly," replies Peter. "I do not propose to drown myself, merely because you are afraid I'll die of drought. All your criticism of me is based on an impossible requirement; you want me to be somebody else. You first make the mistake of identifying truth and reality, and then you condemn me for not acting in accord with your error of judgment. How could I make myself identical, absolutely, with what I know, and still retain my capacity for knowing it? You seem to be under the false impression that to know a thing, one has to *become* it; that the relation of knower to known is a relation of identity, not one of *similarity* merely. Knowledge, you say, is an internal relation. So it is. But it is an external relation also, and that is why I cannot annihilate my own distinct individuality as knower, and go merge it, as you advise, in the alien individuality of things. Still, I would like to make a suggestion. If there is any diving or plunging to be done, you would better let me do it, because I'm the only one you can find who is able to keep his eyes open under water, and come back to tell you what is there to be seen. Sympathetic intuition cannot do that. Why, man, I'm the very eyes of sympathy, and you positively cannot get along without me, in the acquisition of knowledge. *You are, surely, not trying to make philosophy a game of blind man's buff, are you, by blindfolding me?*"

In a further study, we hope to show that Peter had the better end of this argumentative interview. Meanwhile, his statement that "intelligence is the eye of sympathy" will bear pondering.

THE CHURCH AND FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

VI.

THERE remains to complete the explanation of the tangle between the Catholic Church as an organization and the attempt to found a democratic state in France, a picture of the relations between the two during the nineteenth century, and this I will present upon the broadest lines, in the hope that even so general a view may be of service.

I have shown how the Faith gradually rose, as it were, to be a sort of film upon French society from the end of the seventeenth century, throughout the eighteenth, until the Revolution; how its practices were common to the women at least of the wealthier classes and to much of the peasantry, but had almost disappeared among the artisans of the towns; how it had lost hold to a degree really astonishing (when we consider how deep a philosophy the Church can teach) upon the intellect of the nation. How, finally, it was in the odious position of being something official and nominally authoritative, bound up with police and law and government, in spite of its having thus lost its vital grip upon the nation.

I have shown how the French Revolution, being a vivid national movement arising under such circumstances, could not but be indifferent to, and on the whole ignorant of, the Catholic Church—as well as in sections opposed to it; and this simply because the nation as a whole had drifted further from Catholicism before the Revolution broke out than ever before or since. Lastly, I describe how, by a most unfortunate accident, this atmosphere of indifference or suspicion between the Catholic Church and the great democratic experiment (which had all the fire of a crusade in it), was suddenly accentuated into a violent quarrel by the outbreak of the war. To this people, already careless of religion or opposed to it, the priest appeared through the blunder of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy to be a friend of the invader and a traitor. The enemies of Catholicism were quick, of course, to seize such indifferences and to use them. The Huguenot, the Jew, the small but highly intelligent and convinced section of Voltairian opinion—

all men for one reason or another in revolt against the authority of the Church from within—took advantage of the wedge that had been driven between the hierarchy and the nation.

The organization called Freemasonry, a secret and somewhat puerile society with a mass of fantastic emblems and a supposed "secret," a thing originally un-Catholic and proceeding from the Protestant countries with a strong Jewish backing, but as yet possessing many Catholic members, and even many members of the clergy, was easily established as the chief anti-Catholic organization in France and in Europe. Meanwhile there must be noticed this extremely important factor in the three generations that were to follow. Indifference or doubt may be positive or negative in tone. It may be slightly positive or slightly negative; it may be heavily negative, it cannot be heavily positive, but the critical thing is whether it is positive or negative in tone.

Thus a man may care nothing for the United States of America. For him it may sink or swim. I can imagine a lama in the monasteries of Thibet to be in this same attitude of mind with regard to the United States. But a European, who is of the same general Christian civilization, an Englishman who speaks the same tongue, still more a Canadian who lives on the same Continent, and most of all an actual citizen of the United States, cannot conceive this ideal indifference. Thus an Englishman may not be profoundly moved at hearing of some American disaster, but on the whole he will wish it had not happened. Another Englishman may also care very little about it, but on the whole be better pleased that it has happened. Again, a citizen of the United States, by his mere indifference to the fate of his country, is necessarily and actively negative with regard to it. He is certainly a bad citizen. In a word, the more you know about or are concerned in, or even distantly related to, a particular organization, the more is it probable that your indifference will not be colorless, but will tend towards reconciliation with it, and interest in and affection for it, or antagonism and hatred against it.

Now the important thing to remember is this: The Frenchman was intimately and actively concerned for centuries with Catholicism. It was the Frenchman in arms who saved and upheld the Holy See. It was his example that had helped to reconquer Spain. It was he who had made the Crusades, and he who had not evangelized but organized the beginnings of civilized Germany. Never was there a profounder historical epigram than that which called

Gaul the eldest daughter of the Church. Therefore, when the typical or ordinary or average Frenchman adopted what he believed to be indifference towards religion, it could not but be that he should take his stand with the first experiences of real life, with the first experience of death and of birth, of property and of every other relation between man and society, either generally towards the Catholic position or generally against it. He was right in the stream, so to speak, of the European Catholic development, and he must either be with the stream or against the stream in his direction. Well, the real story of the nineteenth century in France from this point of view, not as you will hear it told in the financial press, or in the innumerable books written by intellectuals, but as you may trace it in the lives of the people if you know your France, is the story of an indifference which has gradually changed from being an indifference negative to the Church, opposed and even acutely opposed, to an indifference positive to the Church, no longer opposed, and, latterly, attached to the Church.

This is an exceedingly difficult point for men to grasp when they live as do the Catholics in the United States or of England, a minority in the midst of a non-Catholic society. It is, perhaps, more difficult to be grasped by men who, like the Irish, have their religion for a national symbol as well as the Faith. But it must be grasped if you are to understand modern France. Not one Frenchman in a thousand really thought the Faith in peril of destruction since, let us say, 1830. But only perhaps one Frenchman in five thought the Faith an absolutely necessary daily habit of thought until quite recent years. The French in the lump lived in a society where the terms of the Faith were commonplaces, but also in a society where the objects of the Faith had been three-quarters forgotten.

To compare great things with small, it was a little like the attitude of most people to-day towards representative institutions: everybody talking about elections and majorities and the rest of it, but nobody at the bottom of his heart thinking that it very much mattered, and most people indignantly resisting, in their souls at least, the pretension to authority exercised by elected persons. Or, again, it was like the way in which we all talk in terms of civic equality and civic freedom, while in practice we live in terms of capitalist and proletariat.

Well, a Revolution proceeded between the Napoleonic period and our own—a matter of just over a hundred years—by which

Revolution France is in the act of returning to the Faith by an unexpected road, and the steps of that road I will now very briefly sum up in conclusion, always begging my reader to remember that I am looking at a very large process in the most general fashion, and that those concerned with details might well desire to deny such broad conclusions.

When the whirlpool of the Revolution had quieted down, Napoleon, by his famous Concordat, re-established the Catholic religion in France. Public money was secured to the priests and bishops, national action upon their part was forbidden even to the holding of councils, and, so far as such a thing could be possible in such an organism as the Catholic Church, the hierarchy stood to the State in the relation of nominated officials. The effect of the Concordat upon the fate of the Church and of Gaul has been, like that of most mechanical things, exaggerated by the thinkers and writers of our time. It did not greatly modify in one way or another the chances of religion. A strong spiritual movement of returning Catholicism would have easily swept aside its barriers; conversely, a final decay and disappearance of religion would not have been prevented by it.

But there is one important provision in connection with this settlement governing the whole of the nineteenth century, which must be carefully remembered. The Religious Orders were outside the scheme. They had not any constitutional position. Now it is a general mark of men, epochs and societies, that their sympathy with, or alienation from, the Catholic Church may be measured by their attitude towards the Religious Orders. And as the Religious Orders, by their nursing and teaching and their missionary effort, permeate the whole domestic atmosphere of a state where Catholicism is strong, to attack the Religious Orders is at once the policy dearest to the enemies of the Church, and the policy most easily to be pursued by them in the atmosphere of irreligion, which was the tone of the nineteenth century throughout Europe until near its close. Bearing this one important detail in mind, we may pass to the larger causes of the nineteenth century religious development in France.

Three things combined to continue until well past the middle of the nineteenth century, the decline of religion in (a) the mass of the drifting middle class (who in France form the body of magistrates, officers, and local government), as also in (b) the artisans of the towns, and, more gradually, among (c) the wealthier peasant areas.

These three things were, first: The association of Catholicism politically with the foreign invasion; the unpopular monarchy imposed upon the French by that invasion, and in general everything opposed to the great national legend of the Revolution and the glorious Napoleonic wars.

Take the case of a man born in, say, 1790: Such a man could have fought as a lad in the armies of Napoleon. He would have felt the bitterness of defeat; he would have seen a ridiculous and unpopular monarch imposed upon him by foreign armies; he would have a vague memory from childhood of a great national effort called the Revolution. He would certainly be democratic in temper nine times out of ten—and he would find the Church so closely associated in ideas and social service with the anti-national side in all this, that unless he were either a very pious or a very clear-headed man, he would conceive the connection between the Catholic Church and reactionary politics as something native and inevitable. Now most men are neither pious nor clear-headed, and most men in France of all that generation, that is, most of the men who were middle-aged under Napoleon III., and the oldest of whom survived to see the war of 1870, were thus "orientated" against the Church.

Second: All that is meant by "modern thought"—nowadays an old-fashioned phrase, but one very vigorous in the middle of the nineteenth century—overcast men's minds with a philosophy opposed to Catholicism, and this tincture affected practising Catholics almost as much as it did their enemies. I have no space to discuss the origin of that complex, but exceedingly imbecile, philosophy which was current until almost the last few years throughout the educated world. In part it proceeded from the swamping of the mind by the rapidity of physical discovery; in part from the last phase of Protestantism, and the sudden commercial expansion of Protestant societies; in part from the long neglect of the religious past, which began everywhere two centuries before. But without pausing to discuss its origin, we all know what its nature was. It regarded the things of the soul as undiscoverable. It lost itself in metaphors when it attempted ultimate definitions, and, if to so muddled a thing any one term can be given, it was essentially materialist in theory. Coupled with this "spirit of the time"—wherein both the Jewish intelligence and the English culture played a very large part—was the organization throughout France in the strictest fashion of a directing corporate body, also Jewish and

English in origin, to wit, Freemasonry. Freemasonry from having been of its nature vaguely anti-Catholic one hundred years before, became, during the nineteenth century, an active and directing force, controlling the campaign against the Church. It relied upon its affiliation in the Protestant countries, and especially in England. It long maintained its now exploded secrecy, and, what is more, was respected by the indifferent, and that because it was joined and supported by men often of high civic culture, and still more often of high social influence and position. The whole régime of Napoleon III. was Masonic in character, and so was the first part of the Third Republic.

Third: This persistent decline in French Catholicism, or at least in the tone of it throughout the State, which proceeded during the nineteenth century, was aided by the negative policy of the Church itself. To this there was one brilliant interlude of exception, when a mixture of democratic and Catholic propaganda was attempted in the middle of the century. But as a whole the authorities of the Church throughout Europe, and particularly in France, stood intellectually as well as morally and even physically upon the defensive. Time will probably show that attitude to have been a wise one. It was at any rate an instinctive effect of the great disasters of the eighteenth century, and he who will carefully consider the history of the Catholic Church during its two thousand years, will find many parallels for such an attitude. Time and again, when the Church has been menaced in any particular, she has borne the evil without sharp or effective action against it, until the arrival of a belated but decisive opportunity—compare the Cluniac Reform or the tardiness of the Counter-Reformation.

How negative was the attitude of the Church, and how purely defensive, posterity will marvel. It put forward no political party; it organized itself under no leader; its apologetics waned and the tomfooleries and extravagances of the scientists fell, not as they might have fallen, under the sharp attack of trained Catholic intelligence, but of their own weight. For instance, the Lamarckian view of Transformism has triumphed over the Darwinian. The Darwin theory is dead, but it was not the Catholic Church that killed it, it was the thinking out of its absurdities by men often just as ignorant of European culture and of the Church as was Darwin himself.

All this trend downwards was checked roughly at the last

third of the century, and the change in the curve begins with the generation that was born before, during, and after the war of 1870. Whatever political fortunes have attended the Church in France during the last forty years, the main social truth about it—and it is these main social things that always dominate politics at last—is that it has been slowly but regularly winning back. It has slowly but regularly increased the actual numbers of practising Catholics in any thousand French families. It has increased the piety and the fervor of those who practise, and, what is far more important, it has turned the tone, the general atmosphere of French directing life, French intellectual and moral life, slowly round until, although it is not by any means identical with, it is more sympathetic with, than antagonistic to, the Church.

Here again the causes were three: First, the presence of a new generation with its own problems and reactions; second, the rapid aging and wearing out of anti-Catholic influences, but particularly of Freemasonry; and, third, a surprisingly great though surprisingly silent missionary effort. I will close by showing these three in turn.

First: As to the first of these forces: It is perhaps of the purely temporal and explainable causes the most important. Roughly speaking, everyone born earlier than or up to the year 1830, had lived under social conditions which practically identified the Church with a particular theory, and that theory an unpopular one. It was as though the Church had been allied with the English ascendency in Ireland. Most Frenchmen were instinctively against the reactionary political theory, and they mixed it up, as a matter of course, with the hierarchy of the Church. Now it will be evident from a comparison of dates, that that generation was dying out towards the end of the nineteenth century. Conversely, the generation born from, say, 1865 onwards had no direct experience of this alliance. They saw, indeed, violent conflicts between the new Republic and the Church, but they could never remember a government actively in power, and either illiberal or anti-national, and yet supported by most of the clergy. They might believe, because they were told, that the Church was undemocratic in spirit, but the only thing that really counts in forming such judgments, actual experience, was lacking. Their elders could carry on the tradition and say: "I warn you that if the Church had power again you would lose your political liberties," but the young men could only regard it, even if they believed it, as a doctrine arbitrarily conveyed to

them. It had no sanction of physical and tangible social phenomenon behind it.

The consequence was that first the anticlerical policy continued in the hands of old men who gradually died off. Nothing is more striking, if you look at the list of those who were behind the anti-Catholic movement of the Third Republic, than to see how Old-World they are, and to see how they all seem to belong to a dead and quite different time. Meanwhile, though certain of the most violent anti-Catholic were quite young men—as they would be in any state of society—yet the bulk of the young men were either indifferent or prepared to listen to the case for the Church, and the surprising reaction towards Catholicism of the last few years is mainly due to the fact that the men who have this indifferent or actively vague attitude towards Catholicism in society (let alone a great mass of fervent and devout men), are now round about those years of middle life which chiefly direct the activities of any State.

Second: As to the wearing out of the anti-Catholic activities, and particularly of Freemasonry, that is a phenomenon with which the history of the Church renders us familiar. The Church has had throughout her history a long succession of opponents, but it has been a peculiar character of her position as against theirs, that she remained herself without aging while they passed through the normal phases of mortal organism, and were first more vigorous, then quiescent, then in decay.

The break-up of Freemasonry came with surprising quickness, and was brought on as much as anything by the Dreyfus case. Its whole power consisted in France, of course, as it consists everywhere, in secrecy. To get people to believe that it is a mere friendly society—on its own unsupported word and in spite of the grossly immoral principle inherent in all secret societies—was, and is still in Protestant countries, its principal strength. The Dreyfus case blew all that sky-high. French Freemasonry then appeared in the eyes of all Frenchmen, however provincial or stupid, in the light of an anti-Catholic society, and no one could be so dull as not to note the way in which in proportion as Freemasonry was strong in any country, in that proportion was the violent campaign against the French army and the French Church supported. As always happens after a breakdown, events accelerated the failure of Freemasonry when it had once made this principal error. Its last attempt—a failure—to play its old rôle was in connection with the Ferrer case, and now it may be said, with some truth, that the

very name of this secret society has become ridiculous in the ears of most Frenchmen. Its ritual is exposed, its recruitment has fallen to a lower and a lower class of citizens; its methods of conspiracy and private spying are public property, and therefore have brought it into final and well-deserved odium. A Catholic member of the French Parliament discovered one of those innumerable cases of general and secret spying, for which Freemasonry is organized, in the case of the army. He exposed the fact that the Masons had docketed and referred to a Masonic minister at the War Office every officer who practised the Catholic religion. No better example of the power of Freemasonry in England, or of its breakdown in France, is to be found than the fact that such an iniquity was the one public matter in France and throughout most of the Continent for weeks, while the whole story was rigidly boycotted in the English press.

Finally, as I have said, there has been a great, though singularly unnoticed, missionary effort at work under the surface during the whole of this generation. It has not had the opportunity of working through the schools. Indeed, it has had in the educational system of the country nothing but enmity to meet; but it has worked through individuals, and especially through the great and unprecedented masses of vocations to religious life. The proportion of the Religious to the total population grew in the nineteenth century to be far larger in France than it ever has been before. The domestic and personal effects of these vocations are quite beyond calculation, and as against them merely mechanical measures, such as the confiscation of religious property, or even the exile of numerous communities, could be of but little moment.

One may sum up and say, that the Church has been regaining her place in France, and therefore in Europe (for upon the Church in Gaul the tone of the European mind towards religion depends) steadily for over thirty years. One may further say, that this growth, long proceeding beneath the surface, became markedly apparent in the last ten or fifteen years, and especially since the great quarrel called the Dreyfus affair. One cannot finally conclude that the process will continue indefinitely. There may be more than one violent reaction the other way, but the significant thing in modern France is the ceaseless progress made back to Catholic ideas, and the curious sterility which seems to have struck the opponents of that progress. It is as though indifference were almost the only enemy left to fight.

G. K. CHESTERTON: A NEW ASPECT.

BY M. D. W.

THIS new aspect of "G. K. C." as a playwright is an altogether satisfying one. We went to his first play, *Magic,* with a curious expectancy; wondering if those flashlight epigrams, those apparently wholly-responsible yet altogether-purposeful sallies of wit, could be transferred or interpreted into action. One knew it was impossible to be disappointed in Chesterton, who seems to possess the rare knack of saying the right thing, the sane thing, and the honest thing, in that inimitable way of his which gives it such force and (so to speak) local color. But the doubt insistently remained: whether he would rise to dramatic power in this first adventure in the drama. The fear was groundless. Critics whose limitations prevent them from following him to the heights, may complain that he is ineffectual, that he proves nothing, that his great "conjuring trick" is left open to natural interpretation (if anyone can discover it). Yet all agree that he has contrived to impress himself upon, and hold the attention of, a careless generation by sheer force of his own triumphant "credo." From first to last the play is a scintillation of wit; epigrammatic, brilliant, yet (and herein lies its power) brimming over with an "understanding" sympathy for poor illogical humanity, which makes him take all his characters, with a "divine comprehension," at their "best," and not their "worst;" notwithstanding the follies and weaknesses he so clearly realizes. Underneath all the raillery, and the delightful nonsense, sounds the persistent "leitmotif"—the framework and embodiment—of "G. K. C.'s" wholesome, clear, and sound philosophy of life; his confession of faith in God, in humanity, and in the "powers of darkness."

The characters are few—we see them all so clearly cut before us—the delightful old Duke who wants to please everybody, and to be "broad" (as he repeats so constantly), but whose irresponsibility and general vagueness in expressing himself, reduce his hearers to a state of mental pulp and complete exasperation, while conscious of his genuine kindliness and simple goodness. Take, for example, a speech like this:

> Ah! Yes, the Militant Vegetarians! You've heard of them, I'm sure. Won't obey the law as long as the government serves out meat! Well, well, I'm bound to say they are very enthusiastic! Advanced, too—oh, certainly, advanced like Joan of Arc!.....O, well, it's a very high ideal after all. The "sacredness of life," you know, the "sacredness of life." But they carry it too far. They killed a policeman down in Kent.

Then there is the kind-hearted courteous old Family Doctor, a familiar type of agnostic, to whom science and philanthropy have taken the place of religion (a wonderfully-portrayed character, in which Mr. Chesterton has excelled). One of his speeches is altogether Chestertonian, and wholly beautiful, as he addresses the young girl:

> Well, it must be nice to be young, and still see all those stars and sunsets. We old buffers won't be too strict with you if your view of things gets a bit mixed up, shall we say? If the stars get loose about the grass by mistake, or if once or twice the sunset gets into the East. We should only say, "Dream as much as you like. Dream for all mankind. Dream for us who can dream no longer. But do not quite forget the difference. The difference between the things that are beautiful and the things that are there. That red lamp over my door isn't beautiful, but it's there. You might even come to be glad it's there when the stars of gold and silver have faded. I am an old man now, but some men are still glad to find my red star. I do not say they are the wise men....."

Then there is the Duke's Niece, "who is Irish and believes in fairies," and the Duke's Nephew, who has been in America and believes in nothing; also the young Rector, a splendidly-drawn character sketch of an earnest worker; so genuine in his high unspotted ideals, yet so pitiful in the doubts and waverings which his own sincerity forces him to confess. "Yes, I believe," he says, in answer to a challenge; "I wish I could believe."

"I wish I could *dis*believe!" says the Conjurer—the central figure of the play—a triumph of Chestertonian paradox—one who is by profession a charlatan and mystifier, who deals in black arts and dabbles in "spiritism," and who still remains a supremely honest man! For example, when describing his past spiritualistic experiences to the girl he loves:

> It only means that I have done what many men have done; but few, I think, have thriven by.....I dabbled a little in table-

> rapping and table-turning. But I soon had reason to give it up.....It began by giving me headaches. And I found that every morning after a spiritualist séance, I had a queer feeling of degradation and lowness, of having been soiled; much like the feeling, I suppose, that people have the morning after they have been drunk. But I happen to have what people call a strong head; and I have never been really drunk.....Oh, it hasn't been for want of *trying*.....But it wasn't long before the spirits with whom I'd been playing at table-turning did what I think they generally do, at the end of all such table-turning. They turned the tables. They turned the tables upon me. As long as these things were my servants, they seemed to me like fairies. When they tried to be my masters..... I found they were not fairies. I found the spirits with whom I, at least, had come into contact, were evil, awfully, unnaturally evil.....

The whole story of *Magic* is simple, yet every word counts. An imaginative young girl, wandering at nightfall in a garden, meets a strange being, cloaked and hooded, rehearsing weird spells, whom she takes for a fairy, though in reality he is only a conjurer, engaged by her uncle, the Duke, to give a drawing-room entertainment. Her young brother, a blatant atheist, inflated with the ignorant self-sufficiency of youth, arrives on a visit, just in time for the performance, at which the Rector and the Doctor are also present. Aroused by the sight of the conjuring apparatus, the youth (whose mental balance is not of the strongest) proceeds to air his views, and launches into a violent outburst of denunciation, first against conjuring, and then goes on to stigmatize even the "Old Testament miracles as supreme trickery!" His attack is met by the Rector with a splendidly-impressive quotation from the Book of Job on the "Search after Wisdom;" vibrating with his own wistful soul-hunger for the "Source of all Knowledge and Wisdom;" and by the Conjurer (maddened by the boy's insulting attitude to himself) with the response of making the chairs move about the room, the family portraits to dance in their frames on the wall, and the red light before the Doctor's house, half a mile away, change from red to blue before their eyes. Almost unhinged with excitement and terror, the lad rushes out into the night to seek a solution, to be ultimately stricken with a species of brain collapse. Aware that there is more in it than a trick, both Rector and Doctor beg the Conjurer to undo his work. The last scene when, urged by their

importunities, he tells them the truth, "that, goaded by the youth's taunts and insults, he has been weak enough to exercise his power acquired in his old days of spiritism; and has done it *altogether by the power of the devil.*"

Overwhelmed by swift repentance, he flings himself out into a raging night storm with these words, "I am going to ask the God Whose enemies I have served, if I am still worthy to save a child." In this scene Mr. Chesterton has given a wonderful embodiment of suggested evil seldom experienced. One seems absolutely to feel the unknown noxious presences pervading the atmosphere; as the three men, the Duke, the Doctor, and the Rector sit cowering apart, in an interminable heavy silence, terse with feeling, broken finally, as by a shock, with the Rector's sharp, almost agonized, ejaculation, "For God's sake, go!"

Suddenly the Conjurer returns, illuminated in the doorway by a flash of lightning; his face transfigured with loathing, as he seems to cast something behind him into the darkness, shouting, "Go back to hell, from whence I called you! It is my last order!" while the atmosphere once more grows normal, and the other three men present breathe easily again, as if relieved of some strangely stifling oppression.

Altogether convincing is G. K. Chesterton's attitude towards spiritism—the entirely Catholic attitude—and more interesting still his defence of belief against unbelief; his high ideal of womanhood; his trampling upon the outposts of the materialism which refuses to believe in God or devil. Take, for instance, this conversation:

> You put a woman in charge of an invalid without a flicker of doubt because you trust women. You trust a woman with the practical issues of life and death, through sleepless hours when a shaking hand or an extra grain would kill!..... But if the woman gets up to go to early service at my church, you call her weak-minded, and say that nobody but women believe in religion.
>
> *Doctor.*—I should never call this woman weak-minded. No, by ——, not even if she went to church!
>
> *Rector.*—Yet there are many as strong-minded who believe passionately in going to church!.....
>
> Does it never strike you that doubt can be madness as well as faith? That asking questions may be a disease, as well as proclaiming doctrines? You talk of religious mania! Is there no such thing as irreligious mania?.....

> Why shouldn't men let the universe alone, and let it mean what it likes?.....
>
> Here is the boy who questions everything and the girl who believes everything! Upon which has the curse fallen?

There may be varied opinions as to stage sermons and their influence, but few could come away from this remarkable performance without being led to think; while the moral danger of dabbling in spiritism, lightly ridiculed by so many, could not be more clearly defined. *Magic*—will be interesting read as well as acted. We have had enough of cheap cynicism; and Chesterton's "Dickensian" sympathy with humanity comes as a welcome relief and antidote. We are tired of seeing every fragment of God's image, man's higher self, torn from poor shivering sinful humanity, leaving only the "earthiness" of the animal; but this man, with his sane philosophy of faith and love, comes to lift it out of the mire.

Those who are not willing to leave the path of the "obvious," may not appreciate *Magic,* may find it even unconvincing; but who can deny that its author leaves one conscious, with a thrill of triumph, of the supreme mastery of the "things of the spirit" over the "things of the flesh;" not as the usual modern philosopher and teacher leaves one, wondering is nothing genuine, is no one sincere. Amid the crowd of petty pedagogues, shouting a blatant materialism, a belief in nothing beyond their line of limited vision, we should be grateful for minds like Gilbert Keith Chesterton's; standing on the mountain heights of his ideals as he unfurls the banner of his boldly-emblazoned "credo," regardless of the vulture cries of an unbelief "that doth protest too much" to be genuine.

THE FUNDAMENTAL RELATIONS OF CHARITY.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

THE remote background of poverty is found in the diversified gifts of man. There are among us the strong and the weak, the noble and the cunning, the provident and the thoughtless, the wise and the silly, the healthy and the diseased, the sinful and the saintly. Of course, not all of these differences among us are inherent, nor were they unavoidable. Very much in every form of weakness may be traced to conditions over which the individual has no control. We associate many of these differences in one way or another to the distressing processes of sin in the world. Whatever our attitude toward the social ideals which proclaim a nearer approach to equality than that which we achieved, we may not look forward in our time to a day when these inequalities among men will have been eliminated. We do long earnestly for equality of opportunity in the fullest sense of the term, but this equality of opportunity will not hinder human differences from asserting themselves in the play of everyday life. We have not known, and we may not expect to see in the near future, a condition of society in which weakness will not call for help, in which dullness will not ask direction, in which misfortune will not reap its lamentable harvest of worry and pain.

In the political background of poverty we find the favorite democratic principle, that the law and our institutions must treat all men as equals without regard to the natural or acquired differences of skill or ability, of health or of foresight, of stupidity or of wisdom among them. The citizen is merely the citizen. There may be no distinction in the dealings of the State with the citizen. The State has educated itself into an indifferent stolidity in spite of the social consequences of this equal treatment of unequal men, women, and children.

The State in taking its fundamental attitude, has been governed by certain assumptions, the force of which has been greatly reduced in the face of our social problems. Thus, for instance, it has been assumed that the average individual has the power of self-help and the intelligence to take the initiative when the assistance of the State is needed to protect his rights. It has been assumed, further-

more, that all citizens are satisfactorily represented in government, and that the law by its enactment, interpretation, and administration assures even-handed justice to everyone. If all men were equal in intelligence, resourcefulness, and opportunity, such an assumption would have some merit. As our system has worked out, however, it has compelled the State to stand impotent, if not indifferent, in the face of colossal social injustice of which we are so heartily ashamed.

In the industrial background of poverty, we find that the competitive struggle for wealth, that is for life, has been waged with almost unabating fury among these unequal men and women and children. Selfishness has been heretofore the law of industrial life. Strength has been pitted against feebleness. Cunning has measured swords with dullness. Skill has been proud in its conquest of ignorance. Our institutions and the strength of them have served well the strong. Our institutions and the strength of them have been a peril to the weak.

In the social background of poverty, we find rigid class organization, narrow sympathies, and social estrangement. Disdain brightens the eye of strength, and despair stifles the heart of weakness. The strong know only the strong, and the weak know only their own kind. Disease, ignorance, dullness, inertia, crime, disintegrated homes, neglected education, and moral indolence congregate upon the souls of the weakened poor and bend them down. Culture, education, wealth, security, opportunity, talent, and power congregate among the strong, brighten life, and smooth the paths over which they tread.

Modern imagination confines the word poverty to what we may call economic weakness, that is lack of income. Usually a sufficiently large income brings to us nearly all opportunity. Through it we are placed in contact with culture and refinement. We have the opportunity to become learned. All of the finer joys of life are open to us. On the other hand, lack of income exposes us to every form of deprivation. There is no inherent reason why the poor should be neglected in our political life, or why they should lack culture, or why they should be ignorant. But, as a matter of fact, poverty has been made cumulative, and the class which is weak because it is without income, is weak in every sense. At this lower edge of the laboring class, we find the poor.

Any fundamental view of poverty must take account in one way or another of this background. Any fundamental view of the mission of charity must include its relation to this background.

All of the constructive efforts which we undertake for the sake of the poor, should be accepted and judged in the light of the teaching of Jesus Christ concerning human brotherhood. The things wherein we are equal are the essentials of life, namely, nature, destiny, dignity, moral government, and spiritual sanctions. The things wherein we are unlike are the accidents of life, sin alone excepted. Now, humanity has constantly endeavored to build its civilizations on the accidental differences among us. That is to say, personal charm, ability, wealth, social culture, power, have tended constantly to become the basis of social distinctions, and these social distinctions have succeeded in achieving almost undisputed sway over the institutions of civilization. The general drift of the social teaching of Christ has been to minimize the social differences due to these accidentals, and to adjust civilizations toward the essential equality among us upon which Christ insisted. The rights to life, to physical health, to opportunity, to normal home life, to moral security, and uplifting contact with spiritual ideals were written down in the book of life by the hand of God. Every principle of social philosophy, every axiom of political wisdom, every industrial organization, and every law of culture should be tested as to its truth and sanction by the degree to which it admits and respects these human rights.

Christianity proclaimed the infinite value of the individual, and ascribed to him sacred individual rights, which are above and beyond our institutions. Hence its earliest historical impulses led it to care with great tenderness for every form of weakness. In later centuries States were driven by civic impulses to undertake some hesitating care of the weak for civic reasons. Volunteer organizations have sprung up among our stronger classes under the inspiration of either Christian feeling or natural philanthropy, whose aim it was and it is, to bring relief and hope to these disinherited of the earth. Currents and counter-currents have clashed with one another. We have had conflict as well as coöperation. We have had mistaken philosophies, blundering methods, and discouraging results. But back of all of these, lies a noble history of genuine achievement and of irrepressible purpose, which is full of promise for the dawn if not the noon-day of social justice.

Charity is the inspiration of all of these varied efforts to relieve the poor, and to prevent poverty. Someone has happily said that charity must carry the world away from poverty as a social condition, and toward poverty as a spiritual condition. Only when the stronger classes become poor in spirit, will the poorer

classes become rich in hope and opportunity and peace. Only when each class has made its appointed journey in spirit and in fact, will humanity attain to the brotherhood which Christ laid down as law and inspiration. We are reminded often of the words of Christ, "The poor you have always with you." They are anticipated in the words from Deuteronomy, "There will not be wanting poor in the land of thy habitation." Yet the aim of the seventh year of remission was to suppress poverty, "and there shall be no poor or beggar among you."

I.

It is the aim of the State to define elementary human rights, and to protect them for men and women and children. The rights to life, to liberty, to property, and to happiness in a sense are ethically and socially fundamental. Naturally the State does not protect these rights in their full amplitude. The modern State may not act except under the warrant of an already established law. Hence it can protect these human rights or any others only after first having defined them. Its protection is limited by its definitions. Now, the definitions under which the State works lag far behind in the march of life. When the State realizes that a class is suffering because legal definitions are too narrow, it is extremely slow to expand its definitions in a way to afford the needed protection. Thus it happens that the weaker classes are frequently left exposed to very real menaces, which cheat them of the fundamental guarantees of government. The breakdown of the machinery of justice occurs then at their thresholds.

For instance, the worthy poor are in more danger from enforced idleness than they are from burglars. The law gives them ample protection against the latter, and no protection against the former. The poor have very real human rights, and no property or property rights. All of the genius and energy of the State are available for property protection, which the poor do not need, as things stand, while but little of the power of the State is available for the protection of their elementary human rights. The children of the poor are in little, if any, danger of being kidnapped. We can put the whole power of the State at work to punish kidnapping, but only recently have we had any legal help to punish the factory which kidnapped the children of the poor and robbed them of health and youth. The poor are in little danger of murder, but they have been in great danger of various forms of industrial killing. We

have had heretofore ample protection against murder, and only little against industrial slaughter.

These instances may serve to illustrate the thought held in mind. The State has been hampered by its narrow definitions of human rights, and it has not been able to adapt itself or modify its definitions in a way to protect the poor against the peculiar menaces which confront them. Let us for the moment overlook that larger field of newer industrial and social dangers wherein the State has been so weak and aimless, and take up its activity within the limits of its own definitions. Even here we find a subtle process at work on both the State and the poor, which has diminished still more the effective strength of the State available for the protection of the poor.

The State has assumed, as regards civil action as distinct from criminal action, that the individual will take the initiative in calling upon the State for protection when he needs it. Now, the poor have practically lost initiative in calling upon the State for protection. It is highly inconvenient to take the steps needed to get the protection of the law. It unsettles one's habit of placid life. Most of us feel an unexplained terror at the thought of a lawsuit. Furthermore, lawsuits are costly. Lawyers must have their fees. Again, the wrongs of the poor are in themselves apparently so trifling that the machinery of legal protection is with difficulty adjusted to their measure. A poor washwoman will not go to law to collect a laundry bill of three or four dollars, although the loss of that much may mean grossest injustice to her. Again, the poor are often ignorant of their own rights, or indifferent to them when known, or hopeless as to any chances of success when they invoke the law. The poor have little experience of the protective and benevolent function of the State, while they have, unfortunately, a distressing and varied experience of its rôle as the punisher of wrongdoing. Crimes against person, against public order, against property, and misdemeanors of every type which are found with such lamentable frequency among our poorer classes, draw down the swift hand of the State upon them. Why do we think of the juvenile court as an institution intended for the children of the poor alone, whereas its theoretical jurisdiction includes all children? We find the poor, therefore, at a point where the benevolent action of the State is least realized and least realizable, and where the drastic action of the State is in its form of highest intensity. The penitentiary and the workhouse loom up in the imagination of the

poor, in such a way as to hide the temple of justice from the range of their vision.

The attitude of the State toward the poor is not much more reassuring than that of the poor toward the State. It has not taken up poverty as a fundamental problem which challenges its political wisdom, and places a searching test on its institutions. The State's understanding of poverty has been clouded, uncertain, shamefully inadequate, and, if we may believe a Dickens, cursed. The institutions which it has erected heretofore to house the poor, to treat them medically, or to punish them as malefactors, have outraged all of our canons of decency, effectiveness, and common sense. Our political leaders have been, and to a great extent are, so ignorant of the factors and the processes in poverty, and so indifferent to its tragedies as to shame us. Even when the State has endeavored through law to relieve poverty, the work has been done with such shortsightedness and wastefulness as to have killed practically all confidence in the value of out-door legal relief.

It appears to be the political mission of charity to take up its work here, and to secure to the poor the political guarantees of which they have need. Charity through its representatives must work in three directions. It must bestir itself first of all to secure to the poor the full enjoyment of their political and legal rights, in as far as that is possible under our present narrow definitions and our imperfect machinery of law. This means that charity must instruct the poor concerning their rights. It must awaken initiative, furnish direction, and do everything that is needed in order to bring to the poor the fullest practicable enjoyment of such rights as they possess. The second political mission of charity is to educate the State itself concerning problems in poverty and in the prevention of it. Charity organizations as attorneys for the poor must present the cause of the poor to court and legislature and executive. The facts in modern poverty must be held with unrelenting severity before them. The responsibility of social conditions and legal institutions for their share in the perpetuation of poverty must be proclaimed. Charity must then take up the popular movements which aim to modify our laws and lawmaking, in order that definitions may be so expanded and guarantees may be so understood as to give to the poor that genuine protection for the sake of which our States exist.

In a word, charity should create a supplementary political constitution, whose duties would begin at the point where our political constitution fails of its purpose. Charity organizations which ig-

nore or misunderstand the political mission of charity, will do their work badly, and will in a sense perpetuate the misery which it is their aim to suppress. The political mission of charity is fundamental. No thoroughgoing view of charity may neglect this aspect of the work, let the inconvenience of such recognition be what it may.

II.

Reference has been made to the competitive struggle for wealth. The need of property is universal. Normally everyone desires it. The world as a whole must work for its living whether or not individuals do so. The process of distribution of wealth has become infinitely complex. The place of man and woman and child in that process has been determined heretofore not by their rights or dignity or destiny, but by the economic demand for their labor. In the competitive struggle, the strong, have to a great extent, acquired ownership and control of the sources of wealth, other than labor, and they have accumulated practically all of the authority exercised in the industrial process. The weaker social classes have, generally speaking, only such access to opportunity and only such opportunity for labor as may be given with profit to the stronger classes. The portion of the annual national output of wealth which the weaker classes get, is usually called wages. At the lower margin of the laboring class we find those who are occasionally and permanently helpless, or without income. They are largely the unskilled, the unorganized, the thriftless, the unenterprising, the undisciplined, the uneducated, among whom we find every conceivable degree of guilt and of innocence for their condition. The contrast between these poor and the upper classes is appalling.

Illness among the wealthy is an inconvenience, among the poor it is a tragedy. Ignorance among the former is an embarrassment, among the latter it declares their doom. Death among the former means lonely hearts and hopeful grieving; among the poor it means the nameless terror of dependence and certain woe. Among the strong the risks of life are scattered and are at their minimum; among the poor they are congregated and at their maximum. Among the strong idleness is called leisure; among the poor it is called sin. Intelligence, credit, and foresight secure to the strong full value for each dollar that they spend, while ignorance, lack of understanding, lack of credit, and indifference

cut in half the value of the income of the poor. The strong are protected against every form of fraud by the resources of law upon which they may call; the poor are exposed to every form of fraud, and few if any of the resources of law are within their reach. In last analysis practically all of these differences go back to the elementary differences of income. Those who have income have access to all of the joys and securities of life. Those who have no income find access to none of them.

At this point the industrial mission of charity commences. Its fundamental duty is to devise a supplementary process of distribution which will insure income of some kind to those in need. Economic life is organized on the principle of getting wealth. Charity organizes this supplementary process of distribution for the purpose of giving it. Where the work of selfishness ends, that of unselfishness begins.

The first and simplest industrial duty of charity is to give relief, that is food, clothing, and shelter, to those who need them. We may never permit our wealth of learning, or our insight into social processes, or our liking for philosophy and lectures, to harm our understanding of this first plain human duty of charity. Relief-giving is primary. There will be, of course, every imaginable variety of service in the giving of relief, because it must be adapted always with discriminating intelligence to the wants of those whom we serve. The second industrial mission of charity is to seek to develop the latent resources of the poor themselves, and put them back as wage-earners among wage-earners, in order that they may earn their living and recover their independence. The next industrial duty of charity is that of humanizing the industrial processes, by helping industrial leaders to understand the humanities of industry and to respect them. This means that industrial leaders must be trained to respect the home, to venerate womanhood and childhood, to seek to do justice, and to reform processes and standards in a way that will help us to approach the justice for which we long. It is quite natural, therefore, to find that the National Conference of Charities and Correction has endeavored to induce us to accept a platform of industrial minimums for the weaker portions of the laboring class. These minimums indicate the point in industry below which we have inexcusable injustice.

There is profound economic meaning in the Christian doctrine of the stewardship of wealth. The poor own a lien on the wealth of the strong, which is recorded in the books of God. While our economists have too often neglected this aspect of distribution of

wealth, there are some who have written noble chapters, showing their understanding of this industrial mission of charity.

III.

Charity has a fundamental cultural mission. Our duty, next after that of living, is to live well. Living well means widening life as well as deepening it. Living well requires that we develop our latent capacities, and that our unfolded life come into refining and spiritualizing contact with goodness, beauty, and truth. We are all called to culture. If, as one of our statesmen says it, culture is "intimate and sensitive appreciation of the moral and intellectual and esthetic values," civilization ought to make access to these values easy, and understanding of them sure. The sympathies and heart of man should be shaped to the larger truths of life and of the relations among men, while our institutions should be nothing other than the organized expression and guarantee of the finer standards of culture.

The cultured man is the socialized and spiritualized man. None of us are socialized and spiritualized until we understand the moral and social laws which govern our relations, and condition our perception of truth and justice and beauty and our respect for them. Civilization has depended upon scholarship, aristocracy, wealth, school, religion, home, painting, sculpture, music, and literature to further, to spread, to perpetuate, and to protect culture in the world. Life has separated the poor almost completely from these culture contacts. Poverty not only does this, but it tends to kill the longing for culture or refinement, and thus makes the spread of culture among the poor trebly difficult. We have permitted debasing counterfeits of culture to degrade and mislead the poor. We have seen home life perish among them. We have seen them untouched by learning. We have seen the so-called culture classes shrink their sympathies from all contact with the poor. The loyalties of culture are universal because they are to ideals and to persons. The loyalties of many of our social classes are provincial, because they are to interests and to class.

It is the fundamental cultural mission of charity to correct the vision of the stronger classes, to hinder their sympathies from narrowing, to maintain the true values of human life in right proportion, and to bend our institutions toward the expression of them. The coarsening of the fibre of the soul of the strong must be hindered, and their capacity to judge and to obey God's laws in our

social relations must be protected. As regards the poor, it is the cultural mission of charity to restore among them the channels by which culture should reach them. The restoration of the home, the purification of its traditions, are among its nobler duties. Charity, realizing the moral and spiritual and social power of culture, must call in art, religion, literature, and school to do their work in refining and elevating our disinherited brothers. Possibly a casual reader will look upon this as ridiculous talk, yet the poor are not as uncultured as we sometimes think. They are strangely free from many of the illusions of life and of the metaphors that becloud life. They have frequently a clearer perception of the essential fundamental truths of culture than is to be found among the stronger classes. They live nearer to reality and to the experience of the deeper laws of life than do the strong.

IV.

The religious mission of charity touches the other fundamental duties which have already been alluded to. Charity is primarily a doctrine and secondarily a service. The revelation of Christ concerns the nature of God, the nature of man, the relations between man and his fellows. The domain of religion is coextensive with that of conscious human life. The doctrine of charity, the duty of love, may be looked upon as the consequence of our brotherhood, which is established and signalized in the person and mission of Jesus Christ. Since human nature tends constantly to develop erroneous ideas of God and man, and mistaken principles concerning relations among men, it is the mission of charity to keep right and true the social expression of revelation.

Charity is the fulfilling of the law. The fundamental relation between God and man is love. The fundamental relation of man to God is love. The fundamental relation of man to man is love. Christ aimed to unite men in perfect unity, of which love and service are the consequences and the symbol. Humility, forgiveness of injuries, patience, service, fraternal correction, obedience, mutual prayer, good example, derive their several grandeurs and their last interpretation only when viewed as partial expressions of Christ's single inclusive law of unity and love. When wealth has understood the spirit of love, it has sought out poverty and served it. When learning has been touched by the spirit of love, it has sought out ignorance and served it. When virtue has looked

most deeply into the heart of God, it has been driven to seek out sin and to labor in love for its redemption.

Charity as a doctrine is an organic part of the teaching of Christ. Charity as a service is an organic part of the religious experience of the Christian. Howsoever our affections and our intimacies, our sympathies and our associations, our judgments and our valuations, be narrowed or distorted, or led into false ways by caste, or blood, or class, or taste, or culture, or party, or occupation, or prejudice, it is the religious mission of charity to declare our mistake, and to call us back to the true understanding of Christ's law, and to stimulate our obedience to that law in dealing with our fellowmen.

V.

Charity has then a fourfold fundamental mission, political, industrial, cultural, and religious. Its religious mission is, logically, primary. The other three are undertaken by reason of the origin and nature of charity as a spiritual law of life. Political, industrial, and cultural activities in charity when undertaken without regard to its religious origin, its spiritual character and its divine sanction, are counterparts of the great law laid down by Christ. Here we find explained the unyielding tenacity with which Catholic charities insist on the fundamental religious nature of social service. It may be well at this point to make certain practical observations which follow upon these thoughts.

The work of charity is one of supreme social importance. The poor are, all things considered, our conspicuous failures. They challenge our civilization. They declare our limitations. The serious thought of our time does not even pretend to have understood the processes of poverty, or to have discovered any practical method of suppressing it. As the poor increase in number, or rather as our knowledge of poverty becomes more extended and more accurate, we are forced almost to doubt the ideals which inspire us, and the principles on which our institutions rest. And in proportion as poverty is traced in its origin to institutions and to other social causes, rather than to the fault of the poor themselves, society is compelled to confess its failure and to grope for effective remedy.

From the standpoint of extent no less than that of quality, the work of charity is fundamental. It concerns literally millions of human beings, among whom the undertow of civilization works

dreadful havoc. Unwholesome processes work unhindered among the poor. Helplessness reaches its last sad extreme in their lives. We are appalled at the extent and accuracy of our knowledge. The many-sided literature, which has been created in our endeavor to understand poverty and prevent it, is one of the distinguishing marks of the last half century. The highest types of scholarship do not hesitate to throw their energies into the study of poverty, and of the problems of its relief. One of the most imposing governmental activities of our day is the colossal report made by a national commission on poverty in England. Universities hesitate no longer to equip departments for research and direction in problems of relief. Endowments which by their quantity alone stagger the imagination, have given us unequalled resources for study. Schools of philanthropy are appearing, devoted exclusively to the study of poverty and its implications. The expert in social work has appeared, taking his place by the side of the physician, attorney, and teacher, while his profession is now recognized as an ally of first-rate value in dealing with poverty.

The work of charity has passed over from the stage of unrelated superficial and occasional activity to a stage wherein system, coöperation, principles, methods, instruction, and literature appear. The range of knowledge, of both theoretical and practical kinds, of which a leader has need is almost encyclopedic. The reconstruction of the home of a single dependent family may quite readily require dealings with hospital, court, school authorities, truant officers, relief associations, city health and building departments, church, employer, and labor unions. Thus it becomes necessary to train formally those upon whom the larger responsibilities of relief work rests. One will not pick up casually adequate knowledge of the charity resources of a city, of laws, lawmaking, and law administration, of wage conditions and the factors which determine them, of the whole range of benevolent progress made in medicine and in the medical resources of relief work. Only systematic research, intelligent direction, command of literature, and thorough acquaintance with methods and experiences can equip the typical social worker properly for the great mission of relief.

The work of charity is extremely difficult. It deals with the least promising men and women and children. It deals with them under most adverse circumstances. Not alone nature, but as well society has been niggardly toward them, for they suffer at every point at which adversity may baffle and inertia may paralyze. Even when charity finds types among the poor who respond bravely

to its stimulating touch, its work is done in circumstances which defy control, in an environment which bears down upon its victims with telling force.

With all of this the place of charity in our civilization is, outside of its own circles, generally underrated. Much of the ability and time that are devoted to charity, are exhausted in fighting against misunderstanding, and in the endeavor to instruct the learned and powerful in the elementary humanities. Mistaken views of poverty and the poor chill philanthropic impulses. These mistakes must be overcome before those who share them can be won. The indifference and ignorance of States and statesmen, perverted standards of service due to our party system, the apathy of our schools which find more charm in lessons on the glory of a dead ancient civilization than in the shame and failure of our own, the social condition of making the poor outcasts from our mind and sympathy as well as from our culture and wealth, are a few, but only a few, of the factors which appear in the underrating of the place of charity in our civilization.

The mission of charity is divided. Problems of poverty are so unlike one another that we are compelled to specialize among them, and to train different sets of social workers to deal with them in a particular way. We have medical charities and legal charities; charities which concern the fallen and those which concern the aged; those which concern infants or dependent children at home or in institutions; charities which concern defectives and those which concern delinquents. There is need in every one of these lines of special knowledge, special training, peculiar temperament and experience. If we were united in our interests and philosophy, and in our religion and our moral codes; if we were of one mind and one heart in all things, the work of dividing our charities and keeping them in harmonious touch with one another would be a colossal undertaking. Unfortunately, we are not so united. We enter the mission of charity guided by different religions, separated by contending systems of ethics, at variance in aim and interest and temperament to such an extent as to hamper in a very material way the effectiveness of the service which we offer to our disinherited brothers and sisters. Happily, larger views now prevail, and keener insight into the social origins of poverty is widely shared. Truer vision of the fundamental social mission of charity is coming, and bringing, let us hope, an all-embracing spirit of charity to unite the divided army now at work.

VOX MYSTICA.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE REV. PHILIP RIVERS PATER, SQUIRE AND PRIEST, 1834–1909.

BY ROGER PATER.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE stories collected under this title were told me by my cousin, an old priest more than forty years my senior, in the course of the two years or so which I spent with him immediately before his death. I had never met my old relative until the period referred to, because of the quarrel and estrangement between my father and himself which took place some years before I was born.

In this quarrel I have always understood that my father was chiefly to blame; indeed he told me so himself before he died. Strange to say, however, it affected my cousin far more than it did the real offender, and, from that date, he became more and more of a recluse, living alone at Stanton Rivers with a few servants, most of whom had served the family from childhood, and seeing hardly anyone except some five or six intimate friends, chiefly priests, who would come and stay at the old manor house for a few days at a time.

It was shortly after the quarrel that my cousin decided to take Holy Orders. The family had kept to the old religion all through the penal times, except once when the squire of the period had apostatized under stress of persecution. But in no previous case had the head of the family ever become a priest, though there had been a fair sprinkling of vocations among the younger sons, and one had died for his priesthood on the scaffold at Tyburn.

No little uneasiness seems to have been felt by the servants and tenants of the estate when the squire announced his intention, and set out for Rome to make his studies at the College of Noble Ecclesiastics. However, when he returned no changes were made, and, except that the squire wore a cassock and said Mass, instead of wearing gaiters and shooting pheasants, the little world of Stanton Rivers rolled on just as it had done before. But gradually, very gradually, the relations between landlord and tenants became modified. The squire's priestly character told upon his

people, and their loyal respect deepened into a personal love for him, which grew with the years, until, to one like myself, who came upon it suddenly, it seemed almost the atmosphere of another world.

As I went about the property which was soon to become mine, I heard on all sides of his acts of charity and thoughtfulness, and I cannot help thinking that one cause of his goodness to his tenants was the fact of his life-long estrangement from my father, who was his only near relative. During the short time I spent with him in the last years of his life, I learned to love him much as a saint's disciples love their master. When he spoke of things spiritual, it was like one to whom this world was less real than the invisible world of the soul. For him, in fact, I am convinced this was literally the case, and he looked forward to death as a child will do to the going home day at the end of a long term.

Still it was only because of a chance phrase, which I did not understand at the moment, that he came to tell me the occurrences with which these stories deal, and but for my curiosity on the subject, I do not think he would have made any further reference to them. It may have been merely the reticence of an ultra-sensitive nature which feared a rebuff, or, almost worse, a coldly polite acceptance of the tale which masked the hearer's disbelief in it. But I think the chief reason of his silence was that, for him, such sensible evidences of the supernatural had come to be of little interest, and that, by the time I knew him, he was living in a higher state of the spiritual life, where mystical union with God was so real and so direct, that these earlier experiences had lost their value for him.

The stories were written down in a kind of diary, usually on the day on which he told them to me, and I have hesitated for some time about giving them to the public. However, those who have read the original manuscript have urged me to do so, and, in any case, I do not see that any harm can come from the publication. If, on the other hand, these experiences prove a help to anyone, that fact, I am sure, will reconcile the spirit of my dear old relative to the wider circulation of his strange experiences.

I.

THE WARNINGS.

The library at Stanton Rivers is a long room, facing west, on the ground floor of the mansion. On a summer evening the last

rays of the sun come in at the broad mullioned windows, causing bright gleams of gold and color on the backs of the long rows of books.

The old squire-priest was sitting by the oriel window with a rug across his knees, and the light on his white hair and thin refined features made him look like one of the portraits that hung in the long gallery. For some time he had been speaking to me of the ways in which God's providence had dealt with him, how wonderfully He answers the petitions of His servants, far better than man can foresee when he makes his prayer; and the quiet tone of conviction made his words doubly impressive. After this he remained silent for some minutes while I was thinking over his words. Then abruptly he began again.

"You understand, do you not?" he asked, with a quiet look at me.

"I think so," I answered, "at least all but one point. There was a phrase you used just now which was new to me. You were speaking of mental prayer and the light God gives you in it; of prayers for guidance in any special difficulty, and how, after a while, light seems to grow upon the mind, and the will becomes clear how to act, as if in obedience to some divine command. And then, all at once, you added, 'But this is quite different to the direct speech that sometimes comes to me.' Now that is what I want you to explain to me, what do you mean exactly by the phrase 'direct speech?'"

The old priest smiled as I stopped speaking, but he kept silence so long that I began to feel uneasy, and started to apologize for my curiosity, fearing lest the question had offended him.

"No, no," said he quickly, "it isn't that at all. I am quite willing to answer your question; the difficulty is to make myself intelligible." After another pause he began again.

"The phrase which puzzled you is one that I have come to use for a certain kind of experience which happens to me from time to time. Sometimes it takes the form of a sentence, sometimes only of a word or two, sometimes of long-continued sound or speech, but always it appeals to the sense of hearing."

At this I felt more mystified than ever, and I suppose my face betrayed me, for the old man seemed to see it and continued.

"If you like I will give you some examples of what I mean, but first I must warn you that, although it is many years now since first this kind of thing occurred to me, it still remains without any

satisfactory explanation so far as I can see. Moreover I am quite clear that the sound or voice I hear is not due to merely natural causes, as one might mistake a noise heard in the dark and attribute it to some agency other than the one which really caused it.

"There is one other point as well which makes my experience somewhat unusual. No doubt you have heard of apparitions at the hour of death, cases where the form of a dying man or woman has been seen by someone far away from where the death took place, and who, moreover, did not know his friend was ill. In several instances my voices have warned me of deaths among my friends and relatives, but, instead of this happening at the moment of death, such warnings have always occurred a considerable time afterwards, and only a little while before the news reached me through some ordinary channel."

"May I interrupt a moment," I asked, "let me be clear on one point before you give me any instances. The voices you hear, are they objective, really sounding in your ears, or are they merely internal, like words spoken in the mind?"

"Sometimes they are undoubtedly subjective," he answered, "but more often they seem to me absolutely external to myself, and, once or twice, it has definitely been my own voice that I heard, my lips and tongue speaking the words aloud without any control on my part, so far as I could tell."

I thanked him and promised not to interrupt again if he would give me some examples of his strange experience, and after a few moments' thought he began once more.

"I am not sure how old I was when this kind of thing first occurred to me, but sometimes I think it must have been when I was quite a child. My old nurse, who remained here as housekeeper for many years, has told me that, quite soon after I learned to talk, I used to come to her and ask what some phrase or other meant. Then, if she questioned me as to who had used the words, all I could answer was just, 'I heard them,' but who had spoken them I could never tell.

"However, if that were the same thing, the faculty passed away for a time, and the first definite instance I remember came soon after I had left school. I was then in my eighteenth year, and the things of God and religion played a smaller part in my life than they have ever done before or since, indeed the morality of acts interested me less than the question whether they were 'good form' in a young man of my position.

"As you know I had one brother, four years my senior, of whom I was very fond. My father had recently purchased him a commission in the army, and he was with his regiment in a provincial garrison town at the time of my story.

"For myself I had no very definite ideas about a profession, although, as a boy, I had leaned towards the priesthood. That idea passed away, however, when I was about fifteen, and so I fell in with my father's proposal, that I should enter the law. I left school soon after my seventeenth birthday, and, after some preliminaries, was duly articled to our family solicitors in London, a firm which had a large connection among old Catholic families. Life in town was a novelty to me, and I enjoyed it thoroughly, but the office hours were long, and I seldom got any time to myself before six in the evening. However, that left me free to go to the theatre, and I think I went to see some play or other nearly every week.

"On the night in question the piece I went to was *Hamlet,* with Macready in the title rôle. It was my favorite among Shakespeare's plays, but I had never seen it acted so. After waiting some little time for the doors to open, I got a good place, and sat waiting for the curtain to go up. I think I may say that nothing was further from my mind at the moment than my brother Oswald, indeed all my thoughts were about the play. Then, suddenly, as if someone were whispering into my ears, I heard quite distinctly the words, 'Oswald is dead.' I gave a start and looked round at my neighbor on the right; there was no one on my left, as I was next the gangway. But my neighbor was turned away from me, talking to his companion, and obviously had not spoken the words, for, as I looked at him, they came again, 'Oswald is dead.' Now the only Oswald I knew was my brother, and, with a shock, I realized that, if the words meant anything to me at all, they must refer to him. At that moment they came a third time, 'Oswald is dead.' I began to be rather alarmed, though I confess I felt it must all be some strange illusion, and half thought of leaving the theatre. But just then a bell rang, up went the curtain, and the whole incident was soon forgotten in the absorbing interest of the great drama.

"It was nearly midnight when the play was over, and I walked home to my rooms half intoxicated with the emotions of the tragedy, and without a thought of the strange occurrence that had happened just before the play. Arrived at my rooms, I let myself in with a latchkey, and walked quietly upstairs. To my surprise, on reaching

my landing, I saw a bright line of light beneath the door of my sitting-room, and heard someone moving inside. Entering quickly, my surprise was doubled at finding the head of the firm to whom I was articled pacing up and down the room. He turned on hearing me enter, and, as he did so, I saw that he held a telegram in his hand. Now telegrams were still more or less a novelty in those days, and I guessed at once that something serious was the matter. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'I have been waiting here for hours, your father has sent this telegram, and asked me to break the news to you.' In a flash the words I had heard in the theatre came back to me, but I kept silent as he continued, 'Your brother Oswald, I am grieved to say, died suddenly this morning.' On inquiry afterwards I learned that his death had been caused by an accident a few minutes before midday, about seven hours before I heard the words in the theatre."

"Very strange, very strange, indeed," I said, as the old priest remained silent, "and was that the end of the incident?"

"I think I must say it was," he replied, "but, oddly enough, the next occurrence of the kind took place precisely a year later to the day, and I sometimes think the two may be connected. At that date I was due to go in for my first law examination, and, by arrangement with my principal, I stayed away from the office for several weeks before it, so as to give my whole time to reading. By that time I was fairly sure that I had made a mistake in taking up the law as a profession, and this did not make it easier to work hard at my books. In fact, I found it a real difficulty to keep my attention fixed upon the work, so I sometimes used to read the book out aloud, as that seemed to make it easier.

"I mentioned that the day in question was the anniversary of my brother's death, but the date had quite slipped my memory, and I did not even notice the coincidence until it was pointed out to me later. Somehow, that morning, I was more stupid than usual, or perhaps my law treatise was exceptionally dry, anyhow I found it almost impossible to keep awake over my work. I tried reading aloud, and, as that was only a partial success, I put the book upon a tall desk and read aloud standing up. Suddenly at the street door there came the sharp double rap that means a telegram, and, on the moment, I heard my own voice say, 'That telegram is to tell me father is dead,' and then it went on with the sentence of the book just as if the words had been printed on the page.

"A minute before I had been half asleep, but now I was wide

awake with every nerve a-tingle. As I stood waiting, I heard the maid pass along the passage to the front door, it opened and shut again, and her steps came back towards my room. A moment later I had taken the telegram and torn it open. It read, 'Father dangerously ill; come at once,' and was signed by my sister. I hurried home by the first train I could catch, and, on arrival, was told that my father had died at eight o'clock that morning; quite three hours before I received the telegram, which was purposely worded falsely so as to break the shock of his death to me."

The old man stopped speaking and gazed out for a few moments into the gathering darkness, as if lost in the memories his story had awakened. Then he turned to me with a smile of interrogation. "Those were the first occasions on which I heard the voices I call 'direct speech;' what do you make of them?" he asked. The question was a difficult one, for I did not know what to make of them.

"It was a strange experience," I said slowly, "very strange indeed. At first sight it all appears so purposeless. But I will ask you to let me reserve my judgment until I have had some time to think it all over, and another day perhaps you will give me some further instances."

The old man rose slowly from his chair, "That I will do with pleasure," he replied, "if you are sure it does not bore you to listen to my ramblings."

"Indeed, sir," I began in protest, but his smile reassured me as he took my arm, and walked slowly down the long room towards the door.

BACK HOME.

BY MARY A. BISHOP.

[Verses suggested by the article *A Protestant in Italy,* by Zephine Humphrey in the February *Atlantic Monthly.*]

THE torch of youth we bore so proudly flaming
Across the hills that girt our childhood's home,
May flicker low among the poison vapors
From those far lands that tempted us to roam.

The daring feet that scorned to pause for resting,
May stumble in the pitfalls of the way,
And eyes grow dim with straining for the vision
Miraged upon the sky at dawn of day.

Ah! then it is we turn with eager yearning
Back to the homestead safe among the hills;
Sure of the love that waits for our returning
Where each familiar sign a hope fulfills.

'Tis thus our souls, though bruised and all but blinded,
By strange fires flaring on the marshy plain,
Hear, with a thrill of joy, all on a sudden,
The bells of home ring out their old refrain.

Falt'ring we come, old memories thickly crowding,
The gate—the pasture—do they still remain?
Ah, peace! upon the threshold waits our Mother,
The Church of God, *forevermore the same.*

CHRISTIANITY AND THE ROMAN LAW.[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

CHARLES BOUCAUD, the eminent professor of the Catholic University of Lyons, has written a most interesting study on the beginnings of the canon law, and the changes effected in the old Roman law by the teachings of Christianity. As early as 1837 Frédéric Ozanam wrote an article in the *Univers* calling attention to the political and intellectual influence of Christianity upon the science of law. Later on in his *History of the Civilization of the Fifth Century,* he gave an excellent outline of the history of the Roman law, making special mention of the Christian spirit manifested in the laws of the first Christian emperors. About the same time, the eminent French jurisconsult Troplong published at Paris (1843) a work entitled, *The Influence of Christianity on the Roman Civil Law.* In this brochure he showed how the teachings of Christianity had transformed the juridical ideas of ancient Rome. His general thesis was bitterly contested by the historic school, particularly by Padeletti. Indeed for many years it was commonly taught in the schools that the Roman law was practically unaffected by early Christianity.

The thesis of Ozanam has been taken up again in our own days, and defended by three eminent Italian professors, Ferrini of the University of Pavia, Riccobono of the University of Palermo, and Carusi of Rome. In 1894 Ferrini published an essay on *The Legal Knowledge of Arnobius and Lactantius.* Carusi followed with a comparative study of the early Fathers of the Church and the Roman jurisconsults *(Diritto Romano e Patristica),* while Riccobono in 1911 studied the influence of Christianity upon the Roman law of the sixth century *(Cristianesimo e Diritto Privato).* Their chief antagonist was Baviera, a professor in the University of Naples, who maintained that the moral, religious, and doctrinal principles of the Gospel had not exercised any influence whatever upon the juridical institutions of the Romans, except perhaps in the

[1] *La Première Ebauche d'un Droit Chrétien dans le Droit Romain.* By Charles Boucaud. Paris: A. Tralin. *2 frs.* 50.

field of public charity, which Christianity organized; that even Justinian's legislation against divorce was inspired more by the policy of Augustus than by the teaching of the Fathers of the Church; that slavery was not modified in any essential manner by Christian principles; that the continued struggle in the Lower Empire in favor of the weak against the strong was prompted solely by the exigencies of everyday life, and the demands of pauperism. Of course, we must remember that Baviera's conclusions were affected by his rationalism. In his viewpoint, Christian morals and law are two parallel lines that never meet; their objects are different; the one refers solely to the future life, to the utter despising of this life, while the other has to do with real everyday practical life, especially in its economic aspect. He distinguishes also between Christian morality and the Christian religion; he tells us that the moral teaching of our Saviour is totally distinct from the moral teaching of St. Paul and of St. Augustine. Christianity owes its origin to the popular despair that characterized the times of Herod, and this despair made the people look solely to the other life for the reign of the poor and the humble.

It is not our purpose to refute here the erroneous views of Baviera on the origin and development of Christianity. Let us simply state that the Christianity of St. Paul and the Fathers of the Church is identical with the teaching of Jesus; that whereas the Church assimilated all that was good in the Greco-Roman civilization of the time, it was primarily and essentially a divine teaching and a revelation. It was not merely a heavenly hope born of a disgust with earthly conditions, but a supernatural religion taught by the Son of God, Jesus Christ. It is false to maintain that because the Christian has ever in view the life to come as the reward of his loyalty to God's law, that therefore he is totally indifferent to the things of this life. He does not declare that justice is to reign only in the hereafter, but he endeavors as far as possible to bring it about even in this imperfect world. Morality is not independent of religion, nor is morality independent of law. *A priori* we are certain that the principles of Christian morality must influence in a special manner the laws of a Christian community, and historically we can prove that they have done so.

That the historical problem is a difficult one, we are ready to admit. For in the first place, it is hard to determine whether the development of natural law and equity in the Roman law was due to Christianity alone, or to the influence of the Stoic philosophy,

which had certainly influenced the classic jurisconsults of an earlier period. In the second place, it is hard to determine whether the reforms of the Christian emperors were prompted by the Gospel, or merely by political necessity.

We may distinguish three different stages in the influence of Christianity upon the Roman law: The first period lasted until the end of the third century, during which the Gospel teachings were rapidly spreading, although their influence upon the Roman law was only indirect; the second period lasted from the end of the third century until the middle of the fifth. Christianity had now become the official religion of the State, and consequently directly affected the Roman civilization of the time. The Theodosian Code, promulgated by the Emperors Theodosius II. and Valentinian III. in 438, clearly witnessed to the growing influence of the Gospel; the third period extended to the time of Justinian in the sixth century, and was undoubtedly a time of triumph for Christian principles.

First Period. Every student of early Church history knows of the remarkable spread of Christianity during the first three centuries. Even before the time of Constantine, we read of certain emperors being favorable to the new religion, or of their having embraced it. Hadrian is praised by both SS. Justin and Melito of Sardis for publishing an edict that was favorable to the Christians. Septimius Severus had his son Antoninus Caracalla educated by the Christian Proculus, and is praised by Tertullian for having opposed the pagan demand for persecuting the Christians. Eusebius tells us that Philip the Arab (244-249) was a Christian. Alexander Severus was most friendly to the Christians, and was one time on the point of erecting a temple in honor of Christ. Perhaps it is a mere coincidence, but the fact is certain that the best epoch of the Roman law was precisely the reigns of the Severi and the Antonines. The ideas of justice and of equity professed by the eminent Roman lawyers of the third century, had been held by Christians for over a century and a half. It is therefore highly probable that Christianity had something to do with the betterment of the Roman law of this time, especially as we notice a great setback during the reign of Julian the Apostate.

Second Period. On October 28, 312, Constantine won the famous battle of the Milvian Bridge. Two months afterwards he published the famous edict of Milan, which established liberty of worship, and put an end to the ostracism of the Christian

Church. The emperor at once proceeded to make the laws of the empire accord with the principles of the Gospel, without however doing too much violence to long-established traditions. His legal and social reforms were thus praised in 321 by the pagan Nazarius: "New laws were established to maintain a high standard of morality and to combat vice. He set aside many of the old legal technicalities of procedure, which were a source of injury to the poor and simple. He upheld decency and strengthened the marriage bond."

Following the teaching of St. Paul in the sixth chapter of First Corinthians, the early Christians submitted their differences to the bishops to arbitrate, and did not appeal to the law courts. Under Constantine this Christian custom was sanctioned by the civil law. An imperial constitution, ascribed to Constantine but probably apocryphal, compelled the civil magistrates to hand over a law case to the bishop on the demand of one of the litigants, and in such a case the bishop's decision was without appeal. This extraordinary power was done away with by succeeding emperors, who referred to the bishops only those cases that concerned the clergy or religious affairs. This was indeed the origin of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction that prevailed all throughout the Middle Ages. In other matters, the bishop could be appointed arbitrator only on the demand of both litigants. The bishops, according to St. Augustine, were soon overwhelmed with cases; in fact they became the usual defenders and advocates of the weak, captives, widows, and orphans. In 368 the Emperors Valens and Valentinian decreed that the bishops should take good care that the merchants did not raise the price of their goods to the detriment of the poor; another time we find the Emperors Leo and Anthemius enacting a law empowering the bishops to see that the soldiers obtained the rations allotted to them, and that the insane and the orphans were provided with tutors and guardians.

Georges Goyau, in his book *The Vatican, the Popes and Civilization,* has clearly shown the social rôle played by the Church at that time. He writes: "The Church at that epoch answered all the needs of society; she set in order the disorganized Empire; she substituted order for a state of anarchy.....It was by entering into the very life of the people that she conquered them. The men of that day did not regard her merely as a consoler, who promised them another life to offset their present misery, and to appease their desire of happiness. She was not exclusively a guide

to a good death. On the contrary,.....the Church, while telling men that they did not live by bread alone, saw to it that they had bread enough to eat."

St. Ambrose, the counsellor of the young Emperor Gratian, and the author of a treatise on Roman law, certainly inspired the legislation of the emperor with the Christian spirit, and later on by bringing the Emperor Theodosius to his knees, was indirectly responsible for the changes in the Roman law made by him after he had fulfilled his penance.

Third Period. The Christianizing of the Roman law reached its full development under the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. The *Corpus Juris Civilis* has been compared to the Bible for its influence on the history of Christian civilization. The law codified by Justinian was essentially different from the law set forth by the jurisconsults of the first three centuries. It was promulgated in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and under the auspices of God; it spoke plainly of divine providence and of the sovereign Trinity; the imprint of the Gospel teaching was evident on nearly every page. Justinian was not a mere compiler of the old Roman law; he was in a true sense a legislator, who wished to breathe a new spirit into the pagan code of the old classic jurisconsults. Despite its technical perfection, the pagan code knew nothing of the piety, humanity, and benignity which characterized the Justinian code; its crude individualism was utterly alien to the Christian idea of charity and brotherly love, and the Christian notion of the paramount importance of the general interests and the common good.

The first reform to which we call attention is the change in the very notion of right. The Romans had as a maxim: *qui suo jure utitur neminem lædit.* Justinian changed this, so that in future no one could exercise a right which necessarily implied any injury to his neighbor. The old idea of the sovereign being exempt from all law *(princeps legibus solutus est)* ceased with the Gospel. We find the Emperors Theodosius II. and Valentinian III. proclaiming humbly in 429: "The dignity of the sovereign requires him to acknowledge that he is subject to law. Our power is nothing else than the power of the law; it is much nobler to submit to the law than to command others to obey it. Our aim in the present edict, therefore, is to make others know what we forbid ourselves doing." The same principle is voiced by the Emperors Leo and Anthemius: "A good prince," they say, "believes that

he can do only what is allowed to individual citizens; and, if he is liberal, he wishes to be so according to law," etc.

The imperial constitutions of the Lower Empire insist upon the divine origin of sovereignty, and teach unequivocally the religious and social duties of the government. They look upon authority as a sacred deposit, which the prince is bound to use for the good of the people and the benefit of the weak. They are very much concerned about having the laws of the State and the laws of the Church agree. They trace the origin of the civil laws to the disobedience of men to the laws of God.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, to find the first elements of social polity in the Roman law of the Lower Empire. We call especial attention to the legislation regarding the Sunday rest, inaugurated by Constantine and continued by his successors; the regulation of the brutal law of supply and demand through the arbitration of the bishops; the first attempts at State help in the matter of hospitals, free medical services, etc. Under the old Roman law a slave was a *thing* not a person, to be classed with horses, cows, mules, etc. Under the influence of Christianity, he became a person with certain well-defined rights. While the Church did not abolish slavery directly, she taught principles, like the equality of all men in the sight of God and Christ Jesus, which eventually drove it out of the Christian commonwealth. Constantine was the first to decree that the master who killed his slave was guilty of murder; he forbade a master to expose the children of slaves; he forbade the cold-blooded separation of the members of a slave's family; he permitted laymen to set their slaves free in the presence of the priest in Church, and clerics to enfranchise them without any formality whatever. Justinian in like manner passed many laws in their favor. He abolished all the old restrictions of the laws *Fufia Caninia, Ælia Sentia,* and *Junia* regarding enfranchisement, and did away with the social inferiority which hitherto had characterized them; they were to have a liberty "pure, spotless, and perfect." He prohibited non-Catholics from possessing Christian slaves; he abolished the *servitus pœnæ,* which reduced criminals to slavery, and the law of Claudian which punished with slavery a free-woman who had immoral relation with a slave; he settled the old controversy about the freeing of a slave who belonged to different masters. Leo the Philosopher freed the man who had sold himself into slavery under false pretenses, and safeguarded

the marriage of a slave and a free person. Alexis Comnenus made it easy for a slave to obtain his freedom even against his master's will, and recognized the validity of their marriages.

The Church had fought for the indissolubility of the marriage bond by the clear explicit teaching of her Fathers and the censures of her Councils. "Different are the laws of Cæsar and the laws of Christ; different the teaching of Papinian and of St. Paul," writes St. Jerome, apropos of the divorce permitted by the Roman law. Not content with condemning divorce, the Church did her utmost to make the State declare in favor of the indissolubility of marriage. The Council of Mileve, for example, demanded of the emperor new legislation on marriage, which would be more conformable to the teaching of the Gospel. Constantine limited the number of legal causes for divorce, and his example was followed by succeeding emperors like Theodosius and Justinian.

We may mention in passing many other reforms passed under the inspiration of the Gospel teaching. The Christian emperors protected the rights of children of a first marriage when the father married again; they frowned down upon illegitimacy; they protected children against the parental despotism of the old Roman law; they abolished the old pagan laws enacted to discourage celibacy; they accorded to the widow a fourth of her deceased husband's property; they favored pious foundations and works of charity; they mitigated the severity of the prisons, and abolished some of the harshest penalties, etc., etc.

A final chapter of M. Boucaud's treatise deals with St. Gregory the Great and the Christian idea of riches. St. Gregory has been rightly styled the founder of mediæval Christian Europe, and the founder of the Church's canon law. Non-Catholic historians like Dudden consider him one of the most notable figures in ecclesiastical history. He says of him: "He has exercised in many respects a momentous influence.....To him we must look for an explanation of the religious situation of the Middle Ages; indeed, if no account were taken of his work, the evolution of the form of mediæval Christianity would be almost inexplicable." We are not concerned here with his liturgical reforms, his missionary activity, his political foresight, or his fostering of monasticism. We merely call attention to his social influence as one of the richest landowners of the period. In his time the total area of the States of the Church were from thirteen hundred to eighteen hundred square

miles, and the income he derived from them was about $1,500,000.00 a year. As his biographer John the Deacon put it, "the Church had become the granary of the world." He had agents everywhere, in Italy, Gaul, Africa, Corsica, Sicily, and Dalmatia, who rendered an account to him regularly of every *modius* of corn and every *solidus* paid by his farmers. He tells the bishops of his time that "they were to be responsible not only for the salvation of souls, but for the temporal good of all the people under their charge." In all his letters he continually speaks of this vast property as the patrimony of the poor, and urges his agents never to augment their revenue at the expense of the poor. The bishops are to divide their income into four parts: First, for the maintenance of the bishop's house and the requirements of hospitality; second, for the clergy; third, for the poor, and, fourth, for the upkeep of the churches. Nothing was too small to escape his notice. We find him writing about the wages of the shepherds, the selling and breeding of cattle, the injustice of some of his officers towards the peasants, colonists, and slaves, the wickedness of burdensome rents and usury, etc. Ever and always he is, as Pope Pius X. calls him in his encyclical *Jucunda sane,* "the defender of social justice," or as John the Deacon put it, "the *prudentissimus paterfamilias Christi.*"

His teaching on riches is scattered throughout his homilies, his letters, his morals, and his *liber pastoralis curæ*. In the first place, he sets forth in eloquent words the mystic beauty of poverty, and denounces most vehemently the avarice of the proud rich. He next defends the lawfulness of private ownership. He tells us not to confound private ownership with the love of riches. One can be rich without being attached to the goods of this life, although the true Christian must ever be detached in spirit. We read of his protest to the empress against injustice done to owners of property in Corsica and Sardinia, and his defence of the Jews against the anti-Semitism of his time. Lastly, he never fails to insist upon the duties of the rich man towards the poor. Almsgiving is a rigorous obligation, which our Lord has sanctioned by an everlasting reward. In a striking passage of his morals (xxi., 19), he says that "the poor are not the clients of the rich, but the rich are the mystical clients of the poor, depending upon the friendship to attain eternal life." The only reproach ever made to Pope Gregory, was that he emptied the treasury of the Church by his excessive benefactions. This is proof enough that he carried out his principles in practice.

Space does not allow us to mention an excellent chapter on the

first elements of Christian law in Lactantius, or the brief but careful introduction which speaks of the present teaching of Roman law in the universities, and its value from the standpoint of apologetics.

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HE LOVED THEM TO THE END.

BY T. J. S.

He went with those He loved to that last feast,
And there as Priest
Bestowed Himself, the heavenly priceless Dole,
To every hungering soul.

He hung, our one effective Prayer,
Braving the Rood's despair,
And willingly Love's fullest gift did give
That we might live.

THE SAGA OF CONAL CEARNACH AND THE SON OF GOD.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

"Conal Cearnach, as we see in the *Book of the Death of the Wrestlers,* the most celebrated champion at Jerusalem 'of all those of every nation that was under the sun,' was there when Christ died, and brought home an account thereof."—*Ogygia,* Part III., chap. xlviii.

ONAL CEARNACH, son of Amergin, son of Cas, of the Clanna Rudhraighe, a cousin of Cuchullain of Muirthemne himself (whose mother Dechtire was a woman of the Clanna Rudhraighe), went far and wide over all the seas of Mannanan mac Lir with the Irish hunger of wandering upon him. He sailed out from under the Cruachan Aigle on the Cuan Modha of Connacht in a black longship of the Men of Aicill and Umhall, and for a year he raided the coasts of the four quarters of the world, and he filling the belly of the ship with red gold and beautiful weapons, the way the oarsmen were hard put to find room for the swing of the well-hewn ashen sweeps.

Ailill Dubh, son of Ængus Fionn, King of Connacht, was pilot, and he the best pilot of a longship in Ireland in his time; and he drove her beyond the land of Italy, and the land of Greece, and the land of Troy itself, until he slid on through the gray manes of the waves to the coast of the Jews of Jerusalem.

The morning they drew nigh that coast, at the prow of the ship stood Ailill Dubh, and he a big, sea-reddened man, without blemish; straight as a rush on a still evening, the naked hairy arms of him thick as the arms of Culin the smith. Gold serpents on him at his knotted wrists; a white tunic shot with crimson threads on him; a wide-folding purple sea cloak, clasped with a chief's brooch, falling behind him to the deck; a skean belt with gold buckles studded with emeralds around him; the skean hilt of the bloodstone; a gold torque about his neck, and the neck itself as strong as the neck of the Dun Bull of Cuailgne; silver network sandals upon him; around his long black hair a band of red gold, and it with a great ruby in the front of it. The dry salt from the sea scud of the night past was like frost on his head, and he standing there, with powerful legs apart, the way he could steady himself and hear the chant of the lead-caster sounding the shoaling sea.

It is not the Men of the Clann Huamoir were at the sweeps, but Gentiles were manacled two and two, and they picked up along the ridge of the world; slaves of Numidia, Africa, Libya, and Egypt; and the skin on the naked backs of many of them black and glistening like the water of a bog itself, and the dark hair on their heads like the short wool on a ram. It is how the Men of the Clann Huamoir were there, and they, standing silent along the waist of the ship watching the towers of the city of Japho, were lifting from the gray rim of the sea against the dawn of day. Aloft the winds of the morning sang in the shrouds, and the great sail, striped crimson and white, boomed and it bosoming toward the land of the Jews, and the long pennant quivered and cracked like the whips of the chariot drivers, and the white spume went up like dust before the race horses at Tara under the forefoot of the leaping ship, and the dawn dripping red from the slant wings of the following gulls.

And through the leathern curtains of the afterdeck came Lendabair, the daughter of Eochaidh, and she the wife of Conal Cearnach himself; and beside her his great white wolfhound Ossar, a gold torque like a chief's around his shaggy neck, and the shoulders on him up at her girdle. And Lendabair's coming was like the rising of the horned moon over the shoulder of Muilrea; and her walking the trembling of the meadow of the sea in a night of June, and it powdered with flowers of stars; and the smile on her comely face was the veer and flare of violets in April; and the rustling of her garments was the hushing of the soft rain in the hills; and the voice of her the memory of a blackbird's whistle above the graves of our dead, and it in the wrung heart of an exiled woman of Ireland.

A crimson cloak she had, and a film of impearled lace over it like dewy gossamer threads on a blown rose, and it clasped by a strap of great sapphires; and she had on her a robe of soft silk of the color of young wheat, with a long hood embroidered in dull gold; and a zone of square topazes, and they shimmering. Two plaits of hair she had down to her knees, four locks in each plait, and a jewel at the end of every lock; and the color of her hair was like the yellow flame of a torch in the night. The hands of her were new snow under a full moon; her eyes were two blue pools quivering beneath a sky of August; when she set her foot on the ground it was as if one dropped a white lily forgotten; her heart was like a young mother of Ireland, and she crooning over her first babe.

Down through the ship she walked, like a good thought coming into the soul, and the fighting men knelt as she passed, and it is what she said, laughing like the golden bells on the riders of the Sidhe: "The gods bless ye all, my brothers of the Clann Huamoir!" And she came to Ailill Dubh, the son of Ængus Fionn, and he watching the sky line, and it is what she said: "The gods bless your work, Ailill, son of Ængus."

And the steel of his eyes softened, and it is what he said: "The light of the gods toward me and yourself in it!" And he knelt, and lifted her small white hand on the back of his great fingers (and they good fingers on any spear haft), and touched it with his lips, and the red blood lifted under the sea tan on his fine face. Then Ailill rose up like the mast in a rolling galley. Ossar the hound swished his great tail, and nuzzled the Prince's patting hand.

A moment later, down the ship over all the sea sounds, as you could hear it in the din of battle, came the belling voice of Conal the Victorious, and it is what he shouted: "The gods bless all here!"

The great hero, and bright candle of the Gael, came striding down between the files of the clansmen, and the light of dawn upon him. A very fair man, as tall as a lance, bareheaded, with a yellow lion's mane of hair on him; the laugh of him like the roar of the summer tide coming up the Bay of Donegal, and the blue eyes of him glittering like the blade of a swung battle-axe. A tunic of cloth-of-gold on him, sleeveless, and all embroidered with red silk and red gems beyond counting, and the big muscles rippling under it; his sandle straps hidden under plates of thin gold; his skean belt a wide pliant serpent of wrought gold, and it taken from a chief of Carthage in battle; the hilt of his skean was covered with smooth chrysophrase, and one great sapphire for the pommel of it. A fine man surely, and with the sling he was the best shot in Ireland in his time, and he using always balls made of his enemies' brains hardened with lime. It was how with one of these he so broke the skull of King Conchobhar mac Nessa, that all the leeches from the four quarters of Ireland, and Cathbhar the druid himself, could not mend it, and Conchobhar went down to drift in the wind on the frozen plain of hell.

Conal Cearnach came to Lendabair his wife, and she smiling up to him and the Irish love in her blue eyes. He put his big sword arm about her, and it is what he said: "*A cuisle mo chroidhe,*

to me the May comes back each day, and I seeing your comely face!" And to Ailill Dubh it is what he said: "*A chara*, the light of the gods toward me and yourself in it. Is that the land of the illustrious Jews of Jerusalem?"

"It is, Conal, son of Amergin, but now the Men of Rome do be lords in it."

"The Black Worm mend those same Men of Rome, Ailill, and they trampling over the cities of the world—do you think could we raid the town, and it rising fair before us? By the oath of my people, it is good spoil would be in it."

"It is well you know we could not, Conal, with one ship's crew; but we shall land in it, and go up to the city of Jerusalem itself they told us of in the land of Egypt, and see the wonderful temple is in it, the way we can be making stories of it at home in the long winter nights, and we playing at the chess. After we see that same it is how we may be able to lift what cattle we need, the gods willing, and put out to sea again before the gathering of their clans."

When the sun was mast high they let fall the anchor off Jopha. Conal Cearnach, Ailill son of Ængus, Lendabair the Fair, and half the ship's crew, went ashore in the corachs; and they going up on the quay of Jopha, who should they see standing there but a centurion of the Men of Rome, a big red man, and on his target was a star of eight points for a device. And Conal Cearnach it is what he said: "Ailill, I know that target and I seeing the like of it long ago in southern Alban: the man is from one of the Athach Tuatha, and there do be some of them in the army of the Men of Rome."

Conal drew nigh to the centurion and it is what he said: "The gods increase you, brave soldier!"

The centurion started, and his face lighted up with a laugh at the sound of the Gaelic speech in a strange land. He lifted high the hand of friendship, and it is what he said: "The light of the gods toward me and yourself in it, great Prince from beyond the ridge of the world. A hundred thousand welcomes!"

That same day they started toward Jerusalem, the Atticot centurion with them, and he the road finder and the *bladaire* or spokesman; for it is how the Jews were an uneducated people in the Gaelic speech, though friendly they were long ago to our Progenitor Gaedhel himself, and he bit by a serpent near the River Nile.

Lendabair rode a white Arab mare of Jopha, with a footfall like a maiden's, and the clansmen marched about her. Conal Cear-

nach, Ailill Dubh, with the Atticot centurion between them, and he called Conn Ruadh, son of Inderc, rode before the men; and each chief's Giolla Mor marched beside him, carrying the javelins and the shield. Conal's Giolla bore the great shield Lam-Tapaid itself, and it red, all speckled with rivets of white bronze among plates of figured gold, dinted and battered in a hundred fights.

It is how they let the road from them and they swaying up the coast with their spearheads rippling, until they came to the mouth of a glen called the Valley of Sorek; and they went up the glen to the east until the fall of night, when they pitched their camp in a grassy place by a wayside well. The spring night was chill, and a campfire crackled before a small tent the centurion had sent ahead for Lendabair the Fair. It is how Conal and Ailill laughed at her and they seeing the tent, and it is what she said:

"By the round moon, Conn Ruadh, son of Inderc, did you think me a woman of the Romans; that the dews of night would harm me, and myself going out of the Dun of Taillten in Meath after the stags since I was a *cailin* in fosterage there big enough to sit the back of a pony from the Northern Isles? The white stars will be my coverlet this night, the gods bless you all the same!"

And they sat about the fire telling tales of bygone days, of Baile and Ailinn that died for love, of the Land of Moy Mell incomparable in its haze, and of good battles the gods sent them, till the sleep fell on them.

Now, at the middle watch of the night, a man of the Clann Huamoir, a near cousin of Ailill, son of Ængus Fionn, and he a sentinel, came in near the fire, and the face of him was pale and troubled, and the brow of him wet with cold sweat. He touched Ailill Dubh on the shoulder, and Ailill arose and followed him beyond the camp. And it is what Ailill said wondering: "By the oath of my people, Flann Abradh, son of Airmeadach, your face is pale, and I never saw that sight before! What is it, *a chara?*"

And it is what Flann said: "Ailill, son of Ængus, three times this night I heard the keen of dark Raghnailt our *Bean Sidhe!* Death is in it, or foul fortune!"

And he saying this, out of the dusky bare hills came again the slow ghostly *caoine,* curdling the blood in the two men: "*Mo bhron! Oh! Oh! Oh!*" And above them drifting across the face of the round moon they saw the *Bean Sidhe* herself, her raiment hanging straight down, her head bent back, the long black hair trailing, the naked arms stretched above her head, and her

ghastly face turned to the sky. She floated to the east and faded into the hollow hills.

Ailill Dubh sighed long like a spent swimmer coming out of the bitter sea, and he went back with bowed head, and sat down by the fire. He stared into it, and it is not a word he spoke. He was there a long time, and he silent as a man dead, when came walking in swiftly toward the fire Dubhdara, son of Feilimidh, the Giolla Mor of Conal Cearnach, and the face of him white like Flann's, and he touched Conal, and the Prince opened his eyes. Dubhdara beckoned, and Conal slipped his arm from under the head of Lendabair, and rose up and followed the Giolla. Ailill too went out after them. And beyond the camp it is what Conal Cearnach said: "By the oath of my people, Dubhdara, son of Feilimidh, your face is pale, and I never saw that sight before! What is it, *a chara?*"

And it is what Dubhdara said: "Conal, son of Amergin, three times this night I heard the keen of Orla our *Bean Sidhe!* Death is in it, or foul fortune!" And he saying this, there again across the moon they, and Ailill Dubh with them, saw Orla drifting, as dark Raghnailt drifted, and she keening slow and bitterly: "*Mo bhron! Oh! Oh! Oh!*"

Then out of the hollow of the hills came Raghnailt again, and the two ghosts sank down together near the wayside, and they stopped there in the air three lance lengths from the princes, and you could see the rocks dimly through their bodies. "*Oh! Oh! Oh!*" They keened again, and the sorrow of all women dead in their crying, until the tawny fell of hair on the head of Conal rose up.

Then he started, and shivered, and his color came back again. "Och!" he grunted, like one with a bitter herb in his mouth, and it is what he said, talking to himself: "Now by all the gods of Ireland, this is strange!" And to the ghosts it is what he said, snarling: "What would ye, ye hags of hell?" And the two javelins in his hand rattled on the rim of Lam-Tapaid like the chattering of a frozen man's teeth.

And it is what the ghosts answered and they wailing, wailing: "*Mo bhron! Mo bhron!* The Son of God will die to-morrow!" And with that the two banshees faded into one thin wisp of mist and floated away to the east. Ailill leaned on his spear and stared after the mist, and Conal sank down on the stones and looked steadily at the ground, and he not seeing it.

Presently Conal sighed, and seeing Ailill Dubh he rose from the earth, and it is what he said: "What does it all mean, Ailill?"

"What can they mean, Conal? 'The Son of God will die to-morrow'—the son of what god? And if the son of some god dies itself, what is that to us, or to the banshees of our clans?"

They went back silently to the camp, and they found Conn Ruadh and all the clansmen there standing to their arms, but Lendabair asleep. Conal raised his right hand in the moonlight, and the men stole away and wrapped themselves in their cloaks again for sleep.

Conal and Ailill sat by the embers awhile, and it not a word they spoke. Suddenly Ailill fell into a rage, and it is how he swore:

"Conal, by the beard of Manannan, the god of the sea, it is a woman a banshee is anyhow, and living or dead some women are the fools of the world! And it is with the talk of fools our banshees came startling the souls out of our bodies, the spectres in all the gales of hell fly away with them! It is how they have some gossip from the dead and it crooked!"

And he flung his sea-brat over his shoulders, and pulled the cowl over his head; then he lay down, and dropped off in sleep like a child. Conal sat there watchful until the moon sank, and the sky flared saffron and vermilion, and the chill dawn broke sadly.

In the early morning they began to put the road from them again, and toward midday they came up on the ridge of a hill, and they saw to the east the walls and towers of the city of Jerusalem, and the sun glinting on them. Soon they could see a multitude of people swarming just without the walls to the north of what Conn Ruadh said was the Damascus Gate.

As they went onward the day began to turn of a saffron color; the wind arose, and brown storm clouds gathered and swirled in from the northwest. Great levin strokes smashed into the hills, and the thunder cracked and rumbled. The horses whinnied and pranced, and the clansmen shook out their cowled brats. The day darkened to twilight, and Ailill Dubh looking up to the sky, it is what he cried: "Look, Conal, something black like a target is sliding over the face of the sun!"

No drop of rain fell, but the wind began to howl in a great gale from the west, and it uprooting the olive and fig trees by the wayside. The horses reared and plunged, and Conal and Ailill dismounted and lifted Lendabair from her saddle. Blacker and blacker grew the day, until the city disappeared in the murk, and

the dark target left but a rim of the sun burning, and it like a crescent moon all covered with blood. Then a horrible roaring noise came from under the earth, and the road itself began to shiver and heave like the deck of a longship, and it in a southwest gale off Aran, and slices from the hills slid down to the valleys, grinding and booming.

Shoulder to shoulder the clansmen stood near a line of tombs by the wayside awaiting the end of the world, and the heads of the men uplifted and steady, and they silent. The earth lay still again like a fear-smitten beast, as if the great Mole of Hell beneath it had passed on, and the wind fell suddenly. The rain lashed them, and heavy hail rattled on the targets. Then a blinding levin bolt ripped open every tomb before them, and the splintered stones cut their faces.

Out of the cracks in the flags rose a gray mist, and this mist turned into shapes of men and women and children floating in the air. Men clothed like kings and crowned were there, and soldiers in harness, and wan babes, and maidens without blood in them. And they drifted away toward the city of Jerusalem through the swinging of the dim rain.

Then Conal Cearnach and Ailill Dubh, and Lendabair, and all the clansmen, saw the banshees Orla and Raghnailt again floating over the riven tombs, and it is what they were keening: *"Mo bhron! Oh! Oh!* The Son of God and He dying this day!" And they too drifted away toward the city of Jerusalem through the swinging of the dim rain; and the heads of the clansmen uplifted and steady, and they silent awaiting the end of the world.

Then the Men of Ireland put Lendabair within their square, like Deirdre of the Sorrows and she leaving the Red Branch House, and Conal Cearnach and Ailill Dubh before them with gray faces, began again to put the road from them, and they marching toward the city of Jerusalem, not knowing what other thing to do. At last they could see a light of a house burning within the city walls, and they came to a low bare hill, and a faint strange glow on its crest. They went stumbling up toward the top of this hill, and the stooping clouds came about them on a moaning wind, and the wind thick with the shrieking of ghosts. When they set foot on the top of the hill they found there the body of a big Man, and He gibbeted on a cross what way the Men of Rome do kill slaves and Gentiles, and the strange glow came from the body of the Man on the cross.

The weeds were trampled flat before the cross, and brown

skulls of men lay among the weeds, and the ribs of corpses stuck up from the grass. There was a stench in the place like would come from a pile of enemies' heads a week after a battle. To the right-hand-wise and the left-hand-wise of the crucified Man loomed dim, shadowy forms, but the Irish could not make out whether these were trees or other gibbets. Now and then a long hideous cry of pain shot out like the thrust of a knife from the shadowy things to the left-hand-wise.

A long line of ghosts floated between them and the crucified Man, and the ghosts were raimented like the old kings of Ireland, and each one as he passed adored the Man on the cross. You could see the cross through their bodies, and they making the procession of the kings.

A tall woman within the circle of faint light, and she standing there with her back to Conal Cearnach and his men, was staring at the figure on the cross. Her cloak had fallen from her head; there was a white wimple over her hair, and it speckled with blood. Near her, he sitting on the ground, was a young man of the Jews dazed with the grief and fear. A maiden, she still as death, lay stretched on the ground, her face hid on her bent arm.

The big Man on the cross was naked, except for a bloody rag around the waist of Him. Outside the rag, sunk into it, were four turns of a hempen rope binding Him to the upright post. A broad-headed spike of iron, and it through His palm, clamped each hand to the arms of the cross as a joiner would nail block to block, and a like spike through each foot. The bones of the ankle were bare where the hammer-head had torn the flesh, and it slipping when the executioner was driving in the wet nail.

It is not dead the Man was but alive. Now and then His eyes would open slowly and show the ghastly whites, and His blood dripped steadily. When the wind stopped the blood could be heard, and it dripping, dripping. Long bronze colored hair He had, and it matted with mud and blood. A cap of woven twigs, with narrow thorns as long as a woman's little finger, was on His head, beaten down into the scalp; and one thorn lay dark under the skin of His forehead from the edge of His hair down to the left eye, and you could see it plainly with the light coming from His head. The reddish beard on Him was torn out in large bunches, and the bare places were black and raw. The lips of Him were swollen, cracked, and black with caked blood. Two slow streams of blood ran from His nostrils, and the shut eyes were sunken. The body

from neck to heel, arms and legs and all, was cut by whip wheals, except a narrow line down the middle of His chest and belly. The fingers were spread, curved inward, and fixed in a cramp. On the calf of the left leg were bloody teeth marks.

Anon His chest would heave, and a quick, creeping shudder would run over the entire body, and the cross would shake. The head was slanted backward, and about two palm breadths above it was a board, with bloody finger marks along its edges, nailed to the upright beam. There was writing on it, but Conal or Ailill could not understand the writing.

A broad reddish-brown streak of glazed blood was on the cross, and it flowing along the upright post from His feet to the ground. Like streaks went down the lower edge of each arm of the Man, past the armpits, down the whip-cut sides, and they soaked into the waist rag. A line of blood was on the weeds under the arms of the cross. Blood was everywhere, and it dropped, smeared, spattered, spurted, like in a shambles, and the chill wind thickening the blood. When the wind shifted the Irish could smell the blood, and Lendabair would crouch behind the Lam-Tapaid on Conal's arm.

Back in the shadows a big guard of the soldiers of Rome leaned on their lances, and they fretting and shuffling their feet like a reserve line in a battle. Conn Ruadh went over to the centurion of the guard, and spoke to him in the speech of the Romans, and it is what he said: "What Man is this ye are butchering like a brute?"

And the centurion with a troubled face looking from under his helmet, it is what he said: "The fear is on me, friend, that this Man is the Son of God!"

And Conn Ruadh ran back, and put Gaelic for Conal and Ailill on what the Roman said. Then Conal Cearnach remembered the keen of the banshees. He lifted his casting spear, and shouted to the clansmen: "Brothers, it is the Son of God is in it, and they killing Him! Cut down that guard, and we will take Him from the gibbet." The Irish leaped into a battle front, and the soldiers of Rome stared at them with mouth open, and lances held bewildered.

"Charge!" shouted Conal, but with the word the earth lifted, the Black Mole of Hell heaving and grinding beneath them, and they were flung to the ground.

The Man on the cross straightened His head, and cried out with a terrible voice, giving the hero shout, and then He died. And the head of Him hung outward limp.

VENICE.

BY EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

II.

THE first building we enter in Venice should be St. Mark's, and we return there not once but many times, for it is the keynote to Venetian art and color. We must look at it in all sorts of ways; for its artistic beauty, its historical interest, its living significance. We must sit in it until we feel at home. We dream of its past; we attend great ceremonials, and consider them also from varying points of view. The weight of centuries is upon it, and ages of lives have gone to its making.

The Venetians brought back from Constantinople the vision of Santa Sophia, but they did not dare to reproduce its grand dome upon their shifting soil, so they created five small domes, which break into pinnacles and curves and delicate spires. Five hundred columns of porphyry, verd-antique, and serpentine bind and support the façades. Everywhere are fantastic plaques and bronzes, Saracenic gates and golden gleams, and a prodigality of ornament and fanciful design. It is impossible to imagine a more wonderful floor than the undulating marble pavement of St. Mark's. It is impossible to imagine more wonderful color than that dim and tawny radiance; color struggling through a mist, which seems as much of the air as of the material. The hazy light constitutes a scheme of chiaroscuro of unrivalled mellowness, richness, and power. The spoil of the temples of ancient gods has furnished forth its columns and marbles. "That golden church," bursts forth Contarini, the strange and learned dreamer who wrote in the *cinque-cento,* "built by the eternal gods for our protector, St. Mark."

It is a new sensation in a lifetime to wander in St. Mark's, to linger at this or that angle, feasting our eyes upon the gleaming arches; the broad translucent slabs of marble with which the wide walls are faced; the rosy-brown of the columns; the radiance of the golden lamps which tremble before the mysterious shrines; the strange dim figures that shine out of the gloom. High Mass goes on in the choir behind the great wrought iron barrier. In a side chapel a priest offers Mass, at which are a few devout persons;

tourists walk about with guide-books; guides chatter their monotonous information; women draped in black lace; old people with handkerchiefs tied over their heads kneel before the Blessed Sacrament in rapt unconsciousness. And all takes place in that atmosphere of deep, swarthy, half-melancholy richness, which is the note of Eastern color. Its whole scheme indeed is oriental in feeling, and is overlaid by the splendors of the East, for St. Mark's was built by Greeks, Greeks of Byzantium, who in that Eastern colony had become impregnated with Saracenic and Arabian feeling, who had assimilated it in their own way, and who came to Venice to do for the Eastern ideal of color what in past ages Greeks had done for the Western ideal of form. Wherever mosaic became Western it was used in a decorative manner; that is, the building was planned and mosaics were superimposed as a sort of picture effect, but in St. Mark's there is a structural use of mosaic as opposed to the decorative ideal. Here is achieved a great oriental ideal of an interior moulded out of solid gold, and studded with groups and figures in smoldering crimsons and dull blues, giving a color of which the West had not dreamed. On this thought the Greeks have based their whole plan: architraves and cornices, pilasters and friezes have all been swept aside.

The new style only uses curved and rounded forms, forms in fact which would be rather squat and even clumsy if it were not for their color effect. The builder seems to work in a rich, auriferous paste. The exact and angular features of architecture are exchanged for low, heavy domes of immense depth and ponderous solidarity. The arches of St. Mark seem like caverns delved out of the solid earth, and the bright light is toned down to a solemn twilight, in keeping with the effects of rich color. These huge curves of ruddy or glowing gold, these dusky marble slabs, open our eyes to a scheme of Eastern color, compared to which Western tints appear thin and garish. Bit by bit we examine the details of the great treasure house; the mosaic is of various periods, the sweet, ascetic Madonna upon the southern wall, the wonderful Pala d'Oro behind the high altar, with the series which Paolo da Venezia painted on it when it was restored in the fourteenth century. We attend solemn ceremonies, and from a gallery follow the progress of a procession; greens and crimsons, cream brocades and golden embroidered banners, sweeping down the aisles and gleaming through the arches, and we always come back to muse and dream in an environment in which thought seems stilled, and emotion and feeling draw life under their spell.

The emotional feelings which are induced by the great Byzantine Cathedral, find an outlet in the city's art. Venice alone, among the Italian cities, has given birth to a group of artists equal in power and splendor, equal too, in independent completeness and maturity, to the great Florentine group of *cinquo-centists*. The early stages of Venetian painting were directed from the mainland, and were rather the prelude to the outburst of the Venetian style proper than an integral part of it. What we mean when we speak of Venetian painting is not the work of the Vivarini, of Carpaccio, of Cima, of Gentile Bellini, hardly even of his greater brother, Giovanni, rather what we mean is that new style, unlike anything that had preceded it, that lustre of color, that richer sense of chiaroscuro, that fused and golden manner, which though it may have been introduced through the agency of Giorgione, yet we feel owes its origin not to the effort of any individual genius, but to the national life and character and the Eastern impulses which there at length found expression. There are beings in most great creative epochs who seem to embody the purpose and tendency of their age, and yield themselves ready instruments to its design. When like a hidden spring, Venetian art bubbles irresistibly to the surface, Giorgione represented the deep impulse with which it burst into the light. We may then for a brief interval set on one side the ever delightful Gentile Bellini and Carpaccio and their contemporaries, who tell us so much that is fascinating of the life of their time, as in a fairy tale, and pursue this color of deep and emotional art as it is illustrated by the most Venetian of all the artists of the great Republic.

The love of form, the tendency towards form-articulation, characterizes not Florentine painting only, but the whole of Florentine art. And this passion for form dominated Florentine art because an analogous and corresponding impulse dominated Florentine life and thought. Florence from the moment she entered upon the great intellectual movement which she was destined to lead, set to work to convert painting into an intellectual instrument. The Florentine cast of thought was scientific and realistic. Its whole endeavor by which it launched the Renaissance and engendered the modern point of view, was *to see things as they are*. Such too was the endeavor and resolve of the typical Florentine painters. The whole effort of the Florentine mind was towards exactitude of apprehension, towards definition, in a word, which in art is the very act of form creation.

The Florentine predilection for form, therefore, tallies with

all we know of Florentine life. But is there not something equally characteristic, and that equally belongs to the interior life of this State, in the Venetian use of color? Is not the emotional and sensuous appeal which seems inherent in the darkly, glowing Venetian canvasses, the positive contribution of Venice to art? Undoubtedly this profound and powerful feeling, as distinguished from definite thought, does reside in a color-scheme darkened and lit by chiaroscuro, rather than articulated by form. Clearly there were Florentines who knew a good deal about color, and Venetians who knew a good deal about form, but the general drift of Florentine painting was to control color through the agency of form, and the general drift and tendency of Venetian painting was to control form through the agency of chiaroscuro. Color delivered from the control of form, must lose its share in the intellectual interest which form embodies, but it stands to gain on the emotional side. This is the character of Venetian color whether we find it in St. Mark's or on the canvasses of the later Venetian painters. The whole life, the whole philosophy of the semi-oriental State, poured itself into those glowing depths of color, and this is what is positive in Venetian art.

Up to the time of Giorgione, Venice had fed her sensuous instincts by pageants and gold, velvets and brocades, but with Giorgione she discovered that there was a deeper emotional vehicle than these superficial glories, and Giorgione carried all before him by giving a direct impression of his sensations in color. We all know how the shades of evening are able to transform the most commonplace scene into one of rich and obscure mystery, making us feel contemplative and dreamy instead of wide-awake and critical. The carrying of this profound feeling into a color-scheme by means of chiaroscuro, is the gift to art which found full voice with Giorgione. From his time the Venetians gradually worked up their pictures, imbedding tints, intensifying effects, till the whole rich harmony was evoked. With the Florentines the background is an arbitrary addition, placed behind the figures at the painter's leisure, but in Giorgione's and Titian's concerts, and *fêtes champêtres,* the amber flesh-tints and the glowing garments are so blended with the deep tones of the landscape that they could not be at all in any other environment.

Of all the painters who are most definitely indicated in the manner here described, the one who to an emotional method adds an imaginative mind, Tintoretto stands foremost. He is less finished, less suave and accomplished than Titian, but he is more thoroughly

a Venetian. Titian was perhaps of too intellectual a cast of mind to be quite typical of the Venetian spirit. It is conceivable that in another environment he might have developed on rather different lines, but to Tintoretto the gift of sensuous apprehension, the crowning glory of the imaginative idea, must always have been of supreme value. He is the artist of all others, too, who can be studied only in Venice, where he spent his whole life, so that we may well follow him from place to place, and make our own the work of the supreme Venetian, who possessed the power of color and chiaroscuro, and proved the deep and passionate secrets of humanity as no other of his school has been able to do.

On some sunny morning let us pass within the lofty halls of the Ducal Palace, surely one of the most delightful buildings in existence. It does not lack its dark secrets, but on the whole it is representative of that same, practical spirit which guided the public life of Venice. The rose and white chequered marble of its broad walls, surmounted by silver shafts of parapet, are supported by that deep arcade that offers shelter and hospitality at all hours to every comer. The stately stairway of "The Giants" seems still to await that throng of seigneurial magnificence, those Doges and Procurators in brocaded mantles and crimson velvet furred with minever, with which their portraits have made us so familiar; Titian and Veronese, Tintoretto, Bonifazio, and a host of lesser lights have covered every inch of walls and ceiling, of which Sansovino and Palladio and Scamozzi designed the setting. Nowhere in the world is such a celebration of a city's triumph. Veronese has incarnated the Queen of the Adriatic as a beautiful woman, youthful, radiant, enthroned, and crowned by victory. The fair queen leans back, surrounded by laughing patricians, who look up from their balconies as if they were attending a regatta on the Grand Canal. The horses of the Free Companions, the soldiers who go afar to carry out her will, prance among a crowd, every member of which represents a town or colony of her domain. The figure of Venice is gentle, yet opulent: she looks young and loveable for all her splendor. The air circulates freely through the white architecture and columns bathed in liquid light. All round are naval combats, the victory of Lepanto, of Zara, of the Dardanelles. Venice's history is full of conquests over fierce Dalmatians and the fiercer pirates of the Saracen and Algerine races, who waged ceaseless war upon the rich spoils of her fleets. There seems indeed little reason why Venice should not have become a Turkish power, another Constantinople, and we still breathe a sigh

of relief over the exploits of the chivalrous Don John of Austria, and that grand old sea warrior, Sebastian Venier. The huge sea fights painted here by Tintoretto and Vincentino acquire a fresh significance, as we realize what the Moslem terror meant to the Venetians of that day.

In the Ducal Palace, Tintoretto is the painter who above all dominates. The official paintings of the old Doges, now presented to the Madonna of St. Mark, anon assisting at the marriage of St. Catherine, were perhaps not the most congenial of his commissions, but he has never let himself go more completely than in the stupendous "Paradise," in which the whole composition is ordered and disposed in terms of light and shade. He has no need to use the spacing and outlines of architecture to map out and control the array of countless figures. It is ordered and disciplined by the tides of chiaroscuro which roll in and out of the masses—the whole scene is rendered habitable by the shimmer of vibrating air. The sense of ether prevents the distressing feeling of overcrowding, and suggests the surrounding of the boundless space, into which the Blessed can float at will. The whole is framed upon the mystic Rose of Dante, and follows those concentric circles which are the poet's unique conception of the scene.

> .....How wide the leaves
> Extended to their utmost of this Rose.

The Spirit, the Son and the Mother, the Angels that go all through the circle—every form turning to Christ, as flowers are drawn by the sun. The Eternal Light streaming through the circles of the Rose, all are ideas that may be traced in Dante, and that dominate the whole composition. "The Exemplar of Love is the centre of the Light and Power, and Faith and Divine Charity revolve forevermore in bliss about the Rose's heart."

It is not only in great wall paintings that Tintoretto excels: how fully he reveals in that exquisite cycle in the Anti-Collegio what was the feeling of her sons for Venice. The four are linked together by their meaning. The call comes to Venice to reign over the seas, her reign is triumphant, with Wisdom guiding her councils and keeping Mars at bay, all the beauty and the graces of life are pressed into her happy service, but underground her soldiers never cease to forge their weapons, and should she need defending, they will spring to her side, armed to the teeth.

Tintoretto has never painted anything more gay and tender than these panels. The thought of Adriadne, desolate and aban-

doned, and of the god of life and laughter, brought by love to her rescue, rose in his mind to symbolize Venice wooed by the Adriatic. He paints the Queen of the Sea with no gorgeous accessories, no jewels or sumptuous throne. She reigns by right of her own loveliness, and her crown is God-given, of the stars of heaven. The lover from the sea brings no costly gifts, but the little ring which speaks of love and loyalty, and to the Venetian, who loved the grand spectacle of the Doge going out to wed the Adriatic, the picture must have spoken as the very soul of all that ceremonial. The impression of the primitive gifts of life, Love and Beauty, and the sweet air of land and sea, is accentuated by Veronese's rendering of the wooing of another goddess which hangs close by. Europa is a lady of the court. Veronese is preoccupied by the painting of swishing satins and feathers and laces. The *tout ensemble* is as lovely as could be wished, as joyous as a June morning, but it has neither the large simplicity nor the feeling for youth of Tintoretto's conception.

No one is so in earnest as Tintoretto, or so well able to thrill us with imaginative ardor. The various readings of the Last Supper, the subject he has made peculiarly his own, may be traced from church to church. In the painting in San Polo, the Saviour gives the Bread of Life, eagerly, generously to all mankind. Tintoretto has placed himself in the character of St. Paul, the patron saint of the church, standing aside in deep contemplation; the Apostle who was yet not present at the miracle. In San Giorgio Maggiore the miracle of the gathering of the manna, the Daily Bread, is contrasted with the Bread eaten to Life everlasting. The feast goes on, but the supernatural is entering on every side. "The Light shined in the darkness and the darkness comprehended it not." A throng of angels pours in through the blue moonlight, and blends with the glow of the flaming cresset, the lustre of which pales before the glory which streams from the Head of the Light of the World, as He pronounces the mystic words of consecration.

We must seek Tintoretto all over Venice: in the Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, the master's own parish church, in which he lies buried, and where four of his masterpieces hang, overmastering in the flood of destruction of his "Last Judgment," the white and lamb-like St. Agnes is contrasted with the dusky gorgeousness of the Hebrew women, who despoil themselves of their jewels for the Golden Calf. These are among Tintoretto's early works, and he already shows that he is past master in the use of light and shade. He has already discovered that if he would

secure the emotional and sensuous appeal of color, he must soften down and obscure the intellectual appeal of form. All the Venetians have this gift; it is their trademark, but Tintoretto's mastery of it is something unique. In his "Presentation in the Temple," in this church, the structural setting hardly signifies, as the little figure, the representative of the New Dispensation, mounts the stair and confronts the stately representative of the Old. It is the deep shadows and the golden lights that govern it, that invest it with its overpowering depth of feeling. Above all, we must seek Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco, the council halls and offices of one of those important "schools" or charitable confraternities in which the Renaissance was so rich. It was founded to succor the plague-stricken, of whom St. Roch was the patron saint, and in the two principal halls the painter has left a scheme suggested by this purpose.

The principal paintings in the upper hall are therefore concerned with works of divine mercy and deliverance, relief from hunger, from thirst, from pestilence, and even the monochromes are linked with the central idea. In the refectory which opens from the Great Hall, the Crucifixion, as the crowning act of mercy, is surrounded by the events that immediately precede it, and typified by the lifting up of the brazen serpent. Among the many wonderful canvases, the "Temptation" is conspicuous. No one but Tintoretto could have evoked that genius of carnal gratification, that vision of the flesh that *must* be fed, which kneels, smiling up, with little diamond-bright eyes, at the sad Christ, so aloof, so divided by a great gulf from the heartless, soulless being who has passed beyond His influence. What pathos, what depth of comprehension are revealed in the beautiful "Visitation," where the two women, brought together by a like experience, clasp one another in eager trust and protective love. With what lofty majesty Tintoretto has invested the Christ, silent before His accusers, a tranquil, white-robed form, folded in a great calm, standing out like the embodiment of light, against the gloom of the Roman Temple. Longest of all we shall linger in that quiet refectory before the great world-tragedy, compared to which all other renderings seem beside the mark.

As Ruskin says, "We swim into a sea of light and air," in the depths of which stupendous events are taking place. Here is concentrated all conviction of the power and consecration of noble suffering. The group at the foot of the cross is instinct with love and anguish. Its members look up and draw closer together—one

of them, type of future generations of mourners, in her extremity of woe is feeling for the cross with her hand, and so powerful and so deeply significant in its mystery and terror is the mighty scheme of chiaroscuro in which the scene is muffled, so profoundly true to the emotions of the occasion are the dim and solemn lines which pervade the gloom, that they seem to open up the very heart of the subject.

If we work steadily to make the paintings of San Rocco our own, we shall go away with the possession of a lifetime. We shall be determined, too, to pursue the painter from one point to another; from his splendid old St. Anthony in San Trovaso, to the dim and murmuring crowd of the Crucifixion in San Cassiano, and in the morning light to descend into the crypt of San Giorgio, where a most touching Magdalen weeps by the Entombment. The " Miracle of St. Mark " in the academy is a picture conceived with the sure and certain dash of an instinct which culminates at once and without effort in perfect action. The swoop and rush of the saint has the impetuosity of an eagle. Each one of the fifty figures the canvas contains, acts and acts all over. An insight into the invention, the imagination of Tintoretto is a thing to strive after. He does not care for the courtliness of Titian, he ignores Veronese's luscious effects, he delights in throwing himself with prodigality upon broad spaces, and in bringing deep, smoldering shadows to enhance the imagery of his soul. All his visions are informed with genuine passion, and he has a poignancy of inner life which never relates its intensity.

From this most typical of the Venetian painters of the Renaissance, we can divine the sense of solemn obligations and responsibilities which informed her sons and gave its weighty significance to her art. Tintoretto's are no lightly painted pictures; they are, whether official or religious, the powerful response of a great man to the demands of a great age. Is there any artist we can turn to who is equally typical of the city in another age and under different conditions?

The eighteenth century is the century of pleasure in Venice. The old nobility of soul was gone, and enjoyment was the only aim of life. The whole people had lost their public spirit, the sons and daughters of the bourgeoisie tried to rise in the social scale by imitating the pleasant vices of the aristocracy, the men and women of which were every year growing more gay, more abandoned to capricious crazes, to light loves and absurd amusements. The study of Tiepolo takes us into some of those magnificent palaces which

survived from a greater day, but which the painter, who was himself full of the modern spirit, decorated to satisfy the theatrical, frivolous vein of the Venice of her decadence.

Yet Tiepolo was an artist of high aims, and if he had been born a century sooner he would have been a rival of Veronese. Veronese is evidently the model he has studied with most perseverance. He seems to have a natural affinity for the great master of Verona, but Veronese, though a painter of pomp and splendor, was born in a great age, and his work has a stateliness, a proud, sweet quality that reflects that age with sympathetic spontaneity. Yet we cannot hesitate to say that Tiepolo is a genius. He is not merely a great eighteenth-century painter, but a great painter absolutely. He has covered immeasurable expanses of wall and ceiling with paintings bright as the light of day, and though instead of the opulence of a rich, strong society, full of noble life, he adapts his genius to the requirements of effeminate men and frivolous women, his pictures yet have the impressive quality. Perhaps he touches his highest in the decorations of Palazzo Labia; the two splendid subjects from the story of Antony and Cleopatra—the "Banquet," where the queen dissolves the pearl, and the "Departure," where the master of the world is leading the queen to embark, and which afford him the opportunity for introducing airy architecture, men in armor, and stately dames in satin and brocades. His color is exquisite in its soft harmonies. Delicious, audacious fancies are dashed on with a nervous hand, draperies and clouds are illumined with radiance, his drawing is perfect in execution, and his faded pastel colors, blue and rose, golden-gray and pearly-white, are vaporous and ethereal. In the Rezzonico, the Carmine, the Church of the Gesu and the Scalzi, we forget the age of profound and ardent passion, but we breathe an atmosphere of joyous and irresponsible pleasure.

"One cannot laugh forever," and that was what the Venice of the eighteenth century could not believe. There came a terrible Nemesis. The great days were over, and the courtly, charming world followed in their wake. First Napoleon, insolent and aggressive, then fifty years of Austrian rule. But as we loiter through the piazza that goes by his name, we think of the great patriot, Daniele Manin, and the heroism of the siege of 1848, by which Venice, purified by suffering, once more won back her right to stand among the nations.

THE CURSE OF CASTLE EAGLE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WIDOW.

A FEW days later there was an arrival at Castle Eagle of a neatly-attired young woman from a Dublin shop, who had come to measure Lady Turloughmore for her mourning. Her arrival with her black bale cast a shadow on the house.

Miss Roche, by this time, was sustaining the reputation of her family, which according to her was so tenacious of life that a Roche lived on where anyone else would have died. She had begun to lose the terrible look of starvation which she had worn for some days after her rescue, and had settled down happily enough at Castle Eagle, not protesting, which was very unlike her, when Lady Turloughmore said that she must by no manner of means return to her own house. There was room for her and to spare at Castle Eagle, which was too big for the family that occupied it.

"I don't mind telling you, child, I've had a shake," the indomitable old woman confessed to Meg. "It's all very well to be independent and live in your own house as long as you can, even when it's all rotting to pieces about your ears. But—'tis another matter to be lying alone sick in it, and not even a dog to keep you company, and you not able to do a thing for yourself—and— There I won't talk about it. It unnerves me. I'll put the whole place up to auction and sell the things. And, dear, I'd like to do something for you, and that lovely young man that carried me so tenderly the night you saved my life. I thought he loved you very much. If it was to be that there was any difficulty about money, you'd have all that was made by the sale of the sticks. Some of the pictures are good. The gentleman in the hall with the green silk coat and the dark hair I've always heard tell was a Romney, and would bring bags of gold if he was sent to London."

She paused for breath after the long speech.

"Oh, no, no," said Meg, answering the portion of it on which her attention had fastened. "Dear Miss Roche, it's all wrong about Mr. Rosse. We never thought of such a thing."

"Maybe aye, maybe no. I used to think something different. Anyhow I'd better die in a family when I do come to die. Isn't Lady Turloughmore an angel of a woman? And isn't it a queer thing

she should be bent under the weight of her sorrows, unless it is that God chastens whom He loves, as the Scriptures say?"

It was a wild, gusty October day; Miss Roche had been lifted on her invalid couch into Meg's room. The chintz-hung, firelit room was very pleasant, and she looked about it with approval.

"I'm glad to be getting well," she said. "I suppose I'm not good enough to die yet. I was in a queer state that night you found me, you and your young man."

Meg passed over the implication.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "neither of us deserves the credit of having saved your life. That belongs in the first place to Johnny Flynn, as you know. You may be easy about him. Lady Turloughmore has seen to that. He is here. She got the permission of the Guardians to employ him under the head-gardener. He has a love for a garden. He lives with Curran and his wife at the South Lodge. They never had a child: and Mrs. Curran stopped me as I passed through yesterday to say he was the most beautiful boy in the world, with a beautiful heart, and the proof of it was that woman and the Union between them had not spoilt him. Rest easy about Johnny Flynn. He'll be own son to the Currans. You shall see him as soon as we get you out."

"I'm glad of that. I'll look after the boy, and give him whatever chance in life he wants. The sticks 'll sell for a good bit, I daresay. There was nothing common at Carrick."

Meg came to Miss Roche's side and settled her more comfortably, with an additional cushion behind her shoulders.

"Thank you, child," Miss Roche said gratefully. "It's the kind creature you are! Indeed I'd be happy if I was to spend the end of my days in the midst of you. But I've to look ahead. Suppose Erris —Lord Turloughmore he ought to be by right, and the sooner the better since it has to be done—brings home that fine beautiful young woman to Castle Eagle! What with her money and her rank I'm thinking some of the great old days will come back to Castle Eagle. I'm not saying she'd rather have my room than my company, though that may well be. She seems too sweet a creature, from what I've seen of her, to let me know, even if it was so. There's a Dower House to be sure. You and I and Shelagh Turloughmore might squeeze in there: or if a lodge was empty they might let me have it. With my furniture it wouldn't be too bad."

While Miss Roche chattered, her bright eyes, half-veiled by the ivory-colored lids, watched Meg. She changed the subject suddenly.

"'Tisn't likely you'd be in it long," she said. "Someone will see to that. What a pretty room you've got! It's like Shelagh—"

Meg concluded the sentence over which she had hesitated.

"To give such a room as this to a dependent."

"Stuff and nonsense—a dependent. Why, child, they're dependent on you. Of course Shelagh couldn't have known when you were coming what you'd be like. No one could have known. What's the other side of that?"

The question came abruptly. She indicated with a pointed finger the rough-hewn wall which showed beneath the chintz. That end of the room was conspicuous by its lack of the pretty pictures which brightened the other three walls wherever there was a space for them.

"What's there?"

"It's the tower."

"The tower. To be sure it is! They used to say this room was haunted. I hope I'm not babbling like an old fool. They say Conal M'Garvey still inhabits the tower. You don't believe in ghosts, you lover of the fresh, open air?"

"I don't know—" said Meg slowly. "I may have heard Conal M'Garvey."

"A handful of bones getting ready for the Day of Judgment?"

"I have certainly heard noises in the tower, twice in the early mornings. The last time I heard the noise it struck four o'clock immediately afterwards, I remember."

"The wind and the sea. They're accountable for a deal. What sort of noises?"

"I couldn't tell you. I was wakened out of my sleep. My impression is that it was a loud violent noise. If I hear it again I shall report it more fully."

"A loud, violent noise! A handful of bones getting up and knitting together with the sound of a rushing wind. You dreamt of Conal M'Garvey, and awoke in a desperate fright. Isn't that so? Your heart was thumping in your ears so that you could hear nothing else."

"As a matter of fact I was not frightened. The last time I heard it was in May. The beautiful golden morning was in the room. The birds were all singing. How could I be frightened?"

"Ah, I'm glad you weren't. And I'm glad you don't say there's no ghost. You're too sensible to say that there are no ghosts in that tower. My father always said they were smugglers—that they played the ghost, with hollow groans and all the rest of it, so as to frighten the people from inquiring into the noises they heard. He said they invented Conal M'Garvey. He had no respect for other people's ghosts. Many a keg of fine brandy; many a case of tobacco and wine; many a bale of silk and laces came up the sea-way and were stored in the tower till such time as the excise men were out of the way. It's true enough, by all accounts, that the smugglers used it."

"How did they get into the tower? Not by sea? They say

there's communication between the tower and the Little Beach. But no vessel can approach the Little Beach because of the reef of rocks."

"They didn't come by the Little Beach. They say it has the prettiest shells in the world. You know the shell window in the morning room. Those shells came from the Little Beach. A Lady Turloughmore in the eighteenth century learnt the art from no less a person than the inventor of it—the famous Mrs. Delany herself. If it be true that the shells come from the Little Beach, access there must have been easy enough those days."

"There's another way to the tower they say. If there's a passage it ought to be a good wide one, for the smugglers had commodities beyond what they could carry on their backs. I never looked into it myself."

There was a tapping at the door. Lady Turloughmore came in with tears in her eyes.

"Julia's delusions grow harder to bear," she said, with a catch of her breath. "She will have it that my husband has come home. I do not know what she will say when she sees me in black."

Chapter XXIII.

THE MESSENGER FLIES AWAY.

Meg had lain awake as she often did, staring out into the darkness of her room. She had made up her mind that she must go; that she could not await Lord Erris' return. Time had been when she had been ardent for the service of those friends who had been good to her and won her heart. Now she felt that she was better away.

How glad her father would be to get her back! Not that she was going to stay at home for long. Money was always needed at Crane's Nest. It was not likely she would find another employment like Lady Turloughmore's. But how would she break it to Lady Turloughmore? She did not wish to see Lord Erris again. She wanted to be gone before he returned—as far away as Budapest.

She fell asleep, midway of her worry and perplexity. How long she had slept she did not know. She was awakened by a groan almost at her ear. She was sure this time, for the groaning went on after she was awake. She was in pitchy blackness. She sat up in bed staring into the darkness. Was the horrible drama that had been enacted in the tower centuries ago going on still? Did the tortured soul in the tortured body revisit the scene of its sufferings? Was it another doom on the Turloughmores that this sin should be visited upon them?

The darkness seemed unusually thick, impenetrable. She slept with her blinds drawn, her windows open. There was not a star that she could see amid the impenetrable blackness. She could not even trace the window by its lighter gloom, as she usually did in the darkest nights.

She sprang out of bed, and felt for the matches and candle which were on a table near her bed. Her hands trembled. She told herself that it was the nervousness of being suddenly awakened from sleep, the chill of the night, which made her teeth chatter. She groped uncertainly, with the result that she knocked down the box of matches. While she felt for it on the floor, the strange, terrible groaning began again.

She said afterwards that if it had not stopped she must have died of fright. She felt herself drawn from the safe, comfortable feeling of being in the hands of God, of which she had talked to others. She was drawn from that strong stay into a border world of the terror that flies by night.

Her hand felt the matches. Now if she could only strike one and light the candle! If her hands would only stop trembling! If she could lose the horrible feeling of uselessness which lay upon her as though she must sink away and lie a dead heap on the floor! If she could only have light! There were things one could not face in the darkness. How still the night was, and how oppressive, although it was very cold!

The first match spirted and went out. While she attempted to strike another the clock in the stableyard began to strike. She listened, with a scared heart. She knew it was going to strike four. It had struck four that other time and that other time, but then it had been in the golden mornings of spring and summer. The sun had held panic at bay. It was very different in the dark of the autumn morning, with all the winter to come and her grief before her and behind her. As the clock struck the last stroke an unreasoning panic seized her. She could not remain alone, expecting the horrible groans to begin again. She must find human companionship, no matter what happened.

She fled from the room, closing the door behind her. She wanted some strong help and protection. A thought came to her of how Algy Rosse would have soothed a woman's terror. She had seen him one day in a thunderstorm when Eileen Trant had been frightened, and remembered how gently he had soothed her. She controlled herself, so as not to enter Miss Roche's room in a way to frighten her; but despite the strong measure of self-control she put on herself, her breath came in sobbing gasps, she was shaking like an aspen. There was a night-light burning in Miss Roche's room. Oh, the blessedness of light! The little glow from the night-light, filling the room with a

soft dim radiance, lifted up her heart. From hidden things of darkness and the arrow that flieth by night, good Lord deliver us!

She looked back at the door which had closed between her and a nameless terror; then uncertainly at the old-fashioned bed, its curtains of creamy woollen stuff sprinkled with roses. Miss Roche slept well. There was not even a sound of breathing. Should she go back again and face the terror? Should she keep her experience to herself? But no—she could not do that. Supposing, supposing, there should really be someone in the tower! It seemed impossible: but she must share the doubt with someone. The question was settled for her by Miss Roche; who lifted herself on an elbow and peered out between the curtains.

"Is that you, child?" she asked. "Why are you standing there in your thin nightgown? Is anything the matter?"

"I've been frightened," said Meg, between the chattering of her teeth.

"And you're cold, you creature! Come in here under the blankets and tell me. Are not soft woolly blankets a thing to be grateful for in cold weather? Why, you poor child!"

In the warmth of the blankets Meg presently recovered herself, and the chattering of her teeth ceased.

"I am so sorry I awakened you," she said. "Could you go asleep if I was to go back to my own room and leave you in peace?"

"Indeed then, you didn't waken me at all. I was lying awake thinking about you, and what a difference you make in this house. Now, tell me what frightened you. Was it that unchancy old tower? The gulls do make queer noises sometimes. You might mistake the noise they make for anything."

"It wasn't gulls," said Meg. "It isn't likely I should be frightened by gulls, having been used to them all my life. What frightened me was the most terrible sound that awoke me from sleep. I am certain it must have come from the tower. It was like someone groaning in terrible pain. I thought at first, when I was only half-awake, that it might have come from your room, that you might have been dreaming, you poor thing, of the time you were left alone in that great desolate house. It sounded just like that, as of someone deserted and left alone to die."

"Many a one's heard the same sound from that old tower," said Miss Roche. "If I was Erris I'd raze it to the ground. Perhaps some of the ill-luck of the family would go with it."

"You think it was the ghost? Does a ghost groan with that terrible sound of desolation?"

"What could it be but a ghost? How could anything living be in that place? There's no way to reach the Little Beach unless you were a gull; if there's a way into the tower from it as they say there

is! The other way must be choked by weeds and thorns long ago—if there is another way. To be sure if the smugglers used it there must have been a way."

"Does no one know about it—if there is a way?"

"I've always heard there was a way. The people wouldn't look for it—not they. It's supposed to run somewhere from Biddy Pendergast's cottage. That would have served the smugglers' purpose very well—if there were smugglers. The cottage is a most unchancy place. All sorts of apparitions are seen there. Now, go asleep. It was the gulls you heard, I daresay."

Her voice trailed off sleepily. A little while and her breathing assured Meg that she was asleep. Presently Meg's own eyes closed. She had not hoped to sleep; but she had not been sleeping well of late. When she awoke the early morning light was in the room. She judged that it would be about seven. There was no wind, and the intense darkness of the night had given way to a mild gray morning, with a warm glow as of hidden gold in the gray.

She got quietly out of bed without disturbing Miss Roche. She did not want to be found out of her room, to have to explain to Kate the why and wherefore. Servants occasionally left Castle Eagle, because of their own superstitious fears or for something that frightened them. She would not be the one to start a scare in the house. She dressed herself fully, and went down through the quiet house. There seemed to be no one about—but she found when she reached the hall door that it was open, and Phelim was standing on the steps drawing in long breaths of the morning air.

He greeted her affably, remarking that it was a beautiful morning for a walk; she answered him and went on. Prince, who wandered at night between her door and Lady Turloughmore's—he certainly had not been at her door when she made her precipitous flight from the room that seemed so safe and harmless by daylight—had overtaken her, and frolicked sedately in front and around her, expressing his joy in seeing her and the adventure of an early morning walk.

She had left the house behind her before she made the discovery that Lady Turloughmore's pigeon had somehow left his mistress' safe keeping, and was hopping behind her, now and again making short flights. The creature was as fearless as a dog. She bent down and let him hop on to her outstretched palm, then to her shoulder, where he rested very contentedly. Her walk took her towards the sea and the cliff above the Little Beach. It struck her that there was an unusual clamor of gulls. They were screaming loudly, more loudly than usual, perhaps over a fish of which they were making a greedy meal.

The short grass off the cliff was glistening with one of the heavy autumnal dews, under which the whole country was steaming as the sun forced his way through the clouds. The crisp grass, hung with

myriads of little snail shells, crackled under her feet as she went towards the sound of the sea and the clamor of the gulls. She paused beside the railing which protected the edge of the cliff. Now that the sun had risen the sea showed a surface of pure gold. A soft wind blew in her face. There was something very gentle about the October day.

She could see nothing of the Little Beach, which was half-covered at high tide, but even on this calm day there was a column of spray high in air where the sea broke off the North and the South Wolf: and looking down she could see here and there a jagged tooth of the reef projecting through the water. She glanced back at the square mass of Castle Eagle, with the squat tower at one corner. What secret did it hide? What was it that moaned within the walls and frightened people out of their senses at night?

Suddenly she uttered a loud cry. Without warning the pigeon had hopped from her shoulder and was over the railings at the edge of the cliff, flashing himself about in the sun's rays, and cooing with what seemed perfect self-satisfaction. She called to him, kneeling down and stretching an inviting finger through the stout iron railings. They were made impregnable against scaling, which was perhaps as well at this moment, since she would have risked any danger to recover the creature which had brought so much help and comfort to Lady Turloughmore. A vision came to her mind of Lady Turloughmore's face when she should hear that the pigeon was gone. More would go with him than any contrition for her negligence would ever restore.

The gulls screamed below—gulls and puffins and cormorants. The Little Beach must be a perfect maze of them, the cliff's face populous with their nests. She called and the pigeon turned his head, and made one or two dainty steps towards her. She called again in an agony of hope and fear. He was very wayward, a petted and spoilt creature. Like a spoilt child, he ran away from the one who would protect and care for him. He took a few steps towards the edge of the cliff, made a short flight, and to her horror disappeared from sight.

Chapter XXIV.

THE END OF THE PASSAGE.

Meg, wringing her hands in grief and consternation, was aware of a new arrival—no other than Johnny Flynn, who stood regarding her out of his reddish brown eyes with much affection.

"I seen you crossin' the grass, Miss, an' I made bould to come an' spake to you. I hope ye're well, Miss, an' th' ould lady doin' finely.

I never got a chance to tell you how *she* kep' me that night else I'd ha' carried the message quicker. I'm doin' fine where I am, Miss."

There was no need to say it. Decent treatment and happiness and good food had wrought wonders in Johnny Flynn. He had become almost able-bodied. He might be the well-to-do elder brother of the boy who had accosted Meg on Dooras Mountain one summer evening, now more than three months ago.

"Oh, Johnny, I'm in trouble. I don't know what to do," said she. "Lady Turloughmore's pet pigeon has just gone over the cliff. She will be distracted when she hears. And it was my fault, entirely my fault. What am I to do at all?"

"Would I be goin' over the cliff after the ould fowl, Miss?" suggested Johnny politely.

"Oh, you can't do that. There's absolutely no foothold; and the face of the cliff is dreadfully precipitous. There is no way of getting at the Little Beach. What on earth am I to do, Johnny? I daren't tell Lady Turloughmore."

"I wouldn't like to be sayin' there'd be much left of the ould baste of a bird by now," said Johnny consolingly. "Judgin' by the noise the gulls do be makin' below there they're reefin' him to tatters. There won't be a dale to go round."

Meg stared at him, not knowing what he said. Something had come into her mind, clear-seen and aloof as though she looked at a picture—herself of a summer morning amid the ruins of Biddy Pendergast's cottage, where not a peasant in the country would venture. She saw the mass of undergrowth growing up against the blackened stones which had once made the wall of a chimney. She felt her foot knock against something—old iron by the feel. Stooping to touch the thing she had found it as she had thought a ring of iron.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know Biddy Pendergast's cottage?"

"Th' ould witch's cottage? Aye, do I, well. Many's the time I put the heart across in the other childher by runnin' in an' out of it. They do have great ould superstitions, them country childher."

"Would you be afraid to go there with me?"

"Is it me? What would I be afraid of? I'll just run an' tell my father you want me. My mother 'll be expectin' me in to breakfast." How proudly Johnny spoke of his father and mother! "I'll just say you want me an' I'll be back in a tick."

Johnny was back "in a tick." His inquisitive eyes were lifted to Meg's face with a look of devotion, while she told him the thing she wanted done. It was wild beyond all the probabilities; they were going to look for the passage from Biddy Pendergast's house to the tower. If they found it, it was one chance in a thousand that it would be navigable. If it was, would it land them in the tower? It might come out under the cliffs. If it really ended at the tower, would there

be further communication with the Little Beach? it was all doubtful: but—if there was any chance of recovering the pigeon she must take it, if there was but one chance in a hundred thousand.

"What was that you were carrying when you came and spoke to me, Johnny?" she asked. "Was it a spade?"

"It was an ould shovel I was takin' to me father."

"Go back and fetch it along. It might be useful."

Johnny obeyed her and brought the spade, carrying it across his shoulder in a workman-like fashion. They skirted the garden-wall of Castle Eagle, dipped into a hollow, crossed a field, and were in the field of Biddy Pendergast's house, nearer by this way than Meg had thought possible.

To Meg's surprise Johnny Flynn knew all about the secret passage that led from the old ruin. He cleared the weeds and rubbish from the iron ring with his spade. It was set in what had been the hearth of the cottage, but it was not fixed as Meg thought it might have been in a stone too heavy for them to lift. The green, sodden stuff which the spade uncovered, round about the ring, might have been earth or wood or stone. A blow of the spade upon it revealed that it was wood. It was so set in the earth that it might better have been a part of it for their purpose. The block of wood resisted all their efforts to raise it: embedded in the solid stone the wood had swollen and hardened. At last Meg agreed to Johnny's suggestion that he should run back and fetch a crowbar.

While she waited, the coldness of the place struck her as a strange thing. The ruins were in the full rays of the mild morning sun; and yet she shivered. She stepped beyond the cottage ruin, and the bare patch to where the cows were grazing in the pasture, and was warm again. Prince, who had been whining and bristling while she stayed in the ruin, recovered his lordly placidity and stretched at her feet, where she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree to wait for Johnny's return, her mind full of trouble for the fate of the lost pigeon. Johnny came quickly, armed with the crowbar.

"I'm glad ye sat there, Miss, and not in the ould cottage beyant. The cattle 'll never graze near it. They say a bird never flies over it. The people were frightened from it I've heard tell by some that got a blast there when they were huntin' about for what they could find; and were never the better of it afther."

"Country superstitions, Johnny. I thought you were above them?"

"What else? Country people do be terrible foolish. Now, I'm thinkin' we'll soon have it up wid the crow."

They "had it up wid the crow." The square slab of wood lifted slowly, revealing a cavity beneath. No foul vapors came up in their faces as Meg had feared. There was a smell of earth and dampness: nothing more. A ladder swung by iron hooks over the hollow. Johnny

went down it like a monkey, and held it steady below for Meg to descend. Prince, after shivering on the brink for a time, leaped down beside them. The drop after all proved to be only a few feet below the earth. Before them was a dark passage about six feet in height, roofed and walled and floored, with flags and beams of immense thickness. Someone, whether the smugglers or earlier builders, had built the passage to resist the encroachments of time. There was damp underfoot, and overhead the walls oozed damp; but there was no foulness in the atmosphere.

"Bedad," said Johnny, producing a candle and box of matches from his jacket pocket; "this is a quare place. I'm beginnin' to get at its contrivances. Whomsoever planned it, planned it well. You know them ould hummocks in the field where the ragweed grows thickest, fairy forts they do be callin' them, an' there isn't man, woman or child 'ud interfere with them, though th' ould ragweed do be sowin' itself all over the place every year till the ground's poisoned wid it. There's ventilatin' holes under the ragweed. I saw one stickin' its ould snout out, and 'twas like an ould drain-pipe. It'll be aisy enough travellin' here, thanks to the man that made it. Weren't they great builders all out?"

"You're not afraid of the tower, Johnny?" Meg said, plunging into the passage where the water dripped from the roof, threatening to extinguish the candle.

"Not a bit, wid you by my side. There's some say that Conal M'Garvey never died in it at all, that he escaped some way, and was seen about the country afther. If this passage was here in his time it was like enough. It 'ud explain some of ould Biddy's quare disappearances too."

He talked of those legendary people as though they had lived and died but yesterday.

The flame of the candle flickered in the draught of the passage and had to be protected by Johnny's hat; but the air was pure enough for the flame to keep alight in. Now and again they came to a ventilating shaft, and saw sky above them through a tangle of weeds. They went carefully, with an expectation that at some point or other the walls of the passage might have fallen in, but though there had been a fall of clay in one or two places the passage was amazingly clear, hardly a passage perilous at all. Meg began to suspect that others than the smugglers had used the passage at no distant time.

The dog ran on before them in growing excitement, and came back now and again to jump on Meg, whining as though he would urge her to further exertions.

"'Twould be a quare thing if th' ould trap was to fall in when our backs was turned," said Johnny Flynn, "we'd be like rats in a trap then sure enough."

As he said it a wind extinguished the candle. They were in darkness: and Meg had a sudden sense of being in the bowels of the earth, imprisoned, as in a grave. For a breathless minute she was panic-stricken. Then, from down the darkness as her eyes grew accustomed to the thick murk, she saw something glimmering like a lighter darkness, and the wind blew freshly in her face. There was a sound like surf on a sandy shore, or the wind in a hollow place.

"I believe I see light, Johnny," she said. "There! Do you see it?"

"The darkness do seem lighter," Johnny agreed as he re-lit his candle.

They pushed on. Ever the air came fresher and fresher in their faces. The light in the darkness increased. The dog ran before them in an increasing excitement, rushing back as though he implored them to hurry. They were at the end of the passage at last. They stood at the foot of a winding stair. Facing them was another passage, down which they could hear the hollow booming of the sea.

"The old tales were true after all, Johnny," Meg said in an awestruck whisper. "There lies the way to the Little Beach, and here are the steps to the tower. Which shall we try first?"

"The dog's on the track o' somethin', Miss," Johnny Flynn said. "Let us try th' ould tower first. We'll see then if there's any truth in them quare stories."

Up they went by a long winding staircase, which went round and round by the wall, and was lit by narrow arrow slits, through which one caught just a glimpse of the country beyond. These were on two sides only; one wall was blank. That must be the wall overlooking the courtyard.

The staircase went round and round till it reached an open door, and went on again. The open door led to a room enclosed in the tower, so to speak. There was no light in it. Meg stood at the door and peered inside nervously. She could see that there was something there, boxes, furniture, some sort of square shapes in the dimness.

"The light, Johnny," she said.

There was a deep sigh from the dark place. Her heart leaped in her side and she almost fled, but she stood her ground. Prince uttered a wild yelp, and bounded past her into the chamber. The match spurted as it was struck. The candle-flame lit up steadily. There were a number of cases and bales, packets of various sizes in the place. A heap of ashes lay on a stone hearth. There were various stuffs lying about on top of the boxes. One large box apparently had served someone for a table. There was a sickly air in the place.

What was it which Prince was licking at and whining over with delirious affection? There was something, someone, lying on a bale

of stuffs in one corner. Something! It might have been the apparition of Conal M'Garvey—so lean, so starved was it. A man, his eyes closed; apparently in the stupor of death or dying; a rough, straggling beard; a face in which the cheek bones stood out of the gaunt hollowness. The hand which lay outside the clothes fluttered feebly.

"Glory be to goodness, is it a ghost or a livin' man?" asked Johnny Flynn, peering down at the creature.

Suddenly he caught at Meg's sleeve.

"See you, Miss," he said, "see you that big cruel mark on his head. The hair's matted over it in the blood. God help the creature, who can it be at all. The ould dog seems to know him."

Prince was licking the man's hand in a quiet frenzy of delight.

"Oh, Johnny, could it be—could it be possible," cried Meg, "that it is the Earl come home again after all?"

Chapter XXV.

THE END OF THE DOOM.

It was indeed the Earl of Turloughmore. The winds and waves had brought him home and flung him up on the Little Beach, broken, and bruised with a terrible gash in his head, where he had been dashed against a sharp edge of cliff. He had been left on the Little Beach with injuries enough to kill a man of less robust constitution than he. He had not died. He had come to himself dazed and weak, to find himself imprisoned on the Little Beach, with apparently no means of escape from it. The cliff over the Little Beach was tunnelled with caves and winding passages, leading to rock chambers which had been hollowed out, none knew when or by whom. These had served as storehouses for the smugglers. At some time or other—perhaps when a whole gang of smugglers had been captured by the press gang and carried off to the wars in Flanders, only to be sunk in the Zuyder Zee, the secret of the communication had been lost. The rock chambers and the tower contained wine and tobacco and precious silks and laces, bales of fine cloth, all manner of things.

By one of the passages Lord Turloughmore had found the communication with the tower, and there he had established himself and dwelt all those months during which he had been mourned as dead. He had attempted no communication with the outer world, but in the twilight which had fallen upon him since his shipwreck he had lived as a savage man, feeding himself upon the eggs of the sea birds and the flesh of those he could surprise in their nesting places and kill. He had found water at the base of the cliff where a pure stream ran.

He had made fire with a flint and rotten wood like a primitive man. He managed to open the cases the smugglers had left, so as to provide himself with wine to drink and woollen stuff to make his bed and clothing. There he had lived and slept, the arrow slit above his head, communicating with Meg's room, barely two feet away from her as she lay in bed, although the chintz stretched over it had concealed its presence.

Meg watched by him whilst Johnny Flynn went for assistance. The servants had to be taken into counsel. They were afraid to let Lady Turloughmore know the news too suddenly. Fortunately she did not rise early of mornings and was still in her room. Very tenderly the poor emaciated body was conveyed to the Castle, and, after being washed and tended, was laid between fine linen sheets, in warm woollen blankets. While a messenger was dispatched for a doctor, Phelim, who knew all a gentleman's servant is required to know, shaved his master and cut the long straggling hair, revealing the scar of the wound.

The doctor came presently and examined him, keeping a grave face as he did so. Meg met him as he left the room.

"Well," she said. She and Dr. Doherty were good friends by this time.

"Well," he repeated: and he wore an air quite unlike his old cheerfulness. "It's a wonderful story, Miss Hildebrand, but it would be a thousand pities if we've found him only to lose him again. I fear that patching up even will hardly be possible. Poor Lady Turloughmore! I wonder if it will comfort her at all that at last an Earl of Turloughmore will die in his bed?"

"You think he will not live?"

"I think the casting-away and the exposure have been too much for him. I should not weep, Miss Hildebrand. That wound in the head was in a very nasty place. I doubt that, if he could live, he would ever be like other people. Who is to tell her ladyship?"

The telling was taken out of their hands. While they stood talking, they had not noticed that Lady Turloughmore had approached at the other end of the corridor. She came towards them quickly, her fair face pale and disturbed.

"Oh, it is you, doctor?" she asked. "How fortunate it is you! I am so glad you are here. Julia has fainted. I was going to send for you. I have been up with her a great part of the night, and had only just fallen into a sound sleep when I heard her call. I couldn't really have heard her, but her cry rang through my sleep; and Kate, who has been sitting in her room, says that she called me just as I heard her—a whole corridor away, with a loud, ringing call. She has delusions, you know, doctor. Her last one was happy for her, for she thought the Earl had come home."

They were in Julia's room by this time. All the sewing materials which had been used to litter the place were put away tidily. Amid the nursery things, the dolls' house, the rocking-horse, the high chair, the bed with the little shrunken old woman in it seemed strangely discordant and out of place.

The doctor stooped; peered in Julia's face; felt her pulsation; lifted an eyelid.

"I'm glad her last thought was a happy one, Lady Turloughmore," he said. "She's gone, the poor old creature!"

Lady Turloughmore uttered a low cry. "I have sorrow upon sorrow," she said, and turning she hid her face.

Miss Roche had come in, using the crutches which she always used now.

"Come out into the sun, Shelagh," she said. "Julia is in the sun, after her long desolation. Why, she's smiling, the creature!"

"Because she thought my husband had come back."

She allowed Miss Roche to lead her from the room into the long corridor, which was now filled with sun. It was as warm as a May day.

"Tell her," whispered the doctor to Meg. "Tell her—the joy and the grief. Poor soul, I wish we could keep him for her."

Meg followed Lady Turloughmore and Miss Roche. They were standing in a deep window seat talking in low tones. Lady Turloughmore was weeping.

"She did not recognize me at first," she said, "and she went babbling on about old things when Hugo was a little boy; and about Ulick and Cicely. But she seemed to recognize me suddenly, for she put out her hand and closed it over mine. 'Mistress, dear,' she said, in a loud voice, 'wasn't it a mercy you didn't put on the black? White would be more your wear an' his lordship come home again.' Her eyes really looked as though she saw heaven opened."

Meg had come up close beside her.

"Dear Lady Turloughmore," she said, "supposing her vision were true, yet that one dare not rejoice entirely?"

Her voice broke, but she managed to struggle along bravely.

"Supposing Lord Turloughmore had come home! Supposing he is very ill—"

"Where is he?" The wife's voice rang out, startling those who heard. "You would not dare deceive me! Where is he?"

"Come, you shall see him, he is very ill. Perhaps he will hardly recognize you."

Side by side they went along the corridor to the sick room. Lady Turloughmore wore a look of dazed, incredulous joy. She stumbled as she walked, almost as though she were blind, and Meg put an arm about her to steady her. She led her into the room. Lady Turloughmore broke from her as she saw the face on the pillow.

"Hugo! Oh, thank God!" she cried.

Meg signed to the maid who was keeping watch by the bedside to leave them together. As she turned away she heard Lord Turloughmore's voice, weary, as with an immense fatigue.

"Shelagh! It is good to be at home. Come closer, Shelagh. Let me see your face."

Glancing back she saw that Lady Turloughmore had laid her head on the pillow by her husband's head.

Lord Turloughmore lingered for several months, had a much longer day than the doctor promised at first, lived to see some happy things before he died in his bed as no Earl of Turloughmore had died for centuries.

Long before that time Lord Erris had come home, released from the plaster of paris and able to walk like other people, although still for a considerable time to come he must be much more careful than other people.

Meg had made an attempt to break away before his return, but it was unsuccessful. Lady Turloughmore had seemed so amazed, so horrified, at the suggestion that now Castle Eagle could dispense with her presence, and that her father needed her at home.

"We cannot do without you at Castle Eagle," Lady Turloughmore had said indignantly. "After all you have done for us. Some day, of course, you will marry, but till that day comes we cannot do without you."

The utmost concession Meg could wring from Lady Turloughmore was an unwilling consent to her going home to see her father. She left on the very eve of the day that was to see Lord Erris' return home. She bade a lingering farewell to Castle Eagle, to its inhabitants, the animals, the dear inanimate objects. As she stooped to pat Prince's silky head, the tears overflowed her eyes, and she had to run away lest Lady Turloughmore should detect them and guess that she did not intend to return. It would be so much easier to write, when she was out of reach, going into exile again; for it would be exile more than ever now, although the Archduchess Magda was kind.

Terence Hildebrand, welcoming Meg with open arms, forbore to say what he thought to her.

"Least said is soonest mended," he said to the sister, who was like himself and shared most of his thoughts, "and a little girl's secrets are her own: but I have not got back my own Meg, whatever's happened to her."

He was angry and dismayed when he heard that Meg was returning to Budapest; but there was something in Meg's eyes that pulled him up short in the midst of his stormy protestations.

"God help her," he said to Mrs. Carew, "she's got to get well

in her own way. Perhaps she feels she must get away out of it altogether. Why couldn't she have stayed at home? Home is best for a girl."

"Let her be," his sister counselled. "She will work out her salvation in her own way. None of us could do it for her, or for any of them, although our hearts may bleed to help them."

After that Terence Hildebrand was exquisitely kind to his girl, with a soft, slow-moving tenderness, as though she were very ill, which would have made Meg laugh, if it had not made her weep passionately.

The time came round to the last day at home. Meg's letter to Lady Turloughmore had been written and dispatched. Her trunk was packed, waiting for the very last belonging to go into it before being locked. It was very sad to go, heart-breaking sad. Life stretched very desolate, an arid expanse, dewless, unwatered, before the girl's vision. She was going to be horribly homesick. If only she might have stayed at home! But perhaps the homesickness would help to keep the other trouble out of sight.

She would not look the other trouble in the face. She had escaped from them all, for a little while, to gain courage on that last evening, out to the bridge over the river which ran through the woods. It was the early twilight of the short winter day. Still a few gold leaves tinkled on the branches. The sky had a haze of red and yellow. There was going to be frost. A little sickle of a moon shone through the bare trees.

She rested her elbows on the parapet of the bridge and hid her face in her hands. She felt an overwhelming sense of wretchedness, of desolation. How sickly the late autumn was! There was a sickly hue over life, the world. To-morrow, by this time she would have covered the first stage of her journey.

Someone came gently over the lightly-frosted leaves. A hand was laid on her down-bent head. The tears had come now in a flood, a torrent. She struggled with her sobs, trying to keep them back, as she turned her streaming eyes away. She had no other thought than that her father had surprised her, given up to grief.

"I—I—" she began.

"I've come to take you back," said a voice she had not expected to hear—perhaps never again in this world, certainly not for years.

"Did you suppose we should let you go, Meg? After all you have done for us! Your father sent me to find you. He has offered me a lodging for the night—most kindly. To-morrow I shall take you back. We can telegraph to the Archduchess."

He put his hand under her chin and lifted it. Was this Lord Erris, this straight up-standing masterful person, young at last? He laid her cheek against his shoulder, stroking the other cheek softly with his hand.

"Have you considered, Meg," he asked, "that I have come back a wonderful example of Kellner's skill? And that my father is slipping out of life gently, in his bed? There is no more doom for the Earls of Turloughmore. When a Hildebrand crossed our threshold the doom was lifted. The blood of the Hildebrands will bring the blessing to our children's children. Now, will you come back?"

"But you love Miss Trant," she said, holding back her lips from his kisses. "Everyone tells me you love Miss Trant. Lady Turloughmore—"

"My mother knows better now. I was in love with Eileen once—calf-love. I am very much obliged to her that she would not look at me. She is a dear creature, but she isn't Meg. Nothing would satisfy me but Meg, since I have known Meg. I am young enough yet to begin life over again with Meg by my side."

"You are sure?" she asked with a long sigh of delight.

Quite sure. If I were not I should be desolate, for I believe Eileen has chosen or will choose that ornament of the diplomatic service, Mr. Algernon Rosse. Poor Algy! I used to have a grudge against him because he was not maimed like me. I am maimed no longer. I grudge him nothing but Meg now. He is a dear fellow. We shall make it easy for him and Eileen. Now—shall we telegraph to the Archduchess?"

Meg laughed through her tears. It was so heavenly not to be going after all.

"They will faint at the post office at the idea of a telegram to Budapest. They will never understand how to send it."

"Then we can wait till we get to Dublin to-morrow. Let us go and tell your father. He will be so glad. He has been in trouble about you."

"After all the foxes did not come for a death," said Meg, as they walked hand in hand. "Did you know I saw the foxes the first night I was at Castle Eagle?"

"They came for life," he said. "I have never believed in the omen of the foxes. They came for life, for luck: for a sign that henceforth all good things should come to the House of the Foxes."

[THE END.]

New Books.

ALTAR AND PRIEST. By Rev. P. C. Yorke, D.D. San Francisco, California: The Text Book Publishing Co.

Out beyond the Mississippi, and especially beyond the Rockies, we dwellers by the Atlantic seaboard have the reputation of regarding ourselves as the thirteen original and only states; at least, we are accused of believing that there are no other states worth speaking of. We are thought to be ludicrously unacquainted with the real America, which lies beyond the Alleghanies; and blissfully ignorant of real American thought, which rises in the West and, traveling eastward, has a harder time crossing the Delaware than George Washington himself, and must fight a good, stiff fight to dissipate the heavy fogs blown off from Boston Bay and the East River. Now we are, after all, humble and modest people, and will not deny there is a modicum of truth in this charge of the young and boastful West; but is the fault wholly ours? Take the instance before us. Here is Father Peter Yorke, famous as speaker and preacher all along the Pacific Slope; if he is but little known personally along the Atlantic Coast, who is to blame? Why, he is to blame, for his light shines only in a remote corner of civilization; he and California, which keeps a tight, jealous hold of him. Let the Western stars move out of their orbit occasionally; let them beam upon us who sit in oriental darkness, and then will the reproach of our ignorance be lifted from our brow.

Still, Father Yorke is not to be blamed too severely for staying home, and attending to his immediate business; and we are truly grateful to him for giving us *Altar and Priest,* this volume of fifteen occasional sermons. They were all preached at the dedication or jubilee of a church, or at the first Mass, jubilee or funeral of a priest. It is the lot of such discourses to die with the occasion and, sometimes, to receive an honorable sepulture in the local religious paper. These sermons deserve the better fate they have received; they will be warmly welcomed in book form by priests everywhere, and by others who do not think a sermon is necessarily a dull bit of reading. Everyone who remembers the A. P. A. controversy, when Father Yorke, like the Hebrew warrior of old, fought the battles of the Lord with joy (perhaps we had better say, with glee) and returned with the scalps of the Philistines, is aware that he is master of a vigorous, lively, elastic style: these discourses exhibit these qualities and beauty as well. They are the

product of a mind that has been enriched by familiar converse with classical and modern literatures, with history and with art, and that knows how to draw on its ample stores at pleasure and without ostentation; but particularly they show an intimate and loving knowledge of Holy Scripture, and a keen sense for the beauty of its words.

Father Yorke quotes Scripture with a felicity that reminds us of Newman. The sermons move on in an atmosphere of large conceptions and generous feelings; they are pervaded with a deep sense of the greatness of Catholicism as a supernatural religion, as a guide of moral life and religious belief in an age of divided and confusing counsels, and as the chief factor in the making of our history. Enlightened Irish Catholic sentiment finds fit utterance in the first sermon, *The Island of Saints*. Preached in Ireland, we should like to see it circulated among our coreligionists in England, who might learn from it a better understanding of their brethren in the Emerald Isle. It is, however, as an expression of American Catholicism that the volume has its chief value; it witnesses to the happy relations existing between people and priest, the generosity of our people, their desire to provide worthy temples for the worship of God, their love of Christian education, their reverence for the priesthood, and their united and staunch Catholicism in the midst of a nation of many conflicting creeds, which seem to be verging rapidly towards a common, undogmatic, natural religion. If some of the deeper springs of our religious life are not touched, it must be remembered that the character of the occasion almost necessarily excluded them.

Among the funeral discourses, is a worthy tribute to the lamented Father Doyle, late editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Father Yorke must have many other sermons and discourses at the bottom of his trunk, or scattered here and there in print. Only last summer, he delivered a splendid address on *The World's Desire*, at the convention of the Catholic Educational Association in New Orleans, which comes to us as a handsome pamphlet. We are confident that he has material for more than one volume, which would be welcomed by the judicious and thoughtful.

A LOYAL LIFE. A Biography of Henry L. Richards. By Joseph H. Richards, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.00 net.

Henry L. Richards was born in Granville, Ohio, in 1813. He came of New England Puritan stock, but joined the Episcopal

Church with his father in early youth. He studied at Kenyon College and Seminary, and was ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1842. Soon after he married and moved to Columbus, where he became rector of the new missionary Church of St. Paul, an offshoot of the older parish of the Holy Trinity. He found himself in the embarrassing position of a Low Church minister called upon to officiate to a High Church congregation. One of his parishioners, a bookseller named Whiting, kept pace very closely with the progress of the Oxford movement, and placed in his pastor's hands every publication of interest and importance concerning it.

At the same time Mr. Richards began reading the *Churchman,* then edited by Dr. Seabury, who held decided Catholic views. As a result, he adopted the *Via Media* theory, trying for years to justify himself in holding Catholic doctrine while in a professedly Protestant Church. The Low Churchmen in the United States opposed so bitterly the Catholic views of their confrères, that within the space of seven years nearly three-score American Protestant Episcopal clergymen became Catholics. They were greatly helped by the submission of Newman in England in 1845, and the uneasiness caused by the Hampden case in 1847, and the Gorham case in 1849.

On a trip to New Orleans in 1848, Mr. Richards came across three Catholic books, Keenan's *Controversial Catechism,* Kenrick's *Primacy of the Apostolic See,* and Milner's *End of Controversy,* which finally started him on the road to the Catholic Church. Returning to Columbus he remained for two years in a state of doubt and uncertainty, though he officiated from time to time as rector of St. Paul's. He was finally received into the Catholic Church by Father Borgess, afterward Bishop Borgess of Detroit, on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25, 1852.

For over fifty years he was identified with Catholic interests both in Jersey City and Boston. He was President of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference in Jersey City in 1857; he contributed many articles to the *Catholic Review* of New York, and the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston; he was the second President of the Catholic Union of Boston; he labored for twenty-three years on the Boston Board of Charities.

In 1871, at the suggestion of Father Stone, Father Hecker asked him to be editor of a weekly paper which he had in mind at that time. Many a convert had recourse to him for guidance

in time of doubt, and many a soul sought him for his ready sympathy and wise counsel.

In addition to his writing for Catholic periodicals, a large share of his time was devoted to prayer and religious reading. He never let a day go by without paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Loyalty to the Church, even in matters rather of counsel than of strict obligation, was his most prominent characteristic. Although very much attached to the Jesuit Fathers, looking upon "The Immaculate of Boston" as his spiritual home, he did not hesitate a moment to answer his pastor's request by becoming superintendent of the parish Sunday school. He truly was a perfect type of the intelligent Catholic laymen.

BREAKING WITH THE PAST, OR CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES ABANDONED AT THE REFORMATION. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, Abbot-President of the English Benedictines. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Farley. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 60 cents; postpaid, 64 cents.

This little book contains four sermons delivered by Abbot Gasquet at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the Sundays of Advent, 1913. They show simply and clearly the repudiation by the Protestant Church of England of the Catholic teaching on the Primacy of the Pope, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Priesthood. The preacher at the outset disclaims all desire to enter into mere matters of controversy, but insists that all lovers of Christian unity must first recognize the points of departure out of which our religious differences have grown. It is a good book to put in the hand of High Churchmen, who still hold tenaciously to the unhistorical theory of continuity.

HORACE BLAKE. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

No one, not even his wife Kate who understood him through and through, ever dreamed that the apostate blasphemer and immoral degenerate, Horace Blake, would return to the Catholic faith of his childhood. But the miracle does happen, and its history affords Mrs. Ward an excellent opportunity of giving us a subtle and penetrating psychological study. At the outset this genius dramatist is ordered by his physician to go abroad, to the coast of Brittany, for his health. He takes with him not his devoted wife,

but his illegitimate daughter Trix, whom his wife has nobly acknowledged as her own to save her husband's honor. The first days of his vacation are spent in finishing a play, which was to utter the last word of crude immorality and blatant unbelief. God, however, in His mercy, speaks to this all but damned soul, and wins him gradually to repentance by the hymns of a Rogation Day procession, the kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament in the Corpus Christi procession, and the interviews with a tactful French curé who reconciles him finally to God.

The greater part of the novel is concerned with the reality of this deathbed repentance. Was it due to brain failure? Was he playing a part? or had God indeed worked a real miracle of conversion? Stephen Tempest, chosen by the wife to write Horace Blake's biography, declares that "a real moral conversion was absolutely impossible for a man as rotten as Blake." The wife is firmly convinced that a man who hated religion his life long, and taught her to loathe it, could not possibly turn around so completely at the end. The change could only have been effected by those scheming French priests who influenced him against his will, when the poison of his disease reached his brain. She finally comes to realize that his conversion was real, by reading a notebook in which her husband had written the story of his return to God. These last words of Blake's diary, which carried conviction to his wife's unbelieving soul, are the most beautiful in the volume.

The French curé of St. Jean des Pluies, together with his assistants and the stern uncompromising housekeeper, are admirably drawn.

THE NEW IDEALS OF THE GOSPEL. By Professor Hermann Schell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The late Professor Schell was for several years a storm centre in Germany; of an ardent nature, he raised up an enthusiastic following and a violent opposition. A theologian by profession, he was by temperament a philosophic poet or a mystical preacher; a lover of the people and a firm believer, on the one hand, in the Gospel and the Church; on the other, in modern science and civilization, he aimed to present the Gospel in a living and persuasive form to the people, and desired to see the Church take the lead in progress. His intentions, we believe, are generally recognized to have been pure and noble; but his mind was not clear or accurate or measured, and so his large work on dogma and his little book on

Catholicism as the principle of progress fell under the ban of authority. No such condemnation has overtaken the present work, which is highly esteemed and widely circulated in Germany. It appears in English as a literary Melchisedech, without father or mother or sponsor, without name of translator or *imprimatur* of a bishop.

We could understand the reluctance of a bishop to sanction a work in which he would find enunciated "Jesus' conception of His Messiahship. He taught: Because I am the Son of God, I am also His Ambassador and Messias sent to transform strangers and serfs into children of God, and bring them together into the Kingdom of God. This is the idea of religion in all its purity and greatness. The consciousness of divine sonship implies that the soul is entirely God's own; lives His life; depends on Him; gives itself up to Him. Messiahship implies the freedom and power of the highest life, the glow and fecundity commensurate with its energy. As Son of the Father, Jesus is the Source of the Spirit. The Messianic kingdom is the reign of the Spirit, for it proceeds from the sonship; from the consciousness of being the expression of divine thought and divine love" (pp. 41, 42).

All this is perfectly defensible as good theology; but it requires to be explained in order to be defended. We are living in an age when the formulation of a dogma, in order to be acceptable, must be neither obscure nor equivocal. In justice to Schell, however, let it be recalled that he wrote before the vogue of modernism; while the mistiness of the above quotation is offset by clear and explicit interpretations of Christ's doctrine of His own divinity, which Schell professed without equivocation.

The plan and scope of the work are to treat each of the Gospels in turn, to expose its leading ideas, and to give the historical setting in which a few of them, at least, were enunciated by our Lord, and to discuss some special questions connected with each Gospel. Obviously, the plan is rather loose, being neither historical nor logical; it leaves scope, however, for the treatment of several present-day problems, such as the attitude of Christ towards asceticism, towards property, towards work, towards intellectual culture, towards the Church and the religious education of mankind. Schell's handling of these problems is never quite complete, systematic, or vigorous enough; but his views are generally just, far-seeing, suggestive, and stimulating. His work is really, though not explicitly, intended as an answer and rival to Harnack's *What*

is Christianity? And though the author has not the clear, succinct, trenchant style which Harnack often employs, he is a better exegete, and gives a far truer idea of the Gospel.

The question which is most ably and fully discussed is the Church.

> In the mind of Jesus [says Schell] the Kingdom can only attain its ends by becoming the Church. The Church in the Catholic sense is the active realization of the Kingdom of God; its substantial manifestation, its active assertion, its community of love; the realization of its inner life, energy, and charity. The Church, then, is no more antagonistic to the Gospel than the body to the soul, or substance to essence, will to thought, action to conception, society to personal independence, or charity to the love of self.

This lofty and sensible idea of the Church is well developed, and constitutes, in our mind, the most valuable portion of the book. Schell shows so well that the Church must necessarily follow the Gospel, that some may understand him to teach that it is the mere natural growth of the idea of a Gospel; but this would be a mistake, for he certainly recognizes the origin of the Church in the will of Christ Himself. One reserve in this matter we would make: while Schell insists strongly on the need of the people for authoritative guidance in religion, he is not so clear or strong in maintaining that the educated classes and the searchers after truth have the same need. Who, in fact, need it more? It is not the people, but philosophers, critics, and scientists who originate the greatest and most harmful vagaries in religious thought.

The book is profusely illustrated, but we admire neither the taste in the selection nor the execution.

CRIMINOLOGY. By Baron Raffaele Garofalo. Translated by Robert Wyness Millar, with an Introduction by E. Ray Stevens. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50 net.

It is well to know that those who are looked up to as authorities in criminology, are not affected by the foolish popular notions current in many quarters about criminals and their fit punishment. This series of books, The Modern Criminal Science Series, issued as the result of a resolution passed at the National Conference of Criminal Law and Criminology held in Chicago at Northwestern University five years ago, will supply material for any who wish to have good ground for contradicting many of these foolish theorists, sentimentally over-merciful to the criminal, and forgetful

of his victims, and of the fact that human nature can as a rule be deterred from crime if the punishment is only immediate and fitting.

There are two chapters in Baron Garofalo's book that are of special interest to us at the present time. He has no illusions with regard to the effect of the abolition of capital punishment. Elimination by death is for him the measure necessary for the limitation of murder. That is of course well recognized by all who know anything of real conditions, yet there are many theorists who insist that the death penalty must not be inflicted. We in the United States execute two out of every hundred of our murderers. In Canada they come nearer to executing nine out of every ten. We have very nearly the same kind of population, the same climate, and almost the same living conditions, but we have many times as many murders as Canada. England hangs her murderers, and the consequence is that London has only one-tenth as many murders, or less than that in some years than New York. Baron Garofalo points out that in country after country where the death penalty has been eliminated, or become rare, because of abuse of the pardon and reprieve, the number of murders has constantly increased. In Belgium, in France, in Italy, whenever the death penalty was allowed to fall into abeyance, voluntary homicides grew apace.

Another feature of Garofalo's criminology is the insistence on repayment by the criminal to those he has victimized of anything taken from them. He must be punished, but he must also repay. His prison term should be so arranged that the amount paid for his labor by the State will repay his victim, and not until the debt is paid shall the sentence end. The feeling on the part of the criminal that whenever he takes anything unjustly, he shall, if the law reaches him, have to repay, is the best possible motive to lessen crimes against property. He suggests the establishment of a compensation fund by the State for the purpose of indemnifying, first, persons injured by criminal acts, who have been unable to obtain compensation from the wrongdoer, and, second, persons who after suffering imprisonment pending prosecution have been acquitted as the result of a trial on the merits.

We have touched only some of the conclusions, but the whole character of the book is eminently sane, conservative, evidently written from actual knowledge of conditions. Coming as it does from a Procurator General of the Court of Appeals of Venice, who is a Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, it is authoritative in its department.

CORRESPONDANCE DE BOSSUET. Edited by Ch. Urbain and E. Levèsque. Volumes VI. and VII. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.

The first five volumes of this masterly edition of Bossuet's correspondence have already been noticed at length in our pages.[1] The work, we need only remind our readers, forms part of that monumental collection of *Les Grands Écrivains de la France,* which is published under the patronage of the French Academy, and aims to be the definitive, complete, and standard edition of France's great authors. These two volumes, like the preceding ones, show on every page that the editors have taken all possible care to give us a complete and accurate text, and to elucidate it with all necessary information.

They contain seventy-four letters not published before in the completest edition of Bossuet's correspondence, and about eighty that had been published only in an incomplete form. Most of them are taken directly from the originals, so we have the most authentic sources. It is a great gain to have this important correspondence of one of the Church's greatest men, and of France's greatest geniuses, given to us in a form so entirely satisfactory. The work will be a valuable addition to any university, seminary or college library.

At the beginning of volume six, enter Madame Guyon and trouble; trouble for the poor devout visionary herself, who was persecuted and calumniated; trouble for Bossuet, who for the first time in his victorious career of controversy met his match, in the person of his friend and most illustrious disciple, and came out of the terrific duel not unscathed; trouble for Fénelon, who was condemned for dangerous, though not for heretical, teaching by a reluctant Pope, and spent the last twenty years of his life in disgrace with the king and exile from the court, a punishment which in this day, especially under the Stars and Stripes, we can hardly appreciate; and trouble above all for the Church of France, which was sorely afflicted when her two most illustrious prelates, whom all esteemed for their elevation of character, for their deep piety, for their surpassing genius, learning and eloquence, broke a life-long friendship and fought a bitter fight—all about the pure love of God.

The pity of it is that one feels the whole scandalous quarrel between two well-intentioned bishops could easily have been avoided. It has not yet broken out with this instalment of the

[1] See The Catholic World, July, 1912, page 544.

correspondence (October, 1693 to June, 1696), which belongs to the period between the submission of Madame Guyon's doctrine to Bossuet's judgment, and the refusal of Fénelon to approve Bossuet's book on Quietism. Still friends, their friendship is already laboring under a heavy strain. It is during this period that the Abbé de Fénelon becomes the Archbishop of Cambrai, and that the articles of Issy, condemning the doctrine of Madame Guyon, are signed by both prelates, and seem to promise the continuance of peace. But Bossuet is writing his *L'Etat d'Oraison;* to which, in the next volume of the correspondence, Fénelon refuses his approbation; then comes *Les Maximes des Saints;* then the rupture and the quarrel. The succeeding volumes will show whether any new light is shed on the Quietist controversy, or on the character of the two protagonists.

We have spoken of the matter in these volumes that is of the greatest interest to English readers; but the best of the letters are those written to religious women who were under Bossuet's spiritual guidance. They have a deep, sensible, confident, and tender piety; yet they may be reproached with too great sameness. Bossuet does not bring clearly before us the image either of himself or of his correspondent; unlike, in this respect as in others, both St. Francis de Sales and Fénelon.

THE HISTORY OF THE ISLANDS OF THE LERINS. The Monastery, Saints and Theologians of St. Honorat. By A. C. Cooper-Marsdin, D.D. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. $3.00.

The title of this volume conveys the impression that a gap in English theological literature has been at last filled up. This is, however, not the case. Whatever may have been the intention of the author when first planning the book, the result, strictly speaking, is not a history at all. The Islands of the Lerins, like so many of the islands off the shores of England, served as a haven of peace, where the contemplative or the student sought protection from the stormy and dissolute world in which the Christians of those early times lived—and *les peuples heureux n'ont point d'histoire.* At most the islands can claim but a few historical episodes; these are not sufficient to fill a volume, and so we get an introductory chapter about Church history in general; another chapter about St. Patrick, whose connection with the Lerins is quite indefinite, followed by a long one devoted to Cassian, of whom the author candidly says,

" we have no direct evidence that this celebrated monk was ever at Lerins." It is true, Dr. Cooper-Marsdin makes no claim to have " given us a history of the wonderful monastery," but that is precisely what the title led us to expect he had done. Neither is there any question of original research, and certainly no new light thrown on the many historical or theological questions raised during the course of the book. The order of the chapters leaves something to be desired. Faustus is mentioned as one of the great men who had lived at Lerins, and whose books and ideals of monastic life had attracted Caeserius. Such imperfections as these need not spoil a good book; there are, however, other difficulties which do considerably stand in the way of the success of this one.

The true history of the Lerins is that of the celebrated theologians who were trained within its cloisters. It was inevitable that Dr. Cooper-Marsdin should write of them in his history of the island on which they lived and worked and played. The intellectual life of those early centuries of Church history were no less keen and intense than in our own time. Then, as now, the Church was attacked by the worldly spirit, as well as by the ravages of false teachers. Heresy and unorthodoxy had to be beaten down, and in no spot in Christendom were more ardent defenders of the Faith found than at Lerins. Chief among these were St. Vincent, whose *Commonitorium* is to this day one of the most prized writings of the Church. It was written chiefly to counteract the Pelagian heresy.

Dr. Cooper-Marsdin insinuates that St. Vincent was in reality attacking St. Augustine, and assumes that the great Doctor taught a Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. To handle so complex and thorny a subject with adequate authority, would require a skilled theologian well versed in the phraseology of the schools, and capable of dissecting the true from the false. Such a scholar would hardly venture to speak of " the Augustinian denial of free will," or to risk the statement " we are all semi-Pelagians now." Then again, to suggest that St. Vincent's position with regard to the See of Rome and his teaching concerning the *profectus, non permutatio religionis,* coincides with the attitude of the Anglican communion of to-day, is not likely to be accepted as a fact by those who do really know what St. Vincent taught and practised. It is curious, too, to find anyone so ill-informed as to write " in the Roman Church the idea if tradition has undergone another change, for since the Vatican council it is no longer the conclusion of an ecumenical council

that determines matters of faith and morals, but the infallible Pope speaking *ex cathedra Petri.* The infallible Pope certainly, but speaking *quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus creditum est.*

One wonders what distinction Dr. Cooper-Marsdin wishes to draw by writing "Catholic Church" in one place, while in another he speaks of explaining things in a "Catholic sense." The "Immaculate Conception" is mentioned as one of the "changes" introduced by the Roman Church. Dr. Cooper-Marsdin succeeds best when he contents himself with summarizing the contents of a book, or in giving a short sketch of a famous man. On most points he seems in sympathy with his heroes, but he thinks Cassian "had perhaps an exaggerated regard for asceticism," and that he gives evidences of pressing for a "blind obedience." It is true Cassian's attitude in such matters does not exactly coincide with that of the Anglican communion, and one asks oneself what we should know of Cassian and his teaching to-day if it were not for his excessive zeal of asceticism and the obedience of the monastic life? A good deal is said concerning the authorship of the Athanasian Creed. Dr. Cooper-Marsdin mentions the various theories held as to who really did write it without committing himself to any one in particular; he is, however, almost certain that it "emanated" from Lerins, but of this there is no proof.

It would be impossible to give an account of the Islands of the Lerins without mentioning "The Man in the Iron Mask." The latest books and authorities on the question are not quoted, since Funck-Brentano's publication in 1898 a great deal of light has been brought to bear on the solution of the mystery, including Monsignor Stapelton Barnes' book. Nothing is said of the immense spiritual jurisdiction of the Abbots of Lerins, very little of their great political influence, and nothing of the mint at which the monks coined the Papal money. There are some interesting photographs, and an appendix of notes on the ancient monuments, buildings, and treasures; these notes would be most useful to the visitor to the Lerins, but we hope no one will take seriously what is said under "indulgences for pilgrims," that "the chapels were the objects of special worship on the part of the faithful." The story of the decline and secularization of the Abbey make sad reading, but a note of hope and joy is struck at the end of the book, where we read of the return of the monks to their old home; it is now once again a safe retreat from the world, and a haven of peace which welcomes the student and contemplative.

THE DIVINE TWILIGHT. Old Testament Stories in Scripture Language. Edited by Rev. Cornelius J. Holland. Providence, R. I.: Catholic Scripture Texts Society.

No Bible history can take the place of the Bible itself, even for children; so it was a very happy thought of Father Holland, who has already given Catholic children *The Divine Story of Our Lord,* to bring them back to the ancient covenant, and tell over its most interesting and important stories in the very words of Scripture itself. The need of such a work, and the way Father Holland executes it, are well expressed in the very appreciative preface of Monsignor Shahan.

> The Old Testament [he tells his young readers] is a very big book, too big, I fear, for most children to read through. Besides it contains many things that do not interest children, and many things that are hard to understand, even for grown people. So everything that is too hard to understand, and everything that is uninteresting to children, together with matters of less importance, has been left out of this book. Here you have a fine selection of beautiful and interesting stories—true stories—which you will read with pleasure and with profit to your souls. You will read them not once only, but many times; and I am sure you will love them and remember them as long as you live.

Father Holland has indeed done his work well. He has made an interesting selection with judicious omissions: his notes are brief, to the point and enlightening. He gives the pronunciation of proper names, three good maps, and a very large number of excellent illustrations. It is in every way an attractive book for children. All in all, we do not see how our Catholic schools can do better than to adopt it for the study of the Old Testament.

MAJOR ORDERS. By Rev. Louis Bacuez, S.S. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

The books of Father Bacuez on the sacred ministry have long enjoyed great favor in France. English readers who have made the acquaintance of the volumes on *Tonsure* and *Minor Orders,* will be sure to welcome this third and concluding volume which deals with the *Major Orders.* They know what to expect, not a dogmatic or historical treatise on the orders; but an explanatory, prac-

tical, and devotional treatment. This volume, like its predecessors, is intended chiefly for young men preparing for the priesthood, who will derive from it a high idea of the sublime office for which they are destined, and of the sanctity it requires. It will be equally helpful, no doubt, to priests exercising the sacred ministry. In every paragraph of this excellent little book, there is a sweet savor of true piety, and such a simplicity and sincerity as are very engaging and winning. There is also much sound sense and wholesome advice; we call attention particularly to the very fine treatment of preaching.

The translation is, in general, exceptionally well done. We remark, however, the use of a liberty no longer allowed to translators, namely, the introduction without notice of changes and additions into the author's text; two or three instances where this occurs are such as the author himself, if alive, would undoubtedly sanction. The name of the translator is not given; the copyright is in the name of that indefatigable, international promoter of good literature, Rev. Joseph Bruneau, who is always turning English books into French and, directly or by proxy, French books into English. May he long continue his literary apostolate!

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS. Translated from a revised Greek text and explained for English readers. By Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.50 net.

Father Hitchcock has written a readable and scholarly commentary of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. In rendering St. Paul's sentences, our author does his best to present the Greek in an English form as similar to the original as possible. Consequently, it often appears broken, sometimes uncouth, and occasionally obscure. The only fault that we have to find with his book is that Father Hitchcock pretends to write for the man in the street, totally ignorant of all matters pertaining to textual criticism, while at the same time he supposes in the reader perfect familiarity with the intricacies of the text. He gives as his excuse for repeating dates and other notes: "I have tried to save the reader trouble."

An introduction of some fifty pages discusses the present and early interest in the Epistles—the writing, delivery, chronology, and encyclical character of the Epistle, etc. This book will prove invaluable to the preacher and seminary professor.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. With Illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Every American, whatever his political affiliations, will read with the greatest interest this most stirring and absorbing of biographies. Mr. Roosevelt covers a period of fifty years, from his birth in 1858 to the close of his Presidential term. Modesty and self-effacement are not the chief characteristics of our strenuous ex-President, and he certainly follows his own advice on every page: "Do not hit at all if it can be avoided; but *never* hit softly." He has some bitter words to say regarding corruption in the New York Legislature of his time, and among the police officials during his Commissionership; the incompetency of the Army and Navy Departments at the outset of the Spanish-American War; the opposition he met with from angry business men in his fight against the trusts; the stupidity of the peace-at-any-price policy, etc. His book from beginning to end is an *apologia* of his every act and policy. Like the Sheriff in "Robin Hood," he sings:

> I never yet have made one mistake
> I'd like to for variety's sake.

Mr. Roosevelt is very loyal to his friends. Their name is legion: Mike Donovan, Billy O'Neill, Peter Kelly, Gifford Pinchot, Father Doyle, Bishop Spalding, William Loeb, George Perkins, John Hay, etc., etc. The book is full of the author's well-known gospel of the strenuous life, abounds in excellent stories, and adds not a few members to the already long list of the Ananias Club. Even President Wilson does not escape.

BERGSON. An Exposition and Criticism from the Point of View of St. Thomas Aquinas. By Thomas J. Gerrard. St. Louis: B. Herder. 90 cents net.

This philosophical treatise of Father Gerrard appeared last year in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Everybody to-day, with the slightest claim to culture, is reading or at least discussing Bergson's new philosophy. As Father Gerrard well says: "It is a revolt against the static aspect of things. It proclaims that all is kinetics. Bergson himself calls it the philosophy of change. Indeed its great success may be set down to this consistency with itself, namely, that it provides a new sensation."

Professor Bergson's books are written in so fascinating a style, that he attracts perforce hundreds of readers who are incap-

able of any careful analysis of the content of his philosophy. Everybody reads—he is the lion of the hour—but not many understand Bergson. The difficulty that most men have in reading him, lies in the fact that his appeal is to the imagination rather than to the reason, and that he rejects with an airy wave of the hand all the data of ordinary logic and ontology. Father Gerrard writes for the man in the street, and tells us that his book is "an attempt to place the questions at issue on a basis of common sense, with St. Thomas, the great philosopher of common sense, as his guide." One severe and cocksure English critic has declared these papers "neither good philosophy nor good apologetics." This criticism is most unfair. Father Gerrard's popular exposition answers the need of the average Catholic affected by *Bergsonitis,* better than a more pretentious scholastic treatise.

AIDS TO LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION. Designed for Use in the First and Second Years of College. By James A. Kleist, S.J. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 60 cents.

Father Kleist, in sixty-two lessons, teaches the young student the fundamental principles that underlie the simple elegance of the genuine *Sermo Latinus.* The illustrative examples, as well as the great bulk of the sentences of the exercises, have been taken from the writings of Cæsar and Cicero. An appendix contains some excellent examples of Latin translations, viz., Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech, Froude's *The Sailing of the Spanish Armada,* Macaulay's *Heroic Death of Dundee,* etc. We recommend this little volume highly to all the professors of our Catholic colleges.

THE EARLY CHURCH IN THE LIGHT OF THE MONUMENTS. A Study in Christian Archæology. By Monsignor Arthur S. Barnes. The Westminster Library. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

Monsignor Barnes has written a most excellent and accurate account of the monuments of the early Church. His volume is in no sense the fruit of original research, but, as he tells us himself, a summary of "conclusions rather than of facts," gathered with great care and judgment from the works of such specialists in archæology as De Rossi, Lanciani, Marucchi, Wilpert, Cabrol, and others.

A student beginning his study of early Church history, and the non-Catholic ignorant of the witness of primitive Christianity,

will find in this volume a good general sketch of the whole field of early Christian archæology. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen, the bibliography good though brief, and the whole tone of the book is modest in statement, and clear in presentation. The editors of the Westminster Library have selected a most competent popularizer in Monsignor Barnes.

CHURCH AND STATE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. The Ford Lectures delivered at Oxford in 1895. By A. L. Smith. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

The subject of these six lectures, as the author himself tells us, is "the good and evil of the connection of England with Rome, especially in the middle of the thirteenth century." Mr. Smith evidently purposes to write objectively about the dealings of the Papacy under Innocent III. and Innocent IV. with the English kings and bishops (Lectures I. to IV.), and about the great duel between the Papacy and the Empire under Innocent IV. and Frederick II. (Lectures V. and VI.). He tells us at the outset that "the Papacy, taking it all in all, was the greatest potentiality for good that existed at the time, or perhaps that has ever existed," but of course he has not the slightest idea of its being a divine institution. He is most outspoken in setting forth the ecclesiastical abuses of the period, although one may read a great deal about them in Catholic writers, as for instance in Abbot Gasquet's *Henry III. and the Church.*

He is especially valuable in showing against many modern Anglican scholars the utter untrustworthiness of the oft-quoted English chronicler, Matthew Paris, and in proving the utter unfairness of those Anglican controversialists who cite Bishop Grosseteste as a rebel against Papal authority. Here is his estimate of Matthew Paris:

> He is equipped at every point with healthy English prejudices; against the Welsh and Scots, against the French and foreigners in general, against Jews, against Jacks-in-office, against innovators or reformers, especially in religious methods, against either injustice or incompetence in rulers.....He was a vigorous writer, but no stylist; full of good sense, free from any subtlety. He had none of the indifferentism or aloofness of the cloister, but is alive with all the political passions, the outspokenness, the blunt judgments of a man who has seen the world.....He appeals to us as a hard hitter and a good hater. He has all the English respect for a lord, along with the English

> exaggeration of liberty as an end in itself. Monk as he is, he objects to undue spiritual meddling either by Popes or by bishops. He has little patience with what he does not appreciate, and he is not above burking what he finds inconvenient, or defending abuses if only they are old and vested.....He is a big, healthy, fresh, vehement, but not unkindly man, shrewd without being profound; sensible, limited, prejudiced; full of life and its dramatic interests, its tragic and its comic elements, its crimes and its scandals.....In robustness, in industry, in eagerness, in strong language, he is a Macaulay minus the style. He is also a Macaulay in prejudice, in wilful blindness, in truculence, in lack of spirituality.....Instead of being representative of his age on the question of submission to the Papacy, Matthew Paris represents an extreme position. He is like that millionaire who said, "Merely to be *asked* for money makes me feel positively ill." The one constant quantity in all his charges against the Papacy is extortion of money or money's worth. Historians have been somewhat too ready to assume that his attitude was the typical and normal one, whereas, when viewed in its proper environment and background, we can see it was extreme, perhaps unique in its vehemence; perfectly natural in a man of his views, perfectly illogical.

In Lecture III. Mr. Smith declares it a monstrous perversion of the truth to regard Grosseteste "as a harbinger of the Protestant Reformation," and he objects most strenuously to those controversialists who are perpetually harping on a certain letter in which the bishop is supposed to meet a direct Papal order with flat mutiny; *non obedio, contradico, rebello.* Personally he regards this famous letter of Bishop Grosseteste's to Innocent IV. as a forgery. "Not a forgery in the ordinary sense, but an academic exercise reminding one now of the speeches in Livy or Thucydides, now of a modern leading article."....."At that time plagiarism was no crime because it was universal; there was little critical sense in the ascription of authority. A few great names were apt to gather about them any floating productions." The letter ascribed to Grosseteste contradicts his many other letters, which are full of devout submission to the Pope and denunciation of rebellion, which he stigmatizes as "the sin of witchcraft."

Matthew Paris' account of the death of Grosseteste must be rejected on account of its inherent contradictions and absurdities. "The dying Bishop is made to castigate just the very things and

persons that were the objects of Matthew Paris' perennial animosity, the violators of Magna Carta, the *non-obstante* clause in Papal bulls; the usuries of Papal money-lenders in England; the exaction of legacies from the dying; the intrusion of unfit Papal presentees; the postponement of episcopal ordination. He is made to denounce the Roman Curia as the home of avarice, usury, simony, rapine, wantonness, licentiousness, gluttony, and pomp; to denounce the king as its accomplice and sharer in rapine; and, most startling of all, to denounce the Dominicans and Franciscans for whom in his life he had nothing but eulogy and the highest esteem."

Nearly all historians, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, accept without question the famous estimate of Grosseteste, namely, that the revenues of the alien clerks put in by Innocent IV. amounted to more than seventy thousand marks, while the net royal revenue was not one-third of that. But Mr. Smith declares this "a monstrous overestimate, as far as we can judge from the actual Papal Registers in the Vatican, and from the fact that Innocent IV. himself, in his letter of May 25, 1253, offered as a fair compromise a maximum of eight thousand marks a year, and eight thousand is not an arithmetical mean between seventy thousand and zero."

Although we do not agree with Mr. Smith in his estimate of the duel between the Papacy and the Empire, we are grateful to him for his straightforward defence of the famous Bishop of Lincoln, and his perfect portrait of that unreliable chronicler, Matthew Paris, who so bitterly maligned him.

THE VATICAN; THE CENTRE OF GOVERNMENT OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD. By Rt. Rev. Edmund Canon Hugues de Ragnau. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4.00.

Canon de Ragnau has written a popular treatise on the government of the Church, her teachings, her intellectual life, her missions, her attitude toward education, and her history during the past one hundred years. It covers too wide a field to be of any value to the student, and is gotten up in too costly a fashion to reach the man in the street, to whom it is primarily addressed.

THE SONNETS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Countess de Chambrun. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

The Countess de Chambrun has published a new edition of the sonnets of Shakespeare, grouped by subjects, with an introductory

discussion of over a hundred pages on the many literary problems to which they give rise. She proves conclusively that "the fair youth" of the sonnets is Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, and the "dark lady," Mrs. d'Avenant of the Crown Inn, the mother of Sir William d'Avenant. The "rival poets," so frequently referred to in the sonnets and satirized in the play *Love's Labour's Lost,* may be identified with Marlowe, Chapman, Greene, Nash, and Florio. All these writers were well known aspirants for the Earl of Southampton's favor. The Countess shows that through the sonnets Shakespeare has projected his brain and personality in an immortal photograph, being conscious of the miracle by which

> Black ink should shine bright,

so that, as he says,

> Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

She maintains that they prove him "a person of great nervous susceptibility and sensitiveness, whose qualities of heart are almost equal to those of his intelligence."

They indicate a person devoted to his profession, and "well contented" in general, save for those special occasions, when he seems to have been subject to a violent and brief attack of melancholy. He expresses more impatience with pedantry than with ignorance, although his most bitter words are reserved to denounce fraud, affectation, and insincerity. He expresses a strong distaste for what is physically artificial also, paint and false hair, and exhibits, as in the plays, a passionate love for the beauties of nature, trees, flowers, birds, even an appreciation of landscape, rare in his time. He also shows a great comprehension of animals and sympathy for their sufferings, which was not at all common in his day. The constantly recurring use of legal phraseology and metaphor in the sonnets, have led some critics to believe that Shakespeare must have spent some time in the serious study, if not the practice, of law; it has led others to affirm that these poems could not have been written by Shakespeare at all, but by the greatest lawyer of his time! Our author considers that the profound knowledge of the law evidenced by the sonnets is greatly exaggerated, and is merely just such a facile mastery of the external part of the subject that a clever young man picks up from listening to conversation, and assimilates without study.

The Countess, though not a Catholic herself, accepts as conclusive the statement made in the manuscript notes written by the Rev. Dr. Fulman, which are buried in the archives of the Corpus Christi College at Oxford, and which end with the words, "He dyed a papist." She adds, "We know little in detail of Shakespeare's life, but there is nothing which we do know that especially differentiates it from the lives of others in the literary or theatrical profession—Ben Jonson and William d'Avenant, for instance, both of whom were Catholics, as was also the actor Lacey, who at eighty was noted by Aubrey as being "the man who knew the most about Shakespeare now living."

The value of this edition is greatly enhanced by the inclusion of Nicholas Rowe's *Life of Shakespeare.*

THE BARBARY COAST. Sketches of French North Africa. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Most of the sketches of French North Africa in the present volume have already been published in *The Outlook.* Mr. Edwards writes with all the facility of a trained journalist of the natives in Algiers, Tunis, Fez, Casablanca, the outlining in brief their customs, prejudices, hatred of change, morals, and religion. In chapter thirteen, entitled the *Religion of Muley Khamedo,* he goes out of his way to cast a slur upon Catholicism. We were rather astonished to learn that Catholics adore the saints, sell indulgences, attribute false miracles to Christian saints, and teach a religion which is in great part like unto Mohammedanism. Mr. Edwards is more happy in his descriptions of scenery, than in his ventures into the domains of history, philosophy or religion.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF THE LOVE OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST. By Freda Mary Groves. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

The object of this little book is to bring forward examples of the love and devotion of Catholics in pre-Reformation England towards the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. The author writes: "Our early records are not very numerous, but they are to the point, and let us hope that they will exhibit to some extent the depth of feeling, and passionate love and veneration which existed in the hearts of our forefathers in these isles for the Sacrament of Love and Comfort; and of the effect produced by the constant thought which was in men's minds in those earlier days of the loving

Heart of Jesus, that suffered all the pangs of the Passion for us His children, of which they were kept in mind by the daily offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

The author takes us from the year 63 A. D. down to the Reformation, and shows by countless quotations the love of kings, queens, monks, hermits, and people for the Holy Eucharist.

BLIND MAUREEN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Eleanor F. Kelly. London: R. & T. Washbourne. 60 cents net.

We read with the most intense pleasure these charming Irish stories of Eleanor Kelly. They are full of humor, pathos, and Catholic loyalty under the direst stress of poverty and persecution. With such a feast of good things before us, it is difficult to select the best, but we may at random pick out for special mention, *Blind Maureen, In Affliction's Hour,* and *Father Tom's Investment.*

AMERICAN CATHOLIC HYMNAL. Compiled by the Marist Brothers. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. $1.50; postpaid, $1.68.

THE OREGON CATHOLIC HYMNAL. Edited by F. W. Goodrich. New York: J. Fischer & Brother.

THE BOOK OF HYMNS WITH TUNES. Edited by S. G. Ould, O.S.B., and William Sewell, A.R.A.M. New York: Ed. Schuberth.

We commend these three excellent hymnals to the attention of our Catholic choirs. The *American Catholic Hymnal* is written to meet the needs of trained choirs, of congregations singing in unison, of the children in school, and of the family at home. The compilers' aim throughout is to give both children and people an insight into the sublimity of Catholic worship, and thereby to increase in their hearts love for God and His Holy Church. The Gregorian numbers are according to the Vatican edition, and in modern notation. The motets for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament are perfect models of church music, *i. e.,* Palestrina's *Bone Jesu,* and Perosi's *Tota Pulchra Es,* etc.

Mr. Goodrich, the compiler of *The Oregon Catholic Hymnal,* is organist and choir director of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Portland, Oregon. He prepared his hymnal at the request of Archbishop Christie, who was desirous of having a uniform collection of approved hymns for the schools and churches of

his archdiocese. The selection as a whole is excellent, though we were not greatly impressed with the original contributions of the compiler.

The English Benedictine hymnal of Abbot Ould is by far the best of the three, and compares favorably in variety, good taste, and make-up with Mr. Terry's well-known *Westminster Hymnal*.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. Designed for Use in Catholic Colleges, High Schools, and Academies. By E. J. Burke, S.J. New York: American Book Co. $1.40.

Father Burke writes primarily for the youth of our Catholic schools, and therefore makes no attempt to incline their opinion towards either side of disputable questions. The book is simply and clearly written, well arranged, and due credit is always given to other writers on economic subjects. It is the best manual we have met with since Devas wrote his *Political Economy* for the Stonyhurst Series of Textbooks.

MEDITATIONS WITHOUT METHOD. By W. D. Strappini, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.

In these devout meditations Father Strappini has tried to show how our Saviour's teaching "emerges from His actions; how teaching by action supports and amplifies His teaching by word of mouth." These meditations are arranged as an informal three days' retreat. We do not think that the author's strange title does justice to the contents of his book.

JESUS CHRIST, PRIEST AND VICTIM. By the Abbé S. M. Giraud, Missionary Priest of Notre Dame de la Salette. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

The meditations in this book deal with the Incarnation, the Holy Childhood, and the Hidden Life of our divine Lord. They were originally written for members of an Association for the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament at Grenoble, France. We recommend this book highly for use in religious communities.

THE veteran missionary, Father McKenna, who is now too old to engage in mission work, has been urged by many of his friends throughout the country to print a number of his Rosary

instructions. This he has done in *The Treasures of the Rosary.* (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 25 cents.) Cardinal Gibbons contributes the preface. This book will certainly make the Rosary better known and appreciated.

FRÉDÉRIC OZANAM AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, by Archibald J. Dunn (New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents net), contains a brief life of Frédéric Ozanam which the author wrote in 1877, and interesting chapters on the establishment of the Society in England, its development in various other countries, and accounts of the centenary celebrations in Paris and Manchester, etc.

WE are glad to see that Father Martin of the Cleveland apostolate has published a second edition of his excellent "bird's-eye view of religion," entitled *Catholic Religion.* (St. Louis: B. Herder. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 35 cents.) He treats in a popular way the chief objections to the Church which he has met on his Missions to non-Catholics. It would be a good book to give out freely to non-Catholics, but the price is rather prohibitive.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Introduction à La Philosophie Traditionnelle ou Classique, by H. Petitot. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 3 *frs.*) This philosophical treatise does not discuss special questions like the existence of God, the spirituality of the soul, or the basis of moral obligation. It aims rather at giving the student a general view of the nature, method, and aim of the traditional Catholic philosophy. It calls to the special attention of its readers the philosophical writings of Cardinal Mercier and his co-workers, the Abbés Sertillanges, Rousselot, and Garrigou-La Grange, etc. This volume is original, suggestive, and exhaustive in treatment.

Avant le Mariage, by the Abbé Louis Rouzic. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1 *fr.* 10.) The Abbé Rouzic writes this interesting volume for young men and women contemplating matrimony, in a simple, direct, and charming fashion. The various chapters discuss in turn the superiority of the virgin state, the dignity of the sacrament of matrimony, the obligation of purity, the importance of one's choice of a partner, the evil of mixed marriages and the like. It merits an English translation.

Le Dialogue de Sainte Catherine de Sienne. Translated from the Italian by Rev. P. J. Hurtaud, O.P. Two volumes. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 5 *frs.*) In a preface of seventy pages, the Abbé Hurtaud gives us a scholarly dissertation on the *Dialogue* of St. Catherine of Siena. He tells us that this book was dictated by her while in the state of ecstasy to her three secretaries, Caniggiani, Maconi, and Pagliaresi, October 9-13, 1378. The book has had various titles, namely, *The Book of Mercy, The Treatise of Divine Providence,* and *The Book of Divine Doctrine,* etc. Three translations in French have preceded it: First, *The Spiritual Doctrine of St. Catherine,* published by some French Domin-

icans in Paris in 1587; second, *The Doctrine of God Taught to St. Catherine of Siena,* by Louis Chardon, O.P., in 1647; and, third, *The Dialogue of St. Catherine,* published by a Dominican Tertiary, E. Cartier, in 1855. The translation of the Abbé Hurtaud differs from these by its exact fidelity to the original text. It is incomparably the best translation that we possess.

Quæstiones Theologicæ Medico-Pastoralis. Vol. II.—*De Scrupulis.* By Augustinus Gemelli, O.M. Translated from Italian into Latin by Cæsar Badii. (Florence: Libreria Editrice Fiorentina. 4 *lire.*) This is the second volume of a series of medico-moral works which the scholarly Friar Minor, Father Gemelli, is publishing for the guidance of confessors and seminary professors. The author was a physician and surgeon before he entered the priesthood, so that he is well qualified to treat such questions. The present treatise discusses scrupulosity from both the medical and moral viewpoint, defining its nature, its various forms, the methods of treatment, its cure and the like. It is by far the best book on the subject.

Relectio-Analytica super controversia De Impotentia Feminæ ad Generandum, by William Arendt, S.J. (New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.) This is a special treatise on a controversial point of medico-moral, which is intended solely for theological students. The author's viewpoint is clearly and ably set forth in three propositions.

Psalterium Latinum cum Græco et Hebræo comparatum, by Joseph Bonaccorsi. (Florence: Libreria Editrice Fiorentina.) We welcome this first volume (Psalms I.-XI.) of Bonaccorsi's critical commentary of the Psalms. The text is given in four different versions, viz.: First, the Greek Septuagint edited by H. B. Swete; second, the Latin Codex of Verona used by St. Augustine, and copied with a few emendations after the edition of Blanchini (1735 A. D.); third, the Gallican Psalter edited by Hetzenauer and compared with the Roman Breviary Psalter; and, fourth, the Hebrew Psalms translated into Latin by St. Jerome, according to the edition of Lagarde. The notes are brief, without however being obscure or omitting anything essential. They bring out clearly the meaning of difficult passages; set forth the differences in the Hebrew, Latin, and Greek versions; suggest the correct reading in disputed texts; refer to the laws and customs of the Jewish people, etc.

Biblia Sacra Vulgatæ Editionis. Ex Tribus Editionibus Clementinis critice descripsit, dispositionibus logicis et notis exegeticis illustravit, appendice lectionum Hebraicarum et Græcarum auxit, by P. M. Hetzenauer, Ord. Min. Cap. (New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. $3.00 net.) Father Hetzenauer says in his preface that some may wonder why he should think of preparing an edition of the Clementine Vulgate, while the Benedictines under Abbot Gasquet are preparing an official edition of the Vulgate. But he answers them by saying that the restoration of the original text of St. Jerome will be a task requiring many years, and when it is accomplished, another commission will be appointed at once to compare it with the original texts, and the ancient versions. St. Jerome was rather timid about correcting some passages which he knew were incorrect, because he realized how strong a hold these spurious texts had upon the popular mind. (Cornill, *Einleitung in die kanonischen Bücher des Alten Testaments.* Tubingen, 1913, p. 315.) Moreover, "he added, omitted, and transposed many texts; he translated other passages too freely, and made his version at times fall in with his own exegetical opinions." The editor refers to his *Commentary* on Genesis, published in 1910, as proof of these assertions. We recommend to all Scriptural scholars this work, which Fr. Pustet & Co. has gotten up in a most accurate and perfect manner.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Our Father in English. By Rev. Herbert Thurston. Down to the Reformation the only official form of the Our Father was the Latin *Pater.* Even the peasants learned the *Pater, Ave,* and *Credo* in Latin, and called them by Latin names. Latin was the language of government, law, church services, and culture. Probably even in the fourteenth centuries the best preachers in England and France preached in Latin. There were indeed vernacular translations of the Our Father, but they were not much used until Henry VIII., and Cromwell commanded an English version to be used. Their translation followed closely those made in Catholic times, but to them we must probably attribute the constant use of the English form, and the selection of this one out of slightly divergent readings. The Protestant doxology at the end was added in the reign of Charles II.—*The Month,* February.

Professor Bury and Lord Acton. By Dr. John G. Vance. The two eminent historians who have occupied the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge within the last fifteen years, have both published works on freedom of thought. Both gave inaugural lectures heralding the later, more objective, and scientific treatment of documents. In the works cited they covered the same ground, yet no two readings of history could be more different in tone and fact. Lord Acton's temper of mind was profoundly Christian; Professor Bury is an avowed Rationalist. Numerous mistakes in date, fact, and theory in the latter's work have already been pointed out by Mr. Belloc in the *Dublin Review* for January. Here we may note their different judgments on the ancient world, and on the Middle Ages. Lord Acton pointed out how in antiquity "the vice of the classic state was that it was Church and State in one."

To the people of Greece and Rome "may be tracked nearly all the errors that are undermining political society—communism, utilitarianism, the confusion between tyranny and authority, and between lawlessness and freedom." In classical literature "three things are wanting—representative government, the emancipation of slaves, and liberty of conscience." The contrary was true in the

Middle Ages. Then in philosophy, politics, science, and enthusiasm for knowledge, mighty evidences of life and progress may be found. Lord Acton has, unconsciously, uttered the fitting comment on his successor's book. His words are: "Such things will cease to be written when men perceive that truth is the only merit that gives dignity and worth to history."—*The Month,* March.

Primary Education in Ireland. By Rev. Peter Byrne, C.M. Since 1882 there has been general progress in primary education in Ireland. The number of national schools has increased from 7,705 to 8,289 in 1912; the number of teachers from 10,532 to 13,214; the number of pupils on the rolls from 678,970 to 707,280; the average number of pupils in daily attendance from 469,192 to 512,862. The buildings are better; the percentage of trained teachers has increased from 34 to 70.6; the percentage of illiteracy (foolishly reckoned until 1911 on the basis of "five years old and upwards") has dropped from 25.2 to 11.9 on the old scale, and taking the new standard of nine years, it amounts to only 9.2 per cent. The great defects in the educational system are irregular attendance; want of elasticity in school programmes; and, owing to the parsimony of the treasury, absence of higher or continuation schools.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* March.

Virgil Among the Prophets. By Rev. J. F. d'Alton. In the Middle Ages Virgil was often quoted as a propounder of high morality; he seemed an *anima naturaliter Christiana.* His *Fourth Eclogue,* singing of a mysterious child whose birth was to herald the dawn of an era of peace and prosperity, appeared a prophecy of Christ's coming. Constantine thought Virgil was conscious of being a prophet; St. Augustine held the poem to be Messianic, but the poet unconscious of his prophetic dignity. Such explanations have long since been abandoned. The *Eclogue* was written in 40 B. C., and probably was written for the heir expected by Augustus to carry on the glory of his house. The child proved to be a daughter. The poem may have been put aside and later published as too elaborate for suppression, and as expressing the poet's longing for the regeneration of his native land.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* March.

Stoicism and Christianity. By J. Chiron. Many have thought that the marvelous spread of Christianity must have been aided by

Stoicism, which, particularly in the person of Seneca, prepared the way by lofty words concerning God and morality. But the fact is, that Stoicism rests on pantheism and pride; it confounds divinity with matter; it offers as an escape from suffering, suicide and annihilation. Its most noble representatives were but proud scholars, scorning the populace; they affected to ignore the new religion, or disdained, or persecuted it. They dared not themselves attack official polytheism, slavery, or immorality. Stoicism was no ally of Christianity, but an adversary.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* March 1.

The Month (March): T. Percy Armstrong describes a visit to Bergen, and gives a glimpse of the present condition and prospects of Catholicism in Norway. "The sixteen or twenty priests are devoted, intelligent, energetic, and the State is not only not hostile, but even friendly. In Norway there are sixteen missions; in Sweden there are four; in Norway most of the Catholics are Norwegians; in Sweden many of them are foreigners." A free-thinker's history of Norway, in which he speaks of Catholicism with the greatest sympathy, is used in several schools. Besides in the sixteenth century, Norway had no quarrel with the Church; Protestantism was forced upon her. But the latter faith is still strong there.

The Tablet (February 7): *Liberty and Equality in France:* The law on school attendance takes from parents, who because of offensive anti-religious teachings, withdraw their children from the secular schools, the ordinary rights of appeal given those offending against other laws. Their only appeal is to a partisan Minister of Public Instruction. Those influencing scholars against schools or books prescribed, are also subject to penalties. Evidently this section is aimed at ecclesiastical authorities. A bill for financial assistance of poor scholars attending lay schools is pending.—— *Popular Liberal Action:* This new French political organization includes in its programme the restoration of common rights to French citizens who have been deprived of the power to associate and teach; private schools are to "share in the budget in proportion to the number of its scholars;" "the State School" to be "brought back to the observance of the official programme" requiring teaching of duties toward God; and the "resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican."——*Et Cætera* notes the statements of Mr.

T. P. Armstrong in the *London Times* on the increase of Catholic influence in the German Empire and Scandinavian countries; also the article of Dr. Georges Chatterton-Hill on the *Decline of the French Republic* in the February *Nineteenth Century*. He says that France has no policy worthy of the name, and its only course of action is appropriation. In home affairs it has brought about the persecution of thousands of citizens for their religious opinions; the wholesale confiscation of private property; the disintegration of the army and navy; the despotism of demagogues; and the disorganization of national finances. He shows plainly how bad faith in the administration of the Law of Associations has brought about the betrayal, ruin, and death by famine of uncounted Religious.

(February 14): *The Modern English Novel:* A résumé of Monsignor Benson's lecture. Favorable comment in detail is made by the writer of *Et Cætera.*——*Literary Notes:* Monsignor Benson speaks of Henry Kingsley's works as superior to those of his brother Charles, admires R. L. Stevenson, and calls particular attention to the works of Mr. H. G. Wells. He does not care for Scott's novels, and W. H. K. fears that his declaration will give encouragement to the fashion of believing Sir Walter heavy and dull, and of turning to the light and frivolous works of inferior writers.

(February 21): *Is Kikuyu the Chief Thing?* In the present controversy the Anglican papers have succeeded in turning attention from the real point at issue to a secondary one. The first point raised by the Bishop of Zanzibar, was the toleration by Anglican bishops of the book *Foundations* from the pens of leaders of Anglican thought. The book is modernism pure and simple. All the fundamental Christian dogmas are swept aside. The real question is not the African scandal, but is the Church of England going to remain Christian or not?——A description of *Parsifal* at Covent Garden by Shane Leslie. Wagner has produced a thoroughly Catholic opera, wherein the dogmas of Catholic faith form the basis. How truly he sounded the Christian clarion, Nietzsche the pagan, who cursed Wagner from his deathbed, is the best witness.

(February 28): *The Irish Bishops and the Dublin Strike:* A summary of the Joint Pastoral of the Irish bishops, wherein the rights of labor and capital, as set down in the Encyclical of Leo XIII., are applied to the recent strike. The disastrous effects of the strike are the result of violation of the principles stated therein,

especially the wrongful interference with contracts, engineered by English Syndicalists. The strike must have failed very quickly if the English labor unions had not given financial support, and it did fail as soon as this support was withdrawn. It is to be hoped that the Irish have learned their lesson well, and will not again be exploited by a few adventurers. When it came to a question of applying Syndicalism in their own case, the English leaders repudiated the proposition by a majority representing two million votes. The Pastoral is printed in full.——*German Catholics and Trades Unions:* Pope Pius X. settled the question, " May Catholics join the great Christian trades unions already existing, or must they form unions of their own? " by permitting them to join mixed unions wherever Catholic unions were impractical, and the Christian unions were free from any principle or purpose running counter to the teaching of the Church, and the directions of ecclesiastical authority. Certain parties who desired Catholic unions or none at all, by raising controversies and interpreting the interpretations made by proper ecclesiastical authorities, made the last clause so odious to the Christian unions that only very skillful handling of the case by local bishops made it possible for Catholics to avail themselves of the benefits that labor organizations offer. It is to be hoped that German Catholics will find something better to do than sow and keep alive dissensions amongst their coreligionists.——*Modernism from Within:* A summary of M. Loisy's autobiography. From almost the start of his career, M. Loisy seems to have been at odds with fundamental Catholic dogmas. The outward course of his fencing, tilting, and final breach with ecclesiastical authority is plainly traced.——*Notes:* An International Liturgical Congress, the first of its kind, will be held in England in Westminster in July. The general outline of the Congress is given.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (March 1): In connection with the new law aimed to reach parents and ecclesiastics who oppose the use of textbooks condemned by the Church, F. Cimetier rehearses the story of the Morizot affair, where this teacher at Viévigne in 1907 was brought by the father of a family before a court, and finally convicted of having uttered before children of both sexes unpatriotic, anti-religious, and obscene remarks. It was his condemnation, not the letter of the episcopate in 1908, which let loose the present storm.

Recent Events.

France.

The existent situation in France is characterized by every mark of inefficiency and uncertainty. With the exception of the Republican form of government, the Russian Alliance and the Entente with Great Britain, there seems to be nothing upon which reliance can be placed. The fact that there is an immense deficit, and an enormous increase in expenditures recurring and non-recurring, is indeed all too certain; but what is the precise amount it is impossible to say, so many have been the estimates that have been published. Still less is it possible to learn in what way the vast sum is to be found. The Income Tax Bill has passed through the Chamber of Deputies several years ago, but the Senate does not seem to be able either definitely to reject or definitely to accept it in any shape or form. The same must be said about Electoral Reform: what one house proposes the other rejects. Even the annual budget has not yet been discussed, although the year is drawing to an end, and the General Election will take place at the end of this month. The government itself has no assurance of existence even for this brief period, although it has secured votes of confidence on the two occasions on which it was attacked in the Chamber of Deputies. It met, however, with a defeat in the Senate, but not on a question of sufficient importance to call for its resignation. Its difficulties arise mainly from the fact that its members are divided on the question of the maintenance of the three years' army service recently adopted, a division which also exists in the ranks of its supporters. It is on this point that it is assailed by M. Briand.

The revelations regarding the sanitary state of the army gave an opportunity to the opponents of the government to open their attack, but it was made so clear in the course of the debate that it was in no way responsible for the admitted evils, that it secured an overwhelming majority. The government accepted "in principle" the proposal for an inquiry on the subject.

On the second occasion on which the government was attacked in the Chamber, the victory it obtained, while not so marked, was substantial. Some even think that it renders probable its continuance in power to the end of the present electoral period. The Chamber by a vote of three hundred and twenty-nine to two hun-

dred and fourteen declared its confidence that the Cabinet would carry to a successful issue its scheme of fiscal reform, and particularly the reduction of taxation on land. The attack was led by M. Briand, and its want of success constitutes a grave defeat of the Briandist opposition.

The programme of M. Briand and his supporters for the coming elections is described by himself as conservative with regard to fiscal legislation, social policy, and the army. He protests against the attitude of the present government, because it excludes genuine Republicans from taking part in politics. M. Caillaux's fiscal policy he condemns as inquisitorial. He is in favor of taxes on capital as well as on income, provided they are so imposed as to be disastrous to the economic life of France. He offers a resolute defence of the Three Years' Service Law. As to electoral reform, he remains a stout defender of the substitution of *scrutin de liste* for *scrutin d'arrondissement,* and of the bill for the representation of minorities, of which he has so long been the advocate.

There are Catholics in France who are not going to allow the opportunity afforded by the coming elections to pass without making an effort to retrieve the ground lost in the past. The *Univers* has initiated a movement which has received the support of a large number of bishops. Its programme includes the reëstablishment of diplomatic relations with the Vatican; the recognition of the legal status of the Church; the readmission of the exiled religious orders; the protection of the Catholic right to teach in schools; the participation of Catholic schools in public funds, and the repeal of the Divorce Law. Since the separation there has been a marked revival of popular interest in the Church, especially among what is called the lower middle classes in the great towns, and this gives some reason to hope for success in the movement. Many of the bishops, however, withhold their support, even considering it dangerous, and likely to have political consequences which may be hurtful to the cause of religion.

No change has to be noted in the relations between France and her neighbors. The Entente with Great Britain is to receive a further confirmation by the visit which King George is on the point of paying to Paris. It will be the first State visit which he has made since his accession. The long outstanding question between France and Great Britain about the right to traffic in arms in the Persian Gulf given to the French by a Convention with the Sultan of Muscat, has at length been settled in a way fairly satis-

factory to both Powers. The French government undertakes no longer to claim for their nationals the privileges and immunities secured by that Convention.

Germany.

The outcome of the agitation caused by the incidents at Zabern is doubtless satisfactory to those whose confidence is placed in the mailed fist. The censure passed by the Reichstag on the Chancellor has had no effect upon the government. The Committee which the Reichstag appointed to consider the possibility of legislation to deal with military powers and jurisdiction, was treated almost with contempt. After holding two meetings the Committee dissolved without passing even a recommendation. Nothing so far has been heard of the result of the military inquiry promised by the Emperor as to the Army Regulation of 1820, which was relied upon by the officers at Zabern as a justification of their proceedings.

The success of the military party has encouraged the reactionaries to call for strong measures against all the border races. The Conservative press is demanding special legislation, especially as regards the Press Law and the right of public meeting, against Poles and Danes, no less than against Alsatians. Heated debates have taken place in the Prussian Diet. The Poles accuse an association of Germans in Poland, called the Ostmarkverein, assisted by the German Consuls, of trying to import Ruthenian laborers into Prussian Poland, and to create agrarian trouble in Galicia, in order to ruin Polish landlords. On the other hand, the Ostmarkverein accuses the Poles of conspiracy with their brethren both in Russia and in Austria. Agitation exists also in Schleswig-Holstein, and is said to be growing steadily. The government is accused of making every effort to Germanize the Provinces, placing restrictions even on religious services, forbidding in an instance a sacred concert because Danish songs were on the programme. The government in reply to criticism promised to make use of all the powers which the law permitted.

Upon the Socialists the Chancellor has made a violent attack, declaring that with them the Empire could make no compromise. War was the only course which the government would even consider. Particularism also fell within the scope of his condemnation. As physical defects and old wounds made themselves felt in bad weather, so, the Chancellor said, the old German sin of particularism had been making itself manifest of late. The founders

of the Empire had created democratic institutions, with the definite intention of suppressing the particularist tendencies of the German races, and yet there was a movement which sought help and defence in the revival of those very tendencies.

The Pan-Germans have been criticizing the government for remissness in its treatment of the navy. They say that it stands in need of more cruisers, in order that the German flag may be seen in every part of the world. To these criticisms the government has turned a willing ear, and it is expected, from the reply which was made by Admiral von Tirpitz, that an enlargement of the navy building programme will shortly be announced.

The police rule which is characteristic of Prussia, does not seem to be more effective in the suppression of immorality than the laxer methods of this country. A debate took place in the Prussian Diet, after which a motion was carried calling upon the government to employ all lawful means to check the growing immorality, especially in the towns. What is called "night life" is said to be flourishing in such an extraordinary manner, as to have become detrimental to decent living, especially among the upper middle classes. The Socialists, as well as the Radicals, however, opposed the proposal, looking upon it as being based upon reactionary or religious ideas, and upon a general hostility to trade.

The present moment in Germany is remarkable for the unwonted degree of good feeling exhibited to all its neighbors, with the exception perhaps of Russia. Advantage has been taken of this to negotiate various agreements with France, dealing with railway questions in Asia Minor, and with Great Britain regarding the Baghdad Railway and the Persian Gulf. Although not actually concluded, these agreements are understood to be virtually completed. The object of these agreements is to prevent all further disputes about rival railway rights and claims in the Turkish Empire. Their real effect will be to settle the whole railway map of Asia Minor, establishing Russian and French claims in the north, and French claims throughout Syria, and leaving the Germans free from all interference in the Baghdad sphere of action, including various northern branches, but precluding access to the Black Sea.

Austria-Hungary.

The most noteworthy event in the Dual Monarchy is the treason trial which has been going on for two months at Marmaros Sziget in Hungary. A large number of persons were accused of

an anti-religious propaganda among the Greek Catholic Ruthenes, this being the cover of a treasonable movement having for its object the union of the Little Russians in Hungary with the main body in Russia. Thirty-two of the accused were found guilty of incitement against religion and the State, and twenty-three not guilty.

No sooner has this trial finished in Hungary, than a similar one is beginning at Lemberg. In this case Austrian subjects are the accused. The charge is of treason and Russophile agitation in favor of the Orthodox Church. The preliminary examination has lasted nearly two years, and more than one hundred witnesses are to be called.

The political unrest of which these trials are at once an effect and a cause, is shown by the attempt which was recently made to take the life of a bishop of the Greek Catholic Church. The bishop himself escaped, but three priests, including his vicar, and his secretary, were killed. In this case it is thought that yet another of the many nationalities which go to make up the dominions of the Emperor-King is concerned; that the Rumanes have taken this way of indicating discontent at the treatment meted out to them by the all dominating Magyars. This supposition is based upon the fact, that some twelve thousand Rumane Greek Catholics have recently been transferred to the care of the Hungarian Greek Catholic bishop upon whom the attempt was made.

Russia.

The resignation, or, as it is looked upon by some, the fall of M. Kokovtsoff, the Prime Minister who succeeded M. Stolypin, viewed in conjunction with the appointment of his successor, gives cause for grave apprehension as to the future of constitutional government in Russia. It has always had its enemies; hitherto they have been baffled; but now their hopes of success are greater than ever.

M. Kokovtsoff tried to hold ground midway between the foes and the friends of the new order. His chief interest was in placing the finances of the country on a stable foundation. This he succeeded in doing, but the main element of this success was the revenue derived from the government monopoly of the sale of spirits. In fact, one-fourth of the vast ordinary revenue of the State was derived from this monopoly. The price paid has proved too high. The country is being demoralized, and is becoming the

most drunken nation in Europe. This year the consumption of vodka is double what it was ten years ago, two hundred and fifty millions more having been spent. A writer for many years well acquainted with the country, Mr. Stephen Graham, draws a terrible picture of the change that has taken place since his last visit. An effort is being made to develop the resources of the country. Hitherto industry has been almost exclusively agricultural. Now factories are springing up, and the population of the towns is increasing in consequence, and industrial villages are being formed. According to Mr. Graham, these villages are in such a state on Sundays and festivals that it is extremely unpleasant, and sometimes dangerous, for a well-dressed person to pass through them. They are infested with mobs of hooligans, men and women yelling, singing, screeching like demented creatures. The conditions are such as to be a menace to respectable society. No paper would ever dream of recording a tenth of the assaults, murders, robberies, and obscenities that occur in the industrial cities and villages. Russia has many prisons, but they would not hold a tenth of the wrongdoers, and although Siberia is vast, its inhabitants are now aspiring to become something more than penal settlements.

This state of things was brought home to the Tsar during a tour which he has recently made. M. Kokovtsoff was Finance Minister as well as Premier. To his successor as Finance Minister, the Tsar has addressed a rescript, in which he gives expression to his deep grief on account of the sad facts of weakness, poverty, and industrial desolation, the inevitable results of drunkenness. These sad facts had led him to see the urgent necessity of radical reforms in the financial administration of the State, and in the economic life of the country. It is, the Tsar declares, impossible to permit the favorable financial position of the State to depend on the destruction of the moral and economic strength of the great multitude of Russian citizens. The Tsar, therefore, charges the new Minister to carry out a policy of radical reforms.

The Tsar will not fail to meet with the coöperation of both of the Legislative Chambers. They have in fact anticipated him. The movement in favor of temperance legislation was initiated by the peasant and clerical deputies to the Duma last October. The Duma passed a resolution condemning the spirit monopoly. A bill has subsequently passed through the Chamber, which has since been accepted in its main provisions by the Upper House, although a limit of three years has been imposed, which contains a whole series

of drastic regulations of the liquor traffic. To all communes, townships, and villages are given full local option powers to suppress the sale by a simple majority. All local bodies are to have the right either of completely prohibiting the sale of liquor within their respective limits, or of restricting such sale to special shops to be opened on certain days or at certain hours. Women are to have the right to vote on these matters in the village motes. This latter provision, it is said, will practically secure a majority for prohibition in every Russian commune. M. Kokovtsoff resolutely opposed these proposals. His resignation, it is thought, was due at least in part to this opposition. The way to temperance reform has now been made clear by the Tsar's rescript.

The successor of M. Kokovtsoff as Premier is M. Goremykin. His appointment is looked upon as disquieting by the friends of constitutional government, because he is well known as representing the reactionary and bureaucratic element in Russian affairs. He first distinguished himself by the energy with which he acted in Poland during the years of repression which followed the Revolution of 1863; and he was a willing assistant of Alexander III. in his odious autocratic proceedings. Of M. Witte, in his efforts to introduce a constitution, he was a determined opponent, and when it was established he showed his contempt for the first Duma by only appearing once in the Chamber. The chief consolation under the circumstances which Constitutionalists find, are the declarations made by the Tsar in his recent rescript, that his policy is to work in coöperation with the Chambers, and the fact that M. Goremykin is seventy-five years of age.

Although two Ministers, in addition to the Premier, have resigned, M. Sazonoff remains at the Foreign Office, and therefore no change is likely in the conduct of external relations. The Alliance with France and the Entente with Great Britain maintain their full force, while with Italy, one of the Powers of the Triple Alliance, the relations have for many years been especially friendly. With Germany there has been a small degree of friction, but the situation may be described as upon the whole correct. They have been able to coöperate in bringing about the reforms which have just been granted by Turkey to the Armenians. Between Russia and Austria-Hungary a state bordering upon hostility exists. Russia fosters that union of the Balkan States which is so desirable, while the Dual Monarchy looks upon dissension and division as most agreeable to its own interests. The movement for the unification of the

Ruthenians or Little Russians is another cause of trouble, for while the great mass is within the limits of the Russian Empire, a considerable number are within the borders of Hungary, and any movement to bring them together necessarily leads to anxiety. A special tribute is due to Russia for her resolute maintenance of a peaceful attitude during the recent Balkan wars. The temptation to take advantage of the opportunity to secure the long-wished for outlet to the Mediterranean was very strong. That this temptation was resisted shows the sincerity of the Tsar's love of peace.

Spain.

A dissolution has taken place of the House of Deputies and of the elective part of the Senate, and elections for a new Parliament are now pending. The Parliament just dissolved had a longer existence than any of its predecessors in the last thirty years. It has not, however, been very fruitful in its labors. The Ministry now in power is of a moderately Conservative character, with Señor Dato at its head. So many, however, are the divisions, not only of parties, but within the parties, that the situation is described as chaotic. The elections are being "made" by the government in the way that is customary in Spain. The Minister of the Interior is making full use of the powers which his office affords to influence the electors. Little hope can under the circumstances be felt that the Parliament when elected will be truly representative of the mind of the country.

Portugal.

After the meeting which was held in London to protest against the treatment of the political prisoners in Portugal, the new Cabinet introduced into the House an Amnesty Bill. How far this proceeding was due to the London meeting is a matter of conjecture. The bill was quickly passed through both Houses of Parliament. It is not quite general, eleven persons being excluded who are looked upon as the leaders and prime movers in the several revolutionary movements which have disturbed the peace of the Republic. Their sentence is one of banishment from Portuguese territory. While perfect satisfaction is not felt on account of the incompleteness due to these exclusions, the situation in Portugal is looked upon as more hopeful, although a strike of the railway men has caused no little inconvenience.

The Balkans.

A few steps have been taken to settle the questions which arose out of the Balkan wars. The Great Powers, after no little hesitation, were able to come to an agreement as to the disposition to be made of those of the Ægean Islands which as a result of the war are now in the possession of Greece, although they did not see their way to adopt Great Britain's proposal to take effective measures to secure the carrying out of their decision by Greece and Turkey. The proposal left all these islands, with the exception of those which are close to the mouth of the Dardanelles, in the possession of Greece. This State at once signified its acceptance of the plan with certain slight reservations, but Turkey vehemently protested, alleging that the leaving of Mitylene and Chios, islands which are close to the Asiatic mainland, practically left Turkish territory at the mercy of Greece.

It cannot be doubted that an eager desire exists among large numbers of Turks to retrieve the disastrous effects of the recent struggle, as is indicated by the title of a pamphlet recently published by Izzet Pasha, *Paroles de Vaincu: Après le Désastre-Avant la Revanche*. So clear has this been made that Rumania has plainly intimated that in the event of a conflict between Turkey and Greece, she would not be a passive spectator. A greater obstacle, perhaps, is the want of money, and the fact that France, without whose coöperation the funds cannot be obtained, will not allow a loan to be raised without the assurance of the peaceful intentions of Turkey. So that not from good will but from necessity, it is expected that Turkey will give a reluctant assent to the decision of the Powers.

Italy still puts off the restoration to Turkey of the dozen islands of which she is in possession. She now claims compensation for the expenses to which she has been put, and while disclaiming any intention of permanent retention, demands in return a "sphere of work" in Asia Minor. Unfortunately these demands conflict with concessions already made by the Turkish government to Great Britain. Although an arrangement satisfactory to all parties is probable, it is not yet in sight. Greece has consented, and will undoubtedly fulfill her promise, to evacuate the southern part of Albania, which since the war has been occupied by her troops. This, however, does not reconcile the Greek inhabitants of the district, and they are now in open rebellion, declaring by all that is sacred that they will never submit to be ruled by Albanians.

The new ruler of Albania, William of Wied, is on the point of entering upon his task, whether as Prince or King does not seem as yet to be definitely determined. One of the most influential of his subjects, the head of the deputation which went to Germany to offer him the throne, Essad Pasha, declared that Albania would not consent to be ruled by a Prince, for that would be making her position lower than that of Montenegro; he would therefore address the new ruler as His Majesty.

By whatever name he may be called his task will be indeed formidable. Small as is the territory, the divisions which exist among its inhabitants seem innumerable. The northern half is dwelt in by Ghegs, who have not the least sympathy with the Tosks, who dwell in the southern half, while a formidable mountain range forms a physical separation. He is himself a Protestant; his subjects, however, are divided into Catholics, followers of the Orthodox Church, and devotees of Islam. The latter form three-fifths of the population, while Catholics number less than a tenth. The tribal system still exists with all its feuds and consequent internecine rivalries. Among the Mussulmans there still exists a strong attachment to Turkey, based upon the special favors the Sultans bestowed upon them. Among these was not only the exemption from taxation, but the reception of subsidies, facts which will not facilitate their willingness to pay for the new government. The boundaries of the new State add yet another difficulty. They were drawn in such a way as to leave the natural markets of Albania outside her frontiers, in the new Servia and the new Greece. To her internal difficulties external must be added. Austria-Hungary and Italy are rival claimants for such favors as she has to bestow. Even the Great Powers demand a share in the guarantee of the loan which must be raised. In spite of all, high hopes are entertained that the Prince will succeed; his friends are confident that he possesses the requisite qualities. He has been visiting the Emperors, Kings, and Presidents of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, to show that he comes with the good will of the whole of Europe. His prudence and his grasp of the realities of the situation were shown by the fact that he would not accept the throne before he had received an assurance that the Powers would guarantee a loan to cover the necessary expense.

About the other Balkan States, there is little to note. In Bulgaria a general election has just been held; it is too soon, however, to be able to form a judgment as to what will be the result.

Bulgaria still remains isolated from the rest of the Balkan States, although it is said that Russia is striving to bring about a renewal of good relations with Servia and Greece. The two last-named States are believed to have entered into a secret alliance as a result of the visits which M. Venezelos has been paying, an alliance which may possibly include Rumania. Greece has entrusted the training of her sailors to a British admiral, of her soldiers to a French general; and to an English architect has been given the work of embellishing the city of Athens. Before long this capital will cease to be isolated from land communication with the rest of Europe, for the line connecting it with the existent railway system, a line which Turkey would not allow to be made, is on the point of completion.

An alliance between the royal families of Rumania and Greece is said to have been arranged, although it has not yet been formally announced. The differences which arose sometime ago between Servia and Austria-Hungary as to the control of the Orient Railway, seem to have been amicably composed; at least nothing has been heard of them recently. The Pomaks, that is to say, certain Bulgarians who had become Moslems, were forced when Bulgaria conquered the Turk to adopt the Christian religion. They have now, however, reverted to their old allegiance. Changes of this kind, although not to the same extent, are not unfrequent in the Balkan peninsula.

With Our Readers.

PROTEST against special personal courtesy shown by the President to a Catholic as such might be intelligible to the unprejudiced looker-on. Such protest might be neither fair nor just, but it is easily seen how some non-Catholics might take fright at it and read into it too much.

But the Conference of the Methodist Church of New Jersey stigmatized itself as a band of blinded bigots, when by a standing vote it condemned President Wilson's official courtesy to Catholics. President Wilson is bound as a gentleman and as our President to be courteous to Catholics, and he shows us no favor when he is so. As citizens we have an equal right with all other citizens to claim such courtesy, nor are we indebted when we receive it.

* * * *

THE bigotry of such a Conference leads it to forget the first principles both of fairness and of courtesy. What such a body looks for is not justice and toleration, but insult and contumely. A President of the United States to satisfy them must be as intolerant and vulgar as they are. If he considers Catholics to be worthy citizens, as he is bound to do by his oath, then he is written down as a friend of Rome; he is almost an ally of the Pope. If he speaks in gentlemanly tones, or receives in courteous manner, or cordially shakes the hand of a Catholic, he is on the brink of betraying the Republic. He should declare himself with great show of temper as the implacable enemy of Rome. He should regularly follow in the footsteps of the *Protestant Magazine,* and show up the machinations of the papists to control the schools and government of the Republic. His zeal is best measured not by the care with which he safeguards the interests of all the citizens of the Republic, but by the violence with which he blows the trumpet of bigotry.

This is really the mind of the men who go to make up such a Conference, and who reflect such little credit upon their cloth. They intend to accept nothing in the spirit of fairness. They will pursue; harass; trump up charges; distort testimony and reports; they will throw all the mud they can in the hope that some will stick.

* * * *

IT is a happy sign that even in their own Church they are losing leadership, and that their unworthy course is repudiated by many of their people, and many, also, of their official journals.

A REMARKABLE psychological study of that most beautiful of God's processes, the piercing and burning away of the mist of prejudice, is given in the February *Atlantic*. *The Protestant in*

Italy arrives shrouded in, blinded by prejudice, but after exposure to that Sun which is the Church's life, "he bears a changed heart;" and leaves, at least acknowledging here "a priceless treasure," "a heritage which no Christian can afford to overlook."

Such acknowledgment is, indeed, matter for rejoicing. A further cause for rejoicing is that it finds place in the pages of a magazine at whose doors, fifty years ago or less, such Catholic sentiments would have knocked in vain for admission. For does it not go to show that not in Italy alone have the mists lifted under the sunlight of Catholic life?

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DRAWN within the Church's pale of influence by the lure of art, *The Protestant in Italy* discovers the Catholic Church as a life, incessant, insistent, permeating. The pivotal centre of this life is the Host, the Host elevated in the Mass, hidden in the tabernacle, exposed in Benediction. Around this Presence, "during every hour of the day," a tide of humanity flows in to pray, and ebbs forth to work or play. The experience strikes "down into the roots of being," stirring "forgotten memories," "early loyalities" to a long, though remote, line of Catholic ancestry. He decides to yield temporarily to this haunting, compelling force about him, to "let life supply the things" to reason. So he, too, bends and bows and prays, and feels the rush of God into his heart; and when Catholic life has "supplied the things," he turns on the light of reason, and what does he find? He finds in this strange at-homeness with God an understanding of the Incarnation as the "complete condescension of Divinity, the perfect sharing of God with man." He finds "the Word perpetually being made Flesh and dwelling among us." This life he has discovered is, in fact, the best embodiment of the Incarnation, for "the Catholic Church has caught the spirit of eternity," and "Christ is as actually with us as He was with Peter and John." To the stateliness of Catholic worship, the elemental command of the Church's ritual, the value of her leadership, the power of her unity, he gives assent. And what is the concluson? "Alas, there is no conclusion," save the pragmatic sanction of "the image of an altar, and a glowing, darkling light," "set up in his own heart;" an enforced prostration evermore of body and soul at sound of "those tremendous words: 'This is My Body.'"

* * * *

MAY one grant so much and still refuse obedience? May one grant the Church "the peculiar, actual Presence of God in the Sacrament," and refuse her the abiding Presence of dogmatic Truth? Is it more difficult for God to give to weak, fallible human instruments the power of preserving His infallible Truth, than to give to them the power of changing bread and wine into His Body and Blood? The thought casts a shadow on our rejoicing.

THE Church's strength, not her "weakness," lies in her presumption of the extension of Divine Power triumphing over human weakness, in her rigid maintenance of dogma as the expression of Eternal Truth. She is not forgetful of the principle of growth. Men of every age and every clime she assimilates into her being, but as in every true organism, they must become a part of herself, be transformed in her; what she cannot assimilate, with equal vitality she rejects. Only that thought that cannot be at one with the Divine Truth within her does she cast out. All things that are of God, be they old or new, she uses for God, but no "modernist movement" is hers which seeks to change the unchangeable Truth. She has the same answer for the Unitarian to-day as for the Arian yesterday.

* * * *

AMIDST the flux of human opinion, the Catholic Church alone is stable. She stands not upon shifting sands, but upon the Rock. True it is, "even the mountains change," even the Rock has its material limitations. But in as much as the Church stands upon the Rock, she transcends it. The stability of her doctrine rests not upon the power of the human foundation that upholds it, but upon the power of Him Who fixed her there with a solemn promise to be "with her all days," of Whom it was said: "What manner of Man is this, for the winds and the sea obey Him!"

SOME sympathetic students of the Catholic Church, not themselves Catholics, have of late spoken words of praise for what they take as a modernist movement within the Catholic Church. Oftentimes when discussing the theme of Christian Unity, and the spread of Christian truth, they practically infer that the leaders of that movement were the worthier standard bearers of the Gospel of Christ.

We hope that all so inclined have been enlightened, and now understand that the fight against modernism was really a fight for intellectual honesty. The autobiography of the late Father Tyrrell should in itself be sufficient to furnish such enlightenment. If further data is required, we would refer them to the autobiography of M. Alfred Loisy, and his *Choses Pasées*.

* * * *

OF course much in such autobiographies with regard to motives, feelings, and even beliefs of years before, must be discounted as far as absolute accuracy is concerned, for a man, who has abandoned whatever light he once had, can never look upon past scenes in the same light again. The darkness of denial is no medium in which to read the days of faith. Age can never with absolute fidelity reconstruct youth, because it lacks what youth alone can give.

Nevertheless the best witness to the forces that have moulded a

man either this way or that, is the man himself. He alone can recite faithfully those forces of construction or disintegration which he allowed to influence him. And M. Alfred Loisy, by his own confession, shows that for years he gave himself to the ways of dishonesty and untruthfulness. This is putting the matter in a very bald but a true way. In 1904, for example, he wrote to the Cardinal Secretary of State, after he had been informed that the quasi-submission he had made would not be accepted: "I accept all the dogmas of the Church, and I condemn whatever my books may contain as reprehensible, from the point of view of Faith."

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NOW Loisy states that he used the word "accept" purposely, in order to avoid the use of the word "believe," and that when he spoke of the faith it was "not the Faith in so far as it found expression in the official creeds."

As far back as 1886, Loisy confesses that what he then believed "of the Bible, of Christ, and of the Christian beliefs and of their origin, was the very negation of the supernatural character of religion."

And all through the years that he was a professor in a Catholic Seminary, he adds that he had to resort to *une équivoque énorme*—a great equivocation—in order by thus deceiving others to retain his position. During all that time, while he stated publicly that in his lectures on the Bible he was "guided by the definitions of the Church," he "accepted no article of the Creed literally, except that Jesus had been 'crucified under Pontius Pilate.'"

* * * *

WE have said enough. And may what we have said be sufficient to show that "her (the Church's) modernist movement should never be full of hope or promise to her well wishers."

THE illuminating thought and comment given in Dr. Shanahan's article, *The Unconsidered Remainder,* in the February, 1914, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is well seconded by Cardinal Mercier in an article, entitled *Towards Unity,* contributed to the March issue of *The Constructive Quarterly.* We reprint here the last few paragraphs of the article:

Of the problems offered to the philosopher by the total experience of life, philosophy succeeds neither in understanding the whole enunciation nor in finding the solution. The movement "towards unity" does not, and will not, lead to full autonomy. The supreme truth of philosophy is, that "separated" philosophy does not realize the integral synthesis of real life.

"For the consummation of nature and the fulfillment of man's aspiration," M. Blondel writes, "man and nature are not sufficient. Now it is inevitable that the complete development of voluntary action should bring us to this

gaping hole which separates us from what we wish to be; it is impossible for us to fill up the abyss, impossible for us not to wish it filled up, impossible not to conceive the necessity of divine assistance."

While philosophy is digging at this deplorable poverty, there arises before it a society which asserts itself to be of Divine origin, declares itself able to fill with superabundance the void of the soul and heal its wounds, and offers, besides—and this point M. Blondel has unfortunately left too obscure—to furnish the objective proofs, necessary and rational, of the legitimacy of its mission.

"Listen and look," said Cardinal Dechamps: "there are but two facts to be verified, one in ourselves, and one outside of us; these two facts are seeking each other to embrace each other, and of these two facts we ourselves are the witness."

M. Blondel and M. Wilbois have listened and looked. Both of them believers, they bear witness that they have seen the two facts embrace each other, and they proclaim that in fact the quest of their thought has no end, except on the condition that it finishes in the Christian and Catholic Faith. Without the *exterior fact* of the Church and the supernatural order objectively revealed and received with docility, we cannot account to ourselves for the *interior fact*, or explain it, or unify ourselves, any more than human society can be legitimately constituted as an enclosed system, abstracting from the Christian order.

To seek unity is, for man—for humanity—not to stop before passing through Christ, before finding God in the Catholic way.

"Thus," Ollé-Laprune had said, "philosophy conspires against itself if it does not rid itself of the set determination to mutilate man, life, things, and history. As it must try to make its views equal to the whole of the given reality, it ought to counsel, to prescribe, to endeavor, on its own account, to use all the resources, human and divine, placed at man's disposition."

The illustrious Manzoni, a convert to Catholicism, liked to repeat:

"I have Catholic convictions, and I wish them to show through all that I write as through a transparency, for I seek to put force into what I write, and force proceeds only from a sincere conviction."

All the philosophers who plead for the synthetic interpretation of all the data of their consciousness plead for sincerity. But what is sincerity but the orientation of the soul in reference to the truth? Now, to say *truth* is the same as saying intellectual representation adjusted to reality.

In the realm of philosophy unity is the law, but the sceptre can belong only to the understanding.

IN line with what we have frequently commented on in With Our Readers, are the following wisdom-laden and brilliant passages from an article in the March *Atlantic Monthly* from the pen of Agnes Repplier:

There is nothing new about the Seven Deadly Sins. They are as old as humanity. There is nothing mysterious about them. They are easier to understand than the Cardinal Virtues. Nor have they dwelt apart in secret places; but, on the contrary, have presented themselves, undisguised and unabashed, in every corner of the world, and in every epoch of recorded history. Why then do so many men and women talk and write as if they had just discovered these ancient associates of mankind? Why do they press upon our reluctant notice the

result of their researches? Why this fresh enthusiasm in dealing with a foul subject? Why this relentless determination to make us intimately acquainted with matters of which a casual knowledge would suffice?

The well-ordered mind knows the value, no less than the charm, of reticence. The fruit of the tree of knowledge, which is now recommended as nourishing for childhood, strengthening for youth, and highly restorative for old age, falls ripe from its stem; but those who have eaten with sobriety find no need to discuss the processes of digestion. Human experience is very, very old. It is our surest monitor, our safest guide. To ignore it crudely is the error of those ardent but uninstructed missionaries who have lightly undertaken the rebuilding of the social world.

The lack of restraint, the lack of balance, the lack of soberness and common sense, were never more apparent than in the obsession of sex which has set us all a-babbling about matters once excluded from the amenities of conversation.

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What is this topic that all these little ones are questioning over, mulling over, fidgeting over, imagining over, worrying over? Dr. Keyes requests us to ask our own memories.

I do ask my memory in vain for the answer Dr. Keyes anticipates. A child's life is so full, and everything that enters it seems of supreme importance. I fidgeted over my hair which would not curl. I worried over my examples which never came out right. I mulled (though unacquainted with the word) over every piece of sewing put into my incapable fingers which could not be trained to hold a needle. I imagined I was stolen by brigands, and became—by virtue of beauty and intelligence—spouse of a patriotic outlaw in a frontierless land. I asked artless questions which brought me into discredit with my teachers, as, for example, who "massacred" St. Bartholomew. But vital facts, the great laws of propagation, were matters of but casual concern, crowded out of my life, and out of my companions' lives (in a convent boarding-school) by the more stirring happenings of every day. How could we fidget over obstetrics when we were learning to skate, and our very dreams were a medley of ice and bumps? How could we worry over "natural laws" in the face of a tyrannical interdict which lessened our chances of breaking our necks by forbidding us to coast down a hill covered with trees? The children to be pitied, the children whose minds become infected with unwholesome curiosity, are those who lack cheerful recreation, religious teaching, and the fine corrective of work. A playground or a swimming-pool will do more to keep them mentally and morally sound than scores of lectures upon sex-hygiene.

A course of lectures will not instill self-control into the human heart. It is born of childish virtues acquired in childhood, youthful virtues acquired in youth, and a wholesome preoccupation with the activities of life which gives young people something to think about besides the sexual relations which are pressed so relentlessly upon their attention.

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Nor is it for the conveying of lessons that managers present these photo plays to the world. They are out to make money, and they are making it.

The Seven Deadly Sins have acquired their present regrettable popularity. Liberated from the unsympathetic atmosphere of the catechism, they are urged upon the weary attention of adults, embodied in the lessons of youth, and explained in words of one syllable to childhood. Yet Hogarth never designed his pictures to decorate the fans of women. Suetonius never related his "pleasant atrocities" to the boys and girls of Rome.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Minor Works of St. Teresa. Translated from the Spanish by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. $1.95 net; postpaid, $2.10. *The Scapular Medal and the Five Scapulars.* By Rev. P. Geiermann, C.SS.R. 5 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Continuity. By Sir Oliver Lodge. $1.00 net. *The Shears of Delilah.* By V. T. Van de Water. $1.25 net. *The Peacock Feather.* By L. Moore. $1.25 net.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The Treasure. By Kathleen Norris. $1.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Moral Leadership, and Other Sermons. By L. Parks. $1.00 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Initiation. By R. H. Benson. $1.35 net. *Faith.* By Monsignor De Gibergues. 75 cents; postpaid, 81 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Vices in Virtues, and Other Vagaries. By the author of "The Life of a Prig." $1.20 net. *In Our Lady's Praise.* By E. H. Day, D.D. 75 cents net. *Men and Letters.* By W. Ward. $3.50 net.

JOHN LANE & CO., New York:

Celtic Memories, and Other Poems. By N. J. O'Conor. $1.00 net.

SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:

A Complete Catechism of the Catholic Religion. From the German of J. Deharbe, S.J. Edited by Rev. J. J. Fox, D.D., and Rev. T. McMillan, C.S.P. 36 cents net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR CO., New York:

The Daughter of a Star. By C. Reid. $1.35 net. *The Mysterious Monsieur Dumont.* By F. Arthur. $1.35 net. *Twenty-Five Years: Reminiscences.* By K. Tynan. $3.50; postpaid $3.65. *Little Pollys Pomes.* By T. Daly. $1.25; postpaid, $1.35.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

The Holy House of Loreto. By Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D. $1.25 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Compendium Theologicæ Dogmaticæ. By C. Pesch, S.J. Tomus IV. $1.60 net. *Major Orders.* By Rev. L. Bacuez, S.S. $1.50 net. *Allen's Defence of English Catholics, 1584.* Volume I. By W. Allen. 30 cents net. *Daily Reflection for Christians.* By Very Rev. C. Cox, O.M.I. Two Volumes. $3.25 net. *Mariology.* By Rev. J. Pohle, D.D. $1.00 net. *Betrothment and Marriage.* By Canon de Smet. Translated from the French by Rev. W. Dobell. Volume II. $2.25 net.

S. M. A., ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Winnipeg, Man., Can.:

Mary Magdalen, and Other Dramas. $1.50. *Mary Stuart and Her Friends; Mary Magdalen.* 30 cents each. By S. M. A.

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin:

Letters of Mary Aikenhead.

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BLINDFOLDING THE MIND.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

II.

THERE is nothing new or novel about the theory of Professor Bergson, that sympathy plays a part in the production of human knowledge. The world did not have to wait for him or for Professor James, to enlighten it on this point; and the stress which these two thinkers have recently laid on so obvious a matter is tantamount to painting the lily, or gilding refined gold. In the ages men call dark—from introspection, it would seem, rather than from observation or study—the fact that sympathy is capable of furnishing us with an *immediate experimental* knowledge, distinct from that which comes by way of rational inquiry, was universally acknowledged. St. Thomas says that there are two ways of knowing things: one by exercising the power of reason to its fullest; the other by *sympathy* with the things we are called upon to judge. *Compassio sive connaturalitas* are the very words he uses, and even the illustrations which he gives, of this Bergsonian "knowledge by sympathy," have a familiar modern ring. "The man," says St. Thomas, "who has made morality a matter of scientific study, knows, by means of the rational knowledge in his possession, what acts fall under the requirements of a particular virtue." "But the man who possesses the particular virtue in question"—it is purity of which he is speaking—"enjoys the same knowledge as his more learned brother, *by a sort of sympathy with things.*"[1] Experi-

[1] *Sum. Theol.*, IIaIIæ, XLV., 2, c.

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mental knowledge of this sympathetic kind was called "wisdom," one of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, *supernatural* in origin, character, and results.

But the admission of "sympathetic" intuitions was by no means confined to the field of religious experience. It was worked out for the objects of all the natural human faculties, under the titles of "habit," "instinct," "disposition," "conation," "inclination," and "tendency."[2] The play of sympathy or antipathy was also seen in the "estimative sense" of animals, and the "cogitative sense" of man—those two marvelous sources of swift, unerring, concrete, and particular information.[3] All the "blind guides," and "powers of *guessing*," of which recent philosophy makes so much, were ordinary topics of the class-room in mediæval days. The influence of sympathy on knowledge and on action, was a regular part of the courses of instruction. A modern philosopher, thumbing these dim and dusty pages, would be surprised at the oldness of the new and the newness of the old in the history of philosophy. He would find it necessary to tone down considerably his claims to originality, the only feature of his work really meriting that appellation being his fine experimental discovery of the living and dynamic links which chain our experiences together, not only for thinking, but for acting as well. He would feel compelled to acknowledge that those who went before knew, long before he did, the power of love, sympathy, and goodness of heart, to increase the number of man's intuitions, and to improve the quality of his knowledge.

One may readily see from the foregoing bit of history, that Professor Bergson's "discovery" of sympathetic, experimental knowledge has been anticipated by seven centuries and a quarter. The question, therefore, is not whether sympathy has an influence on our knowledge, but what the nature of that influence is. Not the fact, but its interpretation. Is sympathy an independent source of knowledge, or merely a coöperating factor? In other words, is sympathy a substitute for intelligence, or simply a companion power, incapable of assuming the chief actor's rôle, under any and all circumstances?

Here we come to the dividing of the ways. The mediæval thinkers *distinguish*, where modern philosophers *separate*. Separatism is the fallacy that has driven philosophy to the wall everywhere, in these topsy-turvy times, creating and spreading the false im-

[2] *Ibid.*, LI., 3, ad 1. [3] *Sum. Theol.*, I., LXXVIII., 4.

pression that reason is powerless when it starts to build systems. Of course it is, if you cut it off altogether from sensation and experience, and these latter, in turn, from all contact with reality. But so is an engine powerless, when you withdraw all fuel from the fire. There is nothing surprising about such a statement, except the truistic wisdom of those who make it. All of us, more or less, live in a mental prison of our own making; behind bars which we ourselves have forged, and can strike away at will. Perhaps the worst obsession of all is the mischievous notion, that the mind is a sort of department store, in which sympathy, love, experience, instinct, intelligence, and reason are all separately set out for inspection, choice, and purchase on different counters; with an elevator to take us to the top floor, in case we come in search of metaphysics. Professor Bergson rightly protests against this pernicious habit of disrupting the mind. Unfortunately, he suggests an alternative equally bad—that of not distinguishing at all between our different mental powers. Like most philosophers, however, he does not follow his own advice, separating where he should distinguish, dividing where division is impossble. Though he and Professor James are fusionists in theory, both are really separatists in practice, singling out sympathetic knowledge as alone of worth and value, and using this form to discredit all the others.

In the light of the method we have adopted, of allowing the facts to speak for themselves, instead of our assuming that office for them, it is clear that all the *empirical evidence* forbids us to dissolve the natural partnership existing between sense and intelligence, so as to set sense up, as it were, in business for itself. Opposed to all such attempts to create a *separate* department of sense-activity are the two decisive facts: first, that our mental states all compenetrate, and are incapable of being physically separated or divided; and, second, that sense and intelligence act *simultaneously,* in the acquisition of human knowledge, not one after the other, in *succession.* You never find sensation and apprehension going on separately in your mental life, you always find them going on undividedly together. There is no absolute priority or precedence. Intelligence no more follows sensation than the sculptor is secondary to his chisel, or the artist to his brush, while working. The instrument seems to have priority over the agent in such cases, but the priority is imaginative, not real. If, therefore, we are to have a "tool theory" of knowledge, let sensation be the tool of intelligence, rather than intelligence the tool of sensation. Reason acts after

sense, not in acquiring knowledge, but in working up into abstract notions concrete knowledge already acquired. Our first knowledge comes in the form of concrete particular impressions of the real, the good, the beautiful, and the true. In the acquisition of this first raw and rough kind of knowledge, intelligence and sense act conjointly together. But when, later in life, we polish off these first impressions of the real, the good, the beautiful, and the true, into the abstract notions of reality, beauty, goodness, and truth, reason turns back to consider critically the work it has done in co-partnership with sense, and acts subsequently to the latter.

Overlook this fact of simultaneous coöperation in the first case, and you will be tempted to think that reason always acts, as it does in the second case, namely, *after* sense, rather than *with* it. You will gather the false impression that reason or intelligence never comes into play until sense has finished its work of presentation. And once this false conception of the mind's way of acting takes hold of your thought, you will be further tempted to imagine that it is possible to keep your sensations in one corner of the mind and your thoughts in another. The spell of separatism will hold you tightly in its grasp, and all your conclusions will go awry. The thought will come to you, with all the glamor of an inspiration, that by shutting the power of intelligence completely off, the stream of experience may be allowed to run on by itself, like a mountain brook, uncontaminated and pure. You will thus isolate heat from light, you think—the warmth and sympathy of feeling from the pale white light of intelligence. As you have omitted from consideration the entire stage of spontaneous knowledge which precedes reflection, there will be no physical world, no external reality, to stand in the way of your "freedom of thought." Your cry will then naturally be that "nothing is; everything is becoming." The universe will appear as "a kind of consciousness in which everything compensates and neutralizes itself."[4] Life itself will seem nothing more than a perpetual flow of mental images urging on to action—an endless series of *felt-relations,* to which reason, instead of being companion and guide from the start, is merely page and servitor.

But such a view is nothing more than a mirage created by fallacy and oversight. How could we feel without at all knowing what we felt, how could there ever be such an unheard-of thing as an absolutely unapprehended feeling? There is something more than feeling or experiencing in our perceptions, and that something

[4]Bergson, *Matière et Memoire,* p. 262.

more is *thought!* Take the case most favorable to the theory of Professor James, and least so, at first sight, to ours—the case of the mystic. If the mystic's state of consciousness were one of pure feeling or experience, unaccompanied by any thought or apprehension whatsoever, how could such a purely affective, sympathetic state of mind ever become the object of memory, or the subject of discourse? How could the mystic ever tell us about something present to his affections and feelings, but not present at all to his intelligence at the time? If sensation really occurred in one compartment of the mind, and intelligence in another, how could the mystic ever know, by compartment number two, what was going on, or had taken place, in compartment number one? Between two powers thus completely isolated and insulated, there could be no intercommunication; and we would find ourselves reduced to the logical extremity of saying that we could know only what we felt, understand only what we sensibly experienced. All else would have to be declared unknown and unknowable.

Professor James did not shirk the consequences to which the logic of his first false step inexorably drove him. He frankly admitted the astonishing conclusion, that knowledge and feeling are identically one and the same thing. He even went so far as to say he could feel his "buts," "ifs," "fors," and "becauses"—the two last, best of all, most probably! But did Professor James really *feel* these little links of speech, or was it merely his theory which was talking here, not he? And even if he actually felt them, as no man before or since, did he not also apprehend them, *simultaneously with his feelings,* instead of merely feeling them, *independently of his intelligence?*

Sense, or sympathy, or anything else, as a *substitute* for intelligence, is unthinkable. "If some faculty, other than intelligence, plays a part in the acquisition of knowledge, it is only by *influencing* intelligence, not by *supplanting* it, that it can do so."[5] Intelligence may have servants and scouts, but none of these can usurp the master's place, and preside in his absence. The thought that *anything else* could really take the place of intelligence and do its work, is so unnatural and preposterous that one wonders how it ever came to be entertained, let alone proposed for acceptance. History furnishes the answer. For the past two hundred years philosophers have been what is technically termed "critical," that is to say, they disdained to admit the validity of any knowledge

[5] J. Maritain, *L'intuition. Revue de Philosophie,* August, 1913.

not acquired in conformity with certain rules or tests which they themselves drew up and imposed. The result was that the great body of spontaneous knowledge enjoyed by humanity at large was rejected, philosophers drifting further and further away from the habits of mind characteristic of the common run of men. Philosophy thus lost the democratic character it had in the Middle Ages.

This state of aloofness could not last indefinitely, and so about thirty years ago philosophy began to swing completely round from a critical to a popular attitude, condemning the straight-laced kind of knowledge it used to praise, and praising the looser kind of knowledge it used to condemn. That is why we are hearing so much nowadays about "intuition," or "knowledge made easy." Philosophers are trying to recover their lost points of contact with popular thought, and are bidding for the support of democracy. An old scholastic, were he to revisit the earth at the present moment, would enjoy a quiet chuckle. "Why, these modern philosophers," he would exclaim, "are at last discovering that I was right in recognizing the existence of a vast deal of *spontaneous and unreasoned* knowledge. And they are so surprised at finding how much they actually omitted from the calendar of truth, that they are crying out, 'A new philosophy!' 'A long lost sense of man!' Dear me! How much longer will it take them to discover that it is intelligence which is intuitive, not sense! A *substitute* for intelligence? Nonsense!"

It is all very well to analyze and lay bare the part which the instincts, the feelings, the will and the affections play, in the acquisition of human knowledge. Modern psychology has made a truly wonderful advance in this direction, forcing the mind to divulge the secrets of many processes it had hitherto kept to itself. With this research side of the subject we have nothing to do. Facts are facts for all men, when duly ascertained, and we rejoice to see the boundaries of knowledge pushed a little further back. But there is another side to the subject, and it touches the present theme. This is the *general philosophy of the mind,* under the influence of which the research worker carries on his investigations, and towards which he tries to make them lead. The instinctive feature of human knowledge is indeed considerable, and we recognize the fact in its fullest sweep. But knowledge has a rational and intelligent as well as instinctive side, and the fact has been more than once forgotten. All the evidence at our command goes to show that these two sides are merely *developing stages of one*

continuous knowing-process. To separate these two complementary sides of knowledge; to make them mutually exclusive and antagonistic; to cut the continuity of the knowledge-process in two, and to use one-half of the truth to criticize and annihilate the other half —this is not psychology, but philosophy of the most arbitrary, indefensible sort. It does not follow that, if we have instinctive knowledge, we have instinctive knowledge only; or that, if we have one way of knowing, there is no other at our command.

If we could strike out this exclusive adverb "only," we would draw the fangs from most of the modern systems of philosophy. It is the *exclusive spirit* in which the present-day philosopher thinks and writes, that makes him seem to Catholic lovers of the *whole truth* little more than a deft profile painter. We like him, so long as he confines himself to investigation; but we have not the same feeling for him, when he begins to philosophize, because all that he offers us then is his own specialty, written large, and unduly inflated to the size and dignity of a universal philosophy.

You have a striking instance in the late Professor James, who, perhaps, did more for the advancement of the science of psychology than any man of his time, here or abroad. It fell to his lot, at Harvard University, to investigate the instinctive processes of the mind; and he became so conversant with this special aspect of the problem of knowledge, that all other considerations gradually slipped out of view. In analyzing the countless factors that contribute to the production of knowledge, he forgot the chief one, which underlies and accompanies them all—*intelligence!* He actually reckoned without his host. His distrust of reason, partly natural, partly academic, as he himself frankly acknowledges, confirmed him in his exclusive attitude. He turned his specialty into a world-philosophy, his individual attitude into a universal system, and became the untiring advocate of the doctrine, that truth is independent altogether of the control, guidance, and standards of reason. Once the idea that sense and reason are divorcees, and not companions, began to dominate his thought, there was nothing left but to draw and face the grim conclusion that the world itself is *irrational* in its foundations; and this final step he took unhesitatingly, truer to the logical reason by which he set such little store, than to the facts of experience in which he professed to find all the principles needed for human guidance. When he looked into the sources of human knowledge, what could he find there, with his separatist conception of the mind's way of working, but feeling,

vague, dreamy feeling, groping about in the dark, with reason for a lantern! The philosophy with which he approached the study of psychology was alone to blame. It led him, as it led many others like-minded, to misread the plain data before him. Let us see how this happens in most cases.

This intelligence of ours, like everything else in the world, has *conditions* under which it operates, under which it finds its work made harder or easier, as the case may be. It is a well-known fact, for instance, that when the imagination, the memory, and the affections are aroused, intelligence responds to the general heightening of activity, and finds itself quickened with the quickening of its companion powers. An orator on the rostrum, a preacher in the pulpit, or a man matching his wits against an unexpected situation, has often thought how good it would be if his mind displayed the same alertness and activity in the quiet of the study or in the ordinary humdrum routine of life, as it does on special occasions. Something in the latter seems to turn the light of intelligence on full. It plays on nooks and crannies of truth, hitherto but half-illumined, with all the glare of a searchlight, and as shiftingly. Flashes of intuition denied us at our desks leap luminous to view, until paradoxically, we wish that our address, sermon, or speech, might be written after its delivery, instead of before, so as to catch some of the fine fire and glow kindled by the occasion and the audience.

What does it all mean? That a *special sense* has come suddenly into play? No! Rather, that *our whole soul* is aroused, all its faculties stirred to concerted action, under the unusual conditions of the moment. Feeling and emotion, affection and sentiment, sympathy and devotion, furnish the *conditions* under which intelligence is enabled to come more easily, promptly, and intensely into play. When these conditions are present to an unusual degree, and under control, intelligence, acting concertedly with all its aroused companion powers, manifests a rapidity of intuition, a power of quick discernment, an instant perception of all that is going on, quite other than the slow habit of picking its steps reflectively, which is its normal course, under ordinary circumstances. Feeling and emotion, and their kindred states of mind, are therefore *special aids or helps* to intelligence, not substitutes for it. They facilitate its exercise, increase its efficiency, sharpen its activity, and call out all its reserves of power. Would you say they were *sources* of knowledge, *independent of intelligence,* and superior

to it? Would you fall into the widespread fallacy of thinking and saying that the heart has intuitions of its own, which the intellect knows nothing about? Would you so grossly mistake the *auxiliaries* of intelligence for *independent faculties;* and then, instead of correcting this confusion, appeal blindly from the concert of all the soul's powers in unison to some magical kind of special sense, the Lord knows what, which has, all of a sudden, made your mind the theatre of its fantastic sportings and mysterious revelations? Would you? Have you? And all this in the very teeth of the plain fact that ideas react on sentiments, sentiments in turn on ideas, and both on action, even on the act of perception itself! Try as you may, you can never establish an alibi for intelligence, that will not be at the same time a most convincing proof of its presence.

And yet, whenever experimental knowledge comes to us in a flash, as in the numerous cases of intuition, mentioned at the outset of the present theme,[6] the anti-intellectualist arbitrarily proceeds to draw the conclusion that *sense is acting independently of intelligence.* Well, it certainly looks as if intelligence had fallen asleep at its post, when this conclusion was drawn! There is nothing in the premises to suggest it; and a more glaring instance of the wish being father to the thought, it would be hard to find. The facts recited prove rather that intelligence *sometimes acts spontaneously,* than that sense *ever acts independently.* Would the anti-intellectualist argue, for example, that Napoleon Bonaparte had a non-rational sense-power of intuition, because he could calculate at a glance the weakness of the enemy's formation, and change his whole plan of battle in an instant, to take advantage of it? Are we given to understand that intelligence was absent from the lightning calculations which he made in the field, and present only in the abstract plan of campaign which the great tactician thought out and drew up at his writing table in Paris? Since when, pray, has it been proven that rapidity of action is foreign to the ways of intelligence, and characteristic only of the activities of sense? What is the basis of all such contentions, but a false contrast between the reason that perceives instantly, and the reason that slowly verifies, demonstrates, and proves? When reason acts spontaneously, the critics call it sense-insight; when it acts deliberately, they call it a sorting machine, or compare it to a clerk posting from the daybook into the ledger the scattered items of the day's business. About all that the anti-

[6] The Catholic World, April, 1914.

intellectualist does, really, is to ring the changes on these two *complementary aspects and functions* of one and the same fundamental power, until sensation and intelligence seem to have fallen out so completely that reconciliation is impossible. The anti-intellectualist is a fine overdrawer of contrasts, who sees diversity in the midst of unity, but never unity in the midst of diversity. The reversibility of his thesis does not seem to have impressed him at all. It is as if a staid old gentleman, accustomed for years to walk along a certain road, leisurely measuring his paces, should set the entire community to wondering at his exhibition of *new and unwonted* powers, were he one day, for some reason or other, suddenly to take it into his head to run!

Everything has its history, intuition not excepted.[7] Nothing in this world springs up over night, except the mushroom, and intuition is no mushroom growth. Most of the so-called intuitions, set down in the books as veritable bolts from the blue, are really the *effect of long preparation*—the result of items of knowledge previously acquired, the relevancy of which to future problems, experiences, or purposes we do not notice at the time. But things that escape our conscious notice are not so successful at escaping that peculiar sub-attentive activity, always going on, which seems to take as much care of objects in the *margin,* as consciousness does of those that lie in the *focus,* of our observing powers. A mistake we are all prone to make is to regard this mind of ours as a mere storehouse of information. There is nothing so static about it as that. The mind is no passive recipient of knowledge, but an active assimilator of all that comes within its purview. Whatever enters its portals, does so only to become a part of its life, an object for hidden energies to work upon, coördinate and transform. Overlook the fact that the mind is an *undivided life* of activity; separate its hidden from its apparent powers; think only of the *surface* personality that changes, and never of the *real* personality that subsists underneath all the changing, and the subconscious will become a mysterious sort of "back door," through which, at any moment, without so much as saying "by your leave, sir," anything, from ancestors to evil genii, may enter into consciousness.

[7] "First principles"—such as "every event has a cause," "the whole is greater than its part," etc.—are self-evident *intellectual intuitions* that have no history. They are obviously not in question here, and hence not dwelt upon in the text; the chief concern being to show that our so-called "instinctive" or "sympathetic" intuitions are really the work of intellect and sense conjointly, and not an independent product of the latter. This is the burden and purpose of the entire theme.

But most of these strange visitants have come in by the sub-attentive route, unnoticed. The fact of the matter is, we have been paying too much attention altogether to this imaginary "back door" of consciousness, and too little to the spacious doorway in front. We forget the *history* of our intuitions, the long study that paved the way for their formation, and the ever-active intellect that deals with them after they drop out of our conscious field of vision. Their unstudied character, at the moment of their reappearance, deceives us into thinking that we are endowed with a remarkable faculty for guessing. Napoleon on the field of battle stuns all recollection of Bonaparte, the student of military matters, poring over maps and books. Old knowledge never had a chance to grow very old in a mind so alert and so active as was his.

In fact, the light of intelligence has not the same intensity in every individual. It differs as star differeth from star in glory. In the effervescence of the moment, we often set down to the credit of the sense-powers what is really the result of a superior degree of intelligence itself. The thought that every man's intellectual vision varies with his capacities and his moods, seldom enters the mind of the theory-framers, who rush to premature conclusions, their way strewn with the odd ends of neglected truths. Yet, when everything is considered that should be, who would venture to *separate* the knowledge which he has attentively or sub-attentively acquired, from the seemingly effortless display of intuition which he makes in after years? And even in the case where intuition seems to have had no previous history or preparation—though we question the fact, because former experiences certainly revive, and swift inferences come into play, on such occasions—who would *separate* the action of sympathy from that of intelligence, and say that the presence of the former in a superior degree implied the total absence of the latter? Shall we endow woman with a "sixth sense," because, instead of reasoning from the general to the particular, after the more usual manner of man, she skips this slower process, and intuits the particular instantly, her greater fund of sympathy whipping intelligence into immediate action, and carrying her to conclusions, while man is still pondering principles? Is she a "primitive," "unintelligent" being on that account? Not unless you regard intelligence as synonymous with reasoning, and so fall headlong into the favorite fallacy of the times.

The "sixth sense theory of intuition" is so uncomplimentary to woman, we wonder how she takes so kindly to it. For once her

intuitional powers seem to have deserted her, and the analyst is lost in the devotee. Reasoning, as a rubbing of the mind's eyes to see if we have really seen, is a noble and indispensable human need. It is not the only title to the name of *rational* creature, but neither is it, on the other hand, an unnecessary luxury. Knowledge has to pass from the *spontaneous* to the *scientific* stage, if it is to bring us real light; and to accomplish that transformation, the processes which we skip in intuition must all be put back, the missing links recovered and examined. Sympathy and thought were never meant to go divided ways, and the philosophical crime of the century is the attempt to make them do so. A psychology *less animal and more human* would do the world a vast deal of good at the present moment, when, in the opinion of many misguided and unthinking folk, it seems too bad we ever "became upright animals, and left off walking on all fours."

So true is it that we bring *acquired knowledge* to the making of our intuitions, that we find the fact confirmed in cases where the anti-intellectualist sees the special triumph of his own theory. The Christian mystics are for him proof evident that experience can go on to the highest degree of purity and excellence without the least admixture of *intellectual* elements. But he has overlooked something as usual. The Christian mystics *knew* the truths of their religion, before they *experienced* them. In fact, it was upon their previous *knowledge* of the truths of faith that the mystic grace operated, transforming abstract conviction into concrete experience. The effects of grace became *conscious* in their case. God's action in the soul was, for them, not a matter of knowing merely, but of experiencing as well. True, their experience of God was of a presence felt, rather than intellectually known. It was an intuition of the effects of God's supernatural action in the soul, especially of the effect of love; not an intuition of God in His own very essence. Even granting, as we freely do, that the essential act of mystic contemplation is of the affections, rather than the intellect, it does not follow that it was *confined exclusively* to the lower powers.

The anti-intellectualist evidently imagines that love and knowledge are *completely divorced* in the mystic experience. He approaches the study of mysticism, with the false idea in mind, that if reasoning processes are shown to be absent, no knowledge whatsoever is present. It is this negative which he has to prove. All the evidence runs counter. The mystics, interpreted by themselves, make no such exclusive statement. It is of the absence of *reasoned*

knowledge, not of *all* knowledge, that they speak. Their assertion that one kind of knowledge is absent cannot be converted into the statement that no kind of knowledge is present. There is no testimony whatsoever going to show that the mystic state was accompanied by no intellectual illumination. Here, as everywhere else, love and knowledge proceed in concert, though the amount of love be greater than the amount of light. The pilot of intelligence cannot, therefore, be dropped for any "hidden steersman," unless, by a perverse act of will, the children of light should prefer the lower dignity of the children of darkness. And so, when we finish peering closely into the instances which the anti-intellectualist brings forward, to prove that intuition is due to a *special sense,* functioning apart altogether from *intelligence,* we find that the thesis has been read into the facts by interested advocates, and not out of them by dispassionate observers. The attempt to blindfold the human mind has been a complete failure.

The conclusion? Why simply this—that intuition is really and truly *intellectual* perception; no stranger, therefore, to intelligence, but its own very first-born and dearest child. It is with acts of intuition that the mind starts out on its career of acquiring knowledge; and it is towards intuition, not away from it, that the mind is forever working. Even in the farthermost reaches of reasoning and speculation, the mind is on the hunt for an intuition. It never reasons for the sake of reasoning, but to reach, *in an indirect way,* an intuition that failed to come *spontaneously,* or came so dim at first, it needed *clarifying.* Its object ever and always is to *see;* logically, if it cannot actually; rationally, if it cannot really. And that is why it judges, verifies, demonstrates, and proves. Reasoning is but an *extra means of sight* to intelligence, as the microscope, the telescope, and other such artificial senses, to the naked eye. The primacy of intelligence over the mental life of man does not consist in the power of *reasoning,* but in the power of *intuition and of sight,* however perfect or defective the latter may chance to be. Intelligence alone *sees;* its assistant powers are blind.

The anti-intellectualist is "barking up the wrong tree," therefore, when he takes such pains to show that an immediate *experiencing* of reality is superior to all mere *reasoning* about it. Were that the question to be decided, he would sweep the field. But as no one holds the primacy of mere reasoning over insight, he has buffeted a man of straw, and missed the real adversary. Let him address himself to the actual problem, which is none other than this

—whether intuition is by nature blind, or seeing; whether the primate of man's mental life is a rational power of sight, or just blind feeling, and groping sentiment. This problem he will never be able to solve in favor of sentiment, for the good reason that he would never know what sentiment was, unless intelligence constituted one of its *concomitant* factors.

That is precisely where you are mistaken, the anti-intellectualist finally rejoins. Your whole argument against me is amusingly irrelevant from beginning to end. The question—which is primate, sense or intelligence?—cannot be settled by *psychology,* as you seem to think, but by the verdict of the *natural sciences.* You base your argument on the psychological evidence, whereas I draw mine from *scientific* sources which you do not consider at all. You take it for granted, apparently, that the human mind always had the same developed structure, always acted in the same mature way, as now. Did you ever hear of *evolution?* Science plainly informs us that man began his career as a creature of "pure" feeling. He lived for a long time on a sense plane of existence, with nothing but his instinctive sympathies or antipathies to guide him. Pleasure and pain were his only means of schooling during this period. The rational intelligence which you so gloriously extol had not yet appeared. It came much later in the course of man's historical development, and in response to his growing needs. I appeal, therefore, from psychology to science, and lay my case before this higher court, on the ground of new-found evidence, which you pass over as if it were a matter of no moment. Intuition is not intellectual perception at all, as you claim. Rather is it the manifestation of that non-rational power of sympathetic insight, which man had at the outset of his career, and has managed to retain ever since, no thanks to intelligence for its meddlesome interference and jealousy.

This is the last line of intrenchments, and we must carry it by assault before quitting the present theme. The final appeal of the anti-intellectualist is, really, not to science, but to *philosophy masquerading under that name.* This circumstance alone is enough to discredit the appeal, and to strip it of all cogency. Science tells us nothing about the *first beginnings* of humanity. All truly *scientific* evidence—from anthropology, paleontology, or what not else—stops at the *primitive,* it never actually reaches the *first.* When therefore, the anti-intellectualist says that man was originally without any rational intelligence, he is not talking science, but philos-

ophy, and a very unworthy kind of philosophy, at that, to be harbored and entertained by one who plumes himself at all times on being "strictly scientific." For the drift of all the evidence we have from the fossilized remains and utensils of early man, points steadily everywhere to his having been an *intelligent human* being, lacking none of the rudimentary and essential powers that belong to manhood. And it is this *universal fact* of prehistory, which should control and guide all our *speculation* as to man's original mental constitution and powers.

It would not follow, even if evolution were a *universally* established scientific fact—which it is far, very far, from being—that any one *particular theory* concerning the *way* it occurred was true. *Interpretations* cannot be invested with the authority of the *facts* they are advanced to explain. One would have to be very naïve and uncritical to suppose that both had equal footing, and could equally claim the patronage of science. It is one thing to say that man had from the beginning, *in an undeveloped state,* all his present characteristic powers; that, for instance, what came late, and by way of exercise and development, was the *critical or reflex,* not the *spontaneous or intuitive,* reason; the latter having been *present and active* from the very start. It is quite another thing altogether to suppose that man had only the faculty of *feeling* to begin with, and that out of this, by some mysterious sort of legerdemain, all the rest of his powers—reason included—miraculously grew. There is abundant evidence for the first statement; none whatever for the second, which is made out of the whole cloth of arbitrary conjecture, being based on the supposition that the simplest form of mind *we can think of*—sensation, for instance—was the first, *historically,* to appear. But this is to turn our analyses into history, the course of logic into the course of events, abstractions into realities. What *scientific* value is there to any such *analytically manufactured* "history?"

All this cutting of man's original mental stature to the size and requirements of this particular theory or that, concerning the *manner* in which evolution is *supposed* to have occurred, is sophistication, not science. For omniscience and dogmatic assurance, commend me, pray, to the modern anthropologist, the greatest unrestrained speculator in the history of human thought! To read his intimate and detailed descriptions of primeval man; his circumstantial story of how the latter, on a specially beautiful day and occasion, had a queer sort of "sympathetic feeling" creep over him

which afterwards proved to be Religion, though he did not recognize it as such at the time—one would really think that the author was "born and brought up" with these sportive manikins of his, and was actually commissioned to write their memoirs. He *asserts* the existence of universal primitive barbarism, without stopping to *investigate* whether savagery was an original or an acquired condition—a case of nature or a case of lapse. It suits his preconceived theory better to *suppose* the former, and so down it goes without further ado into all the books. The gap in the scientific evidence, between what is *first* and what is only *primitive,* does not deter him in the least. He proceeds to fill in the gap with a highly embroidered tale which, he says, the "scientific imagination" authorizes him to construct.

This adjective "scientific" will bear careful watching. It lends a false air of worth and respectability to the notoriously unreliable noun with which it is thus made to associate; and it enables the author surreptitiously to palm off on the unsuspecting and uncritical reader, in the name of science, an entire *system of theoretical philosophy,* for which the former affords no warrant or foundation. The sooner we begin to distinguish between *objective science* and *subjective scientists,* the better will it be for all concerned. But all this philosophical romancing which we have just described creates a suspicion to which we cannot help giving expression. A *half-constituted* man, such as the one imagined and portrayed, who *felt* everything, but *knew* nothing beyond his feelings; and who transmitted this intellectual incapacity of his, unimpaired, to the sentimentalist school of skeptics in the twentieth century—never was a *primitive* creature at all; he is a modern of the moderns, made in the image and likeness of his recent makers; his speech, lineaments, and limitations betray him. Not such was man, made unto the image and likeness of God. And there we shall let the matter rest, with but one additional statement.

Religion never could have arisen, never did arise, in fact, from some primeval state of mystic feeling, "pure" experience, or unilluminated sentiment.[8] Reason presided over the birth of Religion, with sentiment and feeling for companions then as now. And so, God is a *known,* not merely a *felt* Reality. He is Truth as well as Love, and we owe Him the undivided allegiance and service of the intellect and the heart. *Deus intellectus mei et cordis mei!*

[8] *Cf. The Meaning of God in Human Experience.* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1913.

THE POWERS AND ALBANIA.

BY ELIZABETH CHRISTITCH.

CHANGES and upheavals consequent on the Balkan wars have led to a result as unanticipated as undesired by the victors, namely, the confirmation of Mohammedan supremacy in the West of the Peninsula, under the name of independent Albania. In vain do the sponsors of the new State point out that a Protestant Prince is at the head of government, the fact remains that his Cabinets, like the first, formed after the evacuation of Scutari by the Montenegrins, under the premiership of Ismail Kemal, must be composed of Mohammedans in order to enjoy respect or exercise authority. The Christian minority will be subject, as heretofore, to the rule of an element that has never in any land accepted the principle of religious equality.

Ismail Kemal propitiated the Powers that presided at the birth of Albania, by including two Christians in his first Cabinet of nine Ministers. Their position was, however, so subordinate to that of their colleagues, that only on rare occasions were they admitted to the deliberations. Soon they vanished altogether, having accomplished nothing for the good of their coreligionists, and thankful to relapse unmolested into obscurity. It is doubtful that Prince Wilhelm of Wied will risk his throne in an attempt to put the Christian tribes on a par with the Mohammedan tribes, who reluctantly accept his sovereignty, and who would never profess open allegiance, but that they were assured he was but "half a Christian," and utterly distinct from both confessions known to them: Catholic and Greek-Orthodox, alike "worshippers of a woman."

Repudiation of any reverence for the Madonna of the Christians will, nevertheless, scarcely suffice to win the confidence of such thorough Islamites as the denizens of the hinterland between Valona and Dibra. Here may no Christian foot tread, nor did the allied armies who had defeated the Turks venture beyond certain streams in Albania that, according to the Catholic guides, had separated from time immemorial Christian and Moslem tribes. Between the warring creeds barriers were set up to prevent mutual extermination. The most optimistic believer in the new régime cannot be surprised that the Catholic tribes cling, as of old, to their

rifles and to their isolation, as guarantees of their survival in an Albania more fiercely intolerant than was Turkey itself. For the Turk was but a stranger, and hatred between brethren is more intense than between different races. All the world knows that internecine feud, due to religious intolerance, has hitherto characterized Albania. The Christians of course suffered most; under Ottoman rule the Mohammedan tribes were allowed to slay and devastate at will. What can the Catholics expect to-day when this very element is established as the predominant one, its prejudices to be respected, its ideals to be preserved, its notions of progress to be developed?

No provision has been made for the development of Christian civilization side by side with the Mohammedan civilization, so lauded by distant politicians as beneficial to mankind if only given a fair chance. Protagonists of the Koran are very active just now in centres where Christian faith has become slack. Following the Buddhist craze, comes the sudden appreciation of Islam and its "sublime doctrines of the omnipotence of God and the brotherhood of man." It is noteworthy that these friends of the new Albania are mostly concerned in great commercial enterprises within the limits of the Ottoman Empire, and are naturally anxious to extend the sphere of their operations. With fine insight they judge the prevailing current of thought in the kingdom just born, and by the attitude of these renegades of Christianity alone, we are sufficiently instructed in the future trend of free Albania. It will not, cannot, be a Christian State. It is destined to be a fresh fortress for the Mohammedan power, that should never have been admitted to a place in Christian Europe.

The consolidation of Albania will, in a certain measure, depend on the continued good will of the Powers who called it into existence. It is at present patronized by the Triple Alliance and tolerated by the Triple Entente. But all the factors of the Triple Alliance are not equally concerned in the fate of their protégé. It was Austria-Hungary who first staked the peace of Europe on the acceptance of her creation, and the millions spent in maintaining her army for months on a war footing showed her determination to erect this impediment to Panslavism on the east coast of the Adriatic. Had Austria not thrown her sword, and—what was more impressive—the sword of her German ally into the scale, Albanian autonomy would never have been granted. She who had not moved a finger for the elimination of Turkish misgovernment, but had compromised with it, and traded on it, did not dare to

gather the Catholic tribes under her capacious wing, for swift retribution would have come in the shape of Russian troops overrunning Galicia. But she would not consent to have the land parcelled between the victorious allies, who had delivered it at a sore cost of precious lives. So she insisted on the gift of autonomy for the Albanians who had not fought for it, and were therefore not entitled to it; who are not ready for it because they are still divided by creed fanaticism.

Apologists for Austria assert that the Christians of Albania will probably fare better under the rule of the Mohammedan brethren, with whom they have been at feud for centuries, than under that of the Greeks and Servians. But the Greek-Orthodox population of Lower Albania is even now clamoring for reunion to Greece, and the Catholics of the North welcomed the Servian and Montenegrin troops as deliverers. Until outside influence was brought to bear, the heads of the Catholic tribes were eager to come to an agreement with Servia, and there was a spirit of genuine fraternity between both sections of a common Christian faith, as opposed to the hostility of the Moslem tribes who stood firm for Turkey. These latter proved by their sullen and treacherous behavior, rather than by their valor, that the cause of Islam was nearer to their hearts than nationality and national independence. Their spokesman, Essad Pasha, has on more than one occasion described himself as a " loyal soldier of the Sultan." It is hard to credit that their old oppressors will suddenly accede to fair play and kind treatment for Catholic Albanians. Austria has acted as their protector in the past, but Albania is now under international control, and her privileges will be curtailed in deference to other Powers—more especially to one strenuously aspiring rival.

It is disconcerting to find Italy, whose active interest in Albanian matters dates from a mere decade, supplanting Austria, longtime benefactor of the Catholic tribes, founder of over forty churches or chapels, and supporter of the clergy. To Austria is mainly due the preservation of the only scraps of civilization still extant in this wild corner of the Peninsula. Needless to say this civilization goes parallel with the degree of liberty meted out to the Christians. What Islam has produced wherever it reigned is visible in Albania as in Asia Minor; but the social and moral system to be evolved from Islam under direct Masonic and Semitic guidance, remains to be seen when Albania starts on its autonomous career. Italy seeks to oust Austrian influence, and to imbue the Catholic tribes with her own " broad " sense of religion, a task to which the

Prince of Wied's brand of belief is eminently adaptable. In the anarchical conditions hitherto prevailing, the clergy were the mainstay of peace and order, and, thanks to them alone, some cohesion was reached between the Catholic tribes. Precisely against these traditional guides has Italy stirred up rancor and mistrust, assuring the tribesmen that clerical interests are not identical with the progress of the State, but often antagonistic, and that Austria patronizes priestcraft at the expense of the people's welfare. Some regrettable incidents have already occurred to show how quickly bad seed ripens in loose soil. For the first time Albanian pastors had to endure what pierces more than persecution by unbelievers: disrespect and open reviling from a formerly devoted flock. Every mountaineer is encouraged by Italian agents to become a politician, and the enemy to be routed is indicated as the friend of yesterday. The *Messagero* recently declared that by clause sixty-two of the Berlin Treaty, Austria's protectorate was annulled. The only claim to a religious protectorate in Albania still in force was that of France over the Mirdites, should France care to exercise it.

There are moments when the lesser members of the two great political groups in Europe, draw close together regardless of their respective allegiance. Renegade Italy has more in common with decadent France than mere Latinity. Neither of Italy's allies can give her the sympathy, in certain fields of work, that is assured to her from the present government of France. The wheels within wheels of political combinations admit readily of Italian intrigue and French gold working harmoniously in Albania. Austria's dilemma appears analogous to that which overtook her after the mistaken campaign of Schleswig-Holstein. She has, however, a preventive to Italy's aggressive designs in that international control of Albania's development, which she had bitterly resented at first. The participation of the Powers in all economical and administrative schemes, is Austria's best safeguard from a grasping ally, whose ambition is to convert the Adriatic into an Italian lake.

The competition between the rivals is acute. A modest printing office that had done good work for Austria in Valona, is now flanked by a stately building destined to house an Italian press establishment. Italian initiative in providing hotel accommodation in many towns has, on the other hand, led to Austria following suit and surpassing the pioneer. Again, the contract with Austria for a supply of postage stamps, was rescinded in favor of Italy, and Italy has likewise secured the monopoly of the olive oil export. But Italy's greatest triumph is in the literary field. After their

own guttural tongue, the Albanians cultivate Italian as their nearest link with the rest of mankind. Even the Catholics attached to Austria and mindful of Austrian benefits, do not go the length of attempting to learn German. Albanian books of devotion are printed in Italy, and a knowledge of Latin being indispensable to aspirants for the priesthood, it is natural that familiarity with Italian is cultivated as a stepping-stone thereto.

We must repeat that culture went forth from the Catholic centres, and therefore all culture in Albania has a strong Italian tinge. Austria's own propaganda employed the Italian medium at a time when the Italian government seemed oblivious of Albania. Every modern institution, every means of communication, every attempt at organization and progress, must in justice be attributed to Austria. Whatever her ultimate aim, she could with a show of reason advocate the cause of the Catholic population she had saved from extinction, and thereby obtain the formation of an Albanian State to further her anti-Slav policy. Italy has no such record to justify her assumed authority, but Italy's machinations have succeeded in confirming her as predominant arbiter of the destinies of Albania. The Prince of Wied's first visit was to Rome.

One cannot, however, govern a nation by reliance on support from outside, the less so in the present case, when outside influence is not unanimously in favor of the new order of things in Albania. Russia, a mighty factor in the destinies of the Balkan peoples, cannot view with satisfaction a German Prince installed in the land which she vainly tried to get allotted between the Slavs and Hellenes who had freed it from the Turks. She reluctantly consented to the creation of an independent Albania when Austria made it a *casus bèlli,* and she will certainly not put herself out to help it on its way. Montenegro's discontent at the cession of Scutari, and Greece's disappointment at being excluded from Epirus, are assets in Russia's hands to be used as occasion offers. At her bidding, too, Albania's finances can be controlled in a crisis, for the world's head banker, France, is amenable to suggestions from her Muscovite ally. France has little direct political interest in Albania, and England still less. England cuts a sorry figure in recent European history. No wonder Sir Edward Grey is ambiguous in his present statements; he has been compelled to contradict his utterances during the Balkan campaign so frequently and so drastically. England's foreign policy has become a byword among the Balkan peoples, who fully realize that in the Triple Entente, Russia, so far as they are concerned, is the only factor that counts.

Albania and its Prince may rely on Germany's benevolence, but nothing more. The close and cordial connection between Germany and Turkey was not disturbed, although the Turkish government connived at a plot to place a Mohammedan on the throne of Albania at a moment when a German Prince was preparing to occupy it. Turkey is a more dangerous enemy of the new Albania than Russia, and it is safe to reckon on her active hostility within the land to the principle of Christian government for the Moslem tribes, who are, after all, in a majority. Many dispassionate observers are of opinion that distinct régimes for Christian and Moslem would better serve Albania as a whole, than the hybrid arrangement that satisfies neither.

The six Powers nominally responsible for the creation of Albanian autonomy, and the two directly interested in its survival, have yet to grapple with the true difficulties of the situation. A State cannot be ruled or administered without funds, and no citizen of Albania has ever yet contributed a coin to the public exchequer. The national idiosyncrasy was so well recognized by the Turks that Abdul-Hamid made no attempt to levy taxes in this part of his dominions. When the Young Turks sent emissaries to collect information on the possibility of levying taxes at a future date, these were summarily executed by the indignant tribesmen. Prenk Bib Doda, Catholic chief, is worth hearing on the subject:

> The idea of paying tribute is repugnant to our people. Perhaps it could be presented to them under another name, but it will be hard to accustom our men to let any money go beyond their own tribe. Hitherto we have managed our own affairs, but I quite understand that schools must be supported by the whole population. The necessity for taxes must be taught in the schools, and then, no doubt, the next generation will not object to them. We Mirdites could not pay anything at present. First, it is contrary to our national customs, and, second, it would bring us into trouble with our neighbors. Feuds will die out under the rule of a Christian Prince, and to this all our hopes are directed. Albanians are generous by nature, but they cannot at once shake off the duty of the blood-feud, nor can they stoop to recognize the "danak" (taxes). Reforms must come gradually and through the schools. Mining and other concessions should supply the State at first with the money needed for initial administration. We count on Europe to help us.

The opinions of the Mirdite Prenk are more or less those of the Malissori and other Catholic tribes. Prince Wilhelm of Wied will find little opposition here, so long as he respects the religion

and traditional customs of Northern Albanians. A journal published at Scutari, *Skipetari Lyrae,* admonishes him as follows: "We will not be governed either from Rome or Vienna. We do not object to outside help in building our State, nor to foreign capital for the development of our natural resources, but we will stand no tutorship. If the Prince of Wied agrees to be a whole-hearted Albanian he has nothing to fear."

The outlook for the new régime among the Mohammedan tribes is less reassuring. They submit to it because Europe imposed it on them, and they are not strong enough to resist Europe. A native Prince could not rally their united allegiance, for the Mohammedans have not so much cohesion among themselves as the Catholics; but a viceroy nominated by the "Padishah" at Constantinople would be more welcome than the Prince of Wied. Austria's most trusted agent, the late Premier of the Provisional Government, Ismail Kemal, could not resist the current drawing his countrymen back to Islam. His rival in the north, Essad Pasha, if not compromised in the expedition planned by Izzet Pasha to give Albania a Mohammedan Prince, is himself a wary pretender with a following of three thousand armed men, without whose suffrage the new Prince's position would be indeed precarious.

Essad is the greatest landed proprietor and the most brilliant soldier of Albania. He is almost illiterate—his signature scrawled painfully on the document containing the treaty with the Montenegrins relative to Scutari, fills half a foolscap page—but he is shrewd and patient. Essad has succeeded in fixing Albania's first capital at Durazzo, where he is known and feared as well as respected to a certain extent. He is a scion of the old House of Toptana, which by conformity to the tenets of Islam preserved vast estates, and gained the prestige of special favors from the Sultans of Turkey. Essad has made terms with Prenk Bib Doda, and there is a sacred truce between their followers for the coming year. The descendants of old apostates from Christianity are, as a rule, more bitterly irreconcilable to their race brethren who held the faith, than to the neighboring Greeks and Slavs.

A Mohammedan Albanian once assured me that there was no living man whom he would refuse to slay if the Sultan's behest went forth. "We are magnanimous," he explained, "to the Catholic tribes because their great Prenk rides at the Sultan's right hand, and serves him faithfully. Nothing binds us to spare the lives of the other Christians. We belong to the 'Padishah' (Sultan)." The speaker was not a soldier of the Turkish army, but a dealer in eggs!

Albania is a poor country, and the Prince of Wied cannot in justice be blamed for delaying his journey thither until he was in possession of sufficient funds to ensure his material independence for at least a twelvemonth. What expectations are founded on his purse may be judged from the following utterances of a tribal chief near Alessio: "At present we are in a bad plight, but the new 'Padishah' will soon end all our misery. I intend to see him immediately after his arrival, and get his help to drive my bad neighbor, Armen Neera, out of his strong house. I want ten horses of my own, and if I get Armen Neera's four, the 'Padishah' need buy me no more than six. I will never again leave the mountains to come to Alessio, for I understand the 'Padishah' will send money to each of us, so that we should not be obliged to travel in order to fetch it." In answer to a query as to what the "Padishah" required in return for such amiable generosity, the chief said: "We are all to live in peace and grow rich, but this can only take place in my part if Armen Neera is shot."

The ruler of Albania will have ample opportunity of exercising acumen and prudence in dealing with his subjects. His rather negative qualities are perhaps safer than brilliant ones in the task he has undertaken. William of Wied owes his elevation in a great measure to the inspiration of his aunt, the dilettante, romantic, and somewhat visionary Queen of Rumania. Carmen Sylva is persuaded that her nephew is possessed of the virtues needed in the man who is to weld Albania into a compact entity, and teach fraternity to mortal foes. Perhaps nobody in Europe, not even the Prince himself, shares her optimism, but there is always a chance for the dream of a good woman. The Prince is an athlete, a well-trained soldier (in so far as one can be who has no experience of real warfare), a respectable family father, and a "moderate Christian."

His impartiality will have to be demonstrated without delay to the Mohammedans, who naturally fear reprisals for their conduct towards Christian compatriots in the past. Let us hope that the demonstration may not be excessive, and that, after centuries during which their rifles and a pale tolerance from the "Padishah" at Constantinople were their best friends, the Catholic tribes may at last breathe freely. Old prejudices die hard. Distant well-wishers will—without suspecting the good intentions of William of Wied—reflect with relief on the *bessa* or sacred truce signed between the Catholic Prenk and the Moslem Essad Pasha.

PETRARCH'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM D. FOULKE.

O VIRGIN fair, who in the sun arrayed,
And crowned with stars, to a greater Sun didst bring
Such joy that He in thee His light did hide!
Deep love impels me that of thee I sing.
But how shall I begin without thy aid
Or that of Him Who in thy womb did bide?
I call on one who answereth alway
When simple faith we show.
Virgin, if extreme woe
In things of earth thou wouldst with joy repay,
In my hard struggle be thy succor given.
O hear me while I pray,
Though I be clay,
And thou the Queen of heaven!

O Virgin sage and of the blessed number
Of those wise virgins honored by their Lord,
Yea thou the first with brightest lamp of all!
Thou shield of the afflicted from the sword
Of evil fortune and in death's deep slumber,
Rescue and victory come at thy call!
Thou refuge from the passions, blind and dark
Of frail mortality!
Virgin, in agony
Thy fair eyes saw each nail and cruel mark
Upon the body of thy precious Son.
Look on my desperate state!
Disconsolate
To thee for help I run.

O Virgin pure, perfect in every part;
Daughter and mother of thy gentle child,
Sunbeam on earth, bright gem in heaven's array!
The Father's Son and thine, O undefiled,
Through thee (window of heaven that thou art!)
Came to redeem us at the final day!
And God, among all dwellings of the earth,

Selected thee alone,
O Virgin, who the moan
Of hapless Eve hast turned to joy and mirth.
O make me worthy His unending love,
Thou who in glory drest,
Honored and blest,
Art crowned in heaven above.

O Virgin holy, filled with every grace;
Who by thy deep and true humility
Didst rise to heaven, where thou my prayer dost hear,
Thou hast brought forth the Fount of Piety,
The Sun of Justice, by whose shining grace
An age in errors dark grows bright and clear.
Three precious names united are in thee:
Mother and wife and child.
O Virgin undefiled,
Bride of the King Whose love hath set us free
From all our bonds and our poor world hath blest;
By His wounds' holy balm,
O may He calm
My heart and give it rest!

Virgin, who wast in all the world unique,
Enamoring heaven with thy comeliness,
No other near or like thy perfect state!
Pure thoughts and gracious deeds thy life did bless,
And thou thy fruitful maidenhood and meek
A living shrine to God didst consecrate!
By thee my sad life can with joy resound,
If thou but ask thy Child,
Virgin devout and mild,
Where sin abounded grace doth more abound!
My spirit's knees in orisons I bend.
Be thou my guide I pray,
My devious way
Bring to a happy end.

O shining Virgin, steadfast evermore!
Thou radiant-star above life's stormy sea,
And every faithful mariner's trusty guide!
In this wild tempest turn thy thoughts to me
See how I am beset! no helm nor oar!

What shrieks of death are near on every side!
My soul despairing puts her trust in thee!
Sin will I not deny.
Virgin, to thee I cry,
Let not my pangs delight thine enemy!
'Twas to redeem our sins, remember well,
That God took on afresh
Our human flesh
Within thy virgin cell.

Virgin, how many were the tears I shed,
How many years I prayed and longed and sighed.
What was my guerdon? Grief and sorrow vain.
Since I was born where Arno's stream doth glide
From land to land my restless feet have sped,
And life was naught but bitterness and pain.
For mortal charms and gracious ways and dear
Have clogged my heart and mind,
O Virgin holy, kind,
Delay not. Haply 'tis my final year.
My days like flying arrows speed away!
In sin and misery
They swifty flee,
And death alone doth stay.

Virgin I mourn for one that now is clay,
Who, living, filled mine eyes with many a tear,
Yet of my thousand woes not one could see!
And had she known them all, the griefs that were
Would still have been; since any other way
To me were death, to her were infamy.
Thou Queen of heaven; O goddess virginal—
Thus may I name thee aright?—
Virgin of clearer sight
Than ours, thou knowest all! Though others fail,
The task is easy for thy powers supreme,
End then my grief and woe,
Thy grace bestow,
And my poor soul redeem.

Virgin, my only hope doth rest in thee,
I know that thou wilt help my sad estate.
Forsake me not upon death's dark defile!
Look not on me, but Him Who did create!

Though I be naught, His image lives in me,
And that must win thy care for one so vile!
My Gorgon sin hath turned me into stone.
Vain humors I distill;
Virgin, do thou but fill
With tears devout this aching heart and lone;
That at the end my grief may holier be,
Without the taint of earth,
Which at its birth
Was wild insanity.

O Virgin meek, and of all pride the foe;
Thy lowly birth win thee to hear my song;
Have pity on an humble contrite heart!
If with such constancy I could so long
On one frail mortal clod my love bestow,
What might I do for thee, God's counterpart!
If by thy hand I now may rise again
From out my low estate,
Virgin, I consecrate
Unto thy service tongue and heart and brain—
My thoughts, my songs, my sighs, and anxious fears!
Guide me in better ways,
And crown with praise
These new desires and fears.

My hour draws on, it is not far away—
(Thus fleeting time doth run)
Virgin, thou only one!
Upon my heart remorse and death do prey!
Unto thy Son, true man, true God, commend
My soul; to Him I cleave.
May He receive
My spirit at the end.

SUCCESSORS TO SOCIALISM.

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE.

UNTIL very recently Socialism appeared to be quite a formidable force in the world. There appeared to be more than a possibility of a Socialist party gaining power in some of the more advanced democratic countries, and attempting to rule in accordance with Socialistic principles. At the present day the prospects of a nominally Socialist party gaining office are not less bright than they formerly were; but there is no prospect of a Socialist party in power attempting to pursue a Socialist policy. The nearer Socialists advance to obtaining the powers of government, the more carefully do they confine themselves to the furtherance of moderate reforms that leave the structure of capitalism undisturbed. In England, France, Belgium, and Germany the observation of this phenomena is a commonplace. In countries like the United States and Ireland, where Socialism is very weak politically, where Socialists have neither the opportunity nor the responsibility of acting according to their principles, the historic shibboleths of Socialism can be reiterated with entire sincerity and some plausibility. But when the movement passes from the stage of irresponsible propaganda to the stage of responsible participation in government, a considerable modification is necessitated. In short, it becomes evident that the mere possession of political power avails nothing towards the establishment of Socialism. Civil war might conceivably end in the desired goal being reached; but the Socialist politicians have little liking for such desperate measures, and they therefore content themselves with the regulation of capitalism instead of attempting its abolition.

The impossibility of establishing Socialism by political methods is now generally recognized; but this is not all. Many of those people who formerly placed their whole faith and trust in Socialism, are beginning not merely to despair of its possibility, but also to doubt its advantages if it could be established. They are coming round to the view that Socialism in action might prove not a blessing, but a curse. I am here using the word Socialism to mean the State ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. It is true that the original meaning of the term Social-

ism did not necessarily imply State ownership; and the term is still sometimes used to describe economic schemes other than State management of industry. But nevertheless the only sense in which Socialism has represented any definite proposal and made any widespread appeal, is the sense in which it means that the State should have the control of industry and the ownership of the means of production. Socialism in this sense is often called State Socialism or collectivism. This is, I repeat, the only form of Socialism that has had any considerable following in any country. Now it is precisely this form of Socialism that is at present losing its attractions. "Collectivism has burst," Mr. Hilaire Belloc told a recent meeting at Dublin; and the dictum could be confirmed by many utterances of Socialists themselves. For instance, there is Mr. H. G. Wells writing on remedies for the prevailing labor unrest, and making the following confession: "In theory, I am a Socialist, and were I theorizing about some nation in the air, I would say that all the great productive activities and all the means of production and all the means of communication, should be national concerns, and should be run as national services. But our State is peculiarly incapable of these functions; at the present time it cannot even produce a postage stamp that will stick; and the type of official that it would probably evolve for industrial organization, slowly but unsurely, would be a maddening combination of the district visitor and the boy clerk."[1]

The point need not be labored: Socialists are beginning to give up their Socialism because they are losing their faith in the State. Of course they realize that with a perfectly enlightened and public-spirited electorate, a trustworthy State might be possible; but it is just this ideal electorate that is so hard to get. The experiences of the working of representative government during the last half century in England, America, and France have not been encouraging. Hence Socialists are giving up the State, and in so doing they are ceasing to be Socialists.

It would be a blunder to assume that the contemporary decline of Socialism is an indication of an increasing inclination to be resigned to capitalism. On the contrary discontent is growing wider and deeper. I do not think that there has been any time since 1848 when revolutionary thought and revolutionary feeling were so strong as they are to-day. The revolutionary movement throughout Europe which culminated in 1848, was directed against political systems; the present movement is directed against the economic system of capital-

[1] *What the Worker Wants.*

ism. What will be the outcome of the movement I do not pretend to prophesy; but it cannot fail to be important for good or evil.

In abandoning Socialism, men are taking up fresh schemes not less antagonistic to the established order. To indicate the nature of the chief of these schemes is the purpose of this article. Syndicalism is the first and most notorious, though not perhaps on that account any better known or understood; there is also Guild Socialism and Economic Federalism, of which hardly more than the names have yet reached the newspapers. All these schemes are successors to Socialism, in the sense that they have received their main inspiration from Socialism; their adherents are recruited from the ranks of Socialists; like Socialism they are at war with capitalism, and most important of all they agree with Socialism in their opposition to private ownership of land and capital. They may be called neo-Socialisms. There is another doctrine of a new social order gaining disciples, but its explanation does not come within the scope of the present article, for though this doctrine is as hostile as any to capitalism, it is yet utterly alien to Socialism, and stands not for the abolition of private capital, but for its wider diffusion and securer maintenance; its advocates name their ideal the Distributive or the Associative State, and they have received their main inspiration from the teaching of Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Socialism as a theory of economic organization, implies essentially the concentration of economic power in the hands of the State; the placing of economic and political functions in the same hands. Syndicalism is an extreme reaction against Socialism. Instead of trusting the State so far as to endow it with economic sovereignty as it already possesses political sovereignty, the Syndicalist will trust nothing to the State; he would abolish the State altogether. Says a leading exponent of Syndicalism in France: "It is necessary to prevent the workers from passing from a society in which they are under the economic oppression of their masters, to one in which they would be under the oppression of an economic State."[2]

The centralization and concentration of power which State control implies, makes its despotism more dangerous in the eyes of the Syndicalists. Control of industry must therefore be in the hands not of the State, but of the workers themselves, and it must be exercised through the workers' industrial unions; the miners managing the mines, the railway men the railways, and so on. The unions must be quite independent of the State; they must possess

[2] *The Syndicat*, by Emile Pouget.

complete autonomy. "We must," says a Syndicalist leader, "sweep from the workshop, the factory, and the administration every authority external to the world of labor."[3] And M. Pouget, in the book already quoted, urges that all the necessary legislative and administrative functions can be performed by the labor unions. Political institutions are unnecessary. The State is "a social superfluity, a parasitic and external excrescence."

The Syndicalists have borrowed for their own use some of the stock individualist objections to Socialism. In France they are fond of pointing to the bad matches supplied by the French government as showing its business incapacity. Want of initiative, wastefulness, incompetence, and a tendency to reward officials for political services not for professional ability, are all said to be characteristics of State monopolies. Those who are engaged at working at any trade are the best critics of the technical abilities of others in the same trade, and for this reason professional groups would be better managers of the communal business than the whole of the people. Democratic control means that a talker must be the ostensible head of a department in order that someone may be ready to explain anything that needs explanation—and to explain it to people more or less incapable of understanding it. The really capable worker is often bad at this task.[4]

It must not be thought that the Syndicalist objection to the State applies only to the existing State, the capitalist or bourgeois State. On the contrary Syndicalists are careful to explain that they object to every form of State, especially the democratic form. When they speak of the State they often use the word democracy as a synonym.

What is the form of industrial organization that the Syndicalists propose? The business of industry is, of course, the production of wealth, using the term "production" to cover the processes of transport and marketing as well as of manufacture. Broadly speaking, the possible claimants to the control of industry are three. Control may be in the hands of capitalists as it is to-day; or in the hands of the State as Socialists propose; or in the hands of the producers, the workers, which is what Syndicalists advocate. Any two or all three of these possible forms of control may be blended. The Syndicalist claim is for the complete control of industry by the workers, the producers organized in their appropriate unions. All workers in a particular industry will be organized in one union,

[3] *Le Socialisme Ouvrier*, by H. Lagardelle.
[4] *Syndicalism and the General Strike*, by Arthur D. Lewis.

and this union will have complete control of that industry, determining the wages to be paid, the length of the working day, the methods of working to be adopted, and the prices at which the products are to be sold. As far as possible, local industrial unions will be preferred to national unions. It may be necessary (though some Syndicalists dispute it) for railway workers to be organized in one national union; tramway workers can and must be in local unions. Syndicalism aims at all the decentralization possible. This is especially the case in France, where the autonomous commune and the self-governing workshop are the ideals.

Here a difficulty is presented to the Syndicalist. If the State is to be abolished, and production is to be carried on by autonomous industrial unions, how are the relations between the different unions to be regulated? Is the union of coal miners to have absolute control of the quantity of coal to be produced, and the prices to be charged to the community? The social dangers of such industrial monopolies are obvious. The Syndicalist replies that there will be for each locality, and also for the country as a whole, federal councils with representatives of the different industries, which will adjust supply to demand by telling each section of producers, each industrial union, what products are required. The federal councils will also adjudicate on disputes between the unions.

There is a manifest weakness in this Syndicalist device. For either the federal industrial councils will have the power of enforcing their decisions or they will not. If they have not the power, the evils of industrial monopoly will not be remedied. If they have the power, they will merely be the State in disguise. The recognition of this fact has led to an alternative to Syndicalism being proposed. The alternative is called Guild Socialism, and its chief exponent is Mr. A. R. Orage and the writers of the *New Age*. Guild Socialism uses the same arguments against State Socialism that the Syndicalists employ, but urges that the total abolition of the State is impossible. The State is a necessary institution, not only because there must be some coördinating power in industry which pure Syndicalism fails to provide, but also because in a civilized society a supreme authority is needed to perform functions of a non-economic character, which cannot properly be entrusted to trade organizations. Guild Socialism would retain the State, and would have the State to be the owner of the means of production, and in the last resort the State would be the final controller of industry. But normally the State would not meddle in the management of

industry; it would lease the control of industry to the several unions, each industry to its appropriate union or guild. The name guild has been chosen for these bodies, because in some respects their characteristics have been suggested by the type of organization which controlled industry in the Middle Ages.

Every worker in any industry must necessarily be a member of the guild belonging to that industry, for the guild will be a legally chartered body exercising a monopoly. The State will determine the kind and quantity of goods to be produced by each guild; but the methods of production and the conditions of labor within each industry will be determined entirely by the guilds themselves. Each guild will be self-governing, in the sense that the members will elect their own officials, managers and directors. The guilds will be purely producing bodies, not trading bodies; they will not themselves sell their products to the community. Instead, they will hand over all the goods to the State, and they will receive in return from the State a lump sum of money in proportion to the numbers of their members, the division between the individual workers to be determined by the guilds themselves.

Economic Federalism, the scheme propounded by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in his recent book *The World of Labour,* represents not much more than a modest amendment of Guild Socialism. Mr. Cole is in revolt against capitalism, yet he sees that the Socialist remedy of "extending the powers of the State may be merely a transference of authority from the capitalist to the bureaucrat." He sees the need of giving a special share of the control of industry to the actual producers, but objects to the Syndicalists who would abolish the State entirely; he complains also that Guild Socialism would give the State only an illusory share of control. If the guild is paid by the State on the basis of its numbers, there is danger that the guild instead of constantly striving to improve its methods of production, will tend to stereotype them, and cling to antiquated and inefficient machinery and processes. If the pay of the guilds is to come from the State, the State must exercise some control over the industry not merely occasionally in determining inter-guild relations, but constantly, and on all matters affecting the efficiency of production. In short, the management of the industry must be by a kind of federal arrangement between the State and the guild. The board of direction must consist of representatives both of the State and the guild, and this joint board must itself be ultimately responsible to a chamber, representative of the whole community.

The authors of these ideal commonwealths have not thought out their plans with anything approaching completeness of detail, and it would be easy for a destructive critic to point out ten thousand difficulties in the way of their realization. But to an observer of social movements, the interest of these several schemes does not depend on the question whether they will ever be practicable. To all who have been interested in the great issue between capitalism and Socialism, the rise of these new schemes is a phenomenon of the most eloquent significance. It is significant, in the first place, of the fact that Socialism is now palpably a lost cause, a forlorn hope. The driving force behind the Socialist movement has always been the discontent of the proletariat with their subjection to the control of the capitalist class. The goal of Socialism has been the transfer of the ownership and control of the means of production from the hands of the capitalists to the hands of the State. It was thought that with such a transfer must come the emancipation of labor from the domination of capital. But when the attainment of the goal came within view, labor recoiled. It became evident that notwithstanding all the supposed safeguards of democratic election, State control might be no improvement on capitalist control. The first signs of the reaction were shown by the State employees in France, and Syndicalism was born.

In spite of misgivings the movement towards Socialism might have continued to press forward, if State ownership had remained the only alternative offered to capitalist ownership. The attractive alternative of Syndicalism, however, served to turn the eyes of the workers in a fresh direction, and Socialism ceased to hold the undivided allegiance of the class-conscious proletariat. Under the test of sustained criticism, Syndicalism has shown itself to possess elements of vitality, for Guild Socialism and Economic Federalism are merely modifications of Syndicalism. At the present time State Socialism is more and more falling into disrepute, whilst Syndicalist ideas are gaining in favor. Whether the present tendencies will continue their course, or whether they will be checked, is a question which only the future can determine; but it is not likely that State Socialism will ever again appeal as an ideal system to the proletarian imagination.

The supersession of Socialism brings no solace to the champion of things as they are. Indeed it is one of the most significant features of the present situation, that disillusionment about Socialism has led to no disposition for a reconciliation with capitalism.

By capitalism I mean the present system of the concentration of productive property in the hands of a small class, with the mass of the people working for the profit and under the direction of the owning class. The legislative regulation of capitalism, protecting the workers from the harsher evils of their proletarian condition, is the policy now favored by a sympathetic upper class desirous of bettering the lot of the poor, without sacrificing their own position of privilege and power. This is the policy generally dignified by the title of practical social reform, which has ousted the old policy of *laissez faire.* It has been pursued for over forty years, and though it may have made social conditions objectively better than they were, it has certainly not led to any diminution of discontent among the working masses. There is no reason to think that this ameliorative policy will be any more successful in producing contentment under capitalism in the future. In all industrial countries there has been in recent years an enormous and unprecedented output of social legislation; yet "labor unrest" remains as acute now as ever. Do not these facts suggest that to make our social system tolerable to the mass of the workers, some fundamental changes are needed? The system of capitalism has not had a very long history as yet; but whenever and wherever it has been in existence, there has been chronic discontent and a state resembling class war. Is it possible that such a system can continue indefinitely? The friends of the established order can derive but little comfort from the divisions in the ranks of its enemies; for divisions among revolutionaries lessen only their constructive powers, not their destructive force.

The man who is contented with capitalism and is satisfied that the present régime will survive all attacks against it, will think it unprofitable to spend time studying the proposals of the various forms of Socialism and Syndicalism. But the man who sees that far-reaching changes in our social structure are not only possible, but also necessary, will find much that is illuminating and suggestive in the several schemes of social reconstruction that have been adumbrated in this article. It will be noted that these schemes have each in common the characteristic of seeking to substitute some form of collective property in place of individual ownership. Herein lies their common weakness, for, as Mr. Hilaire Belloc says, the only hope for the restoration of a free and stable society lies not in the abolition of private property, but in its wider distribution among as many individuals and families as possible.

VOX MYSTICA.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE REV. PHILIP RIVERS PATER, SQUIRE AND PRIEST, 1834–1909.

BY ROGER PATER.

II.

THE PERSECUTION CHALICE.

ALL next morning the old squire-priest was occupied with his estate agent, and, except during Mass and breakfast, I did not even see him. However, his work was finished by lunch time, and the agent, who had stayed to that meal, left the house as soon as it was over to catch his train. We both came to the door to see him off, and, when the dog-cart had passed out of the courtyard, the old priest walked, leaning on my arm, to the end of the upper terrace. Here there was an arbor of clipped yew trees, with a seat which looked out across the formal garden, and over the lower terrace to the park beyond. The day was warm and bright, and the whole place wore an air of peace and quiet, so restful that we sat in silence for a minute or two enjoying the beauty of the scene.

"I have had your stories of last night in my head ever since," I said at length, "and I have a theory to offer if you care to hear it."

"Please go on," he said with an air of interest, and, after a moment's thought, I began again.

"You said, I think, that one of the points which seemed to you most unaccountable, was the long time that elapsed in both cases between the time of the death and the moment when you heard the voice which warned you of it?"

"Yes," he answered, "that is, to me, one of the strangest features of the whole affair."

"Well, that is the point my theory explains," said I; "of course I don't expect you to agree with it, but this is my idea: If the voice, or message, or whatever we call it, had occurred at the moment of death, you would be inclined to attribute it to the dying man; your brother Oswald in the first case and your father in the second, would you not?"

"Certainly," he answered.

"Very well then," I continued, "I think it follows that, as

the occurrence took place so many hours after the moment of death, the motive force which started the telepathic current—which sent the message, if you prefer to put it so—must have been someone else; someone who was intent on communicating with you at the precise moment when you heard the voice."

"That certainly sounds very plausible," he acknowledged, "but who could it have been?"

"In the first instance I think it was your principal, the head of the firm to whom your father had wired, asking him to break the news to you. He received the telegram before leaving his office, and not knowing where you were, was concentrating all his thoughts on how to communicate with you. This concentration of mind, I suggest, produced the words you heard in the theatre."

"That is certainly very ingenious," he admitted, "and I must own I never thought of such an explanation before. But how about the second case, does your theory fit that one as perfectly?"

"Well, no," I acknowledged, "I don't see that it does. Unless by chance the boy who brought the telegram had seen it in the post office, and guessed that the words really understated the truth. But it is foolish of me to theorize so soon; you promised to give me some more examples of the phenomenon, would you care to do so now?"

"By all means," said he, "I will tell you another occurrence of the kind; it happened several years after the cases you have heard already. As you know, I was ordained priest in Rome, and returned here soon afterwards. It was delightful to be home again after spending several years out of England; but one thing I felt dreadfully, and that was the absence of all the externals of Catholicism. Even now it is bad enough in a little country place like this, but forty years ago things were much worse; and after the splendid functions of Rome—Rome before 1870 you recollect—I soon found myself longing to see a High Mass, and hear the liturgy chanted once again. Well, this longing grew upon me so much that I determined to spend Christmas away from home, either abroad or at some religious house in England, and eventually I arranged to go to Faversham."

"I think you told me the other day that you have never been there?" I shook my head, and the old man continued.

"Then I must tell you a little about the place first of all, to make the rest of my story clear. Faversham is a Benedictine Abbey, though it was only a Priory at the date of which I am

speaking. The community have only been established in their present home since the French Revolution. Until then, from the foundation of the monastery somewhere in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the monks were settled at Arras in Flanders. The English Benedictines, as I expect you know, trace their origin back without a break to pre-Reformation times, and the Faversham community always obtained enough vocations from their school to keep the monastery exclusively English, until at last a return to England became possible. Now, during the Reign of Terror, the good monks at Arras were arrested and put in prison. They were monks and they were English, which was reason enough I suppose; but, although they remained in prison nearly two years, they were never brought to trial, and when Robespierre fell they were soon set free and allowed to retire to England.

"During their two years in prison, the community kept up their regular life as far as possible under the circumstances, and by some means—probably by bribing the guards—they managed to smuggle in to prison with them a chalice, altar stone, and missal, with a set of vestments and everything absolutely essential for celebrating the divine mysteries. Then on the Sundays and great festivals through all the period of the Terror, they rose soon after midnight, covered the windows with their straw mattresses, and one of the number said Mass and gave communion to the others. On their retirement to England, they brought the chalice with them; you can see it in their sacristy to-day.

"To Faversham then I traveled a few days before Christmas, and the quiet peaceful surroundings formed a perfect preparation for the great festival. The country was new to me then, and though the monastery is less than two miles from a small town on the edge of a great coal mining district, in the other direction there lie great open moors, where you may wander for hours without meeting a single human being. In those days the beautiful abbey church was only partly built, and I used to say Mass in a little chapel above the north cloister. Nowadays this chapel looks down into the south choir aisle, but at that time the arches were closed with a wooden partition, as the choir had not yet been begun. Indeed the transepts were the only part of the church that was finished, and my chapel was reached by a spiral staircase in one corner of the south transept, which also communicated with the organ loft. I have to give you these details because they affect the story later on; the important point is, first, that my chapel was accessible only by

the spiral staircase from the south transept, and, second, that its northern wall was pierced with arches closed at that time with a wooden partition, beyond which was the open air, as the choir was not yet built. I hope that is clear. The third day of my stay was the Vigil of Christmas, and when I came in from my walk that afternoon, I found the sacristan busy laying out vestments and making preparations for the feast day.

" 'The Prior has decided to have midnight Mass this year,' he said to me, as I came into the sacristy to offer my help in his work.

" 'But don't you always have it on Christmas night?' I asked with some surprise.

" 'Well, we always used to,' he answered, 'but four years ago a Protestant agitator worked up the miners at Bursdon, and the mob announced their intention of coming to wreck the church if we had a Mass at midnight. I don't believe anything would have happened, but the police were anxious about it, and persuaded the Prior not to have one, and we have gone without it for three years now. However, the excitement seems quite forgotten by this time, and we are going to begin having it again.'

" 'I'm glad of that,' I said, 'you know this is my first Christmas as a priest, and I should have been sorry to miss midnight Mass. Am I to say my three Masses in the chapel upstairs as usual?'

" 'O yes, please,' he answered, 'I have got the bailiff's son to come and serve you, he will be here at seven o'clock. By the way would you mind laying out your own vestments, as the Brothers have so much to do? I will give you a chalice now, it will be quite safe upstairs; no one will go there before to-morrow morning.'

" Of course I said I would do what he asked, and he opened the safe and took out a chalice.

" 'I thought you might like to use the Persecution Chalice,' said he, 'you know its history, don't you?'

" 'I'm afraid I don't,' I answered, 'but from the name I should guess it is one that was used in England during the penal times.'

" 'Oh, no, not that at all,' he said, 'it was—,' but just at that moment the bell rang for Vespers, and my good friend hurriedly excused himself saying, 'I'll tell you the story later.'

" I took the chalice upstairs to my chapel, and made it ready with the three large altar breads. Then after laying out the vestments, I came down to the church just as Vespers had begun. Supper followed Vespers, and, soon afterwards, I went to my room

and lay down, so as to get some sleep before eleven o'clock, when the Matins for Christmas were to begin, the High Mass following at a few minutes after midnight. Neither then nor later did I give a thought to the chalice, nor to the story I was to hear about it. Indeed the whole affair was driven out of my mind by the beautiful liturgy of the Christmas Mass and Office.

"After the midnight services I went to bed as usual, and was called by the lay brother a little after six o'clock. I got up, dressed, made my preparation for Mass, and opened my window wider before going downstairs. As I did so I noticed how perfectly still it was. There had been a little frost in the night but no snow, and the silence was absolute. I stood at the window for perhaps half a minute; the bleat of a far away sheep suddenly broke the silence, and then it closed down again, almost oppressive in its stillness. When I got to my chapel I found the bailiff's boy waiting for me, so I vested at once, and began my first Christmas Mass. Besides the server and myself, there was no one else in the chapel.

"Just after the Offertory, when I had washed my fingers and was bowing down for the prayer before the *Orate fratres,* I noticed a sound far away outside the monastery. It was only a momentary distraction, and I paid no real attention to it, but went on to say the Secret and the Preface. At the *Sanctus* the boy rang the bell as usual, though there was no congregation. As I commenced the Canon I heard the sound again. It was somewhere to the north of the buildings; quite a long distance away, I thought, but certainly nearer and louder than it had been. Try as I might to ignore the distraction, I could not help wondering what it could be.

"As the consecration approached I forgot all about it, but no sooner had I risen again after the elevation of the chalice than it forced itself on my notice once more. There was no doubt whatever, the sound was much nearer, and now it seemed to me like a number of people shouting. 'Like a crowd at a football match,' I thought to myself, adding mentally, 'it can't be that, whatever it is.' Then, all at once, I remembered what the Father Sacristan had said about the threat of the miners at Bursdon. Perhaps that was the explanation. They had heard about the midnight Mass, and were coming to wreck the church as they had promised!

"The theory seemed only too probable, for the noise was now quite close at hand, and it was unquestionably the howling of an angry mob. I began to wonder what I ought to do if they did actually break into the church before I had finished the Mass. 'If a

church catches fire,' I said to myself, 'the *Rubricæ generales* order the priest to proceed at once to the communion, and end the Mass directly after that.' I determined to do the same. By this time the noise was almost upon us; it seemed as if the rioters were coming quickly up the road leading from the gatehouse to the church. I could distinguish the different tone and pitch of many voices, some high, some deep, but could not catch any of the words. Even in my anxiety this struck me as odd, 'It is just like a mob in a foreign country,' I thought, 'I can't make out a word they say.'

"However, in spite of my alarm I stuck to my Mass, determined to go straight to the communion if the mob attacked the church. I thought to myself, 'they won't come here at once, for no one would guess there is a chapel up that little spiral stair.' The shouting was almost at the door by now, and I had just said the *Agnus Dei,* when suddenly the whole noise stopped abruptly. I could not imagine what had happened, but the relief was immense. I finished the Mass, and as no further disturbance came, I went on and said the other two Masses. Not a sign did my rioters make. I felt thoroughly mystified about the whole affair, and began to doubt if my theory of a Protestant mob could be the true explanation, so I called to my server as he was leaving the chapel after covering up the altar.

"'What did you make of that extraordinary noise during the first Mass?' I asked him.

"'What noise, Father?' he answered, to my utter amazement.

"'Why, that shouting or cheering, or whatever it was,' I said, 'you must have heard it. It began soon after the Offertory, and went on almost up to the communion.'

"'I didn't notice any noise, Father,' said the boy; 'who would be shouting or cheering so early on Christmas morning?'

"'Oh, well,' I said, as carelessly as I could manage, 'perhaps it was my fancy; but thank you very much for coming to serve Mass for me,' and I went to my *prie-dieu.*

"Still wondering what the true explanation could be, I finished my thanksgiving, and went down to the refectory. A number of the community were already seated, and a few minutes later my friend; the Father Sacristan, came in and sat beside me at the guest table.

"'By the way,' he said, after some minutes conversation, 'I never finished telling you about the Persecution Chalice which you used this morning. Do you know it never struck me before, but,

as you said, the name suggests a chalice used in England during the penal times, while it really refers to something quite different. That chalice is the one which our fathers smuggled into prison with them during the French Revolution; you must remember my telling you how they managed to take in a whole set of things for Mass, and how they celebrated it at intervals during all the Reign of Terror.'

" 'Of course I remember it,' I said, for light was beginning to dawn upon me, 'and was that the identical chalice which I used this morning?'

" 'That is it,' he answered, 'we don't often use it now, unless someone wishes to do so out of devotion. There cannot be many chalices in existence with so strange a history.'

" 'I should think not,' I answered, 'it was a most daring thing to do. I wonder what would have happened to the good monks if they had been caught saying Mass?'

" 'No difficulty in guessing that,' he answered, 'the guillotine for the whole number. You know the story goes that they were nearly caught on one occasion.'

" 'Indeed,' said I, 'you did not tell me about that; how did it happen?'

" 'It was on Christmas morning,' he answered, 'and the Mass was being celebrated by the youngest priest in the community. He had been ordained only a few months before they were sent to prison, and it was his first Christmas Mass. I suppose he took longer than an older priest would have done, and the story goes, too, that the monk whose turn it was to watch and wake the rest, had gone to sleep, so that they began much later than had been intended. Anyway, before the Mass was half finished, a loud shouting was heard in the distance, which gradually came nearer and nearer to the prison, and finally stopped just at the very gates. Some luckless aristocrat had been caught trying to fly the country, and the howling rabble were bringing him back for execution. They say the young priest was seized with fear, and could hardly go on with the Mass, but the saintly old Prior came up and said to him, " Proceed, my son, they will not come in hither, the Lord is mindful of them that serve Him." And in fact the Mass was finished without discovery, though the mob were howling in the courtyard below the windows before it was over. Little did they guess there was nothing but a straw pallet between themselves and God's most holy sacrifice!' "

RURAL CREDIT LEGISLATION.

BY GEORGE KEEN.

THE last one hundred and fifty years have witnessed a revolution in the methods of manufacture, and the means of transportation. Mechanical and power appliances have enormously increased the wealth of the world. Unfortunately the industrial revolution also involved a transfer of the profits of industry from the people who created them, to the owners of the machinery used as aids in production. The self-employing producer of manufactured goods of the eighteenth century has, as the result of the economic developments in the meantime, become a hired worker. Out of this have arisen most of our modern social problems, and the prevailing industrial unrest. It is unfortunate that at the inception of the mechanical age, economic and sociological knowledge was not as exact and as extensive as it is to-day, and the political rights of the people as fully enjoyed and exercised as they are at the present time in most countries in the civilized world. Had economic and social science been as generally studied and appreciated then as it is now, it is probable that with the growth of the system equity in the enjoyment of the fruits of labor would, by careful State regulation and voluntary association, have been insured, by conserving to the producer the profits and control of his industry, and making capital the wage earner. Thereby we should have avoided the extremes of rich and poor, alike undesirable from the viewpoint of the moral welfare of the people.

While mechanical inventions and the application of various types of power to modern industry are assigned as the cause of the success achieved, the same would have been impossible, were it not for the fact that manufacturing and transportation industries and commercial and financial organizations have been found easily capable of corporate ownership, and legally and safely chargeable as security for the investment of borrowed capital. It has been found possible for people directing and controlling corporate industries to sell and market easily portions of their undertakings in shares, to borrow on debentures and bonds, and to obtain on unsecured loans of various kinds, capital wherewith to finance the pur-

chase of expensive machinery and large quantities of raw material, to hire labor, and to carry considerable amounts in book debts, all arising out of modern methods of industry. Collective production, transportation, and distribution have also involved the collective financing thereof.

Agriculture has not, in the past, lent itself so readily to corporate ownership and the methods of financing above mentioned. Individual ownership still prevails. The agriculturist, as in the case of the self-employing individual manufacturer of the eighteenth century, finances his own labor and markets its produce. In this respect he has, on the whole, a great advantage over the producing wage earner engaged in factories, mills, and mines. Nevertheless, the conditions of agriculture are also rapidly changing. While security for capital is not therein as fluid or as easily marketed as in other enterprises, the capital outlay necessary for successful operation has been steadily advancing for years past, owing to the increase in land values—or rather land prices, for increases are frequently the result of competition for possession only, and are not represented by intrinsic improvements—and the necessity of purchasing more expensive machinery and implements, and other and similar causes. The fluidity of corporation created securities, as distinguished from the immobility of farm securities, has caused the gravitation of a large portion of the savings of agriculture to finance other industries, instead of being retained for farm land development.

These circumstances are important contributing causes to the rural depopulation, the increase in the cost of food produce, and the disturbance of the industrial equilibrium involved in the gravitation with agricultural capital of food producers to cities and towns to become food consumers. Unless, by coöperative enterprise, steps are taken scientifically to organize and finance agriculture, it seems probable that capitalistic methods which have operated so successfully, and yet so injuriously to the people, in other departments of industry, will be applied to agriculture also. A shortage of food must increase the cost of transportation and the production of manufactured goods, reducing profits, and leaving unemployed a considerable portion of the capital at present invested therein. The displaced capital will, eventually, seek employment where shortage of production exists and profits are consequently high, thereby, as in other lines of human endeavor, tending to convert the individual farmer into a wage earner. It is thought

by many that corporate ownership of agricultural undertakings is impossible. Nothing is impossible to the owners of capital unemployable elsewhere, when the conditions are such as to provide adequate profits in a new and unexploited field.

The problem of agricultural finance has become acute on this continent, and it was the occasion of the appointment last year of a United States Commission to Europe to investigate agricultural credit there. The Commission may be said, broadly, to have investigated three types of credit and various modifications thereof. They are (1) the Raiffeisen Credit Unions; (2) the Schulze-Delitzch Societies; (3) the Landschaften or Land Banks. The two first named are, primarily, personal credit or short term loan institutions. The Landschaften and kindred organizations are long term and mortgage banks. Many thousands of banking institutions representing the three forms, or their basic principles, are spread over continental Europe, and the personal credit type is developing in Britain and Ireland also. They have done much to stimulate agriculture, and add to the material comfort and moral welfare of the people engaged therein in the old world.

It was in the famine years of 1846-7 that Friedrich Wilhelm Raiffeisen, burgomaster in the barren Westerwald, Germany, when the impoverished land cultivators needed money badly to finance their labor, suggested to them that what they failed to accomplish individually they might do collectively, by coöperating to charge the credit responsibility of all to borrow money for the individual productive needs of each.

The fundamental principle in the constitution of the Raiffeisen Credit Unions or Societies is the unlimited liability of all the members for the obligations created by the organization. This, of course, involves a very careful selection of members, character being the determining factor. To achieve this object the district from which members of each union are drawn, is kept as small as successful operation will permit. It is essential that the borrowing members should be personally and intimately known to the members of the committees making and supervising the loans. To protect the members against loss, there is not only the management committee, but a council of supervision which watches the loans made, and periodically audits the accounts. The borrowing member has to disclose in his application the purpose for which the loan is required, and care is taken to see that, if granted, it is so applied. It is the practice not to lend except for productive purposes, such as

the purchase of cattle, implements, seed, etc. The terms of repayment are usually based upon the time necessary to enable the borrower to make the same out of the profits of the transaction. The Raiffeisen Credit Unions aim to improve the condition, material and moral, of their members, and they have contributed greatly thereto. The committees of management and supervision work without remuneration. The organizations being intended, primarily, for mutual accommodation, the net profits are conscientiously carried to an indivisible fund belonging to the society as a whole, thereby making its credit-worthiness, the subject it deals in, unimpeachable. The small individual societies federate to form central banks, which, however, are limited in liability by shares owned by the individual societies. Such central banks act as clearing houses, taking the surplus funds of societies having an excess of deposits, and granting accommodation to societies where the legitimate requirements of the locality are greater than the available funds. The central banks pay a fixed and moderate dividend on the share capital, and also apply the profit surplus to reserve. They issue debentures for indefinite periods, as well as receive deposits. The funds are not only applied for the accommodation of individual societies federated with the central banks, but loans are granted to coöperative productive societies and central business organizations of a coöperative character, and for other purposes not inconsistent with the general principles of the coöperative credit bank system. It is sometimes claimed that notwithstanding the immense proportions to which the Raiffeisen system has been developed in Europe, no losses have been made. This is, perhaps, too sweeping an assertion. The probability is that where the principles of the movement have been faithfully observed, losses, if made at all, have been infinitesimal.

People's banks on what is known as the Schulze-Delitzch plan were commenced by Judge Schulze of Delitzch, Germany, in 1850, and have also developed greatly in number and importance. They differ from the credit societies established on the Raiffeisen system, in the fact that they have share capital as to which the liability of members is limited, dividends being distributed thereon. Instead of unlimited liability, shares of a high nominal value are issued, payable by periodical instalments until the full amount has been subscribed. The operations are not localized as in the case of the other system. The majority of the banks of this type are urban, and meet the needs of handicraftsmen, small employers of labor,

and merchants in a humble way of business, rather than the farming community.

The third system mentioned, the Landschaften and kindred institutions, is distinguished from the other two by the fact that it is designed to provide loans on mortgage of land instead of personal security. The advances meet requirements of a permanent nature, instead of satisfying a temporary need. The Landschaft or Land Bank was suggested to Frederick the Great by Büring in 1767. Its original purpose was to provide machinery whereby the land owners of a particular district might escape the necessity of borrowing money directly from individual lenders. In Germany alone there are now twenty-three Landschaften, or associations of borrowers, with outstanding loans amounting to $850,000,000.00. The prevailing interest rate is three and one-half to four per cent, plus an administration charge of one-fourth to one-half per cent, but, as the equivalent in bonds instead of cash is given to the borrower in exchange for the mortgage created by him, and the bonds are realized on the open market at such prices as are current, and frequently below par, and the borrower consequently may receive less than the mortgage obligation, the interest rate is really often higher than appears on the face of the mortgage.

The United States Commission has, in its report, given priority to the mortgage or long term loan system over the personal or short term type. On its behalf a bill has been introduced in Congress by Senator Fletcher to provide for the "establishment, operation, and supervision of a national farm land bank system in the United States of America, for the creation of depositories for postal savings and other public funds, and for other purposes." Therein it is provided that a Commissioner of Farm Land Banks, appointed under the proposed statute, shall prepare and publish amortization tables, covering periods from six to thirty-five years, at varying rates of interest to meet the requirements of the banks organized thereunder. Such banks must have a minimum capital of ten thousand dollars, and consist of not less than ten persons. People organizing land banks have the right of election to transact business on the usual capitalistic plan, or on coöperative principles. In coöperative institutions no shareholder can hold more than ten per cent of the share-capital at any time, and one vote only is permitted to each shareholder, irrespective of the quantity of stock he holds. Dividend on such stock shall be computed at the rate of interest ruling in the district, and shall not exceed the legal rate of interest

in the State where the bank is situated, the balance of net earnings being distributed among the patrons in proportion to the business transacted by each with the bank. Ownership, control, and participation of profits in capitalistic institutions will, however, be on the usual lines. Both classes of banks have the right to accept deposits from the public to an amount not exceeding fifty per cent of the paid up capital and surplus; to receive postal savings on similar terms, and upon the conditions required from other banks, and to make loans on farm lands anywhere within the State in which the bank is situated for terms not exceeding thirty-five years, secured by first mortgage or first deed of trust on farm lands. It is further provided that such loans shall not exceed fifty per cent of the value of improved lands, and forty per cent in other cases, the same to be determined by appraisal. The bill further provides "that every such farm land loan contain a mandatory provision for the amortization of such loan," that is to say, "by the reduction of the same by annual or semi-annual payments on account of principal," but it is provided that the loan must extend over a period exceeding five years. It is presumed that the clause refers to a farm land "mortgage." It is difficult to see how a "loan" can contain a mandatory provision. This surely relates to a covenant in the mortgage granted in exchange for the loan, and the clause appears to need correction to remove the ambiguity. Every borrower has the right to pay off the loan, wholly or in part, subsequent to the expiration of five years, when the amortization, or periodical small, equal payments on account of principal, shall be credited to him as at the time the same were made.

To provide the contemplated land banks with the necessary funds to loan on such amortized mortgages, power is granted to them to issue, sell, and trade in their own collateral trust bonds, secured by the deposit or hypothecation of mortgages of equivalent face value. An important provision is that the rate of interest on such farm land loans shall not exceed the rate of interest paid on the bonds by more than one per cent annually. Such one per cent must cover all charges of administration, including, apparently, the cost of placing the bonds with the public. In other words, the gross profit of the bank between the price at which it borrows on bonds and loans on mortgages, shall not exceed the rate mentioned. If the one per cent appropriation is found inadequate the bill, apparently, becomes inoperative. That it will be inadequate, at least for some years, is probable, because the banks will be newly organ-

ized, and the investing public need considerable education in the quality and convenience of the security tendered. The marketing of the bonds may, consequently, involve much and expensive selling energy, the cost of which will possibly exceed, until the securities become popular, the total appropriation intended to cover not only commission on bond selling, but bank administration and profit charges also. It would be more practicable, until a land mortgage bond market has been sufficiently cultivated, to authorize the banks to deduct the necessary selling commission from the mortgage principal, such commission not to exceed an amount to be fixed, from time to time, by the Land Bank Commissioner. In the alternative, the option might be given to the borrower, as is the case in some European land banks, of accepting bonds instead of cash, leaving him to market the same by his own labor, or at his own expense. Even though it cost as much as five per cent, the same spread over a long term, ranging from six to thirty-five years, would be inconsiderable, whereas the convenience of the long period of re-payment, by small instalments, of the mortgage principal, and the rate of interest being lower than the local competitive price for money, would justify the borrower assuming the obligation.

The bonds of the bank will be issued for a long term, but will be liable to retirement at par at the option of the bank at any interest period by such proper notice or advertisement as the Commissioner of Farm Banks may provide. It is sought to protect the security of the bonds from impairment by the hypothecation of mortgages of equivalent face value, the same being held under the joint control of the bank and a federal fiduciary agent nominated by the Land Bank Commissioner. The fiduciary agent is required to see to it that the outstanding bonds do not at any time exceed the mortgages held as security therefor. The capital, surplus, and deposits may be used by the bank for the purpose of holding mortgages for temporary purposes, or purchasing its own bonds, to the extent of fifty per cent of the total of such capital, surplus, and deposit funds. Every farm land bank is organized with power to create bonds to the extent of fifteen times its capital and accumulated surplus, so that the security given by stockholders in the banks to the bondholders is a negligible quantity. The periodical payments of principal, made with the interest, must be sufficient to redeem the mortgage in full at the due date.

A most important feature, and one upon which the integrity and the successful marketing of bonds—the means whereby the funds

are to be made available for mortgages—will principally depend, is the question of accurate appraising of land values. The bill provides for an appraisement committee consisting of three directors of the bank. Even the obligation of appraisal is not personal to the members of such committees for their duty, by the terms of the bill, is " to appraise or *cause* to be appraised," and report on the value of real estate offered as security for loans. Reports of appraisement must be in writing, signed by a majority of the committee, and be filed and preserved with the other papers relating to the loan.

As to the general tenor of the bill, it may be said that while Congress has power to enact legislation, it cannot legislate the people into the entertainment of the true coöperative spirit, nor into the possession of an adequate supply of funds at an interest rate suitable to them. The one is the result of systematic and continuous education in coöperative principles and the development of individual character; the other is determined by the question of the demand and supply of money, and the adequacy of the security offered therefor. The United States Commission admits that the basis of success of the credit bank systems of Europe is the entertainment and manifestation of the coöperative spirit on the part of the people concerned in their ownership and operation. In default of this spirit, it is proposed to provide legislative machinery for the capitalistic exploitation of the financial needs of the farmers of the United States. Even as to the coöperative alternative, sufficient guarantees are not furnished that the " National Farm Land Banks Coöperative " will be coöperative in fact as well as in name. Under this bill, exploitation of the word " coöperative " will be quite possible. Ten members of one family, or ten business associates, may start a "National Farm Land Bank Coöperative" by subscribing one thousand dollars each, whereupon they will be authorized to sell land bonds and attract deposits as a coöperative institution. It will, too, be possible for enterprising adventurers to organize a " Land Bank Coöperative " by a vigorous stock-selling campaign, and, as evidence of their good faith, they may establish in the minds of prospective purchasers of stock that they are true coöperators, because the federal law has expressly given them permission to use the title, the right being denied by statute to non-coöperative institutions. It is true that the democratic principle of one stockholder, one vote, is provided for, but there is no denial of the right to vote by proxy, nor is there any limitation of the area within which members of coöperative banks shall be recruited. To insure the coöperative

character of banks incorporated as "coöperative," it is absolutely essential that stockholders shall be required, if they wish to vote, to attend meetings in person, and that the place of the same be so convenient to the general body of members that they will be able personally to attend, take part in the deliberations, and vote at very little expense and loss of time to themselves. Stock-selling campaigns conducted by bank promoters over a wide area, will mean that the "coöperative" bank will be dominated by the promoters and the officials they appoint, and that, while its profit surplus is by law required to be equitably distributed among the patrons of the bank, the purpose may be defeated by the promoters and officials granting to themselves the profits in salaries and fees.

While it would appear no public purpose will be served by facilitating the capitalistic organization of land banks, it is extremely doubtful, even if the bill were enacted in its present form, that it would have any practical effect. Because the land banks in Europe organized on the amortized mortgage and bond-selling plans are successful, it is assumed that the principle can be applied with equal advantage on this continent. Sufficient importance is not attached to the difference of conditions. In Europe acreage is limited, the farms are small, and, by necessity, intensively cultivated and kept in a high state of fertilization. Europe has the surplus savings of centuries available as capital for immediate use, and, being relatively fully developed, its opportunities for employment as capital of such savings are not so numerous as in America. On this continent we have larger farms, a comparatively short national history within which surplus wealth could be accumulated, and, owing to the vast acreage of valuable land still uncultivated, the extensive mineral deposits as yet unworked, and the large immigrant population whose labor has to be financed, there is an ever-increasing avenue for the employment of the people's savings. Even on this continent we find that in agricultural districts which have been settled for a few generations, capital is relatively cheap and plentiful, and land high in price. The accumulated savings are available for loaning purposes, and interest rates are, consequently, low. In such districts land is usually high in price, not altogether because of intrinsic improvements made thereto, but in consequence of the competition for ownership caused by the higher average financial strength or land purchasing power of the people resident in the locality. In newly-settled districts land is free or low in price, and interest rates are high, owing to the fact that the purchasing and loaning power

is not fortified by years of surplus wealth created in the neighborhood. In the province of Ontario, Canada, for example, the normal rate of interest on farm mortgages is five per cent. In our newly-settled West, on similar and equally good security, the interest rate will range to double and more.

If these proposed land banks are to command a ready sale of their bonds at interest rates sufficiently low to be of advantage to borrowing farmers, the quality of the security at the back of the same must not only be absolutely unimpeachable, but the investing public everywhere must implicitly entertain that view. The bonds can only attract the most conservative investors, for, besides the necessity that interest rates should be low in order to be of value to farmers, is the additional fact that there is no speculative attraction in the bonds, unearned appreciation being excluded by the right of the bank to retire the bonds at par at any time. When knowledge of the integrity of the bonds is exclusively local, investors outside the locality cannot be expected to show any purchasing interest therein. If land bank bonds are to find a ready market where money is plentiful and available for investment at low rates on gilt edged security, it is essential that the security for the bonds should in some way be standardized. All that the bill under review proposes in that direction, is inspection of the banks and hypothecation of mortgages to an amount equal to the bond issue. Hypothecation alone is of limited value. It insures that under no circumstances shall the land mortgages available for the protection of the bonds be less in face value than the bonds outstanding, but it does not guarantee that any ten men who care to organize a bank will have the necessary business experience to conduct it properly, that they will be actuated by motives which are honest, will not discriminate in loans granted to suit their own private business interests, will have the necessary experience, or show due diligence to make correct appraisements of value, or that they will have the executive ability, or display the sustained energy necessary to protect the mortgaged lands from impairment in value during the currency of the long-term mortgages created thereon. These are factors as to which a person who resides, say, in New York, London, Paris, or Berlin investing in a land bank, say, in California, must be unreservedly assured, not only at the date of the purchase of the bond, but during the many years of its currency, before he can be expected to be satisfied that the security he holds for the money he has invested is unimpeachable.

While government guarantee for the bond issues of land banks in Europe is customary, and the United States Commission in its report[1] admits that "in every instance in Europe where government capital has been granted to establish mortgage credit, the results have been favorable to the agricultural interests of the nation," it declares "it is our opinion that such aid should not be extended to the United States." After stating that the farm property of the United States is computed to be worth $40,000,000,000.00, it continues, "surely this vast property whose value is as stable as the foundations of our government, is sufficient to attract capital in ample volume to improve and cultivate its area, without subvention from our government treasury." That is all very true, but the investor does not lend upon the land of the United States as a whole. His security is upon certain farm land mortgages held by privately organized institutions, a fact which imports, in the assessment of security values, the factors of character, business attention, judgment, and intelligence. The mind of no investor throughout the wide world requires satisfaction as to the prosperity and credit-responsibility of the United States, but the purchasers of bonds will demand that the adequacy of the specific security tendered to them in exchange for the loan of their money will be demonstrated. For money to flow freely in adequate volume, and at moderate rates of interest from quarters where there is a surplus to places, where there is an urgent need for its use, not the slightest doubt must exist as to the integrity of the investment. Subvention by way of government grant or loan is undesirable, but, under certain conditions, it would be in the interests of the food producers and consumers of the United States if the Federal or State governments would assist honest and industrious citizens, who are associating together in a spirit of fraternity, to help themselves and each other, by giving a Federal or State guarantee to investors, throughout the globe, that the securities offered by certain *bona fide* coöperative land banks under strict government supervision are beyond reproach.

It may be pointed out, for example, that the State of Minnesota, interested in the development of its territory, will know that its land is good, its citizens industrious and enterprising, its undertakings prosperous, and, through intimate acquaintance by periodical examination and supervision, that its coöperative banking institutions are soundly and honestly organized and conducted for the

[1] *Senate Document No. 380*, Art. ii., p. 22.

public advantage, and consequently that the adequacy of the securities offered by them cannot be successfully challenged. Home and foreign investors, resident outside the State, will know without any inquiry whatever that the government of Minnesota is good for any obligation it may enter into, while such investors at a distance might not consider for one moment the security offered by a land bank unguaranteed by the government. The Saskatchewan government, whose representatives accompanied the United States Commission to Europe, has, by recently enacted legislation, appreciated the difficulty of successfully marketing the bonds of a farm land mortgage bank, by extending the guarantee of the province thereto. It is significant, too, that while such statute provides for a maximum loan proportion to value of forty as against fifty per cent in the bill under review, the Saskatchewan act, notwithstanding, contemplates the possibility of impairment of farm land security by grouping borrowers in numbers of not less than ten, and charging upon the mortgage created by each member of the group, an additional contingent liability equal to one-half of the amount borrowed, as an indemnity against losses on sales of the mortgaged land of any one member of the group.

The coöperative movement in Europe, whether it takes the form of production, distribution, marketing or credit, cannot be reproduced on this continent by legislation. To achieve the manifest success enjoyed there, similar methods must be followed here. The individual must be taught the duty as well as the advantage of mutual self-help. To secure the interest and coöperation of the individual likely to be benefited, the personal credit system would, in my judgment, be the better one to develop in the first instance. While cheaper money is needed to buy land, the man who has, say, five thousand dollars in cash wherewith to purchase a ten thousand dollar farm, has at present available opportunities of borrowing the balance on such physical security. The man without money, but with useful labor to apply to land, is not, however, so fortunate, although the security he offers, if properly organized and marketed, is beyond question. The late John Pierpont Morgan said, on one occasion, that the best form of security was personal character, on which alone he had lent large sums of money. In this he but confirmed the universal experience on a much larger scale of coöperative credit banks. The most urgent need is the marketing of the character, intelligence, and energy of people anxious to work on land as security for the capital needed in the self-employment

of their labor. The personal credit societies on the Raiffeisen plan, or a suitable modification thereof, would conserve for agricultural development the agricultural savings which now gravitate to securities in other lines of industry, owing to their fluidity, and thus, as a natural sequence, denuding the land of its labor also. Such societies will provide the means with which people who have little or no money to finance their labor, will be able to engage in intensive cultivation. The small local societies would develop a community spirit, and create a sentiment in favor of, and provide the means whereby, coöperative production and marketing of farm produce might also be conducted. Such credit societies, as they grew in number and success, would federate in central banks. The central banks in a State would be few in number, sound in organization and character, and, consequently, easily capable of efficient government supervision. Being organized for the public good, and not for private profit, they would command public confidence. The central banks in each State might, therefore, be used for bond issuing and amortized mortgage purposes, with, if found necessary or advantageous, government guarantee. Any *special* legislation, either for long term or short term credit, which is not based upon coöperation through voluntary efforts, or public spirit through government organization and direction, or a combination of both, is likely to facilitate the extension to the ownership and cultivation of land those opportunities for capitalistic exploitation of property and human labor which have in the past operated so injuriously to the people in other lines of industry.

THE CHARIOT RACERS.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

THE circus season had just begun. The tents of the "Greatest Show on Earth," with their splashes of color, when seen from a distance, might have been likened to an encampment of a caravan of the desert, but the nearer view that disclosed the mammoth central pavilion suggested a Roman amphitheatre, a comparison borne out by the interior in the bold sweep of its vast ellipse. What though the performers who took part in the races and games were only pariahs, who scarce knew what Rome was in the days of her imperial glory, bohemian athletes and riders masquerading as classic youths, their brows bound with laurels! Nomads as they were, in the breast of one at least among them beat a heart as proud as the spirit of any patrician who ever wrote himself a friend of Cæsar.

A few weeks earlier, when Manuel Cevedra joined the troop, no one asked his history, for, in this motley company, it mattered not who or what a man had been, if only he could do well whatever he essayed to do. When word went around that another was engaged to succeed Jack Morton, popularly called "the Whirlwind," who had been killed by a fall from his chariot, there were shrugs of the shoulders and laments that certain feats would never again be equalled. But before long even the most loyal of poor Jack's friends grudgingly acknowledged that his work had been tame compared to the marvelous skill and courage of the new charioteer.

Cevedra was a Mexican, like the black-eyed señorita who also daily risked the maiming of her supple limbs and even her life in the chariot races.

Everyone in the troop, including Mademoiselle Clélie, the trapeze lady, and Judson the clown, supposed that Manuel and the señorita had never met before the present engagement. No one had remarked the charioteers when, for the first time, they encountered each other at the green curtain from beyond which the performers entered the arena.

Straight as an arrow, lithe, and with splendidly developed muscles, Manuel stood waiting for his horses to be delivered to him. At that moment, the señorita came out of the tent that served as the women's dressing room. Her robe was white and reached to her sandalled feet; her beautiful dark hair hung loose upon her shoulders, but was caught back from her face by a string of pearls, and above each of her small shell-like ears glowed a red rose.

"Mercedes!" he exclaimed in Spanish, "what are you doing here? How is it that *you* the *Alcade's* daughter, are posing as a circus queen, and leading the life of a wandering Arab without the liberty of choosing your associates? Why—"

"H'sh, someone will hear you," she interrupted, raising a warning finger. "A motherless girl is lonely on an isolated plantation. My father was stern; was it strange then that I ran away? I must live, and I know only the mastery of horses. Many a time have I remembered that to your teaching, Manuel, I owe my skill in riding and driving. Now, teacher and pupil are pitted against each other. Señor, do your best."

The gay challenge was all the attendant heard as he came up with the horses. The señorita stepped into her gilded chariot, gathered the reins into her firm hands, and spoke to the four sleek-limbed, white-coated animals that had given her fame, and between whom and herself there seemed a subtle understanding and sympathy. The next moment the race began.

It soon became an accepted fact among the troop that Cevedra was madly in love with his handsome compatriot and rival in the great daily contest. Sometimes he actually permitted her to forge ahead and win. Judson, the clown, opined this to be according to orders; but Mademoiselle Clélie persisted that it was simply because of his infatuation.

One evening, as the charioteers entered the ring, Manuel, turning to look at the señorita, as he always did, noticed that, for once, she appeared nervous.

"Mercedes, what is wrong?" he anxiously asked.

"Oh, I am tired of this wild life," she cried with sudden petulance, "tired of this mad drive around the course; and the worst is, the horses know it. My beauties and I are not one in heart and spirit as we used to be. Once in a while they chafe under my hand. I fear, Manuel, that sometime there may come a moment when I shall not be able to control them."

Cevedra laughed incredulously. *"Carissima mia,"* he said,

leaning toward her, "you have worked too hard. I have money saved. Be my wife, and I will take you away where you can rest."

Just then the clown dropped the handkerchief that was the signal for the start, and the chariots were off like the wind. Mercedes had forgotten her nervousness, and the excitement was as glorious to both the charioteers as was the breath of life to the highly-bred animals they drove. Manuel's black Arabians dashed forward with the ardor that knows no flagging, and the beautiful white steeds of the woman kept with them neck to neck.

Around the great ellipse they coursed; the spectators rose to their feet; the men applauded vigorously, the women waved their fans and programmes. Mercedes no longer had a sense of fatigue; her heart was set upon victory. Cevedra, for his part, felt that to suffer himself to be vanquished to-night would be to lose Mercedes. Suddenly, however, a chill of terror passed over him who had never before known fear. What Mercedes had dreaded was happening. The white horses were dashing on blindly now. The girl stood in her chariot, rigid as a statue, clinging to the reins with a grasp like death, but powerless to manage the maddened beasts. Would they dash into the serried ranks of humanity that crowded the tent, almost in a solid mass, from the ground to the line just under the canvas eaves?

The people quickly perceived their own danger. In this emergency orchestra chairs were less desirable than the plank benches where the small boys sat, on the top row, dangling their legs amid the darkness under the staging. Now the men shouted at the frightened animals, crazing them the more; the women, divided between fears for their own safety and horror at the plight of the woman in the chariot, distractedly wept. In all the throng there was, apparently, only one individual who did not lose his head, and this was Manuel Cevedra.

The white horses had communicated their fright to his Arabians, but the magnetism of his hand upon the reins stayed the impetuous rush of his own steeds. Another moment, and he had leaped from his chariot, and snatched for the bridle of one of the runaways. Providentially he caught it, but was dragged along in imminent peril of his life. Hanging on with determined courage, nevertheless, he presently caused the brute to lose something of its speed, a slackening that was communicated to its running mates. By this time several grooms had run out and, at last,

through the combined efforts of Manuel and these attendants, the white horses were brought to a halt. But Cevedra did not hear the cheers of the throng as he dragged from the chariot the woman he loved, and carried her, fainting in his arms, beyond the green curtain.

A few days later, Manuel took Mercedes, his bride, to a little village among the hills, where the villagers grew to know them only as "foreign folk," and no one dreamed that the quiet couple who appeared so happy by themselves were a circus king and queen. The holiday was sweet, but Manuel could not afford to continue to live in idleness. With renewed strength, a restlessness for the old life came, also, to Mercedes. Thus, the next season found them again with the troop, but as riders only; the chariot races were discontinued for the nonce. Cevedra and Mercedes had not been back long, however, when the trapeze lady made a discovery.

"Juan the acrobat seeks the company of Manuel's wife, and there is going to be trouble," she cackled to the clown with a shrill laugh, in which Judson promptly joined.

The next act in the life drama of the charioteers promised to be even more exciting than the runaway in the arena, for the watchers soon found food for their gossip.

One evening Mademoiselle Clélie waylaid Manuel in the early part of the performance. "Look," she said, lightly touching his arm and nodding her peroxide head toward a corner near the entrance to the tent that served as the women's green room.

Cevedra shook off her jewelled fingers, but his eyes wandered in the direction she indicated, and his brow suddenly darkened. For there apart stood Mercedes in her graceful white robe, bound by its golden girdle, and with roses in her hair. What though the gold was alloy, the roses were paper, and even the glow on her cheeks was deepened by grease paint? She made a beautiful picture, yet he muttered an oath as he gazed. For with her was Juan, the acrobat, a third Mexican who had recently joined the troop—Juan who, in his gleaming suit of silver, now seemed to Manuel like a glittering serpent, the tempter who had entered his paradise.

"I knew you would never believe unless you saw for yourself," whispered the meddler at his side.

Manuel turned and would have struck the trapeze performer, but she fled, frightened at what she had done. Drawing back into the shadow, he watched his wife and the man, whom he would fain

have killed then and there. Juan was, evidently, urging Mercedes to fly with him. She recoiled and hesitated. Falling upon one knee he pleaded still. She smiled; seizing her hand he kissed it, and looking up into her face, swore eternal fealty to her.

Oh, it was as pretty a pantomime as was ever enacted, Manuel thought with cold rage, and then he recalled his own first meeting with the girl, he, the overseer, who had dared to love the Alcade's daughter, and had been discharged for his presumption. He was spared the agony of witnessing any further demonstration on the part of those upon whom he spied, for the call bell sounded, a boy came in search of the acrobat, whose turn on the programme was almost reached, and Mercedes vanished behind the canvas of the women's tent.

Never had Cevedra ridden as he did that night. Mercedes seemed to share his recklessness. Never had they made such a race. Yet, when Manuel won his wife appeared glad. His first resolve had been to upbraid her for her faithlessness. On second thought, he decided to say nothing until he should "make assurance doubly sure." Then—. He pulled his poniard from his belt, and plucking a hair from his head, drew it across the blade. The edge was keen. Satisfied, he slipped the weapon again into its sheath.

Several days passed. Manuel kept a strict guard over Mercedes, and they raced together at every performance. Nothing untoward happened. He began almost to feel that what he had seen had been an illusion, an evil dream. Then, although he was not conscious of having relaxed his vigilance in any degree, one morning the queen of riders was gone. Juan the acrobat had also disappeared from the troop. Mercedes had outwitted Cevedra after all, and left not a word or sign by which he could trace her. Like a madman he railed at his own stupidity in permitting himself to be so easily duped. By evening he was really ill with a high temperature and strange fancies, which he put into words involuntarily and with increasing incoherence.

"An attack of malarial fever, probably induced by the habit that governs the circus world of riding through the country from town to town at night," said the hastily summoned physician. "This, together with the excitement of the life, is apt, sooner or later, to play havoc with the strongest constitution."

The sick man was taken to a hospital and the troop traveled on. The next three weeks were almost a blank to Manuel, but he had

a notion that, sometimes, his ravings were soothed by a patient little Sister of Charity, who bent over his cot, whispering softly: "Forgive, as you hope for God's forgiveness."

Someone else came too, a priest who, in the scenes conjured up by the patient's delirium, seemed to step out of the sanctuary of the church in the city of Mexico where Manuel had worshipped as a boy. When Cevedra was convalescent the priest came again, and to him Manuel confessed with the faith and penitence of his boyhood.

When the charioteer was fully recovered and about to leave the hospital, he said to his gentle, cheerful little nurse:

"Ah, Sister, how I wish I could give you something to show my gratitude to you for your devoted care."

"Do not thank me; what I have done is nothing," she replied sweetly. "Yet there is one thing belonging to you which I have waited until now to return to you. If you wish to leave it with me as a gift, I admit I will gladly accept it." Thereupon, she flashed before his astonished gaze the poniard he had worn for years. "The design upon the handle is exquisite and the pattern of the embroidered sheath so exceedingly quaint," she continued critically examining the golden and silver threads.

Manuel understood the ruse.

"Keep the dagger, Sister," he said, "and may God bless you for your kindness to a wanderer."

Cevedra's illness had cost him his position with the great circus. The following season he was forced by circumstances to engage with a smaller "show," whose route lay through the Southern States, and from Texas across the border into Mexico, the land of the cacti and of many revolutions. The day after the troop reached one of the chief Mexican towns, the manager, coming to the charioteer, said: "I have engaged a horsewoman of extraordinary skill to join you in the chariot race."

At the words a picture arose before Manuel's mind, a vision of a beautiful girl who, evening after evening, had been wont to drive abreast with him, almost to the end of the race, and whose dauntless spirit sometimes even urged her horses to a fleetness that honestly outstripped the splendid animals he drove. He sighed under his breath, and then, as other thoughts crowded upon him, his brow grew sullen.

"A *woman?* I will not race against a woman," he broke out hotly.

"If you do not, I shall think it is because you fear to match your skill with hers," the manager replied, and walked away smiling. He knew that his taunt had settled the matter.

Manuel did not meet the woman who was to race against him until both drove into the ring from different entrances, an arrangement calculated to render the effect of their appearance upon the course particularly imposing. Hitherto, whenever he had come upon the scene, standing erect in his gilded chariot and driving his four fine horses, the round of applause by which he was always greeted, had never failed to elate him. To-night, however, as the "*evivas*" swept down from the uppermost benches of the amphitheatre to the edge of the arena, like an incoming tide upon the seashore, he hardly responded by so much as an inclination of his head to the ovation that was usually so gratifying to his self-esteem. For his eyes were fixed, like those of a somnambulist, upon the slight figure in the chariot that approached him.

Was he going mad, as he so often feared would happen? Who was this woman in the white robe of a Roman maiden, this girl with red roses in her hair? God in heaven, this could be none other than Mercedes herself! Involuntarily his hand went to his belt for his dagger. With an ejaculation of impatience, he remembered that he had refrained from replacing the weapon asked as a gift by his nurse at the hospital.

As the woman in the other chariot confronted him, she too stared wildly as if, in turn, she saw in him a spectre arisen from the past. The smile died upon her lips, and Manuel felt that, but for the painted flush upon her cheeks, she would have been as pale as death. Yes it was Mercedes. As they drew up the chariots side by side and reined in their horses, he looked her full in the face. But now she had recovered her poise, and her eyes did not quail before his gaze.

"Diavolo!" he muttered under his breath. A tumult of rage surged in his heart, but above the storm he seemed to hear the soft voice that had whispered beside his hospital cot, "Forgive, as you hope for God's forgiveness!"

The race began. Cevedra, with the folly of desperation, lashes his horses until, overwrought with excitement, they rushed onward as blindly as if they had never known curb nor driver. Two thousand impetuous Mexicans yelled themselves hoarse as they watched the contest. The woman at first showed a splendid daring, and surpassed even her old skill as she managed the four beautiful bays that

she drove. But, after the first lap, the utter recklessness of her antagonist appalled her, and she tried to end the race. The highly-bred animals that she sought to check had caught the mad contagion from their lawless rivals, however, and, presently, as on the occasion when a threatened catastrophe had linked her life with Manuel's, again her horses were running away. Cevedra need only give them a wide course, and his wounded honor would be avenged. A fierce realization of this fact possessed his mind.

"The woman! The woman!" The cry re-echoed from all sides.

"Forgive, as you hope for God's forgiveness!" The words rang through his thoughts with insistent force.

Suddenly his heart gave a bound; unaccountably to himself his jealousy, hatred and anger died down like a fire that is momentarily subdued. It was not merely his intuitive chivalry that was challenged, the natural impulse of a normal man to snatch a fellow-being from danger, to save a weak and helpless woman from being dashed or trampled to death. Even in that swift ordeal he was conscious of another motive.

Was he going to let *his wife* be killed before his eyes? Notwithstanding her abandonment of him, was not Mercedes the one woman whom he had sworn to protect above all others, whom he had taken for better or worse, to love and cherish during all his life? Because she was guilty, would he be guiltless if he now left her to the fate which, in the first instant, he had savagely told himself was a judgment from God for her faithlessness?

As the runaways passed he lurched in his chariot, and reached out to grasp the bridle of the nearest horse, but without avail. Like a rushing wind the terrified animals tore around the track. Once more they approached him. Cevedra leaped to the ground, and sprang for the chariot wherein the woman hung powerless. Providentially he gained it, caught the reins to which her hands still clung, and pulled so hard at the mouths of the bays that gradually their mad speed slackened, and they finally yielded to his skill. Just as he had mastered them, however, one of the animals stumbled and fell, hurling their conqueror over his head.

After his great fight, Manuel lay motionless upon the course, and the plaudits of the spectators quickly changed to noisy demonstrations of grief.

"The prince of charioteers is dead," lamented the crowd of Mexicans and gringos.

Men leaped over the ropes that divided the track from the throng, and raising the inanimate form, carried it to the performers' tent. But Cevedra was not dead. His head bore a frightful gash, yet, after a few days, the surgeons gave hope that he might live to ride and drive again in the ring.

And the woman? During this second illness, Manuel sometimes fancied that it was Mercedes who leaned over his cot and ministered to him. When he was well on the way to recovery, this apparent delusion proved a reality. One day, his wife came and knelt before him. She was more beautiful than ever, but white and weary, like one who has lost sleep for many nights.

"Go away! Go away!" he cried with harshness.

"Manuel, forgive me," she besought brokenly.

He turned away his head.

"Where is Juan, the acrobat?" he demanded.

The woman sprang to her feet. "Juan the acrobat," she repeated in amazement, and with an indignation equal to his own. "How should I know?"

"Has he so soon deserted you?" Cevedra persisted with a sneer.

"Manuel, is this one of your sick fancies?" Mercedes replied with dignity, "or do you know what you are saying? The acrobat brought me a message from my father, who felt that he was dying, and begged to see me before the end. 'If she hesitates, kneel to her and plead with her to come!' such was his order to the messenger. And the man obeyed, entreating me to go when I, distraught between the opposing forces of my love for you and my duty to my father, was in an agony of indecision. There was no friendship between you and the Alcade, and when I realized that I must go, I feared to tell you, lest you might attempt to deter me. So I went without informing you. I traveled to Mexico with the wife and children of a government official. They knew me only as the daughter of a planter, whose *hacienda* was not far from their own. They never dreamed that I had any connection with a circus. I wrote you several letters, Manuel, and when no answer came, I thought you were so angry with me for stealing away that you would not forgive me. There are many who can tell you that I cared for my father until his death, and afterwards continued to live in my old home until it was sold to pay his debts. Then I joined this company, for I had no money. Until now I did not know that Juan the acrobat left the troop at the same time that I

disappeared. I am astounded that anyone supposed I ran away with him."

For a few moments Manuel lay quiet. Mercedes' voice, her eyes, and the ingenious expression of her face all bore witness that she spoke the truth. Through a mist of tears he saw that the unfaithfulness with which he had, in his heart, daily charged her, had been only a fabrication of his jealousy. Raising his arms he clasped them about the neck of his wife and, drawing her down to him, kissed her with the ardor of his old love, saying, "I never received the letters; but, Mercedes, if we had only been frank with each other, how much suffering we both might have been spared. Let us go back to the little village among the hills, and begin our life together over again, *carissima mia.*"

AVE MARIA.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

LADY, thy soldier I would be.
This day I choose thy shield,
And go, thrice-armored for the fight,
Forth to the world's wide field.

There I shall meet the dark allies,
The Flesh, the Fiend, the World,
And fiercely shall their darts of fire
Upon my heart be hurled.

But I will raise thy buckler strong
Betwixt me and the foe,
And, with the Spirit's flaming sword,
Shall give them blow for blow.

Lady, thy sailor I would be.
This day I sign my name
To sail the high seas of the earth
For glory of thy fame.

The tempest may besiege my bark,
The pirate lie in wait:
The perils of the monstrous deep
May tempt o'erwhelming fate:

Yet, wheresoe'r my ship may steer
Upon the waters wide,
Thy name shall be my compass sure,
Thy star my midnight guide.

Thy poet, Lady, I would be
To sing thy peerless praise;
Thy loyal bard, I'd bring to thee
Heart-music from all lays.

Soft melody, outpoured in June
By God's dear feathered throng,
Would mingle with the organ's roll
To glorify my song;

And Dante's voice and Petrarch's strain,
And Milton's matchless line,
Would lend to my poor minstrel note
A harmony divine.

Lady, I choose to be thy son;
For Mother thee I choose:
O for thy sweet and holy Child,
Do not my claim refuse!

Alone and motherless am I:
Tho' strong, I long for rest—
The thunder of the world's applause
Is not a mother's breast.

Ave Maria! Shield us all.
Thy sons we choose to be.
Mother of Grace, we raise our hearts
Our hearts, our love to thee!

KIKUYU AND THE ANGLO-ROMAN PARTY.

BY A. H. NANKIVELL.

IT seems just now that the troubles of the Church of England will never end. The controversy about Invocation of Saints followed hard upon the loss of Caldey, and before one could estimate the probable results of the intervention of the Bishop of London, the Kikuyu crisis and the letter of the Bishop of Zanzibar had turned all men's thoughts in a new direction. At first sight these successive events seemed to be a mere haphazard collocation of misfortunes, but when they are studied more closely they are found to stand in a real living relation to each other. Hitherto the Church of England has shown itself powerless to resist the invasion of movements and parties quite uncongenial to itself; it has been, as one has said, "in a state of mental chaos," "proven guilty of double-mindedness," unable either to assimilate or to reject the teaching that has passed current as its own. But it would seem now that as the inevitable day of disestablishment draws nearer, a certain dim instinct has awakened within the body corporate, which is trying to give expression to some intelligible idea, and to exclude what is fundamentally inconsistent with itself. At any rate not only is each party considering in a new light its relations to other parties, and trying to define what it can tolerate, and what is incompatible with its own abiding in the Church, but the chief officer of the Establishment, a man of great astuteness and practical wisdom, is evidently feeling his way cautiously in the direction of the definite exclusion of a certain body of men from that over-comprehensive communion of which he may be called the centre of unity.

To consider the matter, first of all, from the point of view of the principal parties in the Church. The Evangelicals have apparently no hope of being anything but a party in the future, and that a small one. This is perhaps the reason of much in its public life that one would have thought quite inconsistent with its general principles. Its Erastianism and its real "Low Churchism," as opposed to the Evangelicalism which was its better mood, has perplexed and alienated many who were in sympathy with its un-

worldly and independent spirit. This party is affected by the present situation in more ways than one. For first it begins to feel in many ways the pressure of the High Church movement as it spreads among the devout laity. People who attend celebrations in old-fashioned Anglican churches without receiving holy communion, who genuflect and make the sign of the cross, and generally behave in a "Popish" manner, do cause very real offence and distress to both minister and people, especially in the country where there is usually no choice of churches. And in many gatherings of the clergy it is no longer the High Churchman who feels himself out of it, or who is regarded as the heretic. It is indeed no wonder that the Dean of Canterbury has been moved to adopt the phrase of Newman about "an insolent and aggressive faction," and to apply it to those who are making his position in the Church of his fathers so difficult to maintain. The truth is that a considerable body of the advanced High Churchmen no longer care to leave room in the Episcopal Church for the ordinary type of Evangelical. It is felt that on any theory of orthodoxy, they are outside the pale.

It is the reality and seriousness of this attack on their position that has made the Evangelicals so amazingly indifferent to the aggressions of the Broad Church party. For the most characteristic feature of the Anglican body, since the publication of *Lux Mundi* some twenty-five years ago, has been the extraordinary development of the Broad Church party, or to put it in another way, the triumph of modernism. Undermined by the teachings of the Swiss Protestant Godet, whose writings have been regarded in England as orthodox works of the highest value, neither High nor Low Church has had the skill and knowledge to withstand the encroachments of modern unbelief. Only a small minority in both parties, and particularly among the Romanizing school, have been alive to the real issues at stake. But now that the modernists have come out into the open, it is evident that they are claiming a toleration for the vaguest theistic ideas, which must be fatal to any claim on behalf of the Church to be a teacher of definite truth. And such a toleration will not be conceded without a struggle.

With the High Churchmen the position is somewhat different. The majority would seem to take much less seriously their claim to be Catholic members of a Catholic Church than they did some years ago. Many who formerly used quite different language,

now openly confess themselves to be Protestants, and acknowledge in their hearts that to be Catholic is to be Roman. But the grievous thing is that their allegiance has been shaken, not only or specially to the doctrines which were merely characteristic of their party, but to the Bible and the creeds. On the other hand, there is a small section of the party which takes itself quite seriously, and is determined to put its claim to the proof by acting as if it were true. It lacks the advantage of perfect unanimity, for while one authority is demanding to know what *Ecclesia Anglicana* stands for, another denies that such a unit exists at all. But there are hopeful signs that the policy of make-believe no longer satisfies, and that there is a growing desire to bring the whole matter to a definite issue, and compel the Establishment to declare its mind.

Thus the main drift of parties in England is in the direction of a clearer definition of the aims and ideals of the Protestant Church. On the other hand, the Archbishop of Canterbury is by position and temperament the exponent of a different position. It is his duty, as it has been the duty of his predecessors, to check the development of any tendencies which may imperil the Establishment, and produce a collision between the clergy and the English people. The normal balance of parties must therefore be maintained, and concessions must be made from time to time by one or another to the needs or prejudices of the rest. The time has not yet come when any one of the great parties can be ejected, to make the Church more homogeneous and uncompromising. But at the same time he has always seen that the claim of any faction to make the Church speak clearly in its own sense, is one which is quite inconsistent with the maintenance of the present compromise. Those who seriously make such a demand, are violating the conditions on which alone a National Church can be maintained. And, therefore, those who attempt such a direct disturbance of the balance of power must be made to yield or go.

In the first place, then, the Roman party has been for some time marked out for destruction. Its very existence has long been a menace to the Establishment. Only the difficulty of finding a suitable test question by which to differentiate it from the main body of the High Church party, has averted the blow for so long. The Caldey crisis gave some indications of the lines on which the attack might advantageously proceed. And we may expect to hear in the future that there will be no toleration for devotions or doctrines which "cannot be justified on any other than a strictly

Papal basis of authority." But the real ground of exclusion will not be its Romanism, but its final inability to accept the compromise. For the Establishment is still in England a political arrangement, and those who are hostile to it will have to quit.

It is obvious that from this point of view, few events could have been more fortunate for the Archbishop of Canterbury than the action taken by the Bishop of Zanzibar. For, first of all, he is a bishop, and so a suitable person to make a decisive example of. And, second, he is only a colonial bishop, and has never been a beneficed clergyman, and so his secession, if it should come to that, will not create too serious a crisis. It is not likely, on the face of it, that the troubles of an African mission will lead to a dangerous rupture at home. And, third, he raises all the questions which form the principal issues between the Anglo-Roman party and the guardians of the compromise, for the questions relating to the Holy See are not yet ripe for public treatment. He demands that the Church of England shall give a definite judgment about (1) modernism; (2) episcopacy; and (3) Invocation of Saints.

First. The Bishop of Zanzibar draws emphatic attention to a book called *Foundations,* published by seven Oxford men last year, "as a contribution towards the reconciliation of religious belief with modern thought." He understands from the preface that the book is admittedly tentative, but that it is supposed to contain no theological position so inconsistent with the teaching of the Church of England that a minister could not lawfully accept it. In the Bishop of Zanzibar's words:

> The book.... *permits* priests to believe and teach..... (a) that the Old Testament is the record of the religious experiences of holy men.....some of whom wrote the..... books in order to show how, in their view, God acted in circumstances that quite possibly, and in many cases probably, never existed.
>
> (b) That the Christ's historic life opens with His baptism, at which He suddenly realized a vocation to be the last of the Jewish prophets.
>
> (c) That Christ did not come into the world to die for us; but having come, He died because of the circumstances of the case.
>
> (d) That Christ was mistaken in what He taught about His Second Advent, thinking that the world would not outlast St. John.

(e) That therefore he did not found a Church, nor ordain sacraments.

(f) That His Body has gone to corruption.

(g) That there is no Authority in the Church beyond the corporate witness of the Saints, many of whom are now unknown, to the spiritual and moral value of the Christian religion.

Thus it is allowed by the seven to any priest to deny the trustworthiness of the Bible, the Authority of the Church, and the Infallibility of Christ.

It is fair to remind ourselves that the authors do not claim that these views are finally true, but only that they are a reasonable view of the facts as known to us. But we must also take note that the publication of these views has not aroused the resentment of the High Church party as a whole, and that they are apparently regarded as the expression of moderate modernism, as contrasted with the more extreme forms found elsewhere, both within and without the Establishment. And then the bishop justly asks, "What is the prospect of a missionary Church whose clergy is recruited in the very dioceses of which these men, and others like them, are the trusted theologians?"

The second incident to which the Bishop of Zanzibar draws attention, is the Conference of Protestant Missions with the Church Missionary Society at Kikuyu, in June, 1913. Of this we shall speak briefly, for the facts are known to all. The Low Church bishops of Mombasa and Uganda realized very keenly the difficult position in which the small Protestant missions were placed in the face of a united Mohammedanism, on the one hand, and a united Catholicism on the other. They considered, not unreasonably, that the ultimate objective of the missionaries ought to be the formation of a single native Protestant Church, formed by the fusion of the different Protestant missions. And subject to the assent of the parent bodies at home, they agreed on a common policy, including the recognition of common membership between the federated churches. After the resolutions embodying their proposals had been carried, the Bishop of Mombasa celebrated the communion, according to the Anglican rite, in a Presbyterian Church, and the delegates of the other sects were permitted to receive the sacrament.

The third incident to which the Bishop of Zanzibar appeals as proving his contention that the Anglican Church at the present mo-

ment, and in its present frame of mind, is quite unfit to preach the Gospel to the heathen, is found in the fact that the Bishop of St. Alban's, to whom the Zanzibar letter is addressed, has recently inhibited a clergyman from ministering in his diocese for the offence of invoking our Blessed Lady and "two other saints" in a church in his diocese. It appears that a society of clergy and laity has been recently formed to federate "Anglo-Catholics," and to advocate a forward policy in the direction of what is called "Catholic faith and practice" in the National Church, by those persons who regard their separation from the Holy See as a temporary misfortune to be borne with impatience, and not at all as a subject for devout thanksgiving. This society, which is nothing if not audacious, christened itself "The Catholic League," and held its first anniversary at a place called Corringham in Essex. It is currently reported that the programme included the *Salve Regina* and the Litany of Loreto, and other devotions to which the Anglican episcopate are quite unaccustomed, and unfortunately a spy provided the bishop with a copy of the service. He neither dared nor wished to pass it over; on the contrary, he took severe disciplinary measures against Dr. Langford James, the president of the society, and other persons concerned, and even unfrocked a lay reader. Finally, he sent a circular letter of warning and protest to the bishops of the Provinces of Canterbury and York.

Now the Anglican episcopate has been manifestly uneasy on this subject of Invocation of Saints, since the publication of *The English Hymnal* in 1906. The book contains some modern hymns to our Blessed Lady and the Saints by Anglican authors, besides translations of the *Ave maris stella* and other well-known Catholic hymns. The book came from a quarter with which the authorities were not at all anxious to come into collision, and beyond a formal prohibition of its use, which was ineffective, no immediate action was taken, but it was felt very keenly that a backhand blow had been aimed at the compromise by men who ought to have been loyal. And ever since then a large section of the official Church has been waiting for a convenient occasion to recover the ground which it was felt had been lost. And so we may understand that when the Corringham scandal was brought to the notice of the authorities, those who had been pressing for some decided action, were quite clear in their own minds that the enemy was delivered into their hands. The sudden and quite unexpected support given by the Bishop of London at the Church Congress to the innovating party

altered the whole situation; and one can only guess at what lay behind that move.

Now of these three questions, modernism, episcopacy, and the Invocation of Saints, the first is unquestionably the most important, if not the most urgent, and the Bishop of Zanzibar has already announced since his return to England, that he does not intend to let it be lost sight of. It is, indeed, most vital, for while a Protestant non-sacramental religion leaves out a great part of the Gospel message, the religion of the modernists is not really a Christian religion at all. The modernist says in effect that the Christian ideas are noble, but the Christian facts are incredible, therefore let us abandon the message, and keep the ideas, if we can. But the old-fashioned Protestant replies with the Catholic, "if the facts are not true, we are of all men most miserable!" And in his fight for the truth of the Gospel the Bishop of Zanzibar is sure of the support of a great number of Christians of many different schools of thought, both within and without the National Church.

On the other hand, it is not doubtful that the archbishop will do everything in his power to prevent any such question being raised, and he will receive large support in that endeavor from the ranks of the High Church party. That is plain enough already, from his entire silence on the subject, and from the line taken by *The Church Times* and *The Guardian*. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Bishop of Zanzibar has no press. The High Church papers and reviews will give him no help in trying to bring the modernists to book. And it is not obvious how he can insist on the issue being raised, when so many influential persons are interested in burking the question. The universities are in the hands of the New Learning, and it is the boast of the Anglican modernists, well-founded or not, that they have captured most of the theological colleges. Something no doubt will have to be done to satisfy the Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of London. But it need not be very much. Perhaps the Houses of Convocation will make some suitable and reassuring reply to the anxious clergy, who are drawing up memorials and signing petitions. But it is not likely that anyone will have to go on this account, least of all the very prudent persons who are responsible for *Foundations*.

The question of episcopacy and "open communion" with Dissenters presents more practical difficulty. If the High Church party had not been going to pieces since 1896, the verdict would be no doubt that however excusable were the proceedings at Kikuyu, the

"historic episcopate" must be loyally maintained. The details involved would naturally be left in part to the good sense of the bishops concerned. But at the present juncture it is far more probable that the deciding authority will sanction some measure of definite intercommunion between the Episcopal Church and the "other branches of the Church of Christ," which are associated with it in the mission field. The archbishop did not use the phrase we have just quoted as an empty courtesy, and he is not lacking in initiative; he is a man who can "take occasion by the hand, and make the bounds of freedom wider yet," and the opportunity to prepare the way for a reconciliation between his Church and the Nonconformists will never be better than it is to-day. The Bishop of Zanzibar is maintaining an unpopular position; the great bulk of the English people regard his protest with unconcealed impatience, and the High Church press has hastened to announce beforehand its readiness to accept a compromise; what is there to hinder an arrangement which shall pave the way for the ultimate removal of the barriers that divide the Protestant Episcopalian from his Presbyterian brother? In other words, the advance must be so cautious that the Bishop of Oxford, and those who think with him, will not be compelled to retire. But the form in which the questions have been stated by the bishops concerned almost preclude such a disaster. They are given as follows in the Bishop of Zanzibar's letter of February 18, 1914:

> (1) The proposal for admitting members of Protestant bodies to Holy Communion.
>
> (2) The possible admission of Churchmen to Communion in Protestant bodies' churches.
>
> (3) The proposal for admitting ministers of Protestant bodies to the pulpit of the church.
>
> (4) Federation with any body that does not practise infant baptism.
>
> (5) The omission of any explanation that the one United Native Church, when it comes, will be fully episcopal, and will therefore provide: (a) confirmation for all; (b) absolution, after private confession, in declaratory form, for such as desire it.
>
> (6) The omission of the Athanasian Creed as a ground of common belief, and therefore of federation.

When these points are considered carefully and separately

in the light of the past practice of the Established Church of England, and the present practice of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in the United States and in Ireland, it is hard to see how any of them can be made vital questions, except perhaps the fourth. It is evident then that however desirous certain members of the home episcopate may be to make a stand while there is something left to stand for, they will find the utmost difficulty in resisting the conclusion that the Anglican tradition is too vague and uncertain to help them here. And yet we shall make a mistake if we reckon that Englishmen will be bound by the strict logic of the situation. The bishops concerned will feel, if they do not say, that the general effect of all these concessions taken together is a very different thing from the result of any one taken separately and treated as an isolated incident. And there are a great many persons, both clergy and laity, scattered all over the country, who are in a state of extreme anxiety and discontent. They are for the most part not at all ripe for reconciliation with the Mother of Saints, but they feel very acutely that the religion in which they were brought up is passing away, and will be no more seen. And if anyone can rally and organize these scattered units and weld them into a living whole, the archbishop will find that the history of a nation is something more than a matter of clever calculation.

The question of Invocation of Saints is practically much more difficult of settlement than either of these. A decision in favor of the practice is indeed not to be looked for; we can hardly say that it has been asked. All that the Bishop of Zanzibar has done, has been to protest against its threatened condemnation. He and his friends will be quite satisfied in the present state of the Protestant Church, if they can secure for themselves a quiet toleration, and reasonable liberty in extra-liturgical services. And there they have the advantage. The general disposition of the Anglican Church to tolerate almost any amount of religious eccentricity, provided it does not interfere with the liberty and comfort of others, will operate wholly in their favor. And it must be remembered that the modernists cannot logically oppose them here, holding as they do an almost Unitarian view of the Person of our Divine Lord. But while the opposition to this practice is distinctly weakening among various sections of Churchmen, the great bulk of the clergy and laity still regard it with the greatest disfavor, and would welcome a declaration that the twenty-second Article of Religion, which condemns "the Romish doctrine," is to be taken in its *prima*

facie sense. It stands to them for the most open and aggressive manifestation of the Roman spirit. And it is beyond all question a most potent weapon in the hands of those who wish to destroy the "insolent and aggressive faction." To refuse to condemn modernism, and to refuse to forbid open communion with Protestants of other denominations, will sorely try the faith of many. But to condemn the Invocation of Saints formally and unmistakably, will be the most effectual step that could be taken for the removal of those who are disloyal to the Anglican compromise.

There can be little doubt that the home episcopate were within an ace of agreeing to take some decisive action against the Romanizing party, when they were stayed for the moment by the Congress Sermon of the Bishop of London, preached at St. Luke's, Southampton, in September last. The bishop preached on the Communion of Saints, and discussed very fully the arguments of recent Anglican writers for and against invocation. In the course of his sermon he said so much in support of the practice without actually giving it his own approval, and treated it so entirely as a matter on which two opinions might be held in the Anglican communion, that it was impossible at the time for the primate to proceed any further in the matter without courting disaster. Nor will it be easy for the Bishop of London to give effective support to his friends, if he does not see his way to come out frankly on their side.

But whatever course the Bishop of London may finally take, the future of the Church of England will lie in other hands. And here comes in the importance of the letter of the Bishop of Zanzibar. At present the primate is only concerned with the proceedings at Kikuyu and their consequences. But if he is compelled to take note of the protest against modernism, put forward in the Zanzibar letter, he must also concern himself with the question which has been raised respecting the Invocation of Saints. In that case he will not only be able to destroy the position of the Anglo-Romans, by condemning what they have received on what they are pleased to call "the tradition of the whole Church," but he will be completely protected against criticism from the Bishop of London or from any other quarter. He will stand before the public as one who has been exceedingly loath to interfere with any man's private belief, and who regrets more than he can say that his hand has been forced by the very persons whom he desired to shield.

Meanwhile the only motives which could have weighed with him in favor of a milder policy, will have ceased to operate. The

Bishop of Zanzibar has made demands which are not at all likely to be granted, and has made them as a condition of continued communion with Canterbury. He has in fact used a threat, and used it with the intention of carrying it out. It is useless to offer him a compromise, or to attempt to conciliate his truculent supporters. But if there is to be a schism, or at least a secession worth reckoning with, there is plainly nothing to be gained by leaving the position of the Church of England needlessly weak for want of definition.

We conclude then that the Bishop of Zanzibar will substantially lose his case on all three counts, whatever may be said and done to save his face. We believe that his defeat will be the more clear and decisive, because he is showing himself utterly unwilling to accept or even to appreciate the usual compromise. And without charging him with want of tact or skill in the conduct of his affair, we are of opinion that the course taken by him has in fact contributed not a little to the success of the policy of the Anglican episcopate. For this time the Romanizing party are taken in the net, and we do not believe that they will escape. And here we must return to Bishop Weston's words to realize what this means for him and for his friends. "If to Protestantize the world, and modernize the faith, be the works that she officially undertakes, *I for my part have no longer place or lot within her borders.* Let the *Ecclesia Anglicana* declare herself, *that we may know our fate.*"

To this must be added the very grave remonstrance of Bishop Gore of Oxford, who complained, in his letter to *The Times* of December 26th, that "the three sections of the Church are pursuing their own principles to a point where they become really intolerable to the main body of their fellow-members." And later on he adds, "I feel quite sure that to the great mass of High Churchmen such an open communion seems to involve principles so totally subversive of Catholic order and doctrine as to be strictly intolerable, *in the sense that they could not continue in a fellowship which required of them to tolerate the recurrence of such incidents.*" We have put these words in italics, because we do not think that their full significance is as yet at all appreciated either by Catholics or by Anglicans who have written on this matter. It is so out of all ordinary calculation that the Bishop of Oxford should hint at the mere possibility of withdrawal from the communion which he has served so well, that they have been treated as a mere picturesque expression of his extreme alarm and distress at the

recent proceedings. But the writer is too studiously moderate in his expressions to be guilty of saying "strictly intolerable" when he meant "hard to bear," he is much more the man to say "hard to bear" when he means "strictly intolerable." And the words of the Bishop of Oxford do very significantly echo the warnings of Dr. Weston of Zanzibar, all the more as he is evidently inclined to regret the uncompromising spirit which the latter has shown.

It is our considered opinion that the possibilities of the immediate future are more grave than the Archbishop of Canterbury appears to imagine. Time will show whether the letting out of water can be stayed at the moment that he wishes it to cease. But it would not be fair to leave the reader under any misapprehension of our meaning. We do not anticipate the return of the Bishop of Zanzibar to the Catholic Church at the present juncture, nor of any great number of his followers. Until the experiment of a High Church schism has been tried and failed, we do not believe that any large numbers of persons will find their way home. How the attempt to establish such an organization will affect the position of the Anglican body in other lands, we cannot now anticipate. But the possibilities of the next Lambeth Conference with a revised Book of Common Prayer and a divided episcopate for its consideration, form a fascinating study for the speculative mind.

HERB BORITH IN VAIN.

BY S. WALDRON CARNEY.

THE telephone message was short, and explained nothing; yet it was over ten years since I had actually seen Deluynes.

"Is that Doctor Robertson?"

"Yes, Doctor James Robertson. Who is speaking?"

"Armand Deluynes. Doctor, can you come to look me up to-night; same old place, 9341 Walnut?"

"To-night, Mr. Deluynes? Why, it's ten o'clock now, and I am pretty well fagged out. I'll call to-morrow. Didn't know you were back from Europe. Good night—"

"No, no, hold the phone," came the order from the other side, with its old compelling peremptoriness. "It is a professional matter, doctor, and I can't wait till to-morrow."

"All right, I'm leaving at once—be with you in fifteen minutes."

I made a few sleepy conjectures while the street cars bumped me Walnut-wise; chiefly I reviewed my years of friendship with Armand Deluynes, and vaguely marveled why he had, at that hour, summoned me, rather than any other physician; and I vaguely wondered what was the malady requiring instant treatment; that no indication had been given was, after all, not surprising, for telephone wires have neither delicacy nor discretion.

In our undergraduate days at Pennsylvania University, Deluynes had so fascinated my rather dull imagination, that I could have played Alfred Tennyson to his Arthur Hallam, happy in worshipping the idol I had fashioned. His picturesque person, his mystical temperament, his Latin grace of manner and a certain reserving of himself, were contradictions that wove complexities and lit a halo of romance about his baffling personality. The fact that he was a devout Roman Catholic, was another element of that "unusualness" that set him apart. To a physio-psychologist, he might have been an interesting study in heredities.

His father, Albert de Luynes (so they spelled the name in the South), was a Louisianian of an old French family, claiming de-

scent from a man who stands always as a splendid tragic figure on the stage of French history. After doffing his butternut gray, the war over, and the lost cause a spectre book or bell could not lay, Albert had drifted north to seek his fortune; but his fortune, so far from seeking him, skillfully evaded him, to his life's end, in every profession he essayed, and in each business venture he undertook. In fact, this elegant, simple-minded, brave son of the French planters, had no other scenic place in life than that of a rich, amiable, generous proprietor paternal to his slaves, and entirely delightful to his endless procession of guests. But fate which gave him no fortune, bestowed on him a wife. He was already over forty, and the woman, who was but twenty, and a most unlikely person in every way, was the blessing of his life. She was a Philadelphia Quakeress, brought up in that very stone house, 9341 Walnut, to which I was now hastening, sheltered from a profane world by pious parents who still clung to the old creed both in belief and in worship, dignified, benevolent, satisfied with their inheritance of a moderate fortune and an old-fashioned mansion. Euphemia was their only child and sole heir, yet they made no lasting opposition to a marriage which jarred their prejudices and deeply wounded their sensibilities. What manner of girl was this whose spiritual elevation ranked her with the "Holy Women chosen by the Spirit;" whose fair ascetic face would have served as model for St. Catherine of Siena or St. Clara of Assisi; whose sudden passion for the middle-aged Creole refused to hear reason, and only deepened with the years into a silent, protecting worship, more like a mother's love than a spouse's tenderness? The universe is full of mysteries to us, because we see effects and cannot perceive causes. May I call my friend Armand, son of such parents, an effect, acknowledging that causes stretched back, on one side, through generations of chivalrous Frenchmen courtly and Catholic, and on the other side through lines of English Quakers, thrifty, self-controlled, seeking God by an unwonted path.

Armand lost his mother when in his fifteenth year, and the bereavement was still shadowing his sensitive face when I first met him. With her peculiar conscientiousness she had so scrupulously observed the promises made at her marriage, that she herself had watched over his religious training; teaching him his Catechism every Sunday; aiding to prepare him for his First Communion; always guiding herself in his regard by the directions of his parish

authorities, the Jesuit Fathers at old St. Joseph's. And so, in faith and utter simplicity before God, she died in her own creed, and the priest, comforting son and father, did not hesitate to say:

"God takes His own, and we have no voice here, because He knows His own, and we know nothing."

Launched out on our careers, Armand and I had inevitably drifted far apart. He achieved a place of distinction at the Philadelphia bar, although the legal profession was not, assuredly, the line which I should have fancied his temperament would have found attractive. In my own ventures to make an opening as a physician in three Western towns, one after another, I had also compassed a reasonable measure of success, always aiming to return to the East when I could carry back with me experience and reputation. These had come to me at last, and I was back in Philadelphia. I knew that Deluynes had never married, and that the social world had talked much of a broken engagement which, the sentimentalists asserted, had clouded his life and had clouded his sun, and transformed his gay social graces to a calm gentle urbanity, which never repelled friends but never sought them. The lady had married an English baronet, and, gossip whispered, was paying a heavy price for her title. She lived much on the continent, her husband was seldom with her, and they were childless. It was also bruited that Deluynes had sometimes visited her, but in Italy only, where she spent much of the year. Moreover, I had learned for a certainty that after the death of his father, who passed away some twelve years before, Armand had withdrawn from the Catholic Church, but had joined no other denomination, and locked himself up into a reticence touching religion, as close as on all other personal subjects. What truth there might have been in these floating tales, however, I never knew nor do I know now, but I was naturally reviewing them as I bumped onward. Emotion stirred at the nearness to the interview, for I still had for him a sentiment apart from that I felt for other men. I had no justification for supposing that any adequate reciprocity bound him to me; I was a big heavy fellow, only equipped for the practical, and he was adorned for the ideal. But I always had the certainty that he relied on my dog-like rugged fidelity, which made no demands, but was just simply there when needed.

At half-past ten o'clock I was ringing the old-fashioned bell of the old-fashioned house. The door was opened, as I expected, by his faithful old colored servant, Théophile, who had been his

father's slave in ante-bellum days, and who would have resented the disreputable condition of belonging to nobody, and of classing with the "Free Darkies" of the North. But Théophile had never been brought into such social descents, for he remained first as the body servant of Mr. Albert Deluynes, and then of Mr. Armand Deluynes, whom he had carried in his arms as a babe, and who was the unique object of his worship. No "nigger dialect" had ever sullied Théophile's lips, and he held in frigid contempt the language of his Northern brethren of color, and the fiction which employed that medium as a humorous adjunct. His French was really excellent, for he had been a constant companion to his feudal suzerain, and his English was merely picturesque by its idioms and its foreign accent.

"Oh, Doctor Robertson! How that I am glad! It is to thank God!" he said softly, as he admitted me with his courteously profound salutation, and showed me into the little hall-reception room.

"I am delighted to see you again, Théophile. What seems to be the matter with Mr. Armand?"

"Neuralgia, M. le Docteur. Very evil species of neuralgia, face very bad on one side."

"Tooth perhaps? Has he seen a dentist?"

"No, M. le Docteur," and Théophile, always standing and bowing with each reply, hesitated and was evidently embarrassed. "May I to venture Dr. Robertson, not too hardy, not presume too much?"

"Certainly you may speak freely to me, Théophile, and I'll be glad to know all you can tell me before I go up to my patient. Sit down, Théophile."

"Excuse me, M. le Docteur, excuse me; it would not be possible," and he bent himself double in repudiating such a liberty. "Mr. Armand, you know, is changed, very changed these time. The joy of things is not any more."

"His father's death, some years back?"

"It may be. And, monsieur, it may not be, also. Who knows? There is something here," Théophile indicated dramatically his own interior.

"Dyspepsia? Cancer?"

"Oh, no! M. le Docteur! The heart, the soul! Shall I mistake? I carry him on my breast when he could only cry; no cry comes out now, but there is cry somewhere down there. He goes

to travel to make change, many countries, California, West Indies, Europe,— "

"You accompany him?"

"Never, Monsieur, never. I stay to preside affairs; me always to maintain the house and our dignity. But I see, yes, I see; not always I can understand. Lately, he was in Italy, and came back more mélancolique, but kind always. You are a heretic, M. le Docteur; pardon me, it is not your fault, but you see we are Catholique! Is it not? Well, many years Mr. Armand not go to church; that is not healthy neither. Now for three days; he keeps in his study, takes his meals there, eats less than bird. I bring salver back, full. I weep—yes, M. le Docteur—I who speak to you, Théophile! Neuralgia has him as prey—face bandaged. Neuralgia—does it ever come of cablegram, M. le Docteur? It seems to me that, yes. Cablegram—I think some death, somewhere, neuralgia, bandage."

"Nonsense, Théophile. Go straight upstairs and tell Mr. Armand that I am here."

As I strode up and down waiting, some linkings knitted conjecture into a shape. I vaguely recalled an obituary line in the *Ledger* of that week. Italy—yes, Florence—a titled Englishwoman of Philadelphian family—some old gossip, faded for me by lapse of time, took on color and—

"M. le Docteur, give yourself the trouble to ascend, if you please."

Théophile softly opened and shut the study door to usher me, but did not cross the threshold, and there was a mournful flap to his loyal old feet as I heard him slowly going back to his post.

The light in the studio was turned low. Our mutual hand grasp was hearty, and our greetings few of words were full in earnestness. It was a weird figure that stood before me. The black hair was heavily brushed with silver; the shoulders were heavy and drooping; out of a sallow face, prematurely lined and even furrowed, there looked forth the left eye only, dark and beautiful still, but not meeting mine directly. The other eye and the whole right side of the face were concealed by a very large cream-colored silk handkerchief, almost a scarf, firmly wound all about the head and knotted on the left side of the neck. After our first exchanges of old comradeship questions and answers, I plunged into professional business promptly, for it was late, and the man was evidently suffering.

"Neuralgia, Armand? *Tic douloureux?* Caries in teeth and jawbone?"

"No, Robertson; nothing of that kind. It is skin trouble, and until you can relieve it, I shall not go out of house. Doctor, I rely on your discretion as a physician; but I rely more yet on your secrecy as a friend. There is, on my right cheek, beginning above the chin and ending under the eye, a deep crimson stain, peculiar, irregular in outline, fiery red, not aching at any time, but occasionally tingling as if lightly scourged with nettles."

"Let me examine it." For he not only did not remove the scarf, but held his hand nervously over the affected spot. Before him on the table lay his large silver mounted hand mirror. He slowly unwrapped his face. I turned the gas on full, and looked. He shrank from the scrutiny. I lit another jet, and investigated carefully. I took indications for fever; there was no fever. I considered with keen anxiety, my hands behind my back, pacing the room in silent deliberation.

"How long since you perceived this—this crimson blotch?"

"Three days. It was there when I went to the glass in the morning."

"Had you slept well?"

"No."

"Just now, has it seemed to deepen or change? Look in your hand mirror and make sure."

He studied in the glass, with a kind of spectral horror haunting his haggard eyes.

"No," he responded. "It is just the same."

Another silence. He gazed into my own countenance with that appeal of despair that yet touches on hope.

"Doctor, I have bathed in hot water; in tepid water; in icy cold water—in vain. Through Théophile, who did not know what I was ordering, I have got from pharmacies every remedy, every cream or balm I could recall. In vain. Oh," and his voice became the wail of a soul in torment, "Oh, I seem to hear at every hour of the day and night, that awful sentence of the prophet Jeremias: "Though thou wash thyself with nitre, and multiply to thyself the herb borith, thou art stained in thine iniquity before me, saith the Lord God."

He covered his face with one hand; I sat down beside him and took the other. Hallucinations are a baffling study for every doctor. This man's right cheek bore not a trace of color; like the

rest of his skin, it was of a delicate pallor, now sallow from confinement and anxiety. But how was I to convince him of this? Still holding his hand, I rapidly reflected; I could boast but little Christian faith. At twenty I had broken the chains of Calvinism in which I had been trained, and now was left with only some sort of belief in God and prayer. I did pray: I implored God that it might be given me to speak the right, the helpful word.

"Armand Deluynes, you must pardon me if I step beyond my province. You are a Roman Catholic, and you know better than I the duties of your religion and the helps it offers. I think you believe in them." He did not answer. I continued: "A doctor of the body has no remedy here. Herb borith and nitre and all they stand for are vain. The diagnosis must be for the soul's physician."

He dropped my hand. And then I gave him the truth.

"I swear to you before God, Armand Deluynes, that the mark is on your conscience only, and that your cheek is spotless."

It was twelve o'clock that night when we parted. No confidence of his so much as hovered near any danger ground of the past. In all things he was chivalrous, generous, high bred. And no interrogatory of mine, assuredly, bordered on topics we shunned as men and gentlemen. I repeat again that I knew nothing then and know nothing now. But when I left him at the stroke of twelve, more distinctly than he perceived the tables and chairs in the room, he still saw the red brand on his right cheek.

It was seven years later that the Father Superior of Gethsemane, Kentucky, gave me so kind a welcome, in response to the letter wherein I asked a special permission.

"Brother Jeremias is coming in now from the fields, as you see in that line of lay brothers with their spades over their shoulders. Healthy, is he? Oh," and the good Father laughed so heartily that it cheered me to listen to such merriment in a Trappist monastery. "Healthy? My dear doctor, he could almost lift an ox! And as to his appetite, well, you shall see for yourself, so soon as he washes his face and hands and has time to get over to the guest house, for he is expecting you with affection and pleasure."

Then the Superior looked at me with a penetrating and significant gaze, as he added slowly: "Our excellent Brother Jeremias has told me that he owes his doctor a great debt. God will repay it at some time, and in some manner we cannot foretell now.

Among all our lay brothers, and many are holy men, I count Brother Jeremias as a saint. Ah, here he is!"

There indeed; the coarse garb of a Trappist lay brother clothing a form, stalwart, agile, and graceful even yet; the glow of the farm on both healthful cheeks, but in both dark eyes light enkindled from above—profound, serene, benignant, there he stood, my boyhood's ancient ideal.

The Father Superior withdrew at once. Our interview was not long, but it carried into my own mind many thoughts over which I am still pondering, whatever be their outcome. As we parted, he said with his own beautiful smile: "Robertson, nitre, herb borith are in vain. But Christ's atonement cleanses the reddest stain, for when they pierced His side, there came forth Blood and Water."

ON A FLYLEAF OF OMAR.

BY INA COOLBRITH.

Poet-Astronomer, who night by night
God's star-page scanned, yet failed to read aright,
  Where throughout space His alphabet of suns
Spells Life, in inextinguishable light!

For not, if cycling Time might blot the whole
Of that vast scheme from the illumined scroll,
  The Worlds, incalculable to rayless void,
Could cease of Man the imperishable Soul.

O finite mind that would the infinite
To challenge seek, and measure! Piteous plight!
  How happier the bird of lightest wing,
That soars and trusts the Teacher of its flight.

An empty glass upon a broken shrine,
What matters it? the quaffed or unquaffed wine?
  See the clear goblet with what nectar brimmed
From fountains inexhaustible, divine!

HUMBERT'S CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IN the last decade of the eighteenth century though the Irish Parliament, which Grattan had created, still met at College Green, it was elected by a very limited franchise, and many of its members were really the mere nominees of a few great landlord families. Only Protestants were eligible for a seat in it, and it was controlled by the party that was opposed to all reforms. Its powers for good or evil were limited by the fact that the executive at Dublin Castle was responsible not to it, but to the English ministry in London. The real ruler of Ireland was the English Prime Minister, with his deputies the Viceroy and the Secretary for Irish Affairs. The great mass of the Irish people, who did not belong to the privileged Episcopalian and landlord class, despaired of any reforms being secured by Parliamentary action, and when the successful Revolution in America was followed by another Revolution in France, their leaders looked to the country, which had so effectively aided the revolted colonists beyond the Atlantic, as their ally in the struggle with the dominant party and with England. The movement began not among the oppressed Catholics of the west and south, but among the Presbyterians of Ulster, and for awhile Belfast was its chief centre. It was among the northern men that the United Irishmen were the strongest. The association had at first been an open organization agitating for Parliamentary reform. The repressive measures of the government led to its conversion into a secret society conspiring to effect a revolution by armed force.

The government made some concessions, but only went far enough to encourage the popular party to exert further pressure upon it. The Parliamentary vote was granted to a certain number of Catholics, but no Catholic could be elected a member of the Irish House of Commons. Catholics were allowed to hold commissions in the army, but the higher ranks were barred to them. Wise men urged that the way of safety was not to remove this or that grievance, but to sweep all of them away. But Dublin Castle refused to grant concessions except in a grudging, half-hearted way, that caused more disappointment than satisfaction.

There was a brief period of hope when, in January, 1795, Earl Fitzwilliam arrived in Dublin as Lord Lieutenant, and in his first speech as Viceroy declared that he meant to see that the just claims of the Irish Catholics should be granted. But the policy he had proclaimed was disavowed by the cabinet in London, and within three months he was recalled, and left Dublin amid the general mourning of the people.

Lord Camden, who succeeded him, found the country seething with discontent that voiced itself in intermittent disorder. England was at war with France, and engaged in military operations in various parts of the world, so the garrison of regular troops in Ireland had been greatly reduced. Those that were left there were scattered in small detachments through the country under conditions that made discipline dangerously lax. When, in 1796, rumors came of an impending French invasion, yeomanry and militia regiments were hurriedly raised to act as armed police, and allow the regulars to be concentrated for the defence of the country. "Of course," wrote Camden, "I shall be construed as arming the Protestants against the Catholics." This was in fact what he was doing. The new corps were largely recruited among the Orange lodges, who were bitterly hostile not only to the Catholics, but to the liberal-minded section of the northern Presbyterians.

The new guardians of order proved such a scourge to the districts in which they were billeted, that the general hostility to the government became daily more accentuated. The Irish situation was soon so threatening that Pitt sent Lord Malmesbury to Paris to try to arrange a peace with the French Republic. The negotiations dragged on without result till the middle of December, when Malmesbury was somewhat curtly dismissed from Paris. There is good reason to believe that the French government thus rejected the proferred peace largely on account of the hopes they built upon a plan of concerted action arranged with Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen, and now ripe for execution. General Hoche's expedition was just ready at Brest to sail for Ireland. There is no need to tell again how the enterprise failed; how the fleet reached Bantry Bay but without its chief, and how the French waited without landing, until a gale drove them out to sea and scattered their ships. In Irish popular tradition, Grouchy, the second in command, is unjustly blamed for not having landed with the forces that had reached the bay. But the publication of his correspondence has proved that he was anxious to risk everything

on a landing, and only the half-heartedness of the admirals prevented him from so doing. The Hon. J. W. Fortescue, the latest and best historian of the British army, in telling the story of this episode notes the smallness of the force at the disposal of the government for the defence of the south, concludes that "if the French had been able to land even two-thirds of their force by Christmas day, they would almost infallibly have captured at least Cork, with an enormous quantity of naval stores and supplies."[1]

The Viceroy, Lord Camden, was thoroughly scared, and asked for more troops from England, but the army was being frittered away piecemeal in ill-judged operations in the West Indies and in Europe, and Lord Portland, the Secretary for War, wrote in reply from London a confession of helpless weakness. "You know our nakedness in the matter of regular troops," he said. "We could not spare you above a thousand regular infantry, unless we sent the Guards." France had missed a great opportunity, how great this letter of Portland's plainly shows.

An attempt was made in the following year to organize a French expedition to Ireland in the Dutch ports, but Admiral Duncan's defeat of the covering fleet at Camperdown made the scheme impossible. After this second failure France for some months made no further effort to intervene where intervention promised the largest results. Of the condition of the Irish garrison in the year of Camperdown, Mr. Fortescue tells us:

> The Fencibles (mounted yeomanry) and militia, which constituted practically the whole of it, were at best none too well disciplined; and the officers, particularly those of the militia, were for the most part both ignorant and neglectful of their duty. Moreover these troops had been scattered broadcast over Ireland in small parties for the protection of isolated houses and petty towns, under very imperfect supervision or control. Now flattered and feasted by the country gentlemen; now cursed and pelted by the poorer classes; now courted and bribed by the agents of the disloyal, they were misled and encouraged to excesses by the example of their officers and their betters, and seldom called to account for indiscipline or oppression. It was a trial which would have corrupted the Ironsides; and many corps had disgraced themselves by cruelty and license.

Even Camden realized that such a state of things meant the

[1] *A History of the British Army*, by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. The work is still in progress. The long range of volumes and atlases of plans so far issued brings the story up to the opening years of the nineteenth century. It is an authoritative work based on wide original research.

accentuation of the danger. He asked for a capable soldier to be sent to reduce the irregular troops to some kind of discipline and order. But political reasons prevented him from getting the man he wanted. He asked for Lord Cornwallis, but Cornwallis was opposed to the government policy, and so was ineligible. The same reason excluded Lord Moira, a much abler soldier, for Moira was denouncing from his place in the House of Lords the misgovernment of Ireland. At last the veteran Abercromby reluctantly accepted the Irish command.

Abercromby, an upright man and a good soldier, made a real effort to make the army not an instrument of oppression and cruelty, but of order and defence for the country and the people. His action provoked the hostility of the landlords who were crying out for military protection, and the officials who had connived at illegal court martials on the peasantry and the burning of their cottages. In a general order, setting forth new regulations for the troops, dated February 26, 1798, Abercromby said: "The very disgraceful frequency of court martials, and the many complaints of irregularity in the conduct of the troops, have too unfortunately proved the army to be in a state of licentiousness which must render it formidable to everyone but the enemy." This frank statement called forth a storm of protest from the party of ascendency. Lord Portland wrote from England to ask if the order was a forgery. If it was genuine, it was, he declared, a triumph for the "disaffected." Abercromby saw that his position was impossible, and resigned his command. The Speaker, inspired by the officials, declared, in the name of the Irish House of Commons, its confidence in "the order, alacrity, vigor, and discipline of the army." It is not an Irish Nationalist writer, but Mr. Fortescue, the semi-official historian of the British army, who remarks that "it would not be easy, even in the records of Dublin Castle, to find a match for such an example of mischievous effrontery." And he goes on to say:

> In despair the government left the command for the present in the hands of the senior officer, General Lake, who, though a brave soldier, was above all other officers identified with the military abuses which Abercromby had striven to check. Lest he also should by chance endeavor to restore discipline, Camden ordained that no general order should in future be issued until first submitted to himself. Thus the reign of violence and the ruin of the soldiery were erected into a sacred principle; and

a rebellion in Ireland was finally assured. No better measures could have been taken by the ablest and subtlest French agent for the success of a French invasion.

And this same year, 1798, saw both a rebellion and a French invasion. The main scene of the famous rising of 1798 was a county so scantily organized by the United Irishmen, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had left it completely out of account in his report on the strength of the society at the opening of the year. But the Wexford peasantry were driven into insurrection by the cruelties of the Orange militia let loose upon them by Camden and Lake. The struggle was of the briefest. So much incident was crowded into the time, that it is not easy to realize that less than a month elapsed from the first success of the rebels at Oulart Hill, on May 27th, to their crushing defeat by numbers at Vinegar Hill, on June 21st. Few regular troops were engaged in the suppression of the rising. Lake's forces were almost entirely made up of yeomanry and militia. They revenged their failures in the first stage of the brief campaign by systematic barbarity when the tide turned in their favor. Lord Cornwallis who arrived in Dublin on June 20th, with full powers as Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief, tried to check these outrages, and proclaimed a new policy of clemency and conciliation. Of the Orange militia he wrote in scathing condemnation: "The Irish militia are totally without discipline, contemptible before the enemy when any serious resistance is made to them, but ferocious and cruel in the extreme when any poor wretches, with or without arms, come within their power."

Had the French intervention taken place while Wexford was still in arms, it might have been effective. But it came when the rising had been everywhere trampled out. The man and the army that might have changed the course of history were far away in the Eastern Mediterranean. As Mr. Fortescue says, "Bonaparte had lost the greatest chance of his life when he took his thirty thousand veterans to Egypt instead of to Ireland." In the spring, when the "Army of the East" was gathering at Toulon, it had been reported that Ireland was its real object, and this was why Nelson's fleet was sent to the Mediterranean.

The exaggerated reports of the Irish rising that reached France, encouraged Wolfe Tone to renew his efforts to obtain help for Ireland. Even after the failure of the insurrection, he argued that the struggle in Wexford had shown what a wider movement might effect, if backed by military help from the Re-

public, and he declared that, while the south had shot its bolt and failed, the north and west were still waiting only for a call to arms and effective succor from abroad. All he could obtain, however, was that the Directory dispatched mere handfuls of troops, all too late, to the assistance of the Irish patriots, and of these various expeditions only one, that of General Humbert, effected a landing.

Humbert was the son of a French peasant farmer. He had received so little education that he could barely write. As a boy he had worked in the fields. As a young man he had tramped the country roads dealing in rabbit skins. Then came the Revolution, and he volunteered for the army. He was a born soldier, and he rose rapidly to command. He was one of Hoche's brigadiers in the abortive expedition to Bantry Bay. There for days he had waited on board one of the frigates in the wind-swept bay, looking impatiently at the green hills, and longing for the order to land, and on the return voyage to Brest he had shared the dangers of an action with a British squadron. He was eager to return to Ireland, and was inspired with all Wolfe Tone's enthusiasm. On August 6, 1798—more than seven weeks after the battle of Vinegar Hill—he sailed from the Isle d'Aix with a little squadron of three frigates, conveying one thousand and thirty-six men, veterans of the armies of the Rhine and of Italy.

The frigates steered for Donegal Bay, but baffled by adverse winds on August 22d they changed their course, and anchored in Killala Bay. Humbert landed his small force, and seized the town after a skirmish with the detachment that held it. He had expected to find the country ripe for insurrection, and to be joined by thousands of enthusiastic patriots ready to use the arms he was landing from his frigates. But he had come to a part of Ireland where the people were utterly unorganized, and in their misery had neither the heart nor the energy for an adventurous enterprise. Mr. Fortescue says that the small bodies of Connaught peasants who joined Humbert, were attracted by the "brilliant uniforms" he gave them. The narratives of some of the French officers, which M. Guillon published a few years ago in his work *La France et l'Irlande pendant la Révolution,* make one suspect that a much more powerful inducement was the chance of escaping for awhile from sheer starvation.

The French peasant general and his handful of veterans were no band of brigands. Their conduct presented a striking contrast to that of the forces of the government. In a proclamation issued

at Killala, Humbert announced that the strictest discipline would be enforced, and life and property of non-combatants would be protected. Unlike so many of the Republican generals, he also declared that the religion of the people would be respected. His friend Tone had told him that this must be a necessary condition of any enterprise in Catholic Ireland. Humbert promised to observe this policy, and he kept his word.

His campaign lasted rather less than three weeks. He remained four days at Killala, landing stores and arms, organizing an Irish contingent of a few hundred men, and sending a detachment inland to occupy Ballina. On August 26th he marched southwards by Ballina, in the hope that if he could penetrate into the interior of Connaught larger numbers would join him.

Major General Hutchinson, who commanded in Connaught, on hearing of the French landing, had assembled at Castlebar a force of Irish militia and yeomanry with four guns. Lord Lake was hurrying to his assistance with more militia and yeomanry, seven guns, a company of regular infantry, and the Sixth Dragoons, a regiment of regular cavalry. Various bodies of troops of Cornwallis' command were advancing to hold the crossings of the Shannon, and Cornwallis himself was posting across Ireland to take the supreme command of the operations. On the evening of the twenty-seventh he received the startling news that Lake—the victor of Vinegar Hill—had been completely routed that morning by the French.

Humbert had set out from Ballina at three p. m. on August 26th. He learned from his scouts that the bridge at Foxford, where the road from Ballina to Castlebar crosses the river Moy, was held by one thousand two hundred yeomanry under General Taylor. But led by Irish guides the column left the road, and moving by rough hill tracks crossed the Moy higher up by an unguarded ford in the summer evening. Bivouacking for the night, Humbert resumed his march at dawn, and at six a. m. on the twenty-seventh he was before Castlebar.

Lake had joined Hutchinson there the day before, and taken over the command. English accounts estimate his entire force at less than two thousand men. It must have been much greater. Humbert was no boaster, and he reported that the enemy was six thousand strong. This may have been an overestimate, but it is quite certain that, though he had no cavalry with which to follow up a pursuit and collect stragglers and broken men as prisoners, he

had in his camp after the battle one thousand two hundred prisoners and deserters from Lake's force, and it is incredible that only some eight hundred remained to be accounted for as casualties in the fight, fugitives from it, and troops who made good their retreat. Lake had some thousands of men, and his eleven guns were a formidable feature of his battle line, which was drawn up in front of the town, one flank secured by a lake, the other by an impassable bog. Humbert had to make a direct frontal attack. As he had left two hundred men to hold Killala and Ballina, he had only about eight hundred regulars with him, besides the Irish contingent under the command of Matthew Tone and Bartholomew Teeling.

The battle opened with an artillery fight, in which Lake had the advantage. It is no slur on the undrilled Connaught peasants that they failed to make good their advance against the cannon. But Humbert counted for success on a charge of his French veterans, and before their bayonets most of Lake's array broke in shameful panic. The gunners, the regular company of the Sixth Foot, and Roden's Yeomanry, alone made something of a stand and fought well for awhile. The Sixth Dragoons, who had disgraced themselves by indiscipline and cruel outrages on the people during their march, broke and galloped away without striking a blow. The Longford and Kilkenny Militia, the Loyal Galway Volunteers and Fraser's Yeomanry dissolved into mobs of fugitives. Some of the militia of the west—it is true—had no heart in the fight, and after it was over numbers of them came into Humbert's camp as deserters. But most of them were clearly anxious to get away as quickly and as far as possible from the scene of action. Some of them did not halt till they reached Tuam, forty miles away; others came streaming into Athlone. Eleven guns, all the stores at Castlebar, and several regimental colors, were the prize of the victors.

Cornwallis had reached Athlone on the evening of the battle. He remained there till August 30th, rallying the remains of Lake's beaten detachment, bringing up reënforcements, and rapidly collecting a formidable force. Humbert had proclaimed the Irish Republic at Castlebar, and fortified the town, but there were scant signs of the widespread insurrection on which he had counted. On September 4th, learning that Cornwallis was approaching from Athlone at the head of greatly superior forces, the French general called in all his detached parties, and marched to Foxford. His subsequent movements show that his object was to avoid for awhile

a decisive action, and strike for either Ulster or the centre of Ireland, on the chance of reaching a district more ripe for insurrection, and maintaining himself until further succor could arrive from France. He naturally anticipated that the news of his victory at Castlebar would be the signal for further expeditions to be hurried off to Ireland.

Cornwallis was strong enough in numbers to divide his force. He sent a column under Lake to follow up Humbert, whilst he himself with the main body marched eastwards towards Carrick-on-Shannon, to secure the river crossing there and head off the French. On a report that Humbert was moving northeastwards from Foxford, Cornwallis sent orders to the garrison at Sligo to abandon the place without attempting to defend it if the French attacked, and to retreat to Ballyshannon or Enniskillen. This is enough to show how great was the alarm created by the fight at Castlebar. Cornwallis had no idea that his opponents were a mere handful.

On September 5th Humbert was approaching Colloony, when he found his way barred by the Limerick Militia under Colonel Vereker. The colonel, though he had only three hundred men with him, made a stubborn fight on well-chosen ground. It took the French an hour to clear the way, and when Vereker retired towards Sligo, Humbert concluded that he would not have made such a stand unless he had strong supports behind him and near at hand. He therefore judged that the militia must be the advanced guard of an army. It was the only mistake he made, but it had serious consequences. Abandoning the advance of Sligo he marched by Drummahair to Manor Hamilton, where he arrived on September 6th. His object so far had been to reach the wild mountain country of Donegal. But he had changed his plans, and now made the much more difficult attempt to shake off Lake's pursuit, evade Cornwallis at Carrick by crossing the Shannon near Lough Allen, and push into the centre of Ireland.

He succeeded in crossing the river at Ballintra on the seventh. But next day at Ballinamuck he found the British columns closing in all around him. Lake was following him closely. Cornwallis had come up on his right flank from Carrick. Other masses of troops were reported in front. Hopelessly outnumbered he made a brief fight, and then, when it was clear that further resistance meant only the useless loss of brave lives, he surrendered. Only eight hundred men of the thousand who had landed at Killala were with him in this last stand.

Irish and French writers naturally give high praise to Humbert and his gallant band. It would be easy to quote many such testimonies. But more significant is the judgment of the English military historian. Of Humbert's campaign Mr. Fortescue says:

> If ever commander did himself honor by the exemplary behavior of his troops, by moderation towards the inhabitants of an invaded country, and by indomitable courage in a desperate situation, it was this rough, illiterate Humbert. It was not vain glory when he wrote, after his landing, to the Directory that if he were reënforced by two thousand men Ireland would be free.

And it is no enthusiastic Irish patriot who gives this opinion, but an Englishman studying the records of the time in the spirit of a scientific historian. Of what followed he goes on to say:

> This most shameful episode did not end the disgrace of the troops in Ireland. The rebellion which had been kindled in Connaught needed now to be suppressed; and notwithstanding a succession of severe orders issued by Cornwallis to restrain the prevailing military disorder, the unhappy peasants were pursued with a ferocity, which even to the present day has never been forgiven.

The panic created by Humbert's raid and the rumor of further French expeditions, led to England being stripped of troops and its whole defence disorganized to reënforce the garrison in Ireland. But the government could not control, and could not always even trust, its own troops. A Scotch Fencible regiment was disbanded by Cornwallis because its officers refused to convict some of their colleagues of open misconduct. The Fifth Irish Dragoons, a regular regiment, incurred the same fate, because it was discovered that the ranks were full of men who were in communication with the United Irishmen. For many years its place was a blank in the army list, till, long after, the Fifth Irish Lancers were raised to replace it.

Humbert's subsequent career is worth noting. Like other stern Republicans, he refused to worship the rising sun of imperialism, and having thus incurred the displeasure of Napoleon, he emigrated to the United States. There, on January 8, 1815, he had his revenge for his failure in Ireland, for he victoriously commanded a brigade under Jackson, when the British attack on New Orleans ended in disaster for the invaders.

New Books.

BREAD AND CIRCUSES. By Helen Parry Eden. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Out of England comes a new proof of the fact that piety and mirth may comfortably dwell together. Helen Parry Eden's *Bread and Circuses* is justly named. For this book of verse—its author's first—contains some poems that are passionately devout, hot and bright with the flame of the Catholic faith, and others that are as irresistibly merry as the laughter of the little girl about whom many of them were written.

Many contemporary Catholic poets take, as might be expected, Francis Thompson for their master, and make, some of them with distinguished success, irregular odes full of great Latin flowers of speech. They deserve our gratitude and encouragement. But it is good while we remember *The Hound of Heaven* not to forget *Burning-Babe, St. Peter's Complaint, The Weeper,* and (nearer our own time) *The Habit of Perfection* and *Te Martyrum Candidatus.* There is no fixed ritual of song. Francis Thompson did not blindly follow the lead of Coventry Patmore, nor will the Church's new laureate, when he comes, blindly follow the lead of Francis Thompson. So it is encouraging to see that Mrs. Eden is independent in her expression. She tells the beautiful truth in her own beautiful way. Sometimes, as in *The Confessional,* she writes with a reverent but almost whimsical fancifulness that suggests Richard Crashaw. But nearly always she is strikingly original.

And with what grace, with what simplicity, she celebrates the highest things! The term "mystic" has been of late used so carelessly, even by those who should know better, that conscientious critics hesitate to apply it. The temptation to do so is strong, however, when there are under consideration such startlingly vivid revelations of the life of the soul as *A Purpose of Amendment, The Confessional,* and the unforgettable *Elegy for Father Anselm.* This last must rank among the really great elegiac poems of all time; it is a sincere personal tribute, a tremendous symbol of Catholic doctrine, and an enduringly beautiful work of art. It is too long for quotation; here is a shorter poem which needs no introductory words of praise:

SORROW.

Of Sorrow, 'tis as Saints have said—
That his ill-savoured lamp shall shed
A light to Heaven, when, blown about
By the world's vain and windy rout,
The candles of delight burn out.

Then usher Sorrow to thy board,
Give him such fare as may afford
Thy single habitation—best
To meet him half-way in his quest,
The importune and sad-eyed guest.

Yet somewhat should he give who took
Thy hospitality, for look,
His is no random vagrancy,
Beneath his rags what hints there be
Of a celestial livery.

Sweet Sorrow, play a grateful part,
Break me the marble of my heart
And of its fragments pave a street
Where, to my bliss, myself may meet
One hastening with pierced feet.

There is the same simplicity in the lighter poems, and there is in addition a kindly humor like that of Robert Louis Stevenson at his best. *The Ark* is deliciously droll with just the faintest touch of spiritual dignity in the last few line. *Cries of London, Effany,* and *The Baby Goat* are exquisite interpretations. Mrs. Eden writes much about "Betsey-Jane," her little daughter. With this adorably human child, every reader of the book must fall in love. Seldom has the very spirit of childhood been portrayed in words with such skill and tenderness as in *A House in a Wood* and *The Petals.*

Sometimes, as in *A Lady of Fashion on the Death of Her Dog* and *The Senior Mistress of Blyth,* Mrs. Eden shows that gift of keen satire which has made her a welcome contributor to the pages of *Punch;* sometimes, as in her *Sestina to D. E.* and the double sonnet *Bournemouth to Poole,* she shows her dexterity in the use of difficult forms. But the poems which are her most valuable contributions to the world's beauty are those inspired by her faith, and those inspired by her little daughter. And between these two sorts of poetry there is no sharp division. Only those poets write beautifully of children who think beautifully of the Child.

ALLEN'S DEFENCE OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS: 1584. Two Volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net each.

These two volumes are indeed worthy of a place in the Catholic Library, for they are of absorbing interest both from a literary and an historical standpoint. Allen shows conclusively that the accusation of treason by Lord Burghley against the English martyrs under Elizabeth is absolutely unwarranted and unjust. They were put to death for their religion, for "ministering the holy sacraments, obeying the Apostolic See, persuading their friends to be Catholics, the priesthood and the like," and not for anything treasonable. You may call a man a traitor for saying Mass or practising the Catholic faith, but he does not become a traitor by a Protestant politician's *ipse dixit*. In strong dignified words, Allen defends his martyred brethren, and calls the attention of the world to the hypocrisy of the English government of the time, which did its utmost to connect the martyrs with the charge of plotting the death of Elizabeth or of conspiring against the State. As Cardinal Bourne remarks in his preface, this book is an excellent argument against the modern Anglican theory of continuity. He says: "To such a groundless theory the lives and deaths of our Blessed Martyrs are the very best and most conclusive reply. They knew, and they gave their lives because they knew, that a fundamental change was being wrought in the religious condition of the country."

The text from which this edition is reprinted bears no date, nor place, nor author's name, but is the original edition which appeared in 1584.

THE TREASURE. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00 net.

We have heard that many an anxious householder, who has worried for years over the servant problem, has been writing the author for the address of that perfect American School of Domestic Science, where the "Treasure" learned her business so well. For Justine, "the Treasure," knows how to run a house for her mistress economically, and at the same time give to all its members the most perfect meals. Still Mrs. Salisbury is not satisfied. Why this prize servant "goes to Perry's to see their prize chrysanthemums," visits the apartment stores "to look at an extraordinary sale of serges," and saddest of all, "often quietly decides to take a bath before luncheon." And the author adds with

a smile: "Why, Mrs. Salisbury had had maids who never once asked for the use of the bathroom, although they had been for months in her employ." Her heart is broken finally, when she finds out that her maid is to talk at the exclusive Forum Club, "membership in which was most prized by the women of River Falls." The interview of mistress and maid, in which the mistress tries in vain "to put Justine in her place," is delightfully told. We recommend this clever book to every woman struggling with the servant problem. Indeed we think the husbands, who have listened patiently to the complaints of their wives concerning the extravagant demands of the servants of the day, will also enjoy the book. We hope that Kathleen Norris will continue to write stories of the typical American home.

THE EVOLUTION OF NEW JAPAN. By Joseph H. Longford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cents net.

Professor Longford, one time English consul at Nagasaki, and now professor of Japanese at King's College, London, has written a most entertaining account of the rise and development of modern Japan. He says rightly, "That it is the story of one of the most eventful reigns of any period or of any nation in the world's history, a story which is full of the most pregnant lessons, of what can be achieved by an intelligent and courageous people, working with whole-hearted patriotism."

After a brief sketch of the history of Japan, Professor Longford treats of the abolition of the Shogunate; the assumption of power by the new Emperor, Mutsu Hito; his political and social reforms; the abolition of feudalism; the mitigation of the cruel penal code; the formation of a Parliament; the organization of the army; the fight for national autonomy, etc. Our author corrects one common impression about Japan, viz., that she reformed herself; that her own statesmen saw of themselves the immense material superiority of Western civilization, and deliberately followed the example set by the nations of the West. He says: "Nothing could be further from the truth. Her entry into the paths of Western civilization was largely due to the persistent goading of Sir Henry Parkes; her subsequent achievements to the tuition of the large band of foreign experts whom she had the good fortune to enlist in her service, and who served her as loyally and whole-heartedly as they did efficiently." A brief account is given of the wars with China and Russia, the seizure of Korea, and the

recent dispute with California. Nothing whatever is said of the vices of the Japanese, but every well-informed man is aware of the dark background to this bright picture of mere material progress.

MARIOLOGY. A Dogmatic Treatise on the Blessed Virgin Mary. With an Appendix on the Worship of the Saints, Relics, and Images. By Rev. J. Pohle, D.D. Translated by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

We recommend to our readers this excellent series of dogmatic textbooks, written by Dr. Pohle of the University of Breslau, and translated by Arthur Preuss of St. Louis. This is the sixth volume in English dress, the others being, *God, His Knowability, Essence, and Attributes; The Divine Trinity; God the Author of Nature and the Supernatural; Christology,* and *Soteriology.*

Dr. Pohle follows the general lines of the ordinary theological textbook, treating in turn Mary, the Mother of God; her Immaculate Conception; her Sinlessness; her Perpetual Virginity; her Assumption into Heaven, etc. An appendix discusses briefly the Catholic doctrine of the veneration of the saints, their relics and images.

CONTINUITY. The Presidential Address to the British Association for 1913. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

Sir Oliver Lodge, answering the question, "What in the main is the characteristic of the promising though perturbing period in which we live?" answers: "Rapid progress, combined with fundamental skepticism." According to him, the dominating controversies of the day concern vitalism in physiology; atomic structure in chemistry; the laws of inheritance in biology; the curricula in education; everything in economic and political science; back to the garden of Eden and the inter-relations of men and women, and continuity in the mathematical and physical sciences. Everywhere, he maintains, a kind of philosophic skepticism is in the ascendant, resulting in a mistrust of purely intellectual processes, and in a recognition of the limited scope of science.

The whole address on continuity in the inorganic world, in biology, and of personality after death, is meant to be a protest against this excessive modern skepticism, but we do not think the protest very effective. His plea for immortality rests on the frail basis of the investigation of the phenomena of spiritism, and his

utterances are vague once he leaves physics for metaphysics. The paper, however, contains some very valuable and significant statements:

> If any philosopher tells you that you do not exist, or that the external world does not exist, or that you are an automaton without free will, that all your actions are determined by outside causes, and that you are not responsible—or that a body cannot move out of its place, or that Achilles cannot catch a tortoise—then in all those cases appeal must be made to twelve average men unsophisticated by special studies.....It is my function to remind you that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatize in a negative direction, and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants, and are falling far short of the richness and fullness of our human birthright.....Scientific men are looked up to as authorities, and should be careful not to mislead.

THE MYSTERIOUS MONSIEUR DUMONT. By Frederick Arthur. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.35 net.

If you are weary of problem novels and want a real old-fashioned romance with plenty of "thrills," read *The Mysterious Monsieur Dumont.* It is a tale of the French Revolution (Book I.), and the days of Napoleon (Book II.). We are introduced into the homes of the old French nobility; we fight with the Royalists in La Vendée; we are witnesses of the *noyades* of Carrier at Nantes, and the guillotining of the aristocrats in Paris; we enter into the secret lodge meetings of the Templars and the Illuminati; we follow the heroine in her escape to England; we take flying trips to Paris, London, Hamburg, and Dantzic; we are present at the battle of Friedland; we learn the details of the famous interview of Napoleon and the Tsar at Tilsit, etc. Throughout the story the mysterious M. Dumont does the most marvelous things. He fights duels with the greatest swordsmen of Europe; he is Grand Master of a great secret society; he controls all the inner workings of the French Revolution; he rescues fair damsels from the guillotine; he acts as secret agent of the English government against Napoleon—and we discovered at the very outset of the story that this wonderful man was a woman. This improbable novel is well written, and, although we do not admire the heroine very much, we were glad to know the hero wins her finally after his strenuous wooing.

THE DAUGHTER OF A STAR. By Christian Reid. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.35 net.

Mrs. Lestrange—cold-hearted, selfish, vain, deceitful—abandoned her husband and daughter for a stage career. Years after, desirous of money to finance a new play, she sends her quondam admirer, Stafford, across the ocean to induce her wealthy daughter to leave her Mexican *hacienda*. Sylvia, who at once falls in love with her mother's ambassador without knowing it, finally consents to be initiated into all the ways of modern London life. She manages—innocently enough—to embitter her unworthy mother, by taking her place as understudy in a most wonderful and improbable way, and by frustrating her plans of marrying a wealthy Russian prince. Of course Sylvia rejects both her Mexican and her Russian lovers, and accepts Stafford, who is well worthy of her. The story is well told, and could readily be staged as a most entertaining melodrama.

CLIO, A MUSE AND OTHER ESSAYS LITERARY AND PEDESTRIAN. By George M. Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

We read these charming essays with the most intense pleasure, although we found ourselves dissenting more than once from the author's cocksure statements of fact and theory. His first essay on the writing of history is a protest against the modern German scientific method, and a plea for the old English or literary method. To his mind there are three distinct functions of history, the scientific, the imaginative or speculative, and the literary. The *scientific* supposes the accumulation of facts and the sifting of evidence; the *imaginative* selects and classifies the facts; while the *literary* function exposes the results of science and imagination in a form that will attract and educate the people. He is right in objecting to have the youth of to-day drilled into so many "Potsdam guards of learning," but he puts too high a value on the historical work of a Carlyle and a Macaulay.

Mr. Trevelyan has a right to speak on George Meredith, as every reader of *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith* knows. He calls special attention to Verrall's omission to notice the element of imagination and poetry in Meredith's novels. "If Napoleon had won the battle of Waterloo" is a fine piece of imaginative writing, although no two men would agree upon the outcome so vividly described by our author. Mr. Trevelyan, however, is at

his best when he yields to the glamor of the road, and tells us about his walking trips in the Middle Marches, Devon or Cornwall, or far away through the mists of the Pyrenees, or in that paradise for the walker, Central Italy.

THE PEACOCK FEATHER. By Leslie Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Peter the Piper is a most wonderful Knight of the Road. He plays a penny whistle in a way that a Mozart or a Paderewski might envy; writes novels which great critics hurry to praise, and indites such winning letters that high-born and beauteous ladies yearn to answer him. Yet he tramps the English roads in summer and in winter, varying the monotony by stopping for a time in a deserted cottage; reading Chaucer under a hedge, rescuing mongrel puppies in distress, and treating ugly girls to all the good things of a village fair.

We know, however, that all things will turn out well in the end, for Father O'Sullivan is praying for him, Muriel is kneeling day after day to St. Joseph, and Lady Anne's heart is hoping that in some way the fates will intervene to prove her hero innocent. A deathbed confession in a city hospital at last shows that Peter suffered his three years imprisonment merely to shield a friend. Instantly all England is scoured for a man in a peacock feather, and Peter at last returns to delight the last days of his dear old father, General Carden, and to marry the Lady Anne.

LETTERS OF MARY AIKENHEAD. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. $3.00.

As Father McSweeney says in his preface, "These letters are free from all suspicion of artificality, because they are the outpourings of the mind and heart of a great woman of God to those whom she felt and knew would not abuse her confidence..... Right through them rings clear the cry for the Divine Help in all things; right through them are a distrust in human means alone and a supreme trust in God."

These letters of the Founder of the Sisters of Charity in Ireland (1815) are sufficient to indicate something of her energy and breadth of mind, though they give but a scanty outline of her many activities. Most of them were written between the years 1832 and 1858. Afflicted by a painful illness, she was during this period unable to move about or to take part in the general work of

her order. She made up for her enforced bodily activity by the activity of her mind. Her correspondence manifested her continual anxiety for both the spiritual and bodily welfare of her Sisters. She is ever inculcating in her letters forbearance and charity, and giving a perfect example of patience and conformity to the will of God. She is ever urging upon her disciples the duties of prayer, meditation and the reading of the wisdom of the saints. Her letters are rich in memories of the writings of à Kempis, St. Augustine, and St. Ignatius. We heartily recommend this book to religious communities.

HISTORY OF DOGMAS. By J. Tixeront. Volume II. From St. Athanasius to St. Augustine (A. D. 318 to 430). St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

In this scholarly volume the Abbé Tixeront gives a complete sketch of the Greek and Latin heresies of the fourth century, and a general outline of Greek, Latin, and Syriac theology. Two special chapters are devoted to the teaching of St. Augustine. We spoke of the author's *History of Dogma* when it first appeared three years ago in the original French. The anonymous translator has done his work admirably well.

IN OUR LADY'S PRAISE. An Anthology. Compiled by E. H. Day, D.D. With a Foreword by the Viscount Halifax. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents net.

It is an interesting proof of the comprehensiveness of the Anglican Church to have some of its members calling the Blessed Virgin an ordinary woman, and deeming love to her an insult to her divine Son, and to find other devout clients of Mary in the same communion compiling anthologies in her praise. We must object to the inclusion of some very mediocre verses. Why Cram, Gurney, and Van Allen should be mentioned in the same breath with Chaucer, de Vere, and Wordsworth is beyond us.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS. Second Series: The Martyrs Declared Venerable. Volume I., 1583-1588. Edited by Edwin H. Burton, D.D., and J. H. Pollen, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

The previous volumes of this series edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., dealt with those martyrs who were beatified by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886 and 1895; they carried the story down to

the middle of the year 1583. This book, the third of the series, treats of the lives of sixty-eight martyrs who died for the faith between the years 1583 and 1588. Many writers have contributed to this volume, which has been drawn from many fresh sources, such as the papers from the Public Record Office and other documents published by the Catholic Record Society, and the Acts of the Privy Council edited by Mr. Dasent.

The list of martyrs is the traditional one, namely, that which is found in the decree of December 9, 1886, by which these martyrs and others were declared Venerable. The introduction to the previous volume described the change in the character of the persecution which was brought about by the Act of 1581. In the present volume we witness a greater development of repressive measures following the Act of 1585, entitled "An Act Against Jesuits, Seminary Priests, and Other Such Like Disobedient Persons," which outlawed the whole of the secular and regular clergy for two hundred years. All the priests who had been ordained before the reign of Elizabeth remained throughout their lives subject only to the same statutes as the laity, though there were some special provisions in their regard. These priests were liable to a charge of high treason for five classes of offences: (after 1563) I. Maintaining the authority of the Pope after having been previously convicted of the same; II. Refusing the oath of supremacy for the second time; (after 1571) III. Procuring, using or receiving any bull or form of reconciliation; (after 1581) IV. Absolving or reconciling anyone to the Church; V. Being absolved or reconciled to the Church. But the Jesuits and all English priests ordained abroad were declared traitors once they put foot in England. This Act of 1585, therefore, marked a definite change in the character of the persecution, and from that date onwards priest-hunting became one of the salient features in the oppression of English Catholicism. Lay Catholics also came under the statute if they received or relieved a priest, and were guilty of felony, which meant that they were to be hanged instead of being cut down alive, boweled, and quartered. The chief political excuse for this cruel act was the assassination of the Prince of Orange, July, 1584.

The vast majority of the martyrs were priests. The government hoped to destroy Catholicism by depriving the faithful of the Mass and the sacraments on the one hand, and by forcing them to attend Protestant worship on the other. Many laymen were imprisoned for refusing to attend the Anglican service; they were

put to death for alleged high treason if they assisted or harbored priests.

In order to make the Catholic position appear openly treasonable the martyrs were asked questions like the following: "Whose part wouldst thou take, if the Pope or any other by his authority should make war against the Queen?" These questions were irrelevant, unfair, adapted to excite prejudice, and not sanctioned by any statute. They involved the utterly inadmissible claim that it was right to judge a man's interior intentions, and to condemn him to death for them. It was morally impossible for a Catholic to answer these questions so as to satisfy his persecutors, for they involved postulates, which both sides were sure to take in different senses.

For many months before the Armada appeared no Catholics had been put to death, but from contemporary documents we know that the government was contemplating measures of unusual severity. Five days after the Armada appeared three priests were put to death at Derby, and as soon as the defeat of the Armada was known, the government determined on wholesale executions. What makes Lord Burghley's responsibility so heavy is, that he himself was all the time convinced that the Catholics in England were perfectly loyal to Elizabeth during the Armada crisis. He says this plainly in a document now in the British Museum, entitled *A Letter Sent Out of England to Don Bernardino de Mendoza.* Yet in one year he had thirty-one martyrs put to death.

EUCHARIST AND PENANCE IN THE FIRST SIX CENTURIES OF THE CHURCH. By Gerhard Rauschen, S.T.D. Authorized Translation in the Second German Edition. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25 net.

Professor Rauschen published the first edition of this treatise six years ago, and ever since that time he has been answering the attacks of both Catholic and non-Catholic scholars. Bonaccorsi translated the work into Italian in 1909, and Decker and Ricard into French in 1910. In this second edition the author has thoroughly revised his work, so as to answer fully the criticisms of his numerous opponents. The present edition contains some fifty pages more than the first. The latest researches of liberal Protestants on the institution of the Eucharist are now given at length, and their validity examined; he assumes a stronger position in regard to the Wieland-Dorsch controversy on the essence of the Sacrifice of the

Mass; he reconsiders the question of the forgiveness of capital sins in the primitive Church by the light of the objections raised by Stufler; he adds a new chapter on the frequency of, and the dispositions required for, Communion in the early Church.

The importance and scope of this treatise may be gathered from the subjects treated, viz., The Real Presence, Transubstantiation, the Institution of the Eucharist, the Nature of the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Canon of the Mass, the Epiclesis, Frequent Communion, Absolution of Capital Sins, Public Confession, Public Penance, and Auricular Confession.

PEDAGOGICAL ANTHROPOLOGY. By Maria Montessori. Translated from the Italian by Frederic Taber Cooper. New York: Frederick Stokes Co. $3.50 net.

Our chief objection to Madame Montessori in her first book, *The Montessori Method,* was her over-insistence on liberty for the child, which was very apt to degenerate into license. We are sorry to say that in her second book, *Pedagogical Anthropology,* she seems to have gone to the opposite extreme, and to have become a convert to the cause of philosophic determinism.

Cesare Lombroso, Achille De Giovanni and E. Morselli have become her guides. She writes:

> The libertarians admit the freedom of the will as one of the noblest of human prerogatives on which the responsibility of our acts depends; the determinists recognize that the active volition obeys certain predetermined causes. Now the Lombrosian theories find these causes, not after the fashion of the Pythagoreans, in cosmic laws or astrology, but in the constitution of the organism, thus serving as a powerful illustration of that physiological determinism, under whose guidance modern positive philosophy draws its inspiration.....It is not too much to say, that it is etiology which, applied to the Lombrosian doctrines, reveals the faults of society, the sins of the world, and, applied to the theories of De Giovanni, reveals its errors; and that from the two together there results a sort of ethical guide leading toward the supreme ideal of the purification of the world and the perfection mean of human species.

We are rather astonished to be told, when thousands of scientists the world over have rejected Lombroso's theory of a criminal type, that "the defective physical development tells us that the psychic personality must also have its defects" or that, in the

words of Rousseau, "our intellectual gifts, our vices, our virtues, and consequently our characters, are all dependent upon our organism." We sincerely hope that the emotional Maria Montessori will find few followers in these United States.

MEN AND MATTERS. By Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward has gathered together in the present volume a number of personal studies on Disraeli, George Wyndham, Chesterton, John Stuart Mill, Cardinal Vaughan, and Cardinal Newman, and a number of theological essays on the idea of Church authority, of her conservative genius, and her success in combining traditional scholastic teaching with the developments of science and thought.

He defends Disraeli against Lord Cromer, who maintained that he was "a political adventurer who used his genius to found a political school based on extreme self-seeking opportunism." Mr. Ward praises Disraeli's foreign policy; his political seriousness and earnestness; his unfailing sense of humor; his striving after the great ideal of a democratic toryism, and his extreme frankness in openly proclaiming his personal ambition.

He feels with Mr. Balfour that Mr. Wyndham's gifts have not received their full meed of praise, partly because they never found the theatre whence they could be so exhibited as to be unmistakable to the world at large.

Mr. Chesterton he finds penetrating and not superficial, serious and not merely a purveyor of acrobatic feats of the intellect. "I class his thought—though not his manner—with that of such men as Burke, Butler, and Coleridge." He thinks, however, that Mr. Chesterton's tirade against liberal theology seems to miss the mark, and that frequently he does not answer an enemy at all, but spends his page in refuting a travesty of his position which no one worth convincing holds.

Of John Stuart Mill he writes:

> There are many signs in his correspondence that Mill did, in the years following the death of his wife, earnestly desire to accept a form of theism. What kept him from a nearer approach to Christianity appears to have been partly the insufficiency of such Christian apologetics as he could find..... He had none of that natural antagonism to the deepest principles of Christianity which his father and so many others have had.

.....His ultimate conclusion was on the whole in favor of a benevolent Deity limited in power, to coöperate with whom in improving the world was the most inspiring motive conceivable for human action.

The essay on Cardinal Newman's sensitiveness is an answer to those critics who objected to the insertion of certain personal documents by Mr. Ward in his *Life* of the Cardinal. His defence is: "To tell the truth at once is an intelligible and dignified course, and though some may criticize, most will respect it.....The faithful and accurate delineation of Newman's personality, with its very peculiar forms of sensitiveness, was necessary to the picture of his genius and of his life."

Mr. Ward's theological essays are concerned chiefly with "the intellectual and moral temper of the ideal Christian savant and thinker, absolutely candid, jealous of the interests both of scientific and religious truth, patient of temporary perplexities, and apparent contradictions, disciplined to discriminate hypotheses from established conclusions, and conscious that each stage of intellectual inquiry was but a step on the road towards ultimate truth."

HALF HOUR WITH GOD'S HÉROES, OR STORIES FROM THE SACRED BOOK. By Rev. T. D. Williams. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. $1.00; postpaid, $1.10.

Father Williams who is well known as the author of an excellent *Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures,* has written an excellent story book of Old Testament history for Catholic children. He says in his preface: "Perhaps the best claim to any merit this work may have lies in this, that it is somewhat different from most others of its kind. It enters more into detail than most of the Bible stories hitherto written." It will prove a useful book to Sunday-school teachers.

FRANCISCO PALOU'S LIFE AND APOSTOLIC LABORS OF THE VENERABLE FATHER JUNÍPERO SERRA. Founder of the Franciscan Missions of California. Translated by C. Scott Williams, with an Introduction and Notes by George Wharton James. Los Angeles, Cal.: George Wharton James. $10.00.

This life of Father Junípero Serra, written by one of his missionary companions, was first published in the city of Mexico in 1787. A few chapters, with snatches here and there from the

original, were translated in 1890 by Father Adam, the Vicar General of Los Angeles. Father Mestres, Pastor of Monterey, where Father Serra lived and died, was just about to begin a translation of this work when Professor Williams was putting this volume through the press. The translation is well done. Father Englehardt, the well-known author of the *Missions and Missionaries of California,* has carefully gone over the manuscript to correct all inaccuracies of statement in regard to the Catholic Church, while one of the Jesuits of Santa Clara has translated all the Latin texts. Mr. James, a non-Catholic, is right in acclaiming Father Junípero Serra as "one of the noblest, purest, most self-sacrificing, devoted, humble, apostolic, and Christ-like of men." We are sorry that the excessive price of this book will prevent its being widely read.

MODERNISM AND MODERN THOUGHT. By J. M. Bampton, S.J. London: Sands & Co. 10 cents.

Readers who see no harm in the teaching of the modernists, as well as those in search of additional weapons against such teaching, will profit by a thoughtful study of Father Bampton's book. It is a reproduction of seven lectures against modernism, with special reference to M. Loisy and others. There is no invective or abuse of any kind. The language is simple and straightforward, the conclusions inevitable. The initial error of the modernists is the error of Kant, that God and the supernatural are unattainable by intellectual apprehension. To call Christ "a fact consciousness," implying thereby that there may or may not be an historical Christ, is useless to human nature calling out for a divine example and a divine assistance. The vague modernist interpretations of the Resurrection are similarly dealt with. The clear message of the Church uttered against all this mental confusion, is repeated in this volume in a way to bring many waverers within her fold.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By A. B. Sharpe, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder. 35 cents net.

This little book consists of two hundred and thirteen questions and answers on various points of Catholic belief arranged under eighteen headings, namely, questions on God, the Soul, the Church, the Sacraments, etc. All these questions have been actually propounded by persons desirous of knowing the true teaching of the Church. A good index is given at the end, a most necessary addition to a book of this kind. The author keeps a safe way be-

tween the abstruse and the obvious. The moss-grown clap-trap so dear to popular anti-Catholicism is skillfully cleared away, leaving space in the mind for a proper understanding of the truths which support, and of falsehoods which war against, Catholic life.

A COMPLETE CATECHISM OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION. Translated from the German of Rev. Joseph Deharbe, S.J. Edited by Rev. James J. Fox, D.D., and Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 36 cents.

Father Deharbe's catechism, which was translated into English some forty years ago, has been used extensively in the Sunday schools and colleges of the United States. Many of us who studied it word for word as children, have felt grateful to Father Deharbe for his thorough treatment of Catholic doctrine, though later on in life we realized the need of a careful revision from the viewpoint of style and the better wording of individual questions. We are glad to inform our readers that this work of revision has been carefully carried out by Dr. Fox, one of the best theologians at the Catholic University at Washington, and by Father McMillan, one of the most experienced, capable, and best loved Sunday-school directors in the United States.

We know of no better book to put in the hands of the inquirer after religious truth.

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. The Tragedie of Cymbeline. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.00 net.

In his preface Mr. Furness quotes Dr. Johnson's adverse comment on *Cymbeline*. In his youthful days Mr. Furness tells us he resented such criticism as unfair, but time has forced him to confess that Dr. Johnson was right in his estimate of *Cymbeline*, "the sweetest, tenderest, profoundest of almost all the immortal galaxy."

Mr. Furness attributes the inferiority of this play to Shakespeare's advancing years—1604-1611. He is confident that there are many passages in this play which no lover of Shakespeare would admit could have been written by him. He believes that the Imogen love story and all that immediately touched it interested Shakespeare deeply, and that the *Cymbeline* portion was turned over to some unknown assistant, who at times inserted, even on the ground sacred to Imogen, lines and sentiment

conspicuous by their dullness. One character, Belarius, was wholly confided to him. The masque in the fifth act which Stevens termed "contemptible nonsense" and Staughton called "pitiful mummery," is beyond question an interpolation.

From the earliest editorial days, the days of Pope, gross inequalities have been recognized in this play. Some critics have suggested that it was written by Shakespeare at different periods of his life; that he began it in youth and revised it in his maturer years. But Mr. Furness declares that he cannot picture Shakespeare young enough to be so devoid of dramatic instinct, so barren of poesy as to intermingle within the limit of a single play such heights of poetry and depths of "unresisting imbecility." Some scholars have imagined that *Cymbeline* was influenced in some way by the tragic comedy of *Philaster* by Beaumont and Fletcher, which was acted at the Globe Theatre some time before 1610. But there is no proof of its priority; even if there were, Shakespeare so towers above other dramatists in his pride of place that no question of priority, or imitation, or plagiarism can reach him.

It is evident that Boccaccio is the source of the plot as far as Imogen is concerned, and it is equally evident that he is not the only source. Dr. Ohle has investigated the French versions of the story from which Boccaccio drew his materials. He assumes that there was a primeval original story from which arose three versions: First. An imaginary old English version. Second. The *Count of Poitiers.* Third. An imaginary epic text of the *Miracle of Nôtre Dame,* concerning Otho, King of Spain. The first had two descendants: the story *Westword For Smelts* and an imaginary Renaissance drama. From the second came the *Roman de La Violette;* from the third came *King Florus and Jehane* and the extant *Miracle of Nôtre Dame.*

Every scholar will enjoy the copious and illuminating notes that comprise nearly four hundred and fifty pages of the present volume. Mr. Furness gives us the opinions of three centuries of critics, and frequently his own contribution does more to elucidate the text than many of the long drawn-out discussions of his predecessors. He explains fully every peculiarity of construction, brings out clearly the meaning of strange words and phrases, illustrates line after line by parallel passages, points out every interpolation, and makes us smile more than once by his clever jibing at over-meticulous critics. No Shakespearean scholar can afford to neglect this excellent commentary.

HISTORY AS LITERATURE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

In this volume Mr. Roosevelt has gathered together a number of addresses which he made before the American Historical Association, the University of Oxford, the University of Berlin, and the Sorbonne at Paris, besides a number of essays written for the *Outlook*. The best essay in the volume is the first, *History as Literature,* and the worst is that entitled *The Search for Truth.* In this last-named essay he writes with an arrogance, ignorance, and spirit worthy of an anti-Catholic college of the far South. He speaks of the "grotesque repulsiveness of mediæval superstition;" of "the theological tyranny and superstition from which the Spanish peoples have suffered so much;" "of the cringing and timid ignorance of the dark ages."

He quotes with praise the inane statement of Professor Henry Taylor, "that the mediæval man was not spiritually self-reliant, and showed no intelligent desire for liberty." He has a few good words for Dr. Dwight's book, entitled *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist,* but rather superciliously adds, "It is impossible to have sympathy with the reactionary *(sic)* spirit in which he makes his protest against the materialistic philosophy." We were surprised to learn that in his day Copernicus was held to be a dangerous opponent of orthodoxy, and it was news to us that Mendel's work in our day would have been condemned if Darwin's far greater work had not distracted attention from him. Mr. Roosevelt has undoubtedly been a great reader, but history will never class him as a thinker.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Un Ami de Machiavel François Vettori, Sa vie et ses Œuvres, by M. Louis Passy. Two volumes. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 15 *frs.*) Louis Passy, a member of the Institute, has given us in these two volumes a perfect picture of Italy, particularly Rome and Florence, during the first forty years of the sixteenth century. Vettori, the friend and confidant of Machiavelli, was ambassador of Florence at the Courts of the Emperor Maximilian, Francis I., and the Popes Julius II., Leo X., and Clement VII. No man of the period represents better than Vettori the spirit that animated the politicians of the Renaissance. The work is based on original documents, the first volume dealing chiefly with his letters to Machiavelli and Strozzi, the second treating of his history of Italy, his voyage in Germany, and his correspondence while ambassador to the Court of Maximilian.

Le Japon, Histoire et Civilisation. Volume VI. *Le Japon Moderne—La Transformation du Japon.* By Marquis de la Mazelière. (Paris: Plon-Nour-

rit et Cie. 4 *frs.*) This is the sixth volume of the Marquis de la Mazelière's detailed account of the civilization and history of Japan. It discusses in some nine hundred pages the economic and democratic reforms, and the intellectual and moral status of Japan since the revolution of 1868. A seventh volume is promised shortly.

St. Bonaventure, by F. Palhoriés. (Paris: Bloud et Gay. 3 *frs.* 50.) This volume is an accurate and thorough presentation of the philosophical and theological doctrine of St. Bonaventure. The various chapters treat of Man, God, Nature, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, Grace, the Sacraments, the Christian Life, the Mystical Life, the Blessed Virgin, Angels, and Demons. An excellent bibliography and a brief life of the Saint complete the volume.

L'Obéissance du Christ. Le Courage du Christ. Le Charité du Christ. By Henry C. Schuyler, S.T.D. Translated by the Abbé F. J. Bonnassieux. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1 *fr.* each.) We have already called the attention of our readers to the excellent series of volumes on the Virtues of Christ, published by Peter Reilly of Philadelphia. The Abbé Bonnassieux, of the Seminary of Lyons, has translated three volumes of the series, and promises in the near future a fourth volume, *l'Amitié du Christ.*

Le Divin Maitre et les Femmes dans l'Évangile, by the Abbé H. Riondel, S.J. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 2 *frs.*) These meditations on our Saviour and the Women of the Gospel, will prove invaluable to priests giving retreats to women, and to religious women for their daily spiritual reading.

Aperçu d'une Histoire de la Langue Grecque, by A. Meillet, Professor at the College of France. (Paris: Hachette et Cie. 3 *frs.* 50.) Professor Meillet has written a very complete manual on the history of the Greek tongue. Like most modern philologists, he believes that the development of a language depends in great measure upon historical and social conditions. The most interesting chapters of the volume deal with the various Greek dialects, the language of Homer, Attic tragedy, Ionian and Attic prose, the lyric poets, Greek comedy, etc. An excellent bibliography—mostly of German works—has been compiled by the author.

Les Prophètes d'Israël et les Religions de l'Orient; Essai sur les Origines du Monothéisme Universaliste, by A. Causse. (Paris: Librairie E. Nourry. 5 *frs.*) Following in the footsteps of Wellhausen, Stade, and Cheyne, M. Causse discusses "the origin of monotheism" from a study of the prophets of Israel. He treats of "the development of the Jahvist idea, from its beginnings among the Jewish people, who were steeped in Semitic paganism, up to the great universalism of the second Isaiah." We found nothing strikingly new in the volume, which is a rehash of the theories of German liberal thinkers. We give him credit, however, for his honest rejection of the absurd and arbitrary theories of the pan-Babylonists, Zimmern, Winckler, Jensen, etc. We are glad to find an outsider complaining of the "dogmatism of the metaphysicians of orientalism."

Mère Maria Poussepin, by the Abbé T. Mainage, O.P. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 3 *frs.* 50.) The Abbé Mainage has written a most charming life of Madame Poussepin, the founder of the Dominican Sisters of Charity of Tours (1653-1744). It is a popular life, based on the larger work of Canon Poüan, who spent many years gathering together all the documents relating to the founder of the Community of the Presentation.

Foreign Periodicals.

Bulgaria and the Church. A movement for a return to Rome, born among the Bulgarians of Macedonia, whom the recent war has detached from Turkey and joined to Servia, has been well received at Sofia. In 1860 a somewhat similar return seemed imminent. The Bulgarians refused to receive the new Greek patriarch; destroyed the Greek editions of the Scripture, and published manifestoes against their former superiors. Others turned towards Rome. One hundred and twenty, representing two thousand of their coreligionists, placed in the hands of Monsignor Brunoni, Vicar Apostolic, an act of union with the Church and a short profession of faith. A church was given to them; France was notified as their civil protector, and a provisional head appointed. But Russia intervened, and promised to obtain for the dissatisfied ones an independent hierarchy. Many yielded to Russia's entreaties.

When Russia delayed the fulfillment of her promise they appealed to the Protestant Evangelical Alliance. The Protestant ambassadors refused their aid. In the provinces there were many, not always lasting, conversions to Rome. The Uniate head at Constantinople, Monsignor Sokolski, was spirited away by Russia, and a falsified retraction spread throughout Bulgaria to increase discord. Catholic missionaries, however, began to come in greater numbers, and in 1884 a new movement for reunion took place, with many conversions. Again they were deceived by the appeal not to separate from the struggle for political independence. Even violence was used against the Catholics. In 1896 Prince Ferdinand, for political reasons, allowed his son, baptized a Catholic, to be confirmed in the schismatical faith. The present movement, opposed by the supporters of Russia, influential laymen, and Protestant influence, may bring individual converts into the fold. But a national return is out of the question.—*Études,* March 20.

Modern Japan. By Alexandre Brou. Mr. Walter Dening, an English agnostic, has published a volume called *Japanese Modern Literature,* wherein he quotes what the leaders of Japanese thought have said about their own people. The first great problem is that

of Western influence, which, Dr. Otsuka says, is but superficial. The Japanese have borrowed our constitutional government, military and naval system, our financial organization, and, to a certain degree, our pedagogy, and have adapted their ancient laws to Western juridical forms. But neither Western science nor religion has penetrated into the mind of the masses. The conflict between the new and the old is keen. Baron Kikuchi complains of the passivity of their students; M. Yasu notes their powerful verbal memory, but lack of rational memory and spirit of research. The books studied are the hardest passages in Carlyle and Emerson, galloped through by narrow-minded teachers. All desire to hold some position under the government; those who fail in this lose interest in life.

The Japanese, says M. Sawayagani, lack endurance, ambition, the sense of justice and of the common good. Thefts multiply. Socialism is spreading. The sense of honor is dying out of the army, according to General Iguchi. Various efforts are being made to teach ethics in the schools, but with little success. Mr. Dening, forgetting the conversions made by St. Francis Xavier, thinks that the Japanese are hardly at all religious; some embrace Protestantism who expect present advantage to themselves. The real obstacle to Christian success, thinks M. Brou, is the intellectual pride of the university teachers, once disciples of Confucius, then of the English positivists, and now of German rationalists.—*Études,* March 20.

M. Guibert. By Monsignor Alfred Baudrillart. With the death of M. Jean Guibert, on February 28th, the *Revue* lost its real founder and principal director. Born in 1857, he entered the Seminary at Luçon in 1876. He was professor for five years at the Richlieu Institution, and then entered Saint Sulpice in 1885. Later he was professor at the Seminary of Issy from 1887 to 1897, and then head of the Seminary of the Catholic Institute in Paris until the final breakdown of his health. M. Guibert was an indefatigable worker, a writer of numerous magazine articles, historical and apologetic works, and pamphlets on moral subjects, besides his scientific work, *In the Beginning;* a noted spiritual director, and a preacher. Besides founding the *Revue,* he was the mainstay of the Association of Seminaries, and an active participant in many other societies, notably in the General Education Society.

A week before his death, he sent to the *Revue* an article, here

published, apropos of Abbé Magnan's *History of the French People in the United States.* In this article M. Guibert argues that religion is the best means of preserving the mother tongue among Europeans living in America, and, conversely, that the best means of preserving their faith is for them to live in colonies, and to be attended by priests of their own race. He speaks with favor of the French Canadians who retain in the States their native language and clergy, and attributes the loss of faith among Irish immigrants here to the fact that they have not adopted these precautions.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* March 15.

The Tablet (April 4): Besides reports of the speeches by Cardinal Bourne and Father Vaughan, S.J., at the seventh annual meeting of the Catholic Women's League, a leading article is devoted to the League's work. The League has established, besides other clubs, a society for sending girls to Canada; a Guild for Catholic Nurses; an information bureau, and public service committee through which the League takes part in social questions. Cardinal Bourne acknowledges it as "one of our great powers."——Mrs. Marion Mulhall declares that "the Abbots of St. Columba's monasteries of Greenland were the first to exercise episcopal authority in the Northern Christian colonies of the New World, as St. Brendan and his companions are supposed to have been the first in the Southern Christian Colony of Great Ireland, or White Men's Land."——The Roman correspondent notes the return of Abbot Gasquet to his work in Rome; the prophets of consistories are making him a Cardinal. Correcting the note as to the re-introduction of catechism into the public schools of Rome, he writes, from fuller knowledge, that practically the concession is of little value. Instruction may be given in a certain number of classrooms for one hour a week, when the children would otherwise be free. Out of fifty thousand children in the elementary schools, only one thousand four hundred are allowed by the civil authorities to attend this instruction.

The Month (April): Rev. Herbert Thurston traces the history of the ringing of bells at Mass, which began about the year 1200. He concludes that a special bell of intermediate size, hanging in a cot, was rung at the *Sanctus,* giving time for loiterers in the vicinity to assemble for the elevation; a small bell rung inside the church at the prayer *Quam oblationem* and the elevation, with the ringing of

a large bell at the latter moment in the well-served houses. There is no trace in the Middle Ages of a bell at the *Domine non sum dignus,* nor is it practically recognized to-day at Rome.——A. Hilliard Atteridge presents instances of the ignorance exhibited, the exaggerations and falsehoods told in *The Campaign of Slander Against Catholic South America.*——Thomas Walsh, in *Sevilla of the Images,* describes the processions held in that city during Holy Week.——The Rev. Sydney Smith shows, from a study of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, the firm conviction of the Apostles that our Lord had risen from the dead, not in spirit only, but in body, and proves that it was this absolute conviction which impelled them to undertake their world-wide apostolate, and persevere in it to the end. In a succeeding article he will examine the evidence which begot this conviction.

The Church Quarterly Review (April): Albert A. Cock praises Francis Thompson's poetry, but regrets his " excess of public penitence " and " ineradicable thriftlessness of Romantic phrase." " He extolled but failed to imitate " Mrs. Meynell, " an exemplar of that significant and eloquent silence of a noble soul." In consequence of " this dissipation of personality," " thought itself in him is paralyzed."——Rev. A. C. Headlam attempts to show what the *Ecclesia Anglicana* stands for. His purpose is to justify Anglican comprehensiveness.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (April): Rev. Leo Moore, O.P., relying on Fabre's work on insects, particularly on predatory wasps, shows that their marvelous instinct, though not itself intelligence, is still the creature of a superior creative intelligence, and is another support of the argument from design.——Rev. James MacCaffrey praises and summarizes a new work by Rev. William Burke, which shows from State papers the vindictive cruelty with which the Irish priests were persecuted in penal times (1660-1760). ——Referring to Father Conway's review of *The Edict of Pope Callistus,* by the Abbé d'Alès, in the February CATHOLIC WORLD, the Rev. M. J. O'Donnell discusses the views of Origen and Tertullian as to the forgiveness of capital sins, and concludes that no arguments against the use of the power of the Keys can be drawn from " the rambling contradictory statements of a man like Origen, or the hot-headed philippic of a not over-scrupulous master of vituperative rhetoric."

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (April): Professor T. M. Kettle has great hopes for the new France, which has proved itself a reality by the election of President Poincaré, the Three Years' Military Service law, and a growing recognition of religion as one of the ideal forces that make men good citizens and gallant soldiers.——Rev. Patrick Boyle gives brief notices of the most important preachers of "the Irish pulpit in the nineteenth century."——Quoting from Bishop William Lyndwood, a Welsh fifteenth century bishop, and admittedly the greatest of British canonists, R. S. Nolan puts the burden of proof on those who assert that the bill now before Parliament for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, seeks now to divert from their original intent the bulk of the endowments with which it deals. The Church there before the Reformation was undoubtedly Catholic, subject to the Pope, holding to the validity of bequests for requiem Masses.

Le Correspondant (March 10): Maurice Talmeyr describes a new *Golden Legend,* the story of Mother St. Joseph, for forty years after 1866 Superior of the Ursulines at Périgneux.——François Laurentie attacks the competency of F. A. Aulard, for twenty-five years official historian of France. Citing numerous errors, omissions, and instances of false method, he declares that M. Aulard has done nothing but republish texts without re-reading, commenting on, or completing them, and that it would be well for the renown of the Sorbonne and of French scholarship if he would return to his profession as journalist.——Dr. Grasset attacks the two theses of the opposing penological schools, namely, that a physician's opinion as to a criminal's responsibility should not be sought by the court, and, on the other hand, that it is all important because crime is nothing but illness, and penalties should be inflicted only as a means of cure. He maintains that brain lesions, which a doctor can certify to, do affect a man's responsibility; that punishment should be adapted, in kind and degree, to both the crime and the criminal; and that, finally, society must not only apply the laws of medicine, but also spread those of morality and duty.——J. Lacaze Bastard publishes a description, by an eyewitness, of the way in which the Bourbon restoration was received at Bordeaux in 1814.——Father M. J. Lagrange describes the poem *Daphne,* by the late Alfred de Vigny. Daphne here represents a place near Antioch, where Libanius, the noted fourth century rhetorician, discusses with his pupils, among whom is the Emperor Julian the Apostate, an attempt to

restore paganism. The poem gives de Vigny's opinion on modernism, and the relation of morality to religion.

(March 25): A writer on England's foreign policy declares that by her inactivity in Mexico, she has fully submitted to the Monroe doctrine; that commercial relations are binding her close to Germany, with which country England will side against Russia, the common enemy; and that her policy as regards Turkey is one merely of peace and of preventing any other power from further encroachments. He criticizes severely the policy of Sir Edward Grey, and does not believe that France is to declare war in 1915 or Russia in 1917, newspaper talk to the contrary.——Monsignor Baudrillart depicts from many hitherto unpublished letters, the intimate relations which existed between Monsignor d'Hulst and the Count de Paris.——The increased price of rented apartments and homes, declares F. Lepelletier, constitutes a national crisis. Efforts should be made to induce city people to return to their country homes and to the smaller towns.

Revue du Clergé Français (March 15): Charles Calippe argues that only a world-wide organization like the Church can fight the prevailing indecency and extravagance in feminine dress, and approves of the action of those bishops who have in pastoral letters scourged this vice. He shows how many styles in the past were invented to hide some physical deformity on the part of a royal personage; and points out the evil effects the present frequent changes in fashion have on the income, the morals, and even the occupation of the poor. Then he notices the leagues of Catholic women who have united to prove the possibility of combining taste with modesty. ——J. Rivière devotes a long review to the recent work by M. Adhémar d'Alès on *The Edict of Callistus,* but, while praising its extent and completeness, deprecates its polemics and its too evident apologetic intention. Some articles by M. Tixeront on the same subject he praises. The extensive article on *Faith* by R. P. Harent in the *Dictionnaire de Theologie Catholique,* he likewise heartily approves of, together with the work by the Dominican Fathers Gardeil and de Poulpiquet, though the latter, as R. P. Pinard points out, represents the views of a school rather than those of all theologians.——G. Drioux rehearses the varied conclusions as to the age and nature of the creature, named by Dr. Dubois the *Pithecanthropus Erectus,* of which bones were found in Java in 1891-1892.

(April 1): L. Cl. Fillion begins a study of "the intellectual

and moral development of Jesus," as noted in St. Luke ii. 52, and shows how the apocryphal Gospels and the rationalist critics fail to solve this problem, the former over-emphasizing Christ's Divinity, the latter His Humanity.——T. Nanty replies to the arguments of M. Le Dantec, who argues that life can be explained on mechanical principles, and that free will is an illusion. Le Dantec's method is first to ridicule the animists, and to laud the mechanists; so to define life as to prove his own theory; and to put on the libertarians the burden of proof, by assuming that all is matter or a property of matter.——Clement Besse remarks the different effects produced by the music of *Parsifal,* when heard in concert and when given as an opera, the former being truly Christian, the latter not so. He objects particularly to the religious scene, in which the guilty Amfortas is the celebrant of something like the Holy Eucharist, and the utterly improbable conversion of Parsifal himself.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (April 1): J. Touzard presents a study of the development of the Jewish Passover rites, summarized from the work by Dr. George Beer of Heidelberg. He traces this feast through the Old Testament, the apocryphal Book of Jubilees, and the Mishna. The feast seems anterior to the Exodus, and Moses probably adopted ancient rites, giving them a new meaning. Ceremonies somewhat similar were found in pagan nations.

Études (March 5): Joseph Brucker praises a *Manual of American Archæology,* by H. Beuchat.——Victor Poucel presents a study of Frédéric Mistral, showing the great influence which his native land of Provence had upon his poetry, and, on the other hand, the poet's efforts to make the land and its literature known to the world. His poems *Mirèio* and *Calendeau* are highly praised.

Recent Events.

France.

The disclosures which have been occasioned by the murder of the editor of one of the leading newspapers of France by the wife of the Minister of Finance in the present Cabinet, reveal the existence of a state of things among the classes that now govern the country, which has caused disgust among the general body of the people, and may move it to indignation, and possibly to some striking way of manifesting that indignation. The lady who was guilty of the foul deed has declared that she committed the act only because she was assured, on the highest authority, that it was impossible at the present time in France to obtain redress in a legal manner for the series of libels which the editor had for a long time been publishing, or to prevent him from further publications of a still more injurious character. She acted, moreover, because she wished to anticipate her husband acting in a similar manner.

This husband, although only Minister of Finance, has been the strongest supporter, the creator in fact, of the present government. He has been himself the head of a former Cabinet, and is the leader of the strongest party in the country—the Radicals and the Socialist Radicals—having succeeded M. Combes on the latter's retirement. It was he who warned the Catholics that if they continued to agitate for what they looked upon as fair treatment in the schools of the nation, all liberty to have schools of their own would be taken away from them. He has been one of the most determined opponents of M. Briand's movement for the fair treatment of all Frenchmen. He is, too, a leading representative of the attempt which is being made by financiers and capitalists to secure the control of the external policy of the country, and was guilty, in the interests of finance, of an attempt to betray France in the negotiations with Germany which followed upon the Agadir incident. On the other hand, in internal policy he has been quite lately the promoter of placing high taxation on the wealthier classes, and the chief advocate of the income tax which has so long been discussed.

One of the motives of Mme. Caillaux's act was the fear of the publication of a document which showed her husband's connection

with the prosecution of the notorious swindler Rochette. This Rochette had promoted companies which had defrauded investors of something like fifteen millions. He was on the point of being tried, when through the alleged influence of M. Monis exerted at the request of M. Caillaux, the trial was postponed, and Rochette allowed to escape. M. Monis was at the time Premier, while M. Caillaux was, as until recently in the Doumergue Ministry, Finance Minister. The document in question was brought before the Chamber by M. Barthou. This led to the appointment of a Commission to investigate the whole question. This Commission reported that M. Caillaux and M. Monis, the Finance Minister and the Premier at the time, were guilty of a most deplorable misuse of their powers in unduly influencing the judge to postpone the trial of Rochette. The judicial officer in question was censured for allowing himself to be so influenced. Both M. Caillaux and M. Monis were acquitted of any personally corrupt motive in the matter; their action was prompted by the desire to avoid a public scandal. Rochette's counsel had in fact threatened to show how the public had lost between the years 1890 and 1900 a sum of two thousand millions in concerns floated by "high finance," while he alone had been singled out for prosecution. To avoid such an exposure of the class to which he himself belonged, was the motive of M. Caillaux's action.

This report was the result of a political compromise, and some members of the Commission resigned rather than sign it. In their opinion it palliated the offences committed. However mild it may be, it reveals the existence of grave evils. It shows that the members of the government in 1911 were guilty of tampering with the administration of the criminal law for reasons which they called political. Justice was thereby prostituted, to the knowledge both of the bench and the bar. In order to keep these proceedings secret, members of the Cabinet such as M. Monis, both before the present Commission, and at a Committee of Inquiry which was held two years ago, attempted to mislead by telling untruths and even, before the present Commission, by perjury. It also reveals how all powerful is the influence of finance over public affairs. From evidence brought before the Commission by judicial officials, the intervention of the Executive in the process of the courts was nothing extraordinary in such cases. The present instance has only brought to light the existence of an evil which is indisputable, and generally recognized by those behind the scenes. There are those who think

that events are impending in France which may be either a remedy of or a punishment for what is becoming an intolerable evil. Whatever else may happen, the political career of M. Caillaux is ended.

No solution has been found for the difficult financial problem—how to meet the vast deficit, and to find fresh sources of taxation. It does not seem probable that before the general election even the ordinary budget will have been passed. In fact everything seems to be at sixes and sevens. What the Chamber does the Senate undoes. Electoral reform which has been bandied between the two Houses, is no farther advanced than it was at the last general election. It now seems probable that the present government will "make," as it seems very anxious to do, the coming election, although upon what issues, if any, it will be fought is by no means clear. In the recent debate on the Rochette report, M. Maurice Barrès said that in other days there were programmes, members, and parties, but now, instead of the fixed parties of the past, there only existed groups which were created by intrigue, and had neither tradition nor principle. These groups could only find their support in the country among other groups based upon smaller groups, and upon similar selfish interests and desires for place and promotion. The climax was reached when the mobile troops in the Chamber joined up with the mobile troops of finance. The only way, M. Barrès affirmed, to put an end to this was to put justice before politics. With the view doubtless of contributing to this result, a new League has been formed, called " La Ligue Française," to give expression, without distinction of party, " to the profound and coherent conscience of the country by promoting concord among the French people." It will abstain from all political and religious polemics, and ignore subjects of discord. The two Honorary Presidents are M. Ernest Lavisse and General Pau; among the Vice-Presidents are Monsignor Hercher and M. Joseph Reinach; and on its Committee are M. Maurice Barrès, M. Lépine, Dr. Jean Charcot, and Prince Jacques de Broglie.

No perceptible change has taken place in the foreign relations of France. Towards Italy, however, within the past two years there has grown up a certain feeling of distrust. It is widely believed in France that definite arrangements have been made for the naval coöperation of Italy with the other two Powers of the Triple Alliance, the result of which would be to deprive France of any influence in the eastern part of the Mediterranean. Denials on the part of Italy have been made, but distrust has not been

removed. Active coöperation of the Spanish and French forces for the purpose of suppressing the revolts of the Moors in the Spanish zone of Morocco, were proposed sometime ago, with what result has not been published. Very little is said about the work which is being done in the French portion of Morocco; it may be presumed that no news is good news. The visit of King George will doubtless consolidate the *entente* with Great Britain, although there are no signs of such a consolidation being needed, for complete political harmony exists between the two countries. Much the same may be said about the impending visit of President Poincaré to Russia.

The death of Mistral has removed one of the glories of the nation. While his influence was chiefly literary, yet on politics it had an indirect bearing, for it tended to the development of a local patriotism which is opposed to the pernicious concentration so characteristic of our times. Mistral was a devout Catholic, and yet it was M. Viviani who gave the oration at his burial.

Germany.

For two or three weeks a newspaper war was waged between the press of Germany and that of Russia. For a time it was feared that it might be the prelude to the outbreak of real warfare. It began by the German military and Chauvinist papers giving alarmist accounts of Russian military preparations—preparations which it was said the Russian censorship was doing everything in its power to conceal. The Russian government, it was alleged, were extending to Germany, Austria-Hungary, and elsewhere a most elaborate system of espionage. This was being done, not with the intention of making war immediately, but with the set purpose of securing the victory by elaborate preparation when the time for making war should have arrived. It therefore, these papers alleged, became the duty of Germany to declare a preventive war with Russia while she was still comparatively weak. These statements in the press gave rise for a time to considerable anxiety, and caused perturbations on the Bourses of Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. The anxiety was increased by the fact that it was suspected that the papers were inspired by the government, a suspicion which was strengthened by the prolonged silence on its part. The arch-militarist, General Bernhardi, contributed to the uneasiness by urging in the *Post* that Germany must be prepared for war in the near future,

and be ready to spend her last penny in preparations, declaring that the recent French and Russian army measures had created a new situation not foreseen in 1913. The government at length, by one of its authoritative mouthpieces, declared the alarm to be groundless; the question, however, remains unsettled why so dangerous a discussion was allowed to be continued so long. It has had the result of making the Russian government decide to increase the standing army of Russia by four hundred thousand men, making its full strength in time of peace no less than one million seven hundred thousand. However, the semi-official declarations of the government produced scarcely any effect upon the press. It showed no repentance, and German opinion seems to be drifting into a fixed belief that it has the right and the duty to challenge Russian actions and Russian intentions in every sphere. The long-standing friendship between the two Empires is pronounced to be but a legend.

The Catholics in the Reichstag have been making an effort to Christianize the military code. A duel which took place recently under revolting circumstances, has called attention to the sanction which that code gives to this barbarous practice. The spokesman of the Centre Party, Herr Gröber, described the duel as an official institution in the army, but for all that as an offence against divine and human law. The answer of the War Minister must be taken as an authoritative exposition of the mind of the military upon this question. The army authorities, he declared, were tireless in their exertions to educate army opinions upon the subject of duelling. On New Year's Day, 1913, the Emperor had again called on the officers' corps to practise more self-restraint. The result had been a great improvement, and in 1913 there had only been sixteen duels. The number was still too high, but it would be a mistake to seek a remedy in special prohibitions of military duels. This would only intensify the officer's irritation, and would make him seek satisfaction in irregular ways, or by thrashing his enemy. Duelling, the War Minister declared, was the lesser evil. Little was ever heard of its good results. The insulted officer regarded his honor as more valuable than his life. Such feelings might be right or might be wrong, but no one could call them debased.

A discussion has taken place in the Reichstag on the value of the colonies. Great differences of opinion manifested themselves. It seems to be agreed that they are, with the exception of Southwest Africa, and possibly of Samoa, of no value as places of settle-

ment. This, however, is not looked upon as a drawback, for Germany has no surplus population which renders colonization desirable. The Conservatives and Radicals view the colonies as merely an industrial asset to a capitalist community, while the Catholic Centre, in this as in the matter of duelling, takes higher ground. It pleads for their being administered on religious and moral lines, and calls for more cordial treatment of the missionaries by the government. A noteworthy advance in colonial development has been made by the completion of the railway in German East Africa. This railway between Dar-es-Salaam on the coast to Lake Tanganyika links up the East Coast with the Central African system. When the railway through the Belgian Congo is completed, it will be possible to travel from the East to the West of Africa by rail and steamer.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the exact relations between Germany and Russia are somewhat problematical. With the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy the Emperor has had interviews on his way to Corfu. No one knows what was the result of their conversations, although it is thought they were not without significance. The cordiality manifested towards the Italian government by the German press, and the comparative coolness shown towards that of Austria-Hungary, are looked upon as a sign of the times not unworthy of comment.

The death of Cardinal Kopp has deprived the Church of one of its most faithful pastors, and the Empire of a distinguished counsellor. He is said to have been the only man who ever had the courage to tell disagreeable truths to the Kaiser, and yet have been able to retain his esteem and favor. To his efforts was largely due the mitigation of the Falck laws. In 1884 he was nominated a member of the Council of State, and, following upon the arbitration on the Caroline Islands, he was called by the Emperor to a seat in the Prussian Upper Chamber. During the whole of his career, the Cardinal had a deep and sympathetic interest in the labor movements. The workmen showed their appreciation of this interest in 1908 by marching, twenty-six thousand in number, before his palace at Breslau. Of the two lines of policy advocated in Germany, the Cardinal was in favor of the Catholic workingmen being banded together into distinctively Catholic organizations, acting in sympathy with the other organizations formed in the interests of labor, but not throwing in their lot with them by becoming actually members. Some years ago at a welcome given to the

late Cardinal by the Burgomasters at Fulda, he was styled "patriot and prince of peace;" and this forms a fitting summing up of his career.

Russia.

A result of the German press campaign against Russia is the decision of the Russian government to increase vastly the armaments of the Empire. It will be remembered that Germany took occasion from the confederation of the Balkan States during the war with Turkey, to raise its army on a peace footing to eight hundred and seventy thousand men, an example which France at once, to some extent, followed. Russia has now taken the same step. To the first line of defence four hundred and sixty thousand men are to be added, raising the peace footing of the Russian army to one million seven hundred thousand men. This will cost no less a sum than two hundred and fifty millions of non-recurring expenditure, to say nothing of the additional annual cost. It is, however, considered necessary by all parties, except the Socialists, in order that Russia may be placed beyond the reach of attack. Such is the state of chronic alarm and mutual distrust in which the dwellers in the Continent of Europe are now passing their lives.

The administration is making many efforts to carry out the temperance and other reforms which the Tsar has so much at heart. The output of vodka, which is a government monopoly, and from the sale of which a very large part of the revenue is derived, is to be reduced; the penalties for illicit trading are to be increased; the churches and schools are to be used to teach the advantages of temperance; the influence of drinking is not to be admitted as an extenuating circumstance in the passing of sentence upon law breakers. The Minister of Ways and Communications will coöperate with the other members of the Cabinet in these efforts, by fitting out a large railway car with an exhibition showing the ruinous effects of drink. This car is to be sent all over the Empire. Liquor is no longer to be sold at railway stations. To make the reforms really effective, the administration of the new measures is to be entrusted to the local governments, as the Cabinet and the Duma recognize that the formation of temperance habits among the people cannot be accomplished except by the assistance of the people themselves. Excise inspectors have been instructed by a government circular to coöperate with villagers and local bodies in the curtailment of the sale of drink.

Another effort for the improvement of his people has been

made by the Tsar, and one which shows in a remarkable way the difference which exists between our own and Russian ideas of government. With his approval a new government department has been instituted, called "The Department of Physical Culture," to which is entrusted the propagation and supervision of outdoor games among the young. Even instruction in the way of playing is included among its duties. This new department is due to the Tsar's conviction of the importance of outdoor sports for the well being of his young subjects. The remarkable growth of football in schools has shown the eagerness with which Russian boys are taking to sports. It is worthy of note that a similar movement has taken place in France, and there are those who look upon this as a hopeful promise of a new France.

The hopes inspired among the reactionaries, that the appointment of M. Goremykin to be Premier would lead to the conversion of the Duma into a purely consultative body, have been disappointed by the issue of a Rescript addressed by the Tsar to the Premier, in which he and the Ministry are enjoined to be strong and united, and to work together in harmony with the legislature, the functions of which are strictly defined by law, and are to be treated with supreme respect. Respect for the law is declared to be an essential condition of fruitful legislative work. The Rescript's insistence upon the necessity of the Cabinet's working in harmony with the legislature, is looked upon as the recognition of the essential principle of constitutional government.

The Imperial assent has just been given to a bill which relaxes the bonds in which the women of Russia have been held. Hitherto a married woman has been unable to hold property, to enter business, to seek employment, or to obtain a separate passport without the consent of her husband. She had no remedy, however great a reprobate her husband might be. The new law gives full liberty of movement and enjoyment of property to women who for legitimate causes are separated from their husbands.

Austria-Hungary.

The recent history of Austria-Hungary so far as it is of interest to outsiders, is made up of the racial conflicts, which seem to be never-ending, between some one or other of the various nationalities, the issue of loans to pay for the continually increasing armaments, and the trials of conspirators and spies. The conflict of races

has been carried on by continuous obstruction by the Czechs in the Austrian Reichsrath. This obstruction has been of so obstinate a character that the session has had to be prorogued for a second time. The sittings had been absolutely sterile; even the loan necessary for the carrying on of the business of the State had not been sanctioned. Recourse has been had for this purpose to the Emergency Paragraph of the Constitution, which enables the government, when the Reichsrath is not in session, to pass measures without its consent on the collective responsibility of the Ministry, provided such measures make no alteration in the fundamental law, impose no lasting burden, and alienate none of the domains of the State. As the new loan is for something like a hundred millions, to issue it under this Emergency Paragraph seems to be an infringement even of its provisions.

A new racial conflict has broken out in Hungary. Large numbers of Rumanes dwell in this part of the Dual Monarchy, and their treatment by the dominant Magyars has been about as bad as that to which the Croats have been subjected. Efforts were made some time ago to bring about an amelioration of their position, but without success. The agitation has led to the formation of a league in Rumania to second the efforts of their fellow-countrymen across the borders. A public meeting, at which violent language was used in denunciation of Austro-Hungarian methods, with even the suggestion of armed intervention, was held in the Rumanian capital. It is looked upon as possible that this agitation, taken together with Austria's attitude to the Bukarest Treaty, may have the result of effecting a change in Rumania's attitude to the Triple Alliance, on the side of which Rumania has, up to the present time, ranked. A long series of trials of spies and conspirators has resulted in numerous convictions both of natives and foreigners. There has been in fact such an epidemic of espionages as to destroy, taken in conjunction with the measures necessary to prevent and punish them, all mutual trust and confidence.

On his way to Corfu, the Emperor William paid a visit to the Emperor-King. It was not a merely personal and private visit, for the foreign ministers took part in the discussions. Nothing, however, has been made public of what took place. The Triple Alliance remains unaffected, although it has been the object of the attack of some members of the Hungarian Opposition. The revelations of Count Witte of conversations with the Emperor William are matters of merely historical interest.

Italy.

The recent general election gave to Signor Giolitti the support of a large majority of the Chamber. But even at the time it was considered that no reliance could be placed on the long continuance of this support. By the withdrawal of the Radicals a few weeks ago, Signor Giolitti, although he still retained a substantial majority, was led to give in his resignation. It is not considered that it was done with great reluctance. In fact, it is said that it was merely an excuse, for the ex-Premier has never shown himself able, or at least willing, to find a remedy for a difficult situation. His success has been due to the skillful manipulation of parties, so as to become the means of their accomplishment of their various objects. He has never been a guide, but a keen observer of the signs of the times, and it was as an instrument that he maintained himself at the head. It was in this way that the recent extension of the franchise was brought about, as well as the war for the conquest of Tripoli. One result of this war has been to embarrass greatly the finances of the country. During its course, it was said over and over again, that the expenses would be paid out of savings and certain other resources. It seemed a strange assertion, and it has proved to be a false one; for it is now admitted that at least a hundred millions have to be raised to cover the deficit thereby caused. This was a task not relished by the former Premier.

Some little difficulty was experienced in finding a new Prime Minister, but at last Signor Salandra, a Liberal of old standing, succeeded in forming a Cabinet in which the Foreign Office is retained by the Marquis di San Giuliano, who has for so long conducted with great skill, and what is considered success, the foreign policy of the country through the Tripolitan and Balkan wars. Signor Salandra is regarded, next to Baron Sonnino, as the safest of Italian financial authorities. The new Ministry represents all parties with the exception of what is called the Clerical, even the extreme Left and the Radicals being included. Students of Italian politics say that the new government is likely to last at least a few weeks. The demand of the railway men for higher wages is a cause of anxiety. How far the new possessions of Italy in Africa are really pacified seems uncertain, for news keeps coming of conflicts with the Arabs. Italy still retains the possession of those of the Ægean Islands which she seized during the war with Turkey.

The Balkan States.

Prince William has entered upon his reign over the new State of Albania, having slipped almost unperceived into the little village of Durazzo, which has been chosen for the capital, although its claim is being vigorously contested by Scutari. For his subjects he is neither Prince or King, having adopted the old Albanian style of Mpret, which is a diminutive of Imperator. A Cabinet has been formed, of which six of the members are Mohammedans, while two are Orthodox and one is a Catholic. The unscrupulous Essad Pasha is the Minister of War, and is said to be far more influential than the Prince. The latter's palace (if such it may be called) is said to be almost deserted, the Prince having so far failed to assert himself; while to Essad recourse is had by all the seekers after power and place. The rule of the Prince has not been accepted by the whole of the populations assigned to him by the Powers, the Epirotes having formed themselves into a Republic with an elected President. The Powers are using their best efforts to bring about a settlement of the difficulty thus raised. The Greek government is thought to be loyally coöperating, although it is a very great trial to many of the Greeks to leave their countrymen under the domination of the Albanians whom they have always regarded as the most deadly of their enemies.

The rest of the Balkan States seem to be settling down to the peaceful development of their new possessions. A formal treaty of peace has been signed between Turkey and Servia. The former State has given informal assurances to the Powers that it has no warlike intentions. The Servians are accused of treating the Bulgarians who live in the districts assigned to Servia by the Treaty of Bukarest with as great cruelty as ever they were treated by the Turks. Peasants have been beaten, houses plundered, whole villages burned, large numbers arrested. Fear of an uprising is given as an excuse for these severities. Under these circumstances no surprise can be felt that Bulgarian bands are once more making an appearance.

The general election gave to the Bulgarian government a working majority. The people are settling down to their wonted pursuits, although they are doubtless waiting for a fitting opportunity to make good their losses. The fact that a loan has recently been raised without difficulty from internal sources, shows that prosperity is already reviving. At the opening of the new Sobranye the Royal Speech referred to the renewal of good relations with

the neighboring States, and expressed the hope that they would improve. With the Ottoman Empire the relations were said to be developing in the most friendly manner. Complete tranquillity was said to be the chief need of Bulgaria, as prolonged peaceful activity offered the only pledge for the national future. An alliance is said to have been formed between Greece, Servia, and Montenegro.

China.

The Renaissance of China, of which many profess to have seen signs, seems farther off than ever. The Central government is so powerless that for months a bandit called by the name of White Wolf with a few hundred followers, has overrun several provinces. His depredations have been systematic, deliberate, and prolonged. One city after another has been attacked by him, thousands have been ruthlessly and aimlessly slaughtered, girls in large numbers outraged, and vast quantities of property destroyed. The populations are so demoralized as to have no courage to offer resistance; even such troops as China possesses seemed for a long time to be afraid. The last news, however, is to the effect that at last a check has been put to the bold bandit's career.

The President is day by day becoming more and more of an autocrat. The National Assembly has been dismissed, and Yuan Shih-kai's only advisers are now self-chosen, consisting of a Council nominated by himself. The Constitution is being revised by this Council, and all the articles which restricted the Presidential powers are being either eliminated or emasculated. The sacrifices formerly offered by the Emperor, an act which was considered as the supreme mark of his irresponsible autocratic power, were offered this year by the elected President. This is looked upon as a practical proclamation that he considers himself as no longer responsible to the nation, but to the Almighty alone. In fact he who performs this sacrifice *eo ipso* becomes to the vast majority of the people the sovereign of China. It is true, indeed, that the President publicly disclaimed an exclusive right to offer this sacrifice; made it in fact the right of every citizen in his own family. Immemorial tradition, however, is too influential to be done away with in this way, and the attempt is looked upon as mere casuistry.

By another decree the President announced his intention of offering in person the seasonal sacrifices to Confucius, which was also an Imperial function. Some look upon this as equivalent to establishing Confucianism as the State religion. This intention

was, however, disclaimed by the President, who declared it to be his determination to remain faithful to the principle of religious liberty enunciated in the provisional Constitution. As however he has already violated most of the provisions of this document, it is impossible to put much trust in this declaration.

As for the rest of China's needs, the raising of money is the most imperative. Every week brings news of some new loan. One of the most important of recent financial transactions is that which gives the Standard Oil Company the control of large oil districts.

Japan.

Japan is in the midst of a political crisis. Clan is waging war against clan; the military against the naval, while the people are striving to change the bureaucratic method of government, which has hitherto prevailed, into the parliamentary, thereby making the Ministry responsible to the Parliament, and not to the Emperor alone. A recent trial at Berlin brought to light certain facts which showed that a widespread practice of corruption existed among the officials who control the navy. Several admirals and other officers are now under arrest. The Ministry of Admiral Yamamoto was forced to resign owing to those scandals, and to a deadlock between the two Houses of Parliament, and considerable difficulty has been found in forming a new government. This is the more unfortunate, as the coronation of the Emperor is imminent, and it was in the highest degree desirable that this ceremony should have taken place under circumstances of better omen. The present is the third ministerial crisis in the short reign of the new Emperor.

With Our Readers.

IT is reassuring to note the evident reaction that is taking place against the radical sex hygiene movement; the propaganda of sex instruction; sex stories; sex problems, with which the public has been saturated of late. The noted American editor, S. S. McClure, said recently that the popularity of sex is on the wane. This awakening to sense is only a realization after all that God has made us for things that are higher than sex. Mr. McClure also heralds the passing of the "cave man" and the "cave woman," quasi-scientific titles that justified the publishing and reading of stories that some few years ago would have been read only in private or not at all.

The public is getting tired [this well-informed editor states] of having "sex" eternally dinned into its ears. People are tired of the muckrake, too. What readers want now is a little of the good old-style fiction that writers have found it hard to sell recently, and special articles along uplift lines that are at once interesting and constructive. I predict confidently that within a few months sex problem stories and series will be banished from the pages of reputable magazines.

WORTHY of record as an index of what spirit animates many of the so-called Industrial Workers of the World (the I. W. W.), are the words of one of its leaders uttered in New York at a public meeting on April 19th: "The signal given by President Wilson for war will be the signal for a general strike. Workingmen won't go to war. It is better to be a traitor to your country than to your class."

THE great Catholic French poet, to whom Lamartine gave the name of the Homer of Provence, died on March 27th at the age of eighty-three years.

The life and work of this poet, Frédéric Mistral, were described to our readers by Charles Baussan in the December, 1912, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The first meeting of Mistral's parents was thus recorded:

One St. John's Day of a year long past, François Mistral stood in the midst of his fields to watch the harvesters reaping the wheat with their sickles. A crowd of gleaners followed the workers, eager to gather the blades that escaped the rakes. Behind them all, my father noticed a beautiful girl who kept in the background as if fearing to glean with the others. He approached her saying:

"'Where are you from, my child? What is your name?'

"The young girl replied: 'I am the daughter of Etienne Poulinet, the Mayor of Maillane.'

"'Is it possible,' said my father, 'that the daughter of Poulinet, the Mayor of Maillane, is a gleaner?'

"'Ah, we are a big family,' she answered, 'six girls and two boys, and although our father is comfortably off, when we ask him for money to buy ornaments he tells us: "If you want finery, my little ones, earn it."' And this is why I am come to glean.'

"Six months after this meeting, which reminds us of the pastoral romance of Ruth and Booz, the gallant farmer asked the Mayor of Maillane for the hand of the beautiful Délaïde, and I am the son of this marriage."

* * * *

THE charm of the Provençal dialect first appealed to him in the songs that his mother sang to him. That charm deepened into love, and love into consecration, and Mistral won for Provence and its dialect the renewed admiration of the world. As a consequence he was beloved of all Frenchmen, and would have been made a member of the French Academy, but he refused to go to Paris and present himself for that honor. He spent practically his entire life in a peasant's cottage in Maillane; loved the soil and his fellow-workers, and struggled to keep alive both old idioms and old standards. His favorite maxim was, "He who holds his mother tongue, holds the key that shall free him from his chains."

And so Baussan wrote of him:

Mistral could not have fought with such ardor for the family and against individualism had he not possessed the soul of a genuine traditionalist. His Provence would not have been the true Provence if he had forgotten the prayers he learned from his mother while his father directed the laborers as to their toil for the coming day. Mistral was so true and so great only because he was a Christian. He kept the faith simply and proudly. He was a Christian in public as well as in private life. In 1870 he chanted the penitential Psalms, humbly confessing the sins of the country and imploring mercy from on high.

Even when, in his works, he does not affirm his Catholic faith in express terms, it revivifies his thoughts, giving them the brilliancy and the force of truth. His faith was the joyous faith that death could not appall, the especial gift of the Church of the Saints. Saint Madeline and Saint Martha placed in the soul and on the countenance of the dying Mireille, the radiance of opening Paradise, and Mistral also had beyond the stars another country, another Provence yet more glorious, with another sunlight than that of Arles and Avignon. And there also were his brothers, the saints who never forget us, and who come to earth, at times, to talk with the pure in heart. Like the old church, overlooking the sea, like the carved doorway of Saint Trophimus, the grain and the fields woke an echo in the believing soul of Mistral. He would pause before the tiny insect, "the praying mante," who always holds towards heaven two of its little feet, and an old legend tells that to reward this attitude of continual prayer, God has given it the power of pointing out the right path to the children who wander off during harvest time.

In his *Mèmoires et Rècits,* Mistral relates the death of his father. The master of *Mas du Juge* had received the last sacraments with a living faith. He was surrounded by his weeping family, he alone remained serene. Listen to his son: "'Come, my children,' he said, 'come, I am going, and I give thanks to God for all that I owe Him, my long life, and my labor which He has blessed.' Then, calling me, he said:

"'Frédéric, what is the weather?'

"It rains, my father," I replied.

"'Good,' returned my father, 'if it rains it will be fine weather for the sowing.'"

"*La race fait la race,*" and when the last hour sounded for the poet himself in his white house at Maillane, he could also thank God and cast a backward look over his long life and his good labor. He had kept and increased the domain of his ancestors. They had had fair weather, these "sowers" of Provence, "sowers" of France also, for if Provence is not all of France, France without Provence would not be wholly herself; an essential melody would be missing in the national harmony—the classic song which, thanks to Mistral, will never again be silent. It brought life into a dead body, this double transfusion of blood—the blood of faith and the blood of the people, the Christian soul and the love of the land. The ancients did not invent the sun, nor the cadence of the waves, nor the slow tread of the oxen, nor the gesture of the sower or the oarsman. They simply looked at them, and it is to be as classic as they to look upon these things as they have done, only more closely and from a greater height. From a greater height, for their gods are dead, and art has not wept for them; our Heaven is infinitely above their Grecian Olympus. By the light of the sun, which has risen for us, we see infinitely more than they could, the world, life, the soul, truth, beauty.

IT is blessed to possess any portion of truth, even the smallest whereby we may guide ourselves with some degree of safety amid the mazes of this world, and view not merely the external but, in part at least, the internal, abiding purpose of life. If the possession of the portion be so blessed, what an inestimable distinction is it to stand upon the structure of truth itself, and know therefrom the full meaning and the sure, definite purpose of life even to its slightest thought, and thus to be the master of time and eternity.

The difference between the Catholic Church and all other Churches, of Catholic Faith and all creeds, is absolute and essential, for with one there is completeness and harmony and integrity; with the others there is a part vision, that because it is but a part perverts the whole.

* * * *

MISS ZEPHINE HUMPHREY has been describing in the *Atlantic Monthly* the awakening of one who begins to view kindly, and with some measure of appreciation, the Catholic faith. She opens her latest article with the statement:

> The Protestant whose eyes have been opened to the significance of the Catholic faith, finds that he has gained not so much a revelation of new truth as a new point of view from which to survey the whole of life.

He stands awestruck and dumb. It almost seems that there is a greater difference between two points of view of the same thing than between two different things. And that they are two different things in their practical final results, Miss Humphrey makes beautifully clear by the following passage. One has but to summon up the hazy, shift-

ing picture of Protestant truth—we speak of it as a definite dogmatic truth—which a knowledge of modern thought and tendency will suggest to him, and then place it beside this picture.

Protestant tolerance will not stand the test of enthusiasm, but Catholic patience is one of the firmest and most magnificent developments of the human race. It is cosmic—that bottomless word has to be used again to describe it; it has caught the spirit of time and creation and eternity. Nothing ever dismays or shocks it—no raging of the heathen, no dissension or catastrophe, no injury or insult. It is not tolerant, for it holds that truth must be absolute, one truth for all humanity; but it is full of forbearance and pity, ready to make allowances, to wait, to turn back, to begin all over again. There is no coldness about it; instead, there is a passion. "The passion of patience"—somewhere or other that phrase has lately crept into religious discussion, and it admirably describes the marvelous temper of the Catholic Church. Caring so mightily that he would die for his faith and would suffer anything to promote its cause, a good Catholic yet remains undisturbed in the face of calumny.

* * * *

AND the result of the disintegration and decay of Protestant thought has begotten indifference; and modern toleration is in great measure born of indifference. "Our unconcern has grown with the gradual growth of our tolerance, and that famous plant has its roots in no other soil than indifference. We do not care enough, that is the bottom truth of the matter."

Quite otherwise is it with the soul that thinks that its faith has reached down below individual distinctions, and has laid hold on a truth which is absolute in itself and therefore of utter importance to the universe. Granting it any generous impulse at all, such a soul cannot fail to burn to share this truth with every other soul it encounters. The desire is a possession, a passion, the most utterly selfless longing that a heart can know. It is to be reverenced, not criticized. The only real wonder about Catholics is, not that they ever proselytize, but that they ever contain themselves.

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THE moment that religion becomes real and personal to a man, the moment it becomes part of himself, or as the author would say, the moment a man thinks that such a great treasure may be compassed by his own soul and possessed of his own heart, his tongue is loosened and he begins to speak, "he suddenly finds himself talking about God and eternity, life and death, to all the world."

The Catholic faith is general. It proceeds from the Church, the Body of Christ, and informs each one of its members according to its own sweet will and their receptiveness. The Protestant builds up a lonely creed, painfully challenging every statement of the creeds of tradition, refusing to accept any of them until he has squared it with his own experience. The Catholic throws himself upon the creeds of the ages and the multitudes, feeling that what so many men have believed must have a larger measure of truth than any limited doctrine which he can fashion for himself; and, instead of fitting the creed to his experience, he fits the experience to the creed. Little by little, if he keeps his eyes faithfully on the pattern, he finds that his life unrolls an explanation of every intricacy. A Catholic creed is a puzzle, yes; but life is the key to it.

This expectant attitude gives the Catholic more real freedom than the Protestant. The latter is a slave to his doubts. He never dares take a step until he has first looked carefully all about him, sounded the ground, calculated the distance and all the consequences. But the former lets himself go, making endless experiments in faith, giving himself every possible chance to appropriate not only his own particular beliefs but also the beliefs of others. The result (which is also a cause) is a community of experience which squeezes the whole richness of life into each separate cup. Drink it, drink it, believer! It is compounded of visions and aspirations which, singly, thou art not great enough to discover, but which the saints of the Church have had for thee and now share with thee; it makes thee wise with the wisdom and love of all the ages.

The externality of the Catholic faith is a characteristic which we Protestants criticize severely. It seems to us that the love of God cannot be imposed from without, but must spring up from the individual soul. That is true in a sense; not even the Catholic Church can unite men with God against their will. But, granted a right disposition, how much more worth while, how necessarily fuller in truth is the God of a world-wide Church, comprising millions of people, than the God of one solitary, groping soul! God is not for the one but the many; and the more people utter the same prayer, the more fully comes the answer. Moreover, it is worth much to stand allied with a body which holds its members always, inexorably, in the right attitude. Individual souls are uncertain affairs, often incorrigible in their moods. Sometimes they will not and sometimes they will solicit Heaven. But the Church never wavers. Steadfast she stands, facing Jerusalem, and with firm hand she holds her children facing with her. She knows that practice often induces the spirit, that the prayer of the body sinks into the soul and waters it as rain an arid plant. She knows that the will of the many is stronger than the will of the one, and that it better reflects the great Will in which is our peace. She knows that humility has clearer, braver eyes than self-confidence. Therefore she commands; or, rather, Heaven commands through her.

It all comes to this: particles of the Eternal Being as we are, the sum of the truth of things is outside of and beyond us. No man can comprehend it alone. Only by submitting ourselves to one another, only by learning and sharing alike, can we know anything, can we escape from the burdensome ignorance of our individuality. The Church offers us the common cup into which to empty ourselves and from which to drink.

* * * *

THE author proceeds to say that Protestant methods are better adapted to disruption than to unity. She pleads with her fellow Protestants to yield a little. The yielding will bring such great fruit.

At the end she writes. "We have gone our own ways, and may perhaps never return to the home of our Mother. But she lingers there still, and at her knees waits a blessing for every wandering child who will stoop to receive it. There can be naught but good for us in loving her."

Miss Humphrey will pardon us in expressing the hope that some day the joy may be hers of feeling the blessing descend upon her own heart.

FROM a timely article, entitled *The Social Views of Christ,* which appeared in the March issue of *Studies,* we take the following passage:

"The attitude of Christianity towards slave-labor has never been ambiguous. It may then seem surprising that slavery should have subsisted among Christians until the nineteenth century. But the answer is simple, Christ took away the sting of slavery. When once the Son of God had taken the form of a slave and died a slave's death [Phil. ii. 7], the doom of slavery had come. True, the name persisted and the shell of the institution survived, but a Christian was henceforth free in Christ. No longer was he a chattel to be used and tortured and killed; he was a man, a person, a brother, a friend of Christ. The Christian slave was often far better off than his modern successor, who is worse than a slave in all but name. So conscious were the Christian slaves of their new freedom through Jesus (with Whom there was neither Jew nor Gentile, neither man nor woman, neither slave nor free), that they had to be exhorted not to look down on their masters, not even if these owners were pagans. This is how St. Paul wrote on the subject [1 Tim. vi. 1-2]:

All who are slaves should regard their masters as deserving of the greatest respect, so that God's Name and Teaching may not be maligned. Those whose masters are Believers should not think less of them because they are Brothers; on the contrary they should serve them all the better because those who benefit by their work are beloved fellow-Believers.

"Such language in the mouth of a pagan would be simply inconceivable. The citizen of old Rome would no more call his slave his brother, than would the 'boss' of to-day apply the term to his carter. What a mighty but silent revolution was effected in that hard pagan world, when men were induced to treat their slaves (hitherto mere chattels or playthings) better than we treat our domestic servants. The full significance of this revolution cannot be better brought home to us than by reading St. Paul's letter to the Christian Philemon, whose slave Onesimus had robbed him and run away. The poor runaway was converted by St. Paul, and was sent back to his master with a letter full of tenderness and trust inimitable in its humor and its pathos. And as we read it, let us bear in mind the fate of the thieving runaway slave in the pagan code of Rome—branding with red-hot iron, torture and mutilation, gyves and shackles. But Christ speaks through Paul his new evangel of labor:

And so though in Christ I might confidently enjoin what you should do, yet for love's sake I prefer to plead with you. I Paul—the aged and now also the prisoner of Christ Jesus—plead with you for my child Onesimus to whom in my prison I have become a father. Once he was useless to you, but now he has become useful [true to his name] not only to you but to me. I am indeed sending him back to you, but my heart is with him. I would like to keep him

with me to attend to my wants as your representative during my imprisonment for the Good News. But I wish to do nothing without your leave, so that this favor may be done freely without pressure.

Perhaps indeed it was for this very reason [in God's providence] that he was for a little while separated from you, that you might receive him back for ever, no longer as a slave but as something better—as a dearly loved Brother who is specially dear to me and even more so to you, not only as your fellow-man but as your fellow-Believer.

If then you count me your friend, receive him as you would me. If he ever caused you loss or owes you anything, charge it against me. I Paul am writing with my own hand this IOU!

I say nothing about *your* owing me your very self. Yes, Brother, do me this favor for the sake of the Lord. Ease my heart for Christ's sake.

"When Christ's great Lieutenant can thus speak of a slave, in accents of love and tenderness which seemed wondrous new and strange to hard heathendom, when Paul could thus express the mind of Christ on the relations of master and man, surely the Good News has not lost its beauty and its force for the labor question of to-day. On our ears, too, this talk of brother and sister, this language of love and respect, sounds strangely incongruous and unmeaning, amid the whir and jar of the machinery and the raucous din of the market. Yes, it is so unbusinesslike, so unpractical; why, it is quite personal. Alas. Think you that, if the Son of Man came again, He would find Faith on earth?"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Office of Holy Week. 20 cents net. *A Modern Franciscan.* By Father D. Devas, O.F.M. 20 cents net. *The Secret Citadel.* By I. C. Clarke. $1.35 net. *Spiritual Director and Physician.* From the French by Dom A. Smith, C.R.L. $1.75 net. *In Quest of Adventure.* By M. E. Mannix. 45 cents. *The Child of Mary's Own Manual.* Compiled by Canon Coelenbier. 30 cents net. *Maxims from the Writings of Monsignor Benson.* By the compiler of "Thoughts from Augustine Birrell." 50 cents net. *From the Sepulchre to the Throne.* By Madame Cecilia. $1.75 net. *Polly Day's Island.* By I. J. Roberts. 85 cents. *The Shield of Silence.* By M. E. Henry-Ruffin, L.H.D. $1.35 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Theological Symbolics. By C. A. Briggs, D.D. $2.50. *Maximilian in Mexico.* By P. F. Martin, F.R.G.S. $5.25 net. *The Philosophy of Religion.* By G. Galloway. $2.50 net. *The Influence of the Bible on Civilization.* By E. von Dobschütz, D.D. $1.25 net. *Christianity and Ethics.* By A. B. D. Alexander, D.D. 75 cents.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:

The Two Americas. By General Rafael Reyes. $2.00 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

One Year of Pierrot. By the Mother of Pierrot. $1.35 net. *Through Other Eyes.* By A. McLaren. $1.25 net. *The Backward Child.* By B. S. Morgan. $1.25 net.

JOHN LANE CO., New York:

The Flying Inn. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. $1.30 net.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:

The Freedom of Science. By Joseph Donat, S.J. $2.50 net.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:
Ordo for 1915. 50 cents.
J. F. TAPLEY Co., New York:
Visits for Children to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. By the author of "May Devotions for Children."
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Mother Mabel Digby. By A. Pollen. $3.50 net. *Monksbridge.* By J. Ayscough. $1.35 net.
THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
The Vocation of Woman. By Mrs. A. Colquhoun. $1.50. *The Philippines Past and Present.* By Dean C. Worcester. Two volumes. $6.00.
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, INC., New York:
The Catholic Encyclopedia. Volume XVI.—Index.
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
Vandover and the Brute. By Frank Norris.
P. J. KENNEDY & SONS, New York:
Watching an Hour. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. 75 cents.
THE CENTURY Co., New York:
Dodo's Daughter. By E. F. Benson. $1.35 net.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Saint Augustin. By Louis Bertrand. $3.00 net.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Princess and Curdie. Simplified by E. Lewis. 50 cents.
THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, Maryknoll, N. Y.:
Stories from the Field Afar. 60 cents.
WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, Woodstock, Md.:
The Student's Grades; An Aid to Latin Versification. By L. T. Butler, S.J.
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A CENTENARY OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

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THERE is a lovely mountain tarn, one of the many in that region of natural beauties known as Kerry, to which my thoughts have often turned whilst thinking over the subject of this article. High up, embosomed in the mountains, for the most part of the year it is even unfishable, because its sheltered position leaves its surface too glassy for the trout to be deceived by the fly. When, however, the wind blows from the right quarter, what a change in the lake! Its mirror-like surface is torn with waves, miniature waterspouts and spindrift rage and tear over its face. It is hardly recognizable as the peaceful thing it was, and will be again. For when the wind dies down, once more the pool returns to its peaceful state; once more puts on its glassy surface. Yet, no doubt, profound changes have taken place in the disposition of its waters: they are not as they were. The depths of the pool have been stirred, all cannot be as it was before the storm raged. The pool is the same, though a profound reconstruction of its constituent parts may have taken place. And any dweller by its shores could tell the casual visitor that such a storm, such a reconstruction, such a subsequent calm, was no unique experience, but a thing which had happened before, and must be expected to happen again. The analogy, like all analogies, breaks down if pushed very far beyond its confines, but in a general way it seems to me to bear a resemblance to the relations between religion and science. I speak of religion

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generally, and specially of religion as typified by the Catholic Church. And, though the period with which I am concerned is the last hundred years, similar cycles of events have taken place in the past; can we doubt that their like will take place in the future?

Let us turn our attention to the *Argument from Design,* commonly so-called. My intention is to consider its position at the beginning of the last century, and the effect upon it of the great controversies of the middle of that century which men think of as the Darwinian controversy. Finally, I desire to consider how that argument stands to-day, after the storm and fury of that controversy has abated.

It would be a very great error to suppose that the pre-Darwinian era was one barren of scientific discovery. Quite the contrary was the case. At the opening of the last century, or during the last few years of that which preceded it, the ancient caloric theory of heat was upset by Rumford and Davy, who showed that heat was a mode of motion affecting the molecules of the heated substance. The ancient corpuscular theory of light was also upset by Young, who showed that light was due to a wave motion in the ether, then first described as a new medium. The same authority introduced the concept of energy to the scientific world. Dalton brought forward the atomic theory; Wollaston detected the dark lines in the solar spectrum; Volta discovered the electric pile. It is true that these epoch-making discoveries were on the physical side of science, rather than on the biological. It is also true that it is from the latter rather than from the former, that we are accustomed in these days to look for conflicts between religion and science.

We cannot, however, forget that the one serious conflict with science in which a mistake was made by the then rulers of the Church, was on the physical side, for the dispute with Galileo raged around the geocentric and heliocentric theories of astronomy. With the merits of this dispute I cannot now afford the time to deal, though there is much that could be said about it. Here I will only note in passing that, as Newman remarked, it is the one and only definite case which can be brought up, and is invariably brought up, as an example when the Church is accused of being the enemy of science. Huxley hated our religion and—very foolishly and very ignorantly too—rejoiced that evolution " in addition to its truth has the great merit of being in a position of irreconcilable antagonism to that vigorous enemy of the highest life of mankind—the Catholic

Church!"[1] Yet this same Huxley, having studied the case of Galileo, took up a position which I must confess I myself should find it difficult to defend, that "the Pope and the Cardinals had rather the best of it."[2] And according to Sir David Brewster, Leibnitz declared that the theory of gravitation was opposed to natural religion. The view was never supported, as far as I am aware, by any authority, nor do I see how it ever arose. I mention it merely to show what curious positions can be assumed by men of the first order of intellect, when their minds have been enthralled by, and wedded to, some particular theory. At any rate this may be said of the pre-Darwinian portion of the era with which I am concerned, that, from the biological side of science, there arose no serious, even considerable theory which was taken to be opposed to religious doctrine.

In the early years of the last century, in 1802 to be precise, there appeared a work which may fairly be looked upon as the high watermark of pre-Darwinian apologetics in England. I allude to that very remarkable work on natural theology, commonly know as Paley's *Evidences*. Fallen now, it would seem, and for reasons which will shortly appear, into quite undeserved neglect, Paley's book was well-known to the great biologists of the Darwinian upheaval, and highly appreciated by them. Darwin himself said, "I do not think I hardly ever admired a book more than Paley's *Natural Theology*. I could almost formerly have said it by heart."[3] Huxley knew and grasped the real teaching of Paley a good deal better than many of his opponents, who would no doubt have thought of themselves as ranged under the banner of Paley. And Huxley very acutely calls attention to the remarkable argument in the twenty-third chapter of the *Evidences*. Here Paley argues that "there may be many second causes, and many courses of second causes, one behind another, between what we observe of nature and the Deity: but there must be intelligence somewhere; there must be more in nature than what we see; and, amongst the things unseen, there must be an intelligent, designing Author." Then he proceeds to point out how things around us are produced by the adding of particles to one another, so as to become collectively organized bodies by means of motions which we cannot explain. "There may be," he continues, "particular intelligent beings guiding these motions in each case; or they may be the result of

[1] *Darwiniana*, p. 147. [2] *Huxley's Life and Letters*, vol. ii., p. 113.
[3] *Darwin's Life and Letters*, vol. ii., p. 219.

trains of mechanical dispositions, fixed beforehand by an intelligent appointment, and kept in action by a power at the centre. But in either case there must be intelligence." In reference to which Huxley adds, "that is to say, he proleptically accepted the modern doctrine of evolution, and his successors might do well to follow their leader, or at any rate to attend to his weighty reasonings, before rushing into an antagonism which has no reasonable foundation."[4]

Paley's line of argument is, or ought to be, well-known to all educated persons, and need only be outlined here in the briefest possible manner. He commences by supposing himself to be walking upon a heath. He strikes his foot against a stone: it is clear that it may have been there forever; at any rate, to the casual observer, it presents no special problems for solution. But a little further on he comes upon a watch, and that can hardly be explained in the same manner, namely, that it may have been always there. He develops his argument by explaining the structure of the watch, and by claiming the inevitable inference that the watch must have had a maker, "an artificer or artificers, who formed it for the purpose which we find it actually to answer: who comprehended its construction, and designed its use." Nor in his opinion are the arguments weakened by the facts that: First, we may never have seen a watch made, or known an artist capable of making one; second, that the watch sometimes, even frequently, went wrong; third, that there were parts in it which we did not understand. Further, he argues that the finder of the watch could not be expected to be satisfied by any of the following arguments: First, that it was one out of many combinations of matter, and might have been thus or otherwise arranged; second, "that there was a principle of order which had disposed the parts of the watch into their present form and situation;" third, that the mechanism was no proof of contrivance, only a motive to induce the mind to think so; nor again by the argument that, fourth, the watch was no more than the result of the laws of metallic nature. Finally, he is not to be put off from his belief by being told that he knew nothing of the matter. Paley then applies his argument to different parts of the human body, and subsequently to various contrivances throughout the animal kingdom.

For example, he considers and describes the human eye a marvel of contrivance. He points out that it has, like the telescope,

[4] *Darwin's Life and Letters*, vol. ii., p. 202.

lenses and means for focussing, and other like things. If the devices we meet with in the telescope are designed, as unquestionably they are designed, to aid our vision, can we doubt that the devices we find in the eye are also designed for the very purposes of vision itself? And in a similar manner he deals with a number of other contrivances in man and in the lower animals, which exhibit, according to his theory, undoubted evidences of design.[5] Such was the thesis with whose development Paley's work is concerned, and it embodies the *Argument from Design* as it was stated at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and, indeed, as it continued to be stated up to the Darwinian days. Into this comparatively peaceful pool rushed the whirlwind of Darwin with the subsidiary and adjuvant blast of Huxley—a nipping and an eager air from a keener and adjacent quarter. Let us try to take stock of the events of that period. Darwin's great book is commonly and most misleadingly known to the majority of mankind as *The Origin of Species,* whereas its true title was *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.* The distinction which I have drawn between the popular and the actual titles is not a mere piece of pedantry: behind it lies a historical fact of the utmost importance.

Darwin was by no manner of means the first person to propose the theory now commonly but incorrectly known as "Darwinism," but which is more accurately described as "Transformism," that is, the theory of the derivative character of living things. What Darwin did was to put forward a means to explain this derivation, namely, Natural Selection, to which he added some subsidiary factors such as Sexual Selection. I have no time to deal in any adequate manner with the pre-Darwinian transformists, but this may be said, that, apart from pagan writers who foreshadowed it at least, it has in its essence been a subject of discussion amongst the great Catholic writers since the time of St. Augustine of Hippo. I am not enough of a theologian to decide, nor, since theologians differ on the point, am I sufficiently foolish to attempt to decide, how far St. Augustine was or was not what would be called an evolutionist to-day. To me, at least, it seems as if the language of Peter Lombard and of St. Thomas Aquinas, in commenting on St. Augustine, makes it clear that the teaching of the greatest and most influential Doctor in the history of the Church is quite consonant with any reasonable theory of evolution—nay that it is broad

[5]The outline is that of the first chapters of the work in question.

and comprehensive enough to provide not only for whatever limited degree of evolution is yet fairly established, but even for anything that has even a remote probability of being proven in the future. Nor am I deterred from coming to that conclusion by the very obvious criticism that the Saint did not state the doctrine with the clearness with which it is now laid down, a thing which no reasonable person would expect him to have done.

It seems to me that he stated it "proleptically," as Huxley said of Paley. But let that pass; what clearly emerges from the controversy is that a theory in its essence quite indistinguishable from what we call evolution, has been under discussion ever since the time of St. Augustine amongst Catholic theologians. And to turn to other people of course, Erasmus, Darwin, Lamarck, and Chambers in his *Vestiges of Creation* put forward transformist views, though without exciting any very great interest, certainly without provoking any very active controversy.

How was it then that Darwin's work aroused the storm which it did? This is a point which we may well consider, since there are important lessons to be learned from it. In the first place the book arrived at what the trite phrase calls the "psychological moment." Scientific opinion, more or less prepared by previous writings, was like a salt in strong solution. Darwin's book was the added crystal which caused the solidification of the whole. But while this is so, the main cause of the success of the book was its own excellence; the careful collection of facts; the patiently elaborated argument; its modest restrained presentation; and, above all, the production for the first time of a theory which purported to explain, and did in large measure explain, how that transformism, in which many had believed, perhaps in a somewhat indefinite manner, could be conceived to have come about. In addition to these reasons there is a third which must never be left out of consideration. The book became a party cry. This most unfortunate circumstance was, I at once and fully admit, in a very large degree due to the ignorance and the unreasonableness of its opponents, the religious party, chiefly, if not entirely, I am glad to say, drawn from outside the ranks of our own body. It has always seemed to me that in cases of this kind the advice of Gamaliel is golden, and that one should wait and see what the decision of scientific men, at any rate, is going to be before debating the question even on philosophical lines, "for if this council or work be of men, it will be dissolved." Such, however, was not the action of some of the

defenders of religion; which might indeed have prayed to have been delivered from its friends on this as on some other occasions. It is impossible here to enter into the history of those times. Those who do so will find in the speech of the then Bishop of Oxford, the well-known Samuel Wilberforce, a most admirable example of how not to do it. In his, as in many of the speeches and writings of that day, will be found a neglect of the plain common-sense rule that it is well to understand your opponent's case, and the facts upon which it rests, before entering into argument with him. I wish this simple lesson could be imprinted on the minds of those who essay criticism of Catholic doctrine and Catholic philosophy. But this is too much to expect.

Now one result of the rapid acceptance of Darwin's views, the full bearing of which could not accurately be appreciated at the moment, was the apparent destruction of the *Argument from Design*. Darwin asserts this himself, and asserts it with regret, as might be expected from his admiration of Paley's book. "The old argument from design in nature as given by Paley," he writes,[6] "which formerly seemed to me so conclusive, fails now that the law of Natural Selection has been discovered. We can no longer argue that, for instance, the beautiful hinge of a bivalve shell must have been made by an intelligent being, like the hinge of a door by man. There seems to be no more design in the variability of organic beings, and in the action of Natural Selection, than in the course which the wind blows." And this he says, though a few lines further down he alludes to "the endless beautiful adaptations which we everywhere meet with."

When a new fact of the first importance or a new theory of really wide-reaching importance, is thrown into the scientific arena, it not only creates a vast turmoil there, like the northern blasts on the mountain tarn, but it also necessitates a re-orientation of all kinds of matters, not at first sight connected directly with the fact or theory itself. In our own days the discovery of radium and of radio-activity, has completely altered the attitude of science towards all sorts of subjects, even, for example, the age and possible destiny of the sun and the earth. We used to be told that the earth was gradually cooling, and would become an extinct "has-been" like the moon. Yet now there is a school of scientific men which declare that, so far from this being the case, the earth is actually growing hotter and hotter in its interior, and that, if this process

[6] *Life and Letters*, vol. i., p. 309.

goes on, as go on it apparently must, "at some time or another the world must explode, when the increasing temperature and pressure within overpowers the strength of the crust. According to the same authority, there is no assurance that such a consummation does not await the future, nor evidence that such has not more than once been an event of the past."[7] As this termination is not expected for something like one hundred million years, we need have no personal alarm, nor need we tremble on this account for the future of our children. I mention the matter to show the far-reaching consequence of a really first-rate discovery or theory.

Such was Darwin's theory, and it is not to be wondered at that the *Argument from Design* required reconsideration and reconstruction in view of his teachings. What the result was will shortly be considered. Meantime it will be sufficient to note one result of the appearance of the book, and more especially of the unfortunate manner in which it was met by those who would have been well-advised to have exercised more caution and discretion in their attitude towards it. This serious result was the loss of faith in revelation on the part of a large number of perfectly honest and even reluctant persons. Perfectly honest: no one can doubt that who reads the remarkable letter which Huxley, after the death of his son, wrote to Kingsley, in which he says that whatever the consequences, he will not try to make himself believe that which in his heart he feels to be a lie. Reluctant and regretful: as witness the bitter cry of Romanes when he had lost that belief in Christianity which he regained in his latter days.

> Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the "new faith" is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of "the old," I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although from henceforth the precept "to work while it is day" will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that "the night cometh when no man can work," yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible.[8]

[7] Soddy, *Matter and Energy*. Home University Library, p. 237.

[8] *A Candid Examination of Theism*, p. 114.

Mr. Chesterton, in one of his delightful flashes of thought, reminds us that "the hardest thing to remember about our own time, of course, is simply that it is a time; we all instinctively think of it as the Day of Judgment."[9] Those of the mid-Victorian era had no doubts in their minds that religion and all it entails had come to judgment, and been dismissed with costs. It is perhaps not wonderful that the new wine of scientific discovery, the marvelous outpouring of researches of all kinds in the biological world which followed upon the publication of Darwin's theory, should have got a little into men's heads. Every great fact, and every potent theory, has this wonderful thing about it, that it engenders discovery, and Darwin's theory, even as a working hypothesis, has been the direct cause of an extraordinary advance in knowledge during the past fifty years. And as it was ignorantly assumed by some, though not by Darwin nor by Huxley, to have dispensed with any need for a God, that idea was temporarily at any rate overshadowed in, or obliterated from, the minds of men.

There are, perhaps I should say there were, excellent people who really believed that if the Sacred Scriptures in his own tongue were placed in the hands of a heathen who can read, he must *ipso facto* become a Christian. In quite the same way the tendency of the mid-Victorian age was to suppose that a careful perusal of Darwin's works was enough to shatter the faith of the stoutest. There is a somewhat remarkable novel by a very remarkable, if underestimated writer, Samuel Butler, called *The Way of All Flesh.* Butler was a real student of the Darwinian controversy, and contributed some pungent writings to it. And no one who was familiar with the mid-Victorian parsonage will dispute the accuracy of many of his pictures of that household. For the rest the figures are somewhat wooden, and in many respects unconvincing. The real point of interest is the faithful representation of the *ethos* of the period, the cocksure attitude which believed that any rational man who looked into these things could have but one opinion about them, and that was that we neither could, nor need endeavor, to know anything about God, our souls, a future life, or other such vain speculations of theologians and philosophers. This attitude is the very atmosphere in which the book was created, and which it exhales to those who read it to-day. And yet it was but a time and not the Day of Judgment. "Few people," says Mr. Chesterton in continuation of the text already cited, "few people,

[9] *Charles Dickens*, p. 288.

for instance, realize that a time may easily come when we shall see the great outburst of science in the nineteenth century as something quite as splendid, brief, unique, and ultimately abandoned as the outburst of art at the Renaissance. Few people realize that the general habit of fiction, of telling tales in prose, may fade, like the general habit of the ballad, of telling tales in verse, has for the time faded. Few people realize that reading and writing are only arbitrary sciences, like heraldry." All that he suggests, even any part of it, seems to us, if not impossible at least incredible, but it is as well to remind ourselves that all things mundane pass, and that what we to-day think of as final, is not necessarily or even probably so. And so after the splendid assurance of the mid-Victorian period, that everything was to be known the day after to-morrow if not sooner, comes the reaction of to-day. Of this we have recently been told in a magistral address, the great tendency, the "characteristic of the promising, though perturbing period in which we live," is "rapid progress, combined with fundamental skepticism,"[10] intra-scientific skepticism be it understood, skepticism as to what science can really insist upon, rather than skepticism of things outside science.

It is perhaps not wonderful that with the great burst of scientific knowledge which marked the second half of the nineteenth century, there should arise the idea that science could and would prove the key to all mysteries. When one passes even a few of them under review, the achievements of science are marvelous beyond all description. Look at the immensities of the universe. It takes light one second to travel one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles, and the distance between the sun and the earth being more than ninety-two million eight hundred thousand miles, every sunbeam has spent eight minutes or thereabouts on its journey. It would take an express train, traveling sixty miles an hour and never stopping day or night for coal or water, one hundred and seventy-five years to make that journey. Yet it is a mere trifle to the distances known to exist amongst the stars. Everybody knows the Pole Star by sight. Let any person look at it on his fortieth birthday. The beam which meets his eye, left that star at about the moment the forty year old spectator was first making his entry into this vale of tears. Yet even this again is a trifle if the calculations of astronomers are correct, who tell us that the extreme limit of the stellar system consists of a star whose light takes thirty thou-

[10] Lodge, *Continuity*, p. 7.

sand years to reach us, traveling, though it does, at the terrific the inconceivable rate which I have mentioned. Yet over these incredible distances science exercises her reign, weighing, measuring, analyzing the composition of the heavenly bodies, estimating their orbits, and foretelling with unerring accuracy their movements in the future.

Or look again at the smallest things we know of. The living cell is a very small and, it used to be thought, a very simple thing. Yet the more we know of it the less simple we find it. The writer who said that every cell was full of machinery as complicated and as great as that which is contained in a "Dreadnought," in no way exaggerated the state of affairs. He was not thinking of the further complications which have to be considered when we get to much smaller things than the cell, smaller even than the molecules of the chemical substances which build up the cell, when in fact we arrive at what, but a few years ago, was thought to be the ultimate limit of indivisibility, the atom. For the atom is now said to be made up of electrons, or units of electricity, positive and negative electrons. On this hypothesis the oppositely charged electrons are to be thought of "as flying about inside the atom, as a few thousand specks like full stops might fly about inside a room; forming a kind of cosmic system under their strong mutual forces, and occupying the otherwise empty region of space which we call the atom —occupying it in the same sense that a few scattered but armed soldiers can occupy a territory—occupying it by forceful activity not by bodily bulk."[11]

We were recently considering the awful distances over which science, under the form of astronomy, exercises her sway. Some of the incredible minuteness of the objects with which she also concerns herself, will be gained by learning that the molecules of hydrogen, in which the electrons fly about like full-stops in a room, are so small that it would require about two million of them placed in a row to occupy one twenty-fifth of an inch, and that fifteen thousand million, million, million of them would weigh—one grain. Of all these things great and small science takes cognizance, and of all of them she can tell us much, more and more every day, new vistas of knowledge constantly opening before her inquiries. But there is one thing which she cannot tell us now or ever, nor can pretend to tell us. She presents to our knowledge a universe composed of matter, and that matter everywhere in motion. But she

[11] Lodge, *Modern Views of Matter*, p. 11.

cannot tell us how that matter came into being, or how it came to be in motion. This limitation of science is of course recognized by everybody. We Catholics, in common with all Christians, say that God Almighty, existing from all eternity, created matter, and endowed it with the wonderful properties which it possesses. It is at least a simple and a sufficient theory. I am not going to deal further with it now; but let us for one moment look at the alternative. If it is not as we believe, then matter is eternal, and it is sentient or alive, and does all these wonderful things by its own powers.

In a remarkable and nowadays too-little read book by two very eminent Scotsmen—I allude to *The Unseen Universe* by Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait—it is maintained that the only reasonable and defensible alternative to their hypothesis, namely, the existence of a Creator, "is the stupendous pair of assumptions that visible matter is *eternal,* and that IT IS ALIVE." And they continue, "If anyone can be found to uphold notions like these (from a scientific point of view), we shall be most happy to enter the lists with him."[12] Yet these assumptions which they regard as a *reductio ad absurdum* are actually put forward, not so far as I am aware by physicists, who make matter their particular study, but by biologists or by some biologists. At any rate, in the last analysis to this alternative, all such theories as those of an *anima mundi* or immanent god, all pantheistic ideas in fact really reduce themselves.

Apart from any other arguments which can be brought forward, and taking it for the moment as a mere working hypothesis, I think our theory is a more reasonable one than its rival. I can understand the position of a man who says, "I neither know nor can I know about these matters." That was the position of Huxley, and still is the position of many, though I think not of so many as was once the case. But the matter-alive view I own baffles me completely. It appears also to have baffled many if not all of the physicists who have studied it, like those from whom I have quoted. One of the greatest of physicists, if not actually the greatest, the late Lord Kelvin, in an address to the students of University College, London, having considered these alternatives of which I have been speaking, proclaimed his belief that "science positively affirmed creative power." And certainly it is to the physicists that we must go if we are to get information as to the properties and possibilities of matter. Science cannot tell us how things began.

[12]Preface to second edition. (Italics and capitals as original.)

Professor Ward somewhere remarks that many explanations are excellent once one has got inside a system; but they do not explain the system itself. But science is still further limited, for there are a whole range of things with which she has nothing to do, and can have nothing to do, since, as we have lately been told by Mr. Balfour, "Science depends on measurement, and things not measurable are therefore excluded, or tend to be excluded from its attention. But life and beauty and happiness are not measurable." I do not press this part of the argument further here. What I want to emphasize is this, that science has its own corner—a large one—but there are other corners; that science cannot tell us anything about the other corners, any more than the other corners can tell us about science. Finally, that science admittedly cannot give us any convincing answer as to how there come to be any corners at all. All this has been long and well known, and fully recognized by writers of the first importance.

In connection with æsthetic enjoyments, Huxley was obliged to describe such things as the enjoyment of music, of art, of scenery, which cannot be shown to be, or even imagined to be, of any survival value to human beings, as "gratuitous gifts," that is, as things not in any way due to the action of Natural Selection, or even coming within its province, things altogether outside the ken of science. The same point has been argued in connection with the lower animals. The late Professor Hutton,[13] of whose early criticisms Darwin spoke in such high terms, claims that the song of birds must be considered from the same point of view. "The song of birds," he writes, "apart from their calls, is also due to a sense of pleasure. Several of the forest birds of New Zealand sing softly to themselves, and it is necessary to be very near them to hear them. This is, probably, the primitive style of bird melody, and the loud-throated thrush and skylark came later. All these songs are the result of pure enjoyment; there is nothing useful in them, so they cannot be due to Natural Selection."

And with regard to ethics, we have the confession of Herbert Spencer, in the days when it was really dreamt that science was to explain everything. At the conclusion of the second volume of his *Principles of Ethics*, he tells us that he found his "satisfaction somewhat dashed by the thought that these new parts fall short of expectation. The doctrine of evolution has not furnished guidance," he adds, "to the extent that I had hoped." As a matter of

[13] *Lesson of Evolution*, p. 167.

fact these conclusions might easily have been anticipated, had it been remembered that science can only take into consideration a group of experiences, not the whole sum of experiences. These limitations of science, this inability to account for the commencement of things, this incapacity to touch certain spheres of experience in any way, may well lead us to consider whether those who thought that the *Argument from Design* had completely perished were right in their supposition. For it is, of course, with the *Argument from Design* that I am primarily concerned, and to its present position I will now direct my remarks.

Let us commence by taking one out of the many instances of design which are to be found in the pages of Paley's work. In his thirteenth chapter he deals with the tongue of the woodpecker, which he says "is one of those singularities which nature presents us with when a singular purpose is to be answered. It is a particular instrument for a particular use: and what, except design, ever produces such?" Then he proceeds to describe the tongue and its purpose, and asks, with, one might imagine, a prescient eye on the Lamarckian theory which was to come, "Should it be said, that, by continual endeavors to shoot out the tongue to the stretch, the woodpecker's species may by degrees have lengthened the organ itself beyond that of other birds, what account can be given of its form, of its tip? how, in particular, did it get its barb, its dentation? These barbs, in my opinion," he concludes, "wherever they occur, are decisive proofs of mechanical contrivances."

It is clear what kind of argument underlies these words, and many others of a like kind in the same book. It is the argument of the watch found on the heath. The object whether watch or woodpecker's tongue was designed obviously and ingeniously for a certain purpose. It must have been designed for that purpose by an intelligent being. In the case of the watch this was the watchmaker; in the case of the tongue it must have the Author and Creator of nature.

This argument, as we have already seen, appeared to be shattered by Darwin's views. He himself remarks, in connection with the instance I have selected from Paley,[14] "I can see no reason why he (*i. e.*, Asa Gray, with whom the letter deals) should rank the accumulated variations by which the beautifully adapted woodpecker has been formed as providentially designed."

What shattered or appeared to shatter the *Argument from De-*

[14] *Life and Letters*, vol. i., p. 314.

sign? The formulation of the theory of Natural Selection. And how did that shatter or appear to shatter it? Because that theory taught and seemed to prove that the contrivances on which the *Argument from Design* had appeared to rest, were the result of a process of Natural Selection exercised amongst a myriad of variations constantly arising in living things, the selection being effected by the process of the elimination of the less fit, and the survival of the fitter, that is of those who by virtue of those favorable variations were better able to succeed in the struggle for life. These views thus formulated undoubtedly seemed to prevail for a time, and in the opinion of many at the time, and perhaps of many even to-day, the *Argument from Design* disappeared as one unworthy of the consideration of reasoning persons.

But has it been shattered or has it not, as re-stated in face of the present attitude of science, really acquired a greater force than it possessed in the days of Paley, the days before the *Origin of Species* had appeared? This is the question which I desire to consider, and in doing so I do not pause to argue as to whether the theory of Natural Selection is or is not true. There are at least three well-marked schools of opinion on that head. There are those who deny its effectiveness in evolution altogether, a small but existent band. There are those who look upon it as the main, even the sole and sufficient factor of evolution, a larger, a more important, but perhaps decreasing band. And there is the middle party which, whilst regarding Natural Selection as an agent, perhaps a very important agent in evolution, sees that its power is limited, and probably inferior to other factors, such, for example, as isolation. Let us assume the theory in question to be true, and consider how it bears upon the argument with which I am dealing.

It is curious that it should be necessary to make the observation, but it is necessary to point out that Natural Selection cannot *cause* anything, and this because it cannot *cause* any variation. It is also curious that this fundamental misconception often made, at least by implication, to-day should have been made in Darwin's own time, and corrected by Darwin himself in later editions of his book, in which he says: "Some have even imagined that Natural Selection induces variability, whereas it implies only the preservation of such variations as arise, and are beneficial to the being under its conditions of life." If Natural Selection cannot cause a variation—as, of course, it cannot—it is quite clear that, if it is an ex-

planation at all, it is not a complete explanation. But is it even a partial explanation, and if so what actually does it explain?

Driesch, in those valuable lectures which he delivered in a Scottish University under the Gifford Trust, points out that Natural Selection

> can only eliminate what cannot survive, what cannot stand the environment in the broadest sense, but that Natural Selection never is able to create diversities. It always acts negatively only, never positively. And therefore it can explain [he continues], if you will allow me to make use of this ambiguous word—it can "explain" only why certain types of organic specifications, imaginable *a priori,* do *not* actually exist, but it never explains at all the existence of the specifications of animal and vegetable forms that are actually found. In speaking of an "explanation" of the origin of the living specific forms by Natural Selection, one therefore confuses the sufficient reason for the non-existence of what there is not, with the sufficient reason for the existence of what there is. To say that a man has explained some organic character by Natural Selection is, in the words of Nägeli, the same as if someone who is asked the question, "Why is this tree covered with these leaves?" were to answer, "Because the gardener did not cut them away." Of course that would explain why there are no more leaves than those actually there, but it would never account for the existence and nature of the existing leaves as such. Or [he concludes] do we in the least understand why there are white bears in the Polar Regions if we are told that bears of other color could not survive?[15]

Darwin himself recognized this fact, and in one of his letters says, "Talking of 'Natural Selection;' if I had to commence *de novo,* I would have used 'natural preservation.'"[16]

"Natural Selection," says de Vries,[17] acts as a sieve; it does not single out the best variations, but it simply destroys the larger number of those which are, from some cause or other, unfit for their present environment. In this way it keeps the strains up to the required standards, and in special circumstances may even improve them."

It cannot originate variations: that is the first point to which we have to direct our attention. And in the second place it cannot

[15] *Science and Philosophy of the Organism,* vol. i., p. 262.
[16] *Life and Letters,* vol. ii., p. 346.
[17] *Darwin and Modern Science,* p. 70.

do everything in choosing and shaping the variations with which it is confronted. What causes the variations? That is the kernel of the whole matter, and it is one on which science at present, it must be confessed, can shed but little light. It is no good saying that there is an inherent tendency in all living things to vary: that explanation is purely verbal. To say that a thing inheres in, or stick in, something else, does not explain why it inheres or how it got stuck there.

Of course there is the question of the action of the environment as to which so much doubt exists to-day. Of this it may be said that even if we grant it all the influence which its warmest advocate could ask, it still does not explain the question, because it does not explain how living matter acquired the property of responding to the influence of the environment. We have seen that Darwin in set terms disclaims the efficacy of Natural Selection as a cause of variations, and in face of that fact is it not extraordinary to find a man of science stating that "we must assume Natural Selection to be the principle of the explanation of the metamorphoses, because all other apparent principles fail us, and it is inconceivable that there should be another capable of explaining the adaptation of organisms without assuming the help of a principle of design." Yet in such terms—illogical in the extreme, so it seems to me, does Weismann address himself to the solution of the difficulty. And, in so doing, he seems to me to throw a light upon the point with which we are concerned. If, he says, Natural Selection cannot explain the matter, then we must have recourse to the only other possible alternative—that, to him, appalling alternative—the principle of design.

We need not hesitate to grant that these are the two alternatives with which we have to do. Now let us for a moment suppose that Natural Selection does everything that its most ardent worshippers claim for it, more, far more, than Darwin, its original describer claimed for it, can it dispense with design? That is the question to which we may well address ourselves. Just let us recall for a moment what is claimed for the alternative; what has to be accounted for by those who deny the existence of an Intelligent Author of the universe. The world, so science assures us, at a certain date in the past, was a mass of nebulous matter at a terrifically high temperature. Slowly and with vast convulsions and cataclysms, it cooled down. Then by some chance mixing together of some nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and other elements, in some manner

hitherto undiscoverable by, and even unimaginable by, modern chemists, the lowest form of living organism emerged—the offspring of the blindest kind of chance, yet endowed somehow or another with the marvelous power of propagating its kind, and, more, with a tendency to vary fortuitously in all directions. Then the law of Natural Selection, also the result of blind chance, sprang into existence without any Lawgiver to lay it down. By this simple process of extinguishing the disadvantageous variations, Natural Selection developed out of the come-by-chance Protozoan all the forms of animal and vegetable life which have flourished on this earth, or which now astonish us by their multitude and variety. Finally it brought forth the head and crown of things—man. And more, far more, the brain of man.

And what does that mean? *Hamlet, Paradise Lost,* the *Differential Calculus,* the music of Handel, the paintings of Botticelli, internal combustion engines, wireless telegraphy, all the poetry of a Wordsworth, all the wonderful inventions of a Kelvin. All these things and a thousand more as wonderful, the Law of Natural Selection without a spark of intelligence behind it—this perfectly aimless action of physical forces—all these things it has accomplished. This is the demand which is made upon our powers of belief by those who deny the existence of an intelligent Author of the universe, and attempt to put forward an explanation of the existence of things as they are. Natural Selection, if it be a law of nature, as we are assuming it to be, must be either the product of mechanical forces acting at random, or it must proceed from an intelligent Lawgiver. There is no middle term, since, as we have seen, there is in the last abstraction nothing between believing in a Being—a Lawgiver—Who is something in Himself apart from the world, and believing in a mere abstraction from, or generalization of, natural laws or processes, and that, apart from a Lawgiver, means nothing more than blind chance.

In a letter published in the London *Times,* in connection with the alternatives just discussed, Lord Kelvin, in maintaining that there was no middle choice open to us, narrated a conversation which he had once had with the great chemist Liebig. When walking with him in the country, Sir William Thomson, as he then was, asked Liebig whether he believed that the grass and the flowers which were all round them grew by chemical forces alone. Liebig's reply was that he could no more believe that than he could believe that a botanical work, describing these objects, could be produced

by mere chemical forces. It is indeed a little difficult to see how anyone can deliberately embrace the blind chance alternative. In the discussion at Berlin between Father Wasmann and a number of materialistic opponents which excited so much interest a few years ago, this point was very clearly put by Professor Plate, an avowed upholder of monistic and materialistic views. He said: "The monist asserts nothing about the nature of God, but limits himself to the laws of nature. These laws are, indeed, the only things that we can establish with certainty; with regard to what underlies them there are many different opinions, and we monists are not all agreed on the subject. Personally," he continues, and this is the most important part of his address, "personally, I always maintain that, if there are laws of nature, it is only logical to admit that there is a Lawgiver. But," he concludes, "of this Lawgiver we can give no account, and any attempt to give one would lead us into unfounded speculations." Such is his view. What at any rate emerges from it is the *Argument from Design* in a new form. Instead of the argument to the Artificer from the artifice, we have the argument to the Lawgiver from the law under which the artifice has constructed itself.

It certainly is not, at least in my opinion, a weaker argument, rather one stronger and possessed of a greater grandeur than the old argument.

> If evolution [says Father Boedder][18] be the true explanation of the existing order of the cosmos, and this evolution is due to the gradual working out to their final issues of laws inherent in matter from the commencement, then the question whether this existing order be due to intelligence or not, is not solved, but merely pushed back. In the achievements of human industry, a self-constructing machine would be taken to imply not comparative absence of skill and contrivance in its maker, but a higher exercise of these qualities; and the same will have to be said of the machine of the cosmos. The more its order is due to an evolution which is the outcome of the action of fixed laws inherent from the first and tending definitely towards the final result, the more striking is the manifestation which it bears upon its face.

"Know, silly child," said Mother Carey to the fairy who had made a butterfly, "know, silly child, that anyone can make things,

[18] *Natural Theology*, p. 166.

if they will take time and trouble enough; but it is not everyone who, like me, can make things make themselves."[19] Now all that we are learning daily from science, perhaps most of all from biology, under the influence of the remarkable facts first discovered by the Augustinian Abbot Mendel, does certainly seem to leave no doubt as to the existence of those orderly series of occurrences which we call "laws of nature." If such there be they must either be the result of the ordainments of a Lawgiver or they must be the results of blind chance. It is the same problem which confronted Paley, stated in a somewhat different manner. He was obliged to consider whether the watch came to be as it was by blind chance, or because it had been made to tell the time by an intelligent artificer. We are asked to decide whether the laws under which life works out its ends, are the result of blind chance or come from a Lawgiver. In their essence the two inquiries are identical, and those who would have elected for blind chance under the Paleyian dilemma will do so now, whilst those who think that law and order and progress are inexplicable, not to say impossible, without a Lawgiver and an Orderer, will hold the conclusion at which Paley arrived, that the world shows forth its Creator in unmistakable language. Many other issues, all of them interesting, arise in connection with this matter, but with none of them can I find space to deal. What I have been anxious to show is, that the argument which held the field before the storm, when the lake was comparatively calm, now that the tempest has raged over it, still remains, restated as we may suppose the waters of the lake to have rearranged themselves during the commotion to which they were subjected, but essentially the same, and the same because founded upon what we cannot but regard as being the Eternal Verities.

[19] Kingsley, *Water Babies*, chap. vii.

MISS MATTIE'S GARDEN.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE flowers in Miss Mattie's garden were grouped together after a plan of Miss Mattie's own. They were not sown higgledy-piggledy to make a mosaic of color as gardens usually are. They were harmonized, softly blending into each other; and this plan of Miss Mattie's had no doubt a very restful and quiet effect for tired eyes. So thought the woman who leaned over the gate of Vine Cottage, on a hot, dusty July afternoon. At least it was hot and dusty out in the world. At Vine Cottage, down its green lane, the little house softly swathed up in the great vine that gave it its name, the day was hot indeed, but with a sense of refreshment everywhere, a promise of dews at night.

The woman who leaned over the gate had led a child by the hand as she came down the woodland track. Now she let the child wander, while she feasted her eyes on the restfulness of the garden. The child was a boy of about five, a beautiful child, with the complexion of a peach, hair that lay in purplish-black rings on his little head: like a Christ-child of Murillo. The child wandered after a darkly-brown butterfly with splashes of scarlet on its wings. The mother let him go unheeding. It was safe enough here, where hardly any traffic came, except now and again a visitor or a tradesman's cart to deliver goods to Miss Mattie.

The woman must have been very pretty at one time. She had a profusion of light hair, and her skin must once have been delicate. Her eyes were of a light china-blue, attractive by reason of their unusualness. But ill-health and deadly fatigue lay like a blight over what must once have been a charming face. As the woman leaned upon the gate, she coughed and put her handkerchief to her mouth quickly. When she took it away it was stained with blood. She put it in her pocket indifferently, as though she were used to the occurrence.

You plunge into the woodland path to Miss Mattie's from a hot and glaring high road. The woman had trudged along the high road for some miles before the woodland road tempted her to turn aside. The glare of it was in her eyes and her brain still, the dust

that seemed to scintillate with millions of particles of white fire, the steely haze, the sky like molten brass. Not a stream tinkled by the roadside. The hedges were thickly whitened by the dust. Here, it was late afternoon, and the thrush, singing his last songs before the silent summer, was shrilling it down the long arcades of shade mottled with light. The trees were heavily green: she felt she could gaze into them forever. There was water under the hedge of the sweet-briar that bounded Miss Mattie's garden. The smell of its wetness was in the air. The woman thought it the most delicious smell she had ever known.

There were many pansies in Miss Mattie's garden, pansies in all shades of purple from lavender to something that was almost black; pansies golden brown; pansies of that dull, grayish rose for which we have no name; yellow pansies. All sorts of other flowers there were—July lilies standing like young angels—one imagined them carrying a sword in sheath, keeping Miss Mattie's garden; pinks, stock gillyflowers, forget-me-nots, and sweet William. There was a bush of boy's-love close to the gate. The sharply aromatic smell of it reached the woman through the freshness of the stream, and the smell of the water-mints and wild thyme. Her head drooped forward. The sweet smells made her senses reel after the three miles in the dust and glare.

Someone came out from under the porch, over which the vine hung, together with a rose bush in full bearing and many trails of honeysuckle. Miss Mattie herself. She was a little woman in a white dress. At a distance you thought she was quite young. Her figure was so slender, so alert, her movements so brisk. She had a small pale face, with a peaked chin and very bright, dark eyes; a profusion of hair, which was hair-pinned up anyhow on top of her small head, was worn with something of a wild look.

As she came nearer you discovered with amazement that Miss Mattie was far from being young, would in all probability never see fifty again. You discovered that the face was ivory-colored, and covered with a network of fine wrinkles; that the over-bright eyes were a little mad; that part of the cloudy look of the hair at a distance was due to the powdering of gray. You discovered these things at close quarters. But if you had spoken to Miss Mattie in her out-of-doors attire—she always wore white, winter or summer, the texture only varying, and enveloped her face and her big hat in a swathing of net and lace—you would have divined a pretty woman through the swathing. Only very sharp eyes could

have discovered behind the veil the old woman in Miss Mattie, wherefore she had various pleasant adventures when she took her walks abroad, courtesies, kindnesses on the part of the male sex, which kept up her romantic illusions.

Seeing her come down the garden path between the pansies with her youthful, mincing gait, the tired woman drew herself up wearily, and stepped back into the grassy track. It was as though she expected dismissal. She looked about for the child. Ah, there he was. He had grown tired of chasing the butterfly, and he was lying on the grass, dabbling his fingers in the stream.

"Georgie," she called in a faint voice, and stooped as though to pick up the bag she had been carrying.

Miss Mattie had by this time reached the gate. "My good woman," she said, "how tired you look! Won't you come in and rest? A cup of tea and an hour in my garden will strengthen you for the road."

The woman lifted her heavy eyes. She was enviously conscious of the difference between her dusty, trailing blacks and Miss Mattie's embroidered muslin, to which the little black silk apron, embroidered with a design of poppies and leaves in one corner, gave an old-maidish look. Miss Mattie had a heart-shaped locket about her neck suspended by a thin gold chain. She had blue earrings in her ears. The sun shone on her old-fashioned rings, on the silver buckles of her tiny shoes, as she stood facing the tired woman the other side of the gate. Miss Mattie lifted the latch and came out into the road.

"Come right in, you poor, tired woman," she said. "I have always a rest and a simple meal for such as you. Don't thank me, please. I don't expect to be thanked. You know Who it was said: 'A cup of cold water given in My Name.'"

The tired woman looked as though she did not understand. She gazed vacantly at Miss Mattie's face. What she did understand was the offer of a cup of tea, and a rest in Miss Mattie's garden before she need go on to the village to seek a lodging. The village was a mile away at least, along the glaring road. She did not feel equal to the effort till she had rested. And the cup of tea was the one thing to put heart into her. There were other things she might have preferred once. She had put them aside with some difficulty for the sake of the child. She allowed herself to be drawn by Miss Mattie's impetuous hands into the garden. Then she remembered.

"My little boy is with me," she said; and called the child. She had to go back to fetch Georgie, who, lying on his stomach, was looking into the depths of the pellucid water that ran under the bending swathes of grass over shining pebbles.

"I saw a fiss," he said without stirring, just moving his fat legs to show that he was aware of a presence.

"Georgie, get up," said the mother. "If you are a good boy the lady will let you see her lovely garden."

The boy scrambled to his feet. Miss Mattie uttered a faint shriek.

"But, dear heaven, what a resemblance!" she said, and covered her eyes with her little twinkling hands as though the sun had dazzled them. "And the name! My dear soul—!"

The woman looked at Miss Mattie, and something of cunning came into her expression—a gentle and harmless cunning—as of a creature who has had to protect her helplessness by the only means within her reach.

"What is your name, my good woman?" Miss Mattie asked, uncovering the corner of one eye.

"Mrs.—" there was an almost imperceptible pause. "Mrs.—Smith."

"Ah, I thought it might have been Ludlow. How could it be? Ridiculous! Living so much alone, and with one's thoughts dwelling on one person, one is very apt to have imaginations. You think so?"

She uncovered the other eye and took a good look at Georgie.

"There is certainly a resemblance," she said. "Perhaps it will disappear after a little while. I often find that resemblances have a way of disappearing. There was a time when a chance resemblance in a walk, a figure, the turn of a head used to trouble me, so much that I gave up going outside my own little place except to church. That was, of course, after Squire Ludlow's death. I nursed him like a daughter till he died."

The woman listened, with her furtive look. She was holding the child by the hand now, and Miss Mattie walking up the garden path by her side, kept stealing odd peeps at him from the hither side of his mother, and then averting her eyes as though the richly-tinted little face dazzled her.

"The curls," she said to herself. "They are as close as the tendrils of the vine. And purple-black like a ripe grape. It is very strange."

She led the way through the porch, across a little tiled hall, into a sitting-room. The room was curiously pretty. It had gray walls, and the curtains and coverings of the furniture were gray and purple. The walls were covered with delicate water colors. The carpet on the floor had little bunches of faint violet sprinkled on a dove-colored ground. The woman sank into a chair, with a murmured apology for the dust of her shoes and the skirts she had been too weary to hold out of the road dust. The child clung to her, hiding his face shyly from the bright eyes that seemed as though they could not keep away from him. Miss Mattie rang the bell. A neat little servant came in response.

"We will have tea in the dining-room, if you please, Ann," she said. "Please send in a good tea—some boiled eggs—a little boy's tea, with plenty of jam, honey, and cake—and—oh, yes!—there are a few strawberries left in the bed. Pick us a little dish of strawberries."

Georgie's eyes grew large as he turned them on his mother. She was not noticing him. She was looking intently at a miniature in a frame of pearls which hung above the mantelpiece. It stood out among a number of other miniatures. The scarlet soldier's coat made a violent spot of color. Below the miniature was a handful of pansies in a glass, the only flowers on the mantelpiece which was covered with bits of old silver, china, and all sorts of pretty bric-a-brac. The woman leaned nearer and stared at the miniature. The face, highly-colored and aquiline-featured, was painted with delicate skill. The young man in the soldier's coat had a fine forehead, fine gray eyes with dark lashes, and rather thick eyebrows which were not unpleasing. The cheeks were somewhat too red; the lips somewhat over-crimson. Altogether a face of vivid coloring—for the scarlet of the lips, the touch of carmine in the cheeks, the white forehead showing above the brown of the face, were strongly contrasted with the curling rings of purple-black hair that fell in heavy clusters—like Georgie's, surely like Georgie's.

"You see the likeness?" Miss Mattie asked, leaning a little nearer. "You see the likeness? An odd thing, isn't it? If George Ludlow had left a child"—her lowered eyelids and the rising color in her cheeks were strangely young and virginal for a woman who would never see fifty again—"he must have looked very like your little boy. Of course he didn't. He went out to battle and never came back."

"He was killed?" asked the woman, sitting back in her chair

and pressing her handkerchief to her lips. The child was now seated on the floor. He was tired, and he rested his little head against Miss Mattie's knee, quite unconscious of any social difference between the world he was accustomed to and Miss Mattie's. His eyes blinked. He had tried to make friends with Miss Mattie's old poodle, but Fifine distrusted little boys and made no response. Georgie was keeping awake for the glorious tea which had been promised him. He was very sleepy. The trudge along the glaring road had thoroughly exhausted him.

"He must have been killed," Miss Mattie replied in a low voice. "He was the bravest of the brave. Or he died in captivity. He never came back. The War Office did all it could. We never had tale or tidings of him."

All the little world of the countryside knew Miss Mattie's romance. Anyone at all sympathetic could always draw her on to talk about it. So it was not so wonderful that she should talk of it to this poor woman with the gentle face, to whom she was doing a charity that might perhaps be done to the Lord of us all.

"His father and I hoped for a long time—past all hope. Everyone else had given up long before we did. I went and nursed Squire Ludlow at the Hall. His great grief, as it was mine, was that I was not really his daughter, in name as well as in love. It was all so sudden. The troops were called out before we knew where we were. No time for a marriage. I should have been very proud to have borne George's name. Not that he could be more mine than he was, not if there were fifty marriages. Oh, my dear, here is Ann with the tea. And the very last of our strawberries. I shall pour out tea. And here is cream for the strawberries."

She lifted Georgie to her knee, crumpling her white muslin, soiling it with the stain of the road. A pair of little shoes much worn at the toes and white with dust lay against the lace of her skirt.

Georgie woke up for his tea, ate greedily at first, but was soon satisfied. He laid his sleepy head against Miss Mattie's shoulder. Miss Mattie had a way with children, as many a village mother of a sick child could have testified. She slipped an arm about the boy. Her other hand lifted the delicate china teacup to her lips.

"As I was saying, when Ann interrupted me," she went on—"oh, yes, I remember. The day Captain Ludlow went away—he was the most splendid of them all—and all our men were splendid. His father and I went up to London to see them march through the streets. We could not go to Tilbury Docks. His father was afraid

I might break down, or so he said. I've sometimes thought he was afraid of himself, and he wanted to keep a proud face to the world. Oh, my dear, it was a spectacle! Bands playing, accoutrements glittering; the horses champing their bits and jingling all their trappings. How clean they looked! How alert! How bright! And the people all cheering like mad."

She put down her teacup and her bright, mad eyes seemed to see the pictures once again. Then she laid a hand over them.

"The pomp and circumstance of glorious war," she repeated, as though to herself. "Oh, my dear, it was worse for us left behind. How we suffer, we women! And that poor old man! Well, he hoped till he died. Just at the last—it was two years ago last Christmas—he opened his eyes, and he said in a loud terrible voice: 'George is dead!' Strange—was it not?"

Again the woman pressed her handkerchief to her lips. Her eyes were fixed on the soldier's miniature. Miss Mattie did not wait for any comment. She pushed away her teacup with the disengaged hand.

"After all," she said, "we had our compensations—our great and glorious compensations. He was brave and splendid to the end—I am sure of it. His father and I—when we could talk of our grief—we used to say that death we could bear, uncertainty we could bear, though it was harder. The one thing we could not bear—we, possessors of a glorious memory—was what others, God help them, had to bear."

She lowered her voice and leaned nearer the woman.

"My dear, in that very battle from which Captain Ludlow never returned, there was a heap of slain—and—*every man of them had been shot in the back.* Dreadful! Incredible! I have my theory: it is that Captain Ludlow followed some of those cowards, trying to turn them back, and that so he was either mortally wounded or else he was captured by the enemy and—never came back. Think what it would have been if he had been discovered among those—unfortunates! It was impossible, of course; but other fathers, other sweethearts had to bear it. Our hearts might be broken, but our pride never. I never saw fear on the Squire's face except at the hour he died. It seemed cruel that it should have overtaken him then, but there is One Who knows, Whose ways we must not judge."

The child settled himself lower in her arms, relaxed his limbs and stretched himself.

"Let me have him," said the mother. "He is heavy for such a little lady as you."

"No, no, you are tired."

Miss Mattie stood up, and, still holding the child, arranged her silk sofa cushions with a dexterous sweep of her hand.

"Darling!" she said, as she laid him down. "Darling! The likeness is really terrible; it grows clearer every moment. I wonder what the Squire would have thought. It would have opened all his wounds to see this child."

She stood looking down at Georgie as though she could not tear herself away.

The shadows were now on this side of the house. It seemed cooler with the coming refreshment of the dews. A light wind had risen and stirred the window curtains, bringing the scent of the stocks and of a distant clover field. The wood doves were cooing all about the house, and there was a cawing of rooks as they winged their way homewards.

"I had better be going," said the woman, rising to her feet. "It's a thousand pities to disturb him, but—"

"Please, don't go yet," said Miss Mattie. "You don't really look fit for it, you poor soul. Better stay. You won't be the first wayfarer to whom I've given a lodging for the night. I'll tell Ann. How I've talked! And I know nothing of you. Nothing except that you're a good woman. You haven't seen my garden. Come and look at my pansies. I love them because they are so faithful. There is not a day of the year but they will bear a blossom. If I had had the inestimable privilege of tending Captain Ludlow's grave I should have covered it with pansies."

"My husband lies in an East End graveyard," said the woman, with a sudden shrillness. "A horrible place—I'd have given him the green fields if I could."

Miss Mattie looked at her with a certain wonder. She had forgotten when she talked of her own griefs that her listener might also have suffered.

"Your husband?" she said, with a manner of gentle remoteness. She was prepared to be sympathetic; but the poor woman's husband would be a drab personality beside that glittering creature in scarlet and gold who had ridden out of Miss Mattie's life into the void.

"Your husband? Of course. You are a widow, my poor woman. But, after all, you have this"—indicating the sleeping

child—"if Captain Ludlow had but left me such an image of himself."

She blushed again as she said it; and the other woman spoke with a kind of rage, strange in so gentle a creature.

"Your memories are very different from mine," she said. "I, poor wretch, I thought it a fine thing to marry a gentleman. I might have been happy with a man of my own class. He dazzled me. I worked my fingers to the bone for him. He was a gentleman to the end. He did nothing except walk about with a dog at his heels; and sometimes he went to races. I had my savings when I married him; I had nursed him back from death's door; I took a house near the Caledonian Road—you don't know London, maybe—it's up the Cattle Market way—not where I should have liked to settle, but the money wouldn't run to more. I took in lodgers. We lived in the basement, I and the children. They never got any health. I lost four of them before Georgie came. Georgie would have gone the way of the others if we'd stayed. The basement was damp. You should have seen the beetles! And—rats! We couldn't keep them under. We were broke out of it after Georgie was born, else he'd have gone too. His father was a gentleman to the last. I took care of that. I never minded what I did for him. I felt repaid for it all when I saw him walk out with his cigar in his mouth and his dog at his heels."

Miss Mattie stared at her. Poor soul, what a sordid story she was revealing!—the more horrible because of its contrast with her own heroic idyll.

"He should not have let you work," she said, her compassionate eyes resting on the weary and flushed face. Poor soul! What things women would idealize who had not such a splendid lover as Captain Ludlow. Her thoughts were full of bitter condemnation of the man, but she would not speak them.

"And you loved him to the end?" she said, wonderingly.

"Oh, yes. I loved him to the end. I didn't mind working for him, bless you. Not every poor girl like me marries a gentleman."

She laughed oddly as she put her handkerchief to her lips. The handkerchief vaguely distressed Miss Mattie now that she could observe it. It was coarse and not over clean. Still, poor soul, she had been tramping the dusty highways. She would sleep in a little white bed, in a cool and fragrant room, for once. Part of Miss Mattie's madness in the eyes of the rest of the world was that

she took her religion literally. She thought she could find a change of garments for the poor woman. She should have a hot bath and clean linen to sleep in. And the child. Miss Mattie herself was going to bathe the child. She had a curiously pleasurable anticipation about the bathing of Georgie.

"I came down here," the woman said, with a reckless air, "to see if any of his people were living who might take the child. I ask nothing for myself. I'd as soon die under a clean hedgerow as in a hospital any day: only I should like them to find me soon. He did use to have relations in these parts. Georgie's father, I mean. They're all dead and gone, and their money passed to strangers. I've had my journey for nothing—unless—maybe you'd take Georgie."

"I!" Miss Mattie was startled. "Take your child, my poor soul! Oh, I couldn't do that. A mother has the first claim. I could find you some light employment—until you were stronger. A little needlework now. Have you ever mended lace? The child, of course, could stay. I should love to have the child. His little feet are not fit for the roads of the world."

"They have carried him far enough," the woman answered. "He's an affectionate little lad; but at five a child soon forgets. I'm worse than you think, ma'am."

She suddenly unrolled the handkerchief she had been holding, under Miss Mattie's shocked eyes. It was drenched with blood.

"It's the sixth to-day. I washed the others out in a stream and dried them on a hedge. The blood's always coming into my mouth. I'm dead tired."

Miss Mattie stood up in alarm. She got the woman to bed in the little, cool, white room. Not to disturb her she put Georgie, after his bath, into a little cot by her own bed. Already she felt as though the child were hers.

The next morning when Miss Mattie stole in softly and pulled up the blinds, the woman was gone. On the table was a roughly pencilled note, in which she asked Miss Mattie to keep the child, "seeing as how you've a fancy for him, and have the best right to him, me being gone."

The last half of the sentence often recurred to Miss Mattie with a sense of bewilderment. What on earth did the poor woman mean? There was no explanation. The traveler had got well on her way before her absence was discovered. Miss Mattie ascertained later on that the woman had died in the infirmary of a town

some thirty miles away, leaving not a trace of where she had come from.

Miss Mattie sometimes asked herself if she had not delayed to raise the hue and cry till the woman was well out of reach. She was full of scruples in all the matters of life and conduct. But, after all, her doom was written. It was better for the child to be wholly Miss Mattie's. The time came when Miss Mattie almost forgot that he was not her own—hers, and George Ludlow's. She believed and she did not believe; for it was a delusion she was very careful to keep to herself.

"Georgie shall grow up a gentleman—not as his father was," she sometimes said to herself; which proved that she was deluded but with half her intelligence, and that a willful delusion.

THE ANSWERING CHRIST.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

With grave, majestic, melancholy eyes
The Sphinx beholds the waste of yellow sands;
Around him eager pygmies swarm in bands,
Whose spirits, unilluminate, unwise,
With foolish queries brave his mysteries.
To him they are but atoms; their demands
As trifles, to the thought which age expands
And deep-eyed pondering of the centuries.

The riddle of the Sphinx! Egyptian lore
And modern swift impertinence in vain
Crave its solution. Problems evermore
Pain and perplex us till the tortured brain
Bowing at Calvary find peace and rest;
One Love embracing all—the guesser and the guessed.

THE QUESTION OF PANAMA CANAL TOLLS.

BY EDMUND B. BRIGGS, D.C.L.

THE Panama Canal Tolls question, so called, was rooted in the soil of legal and diplomatic dispute more than sixty-four years ago, and the end is not yet. Even though the bill repealing the exemption of tolls upon American coastwise vessels may pass the Senate and become a law, the end will not be. That law will merely be the expression of the *imperium,* not of the *majestas* of the American people, which is yet to be expressed at the referendum to be taken on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1914. Even then, the vexed questions now at issue will not be completely solved, not even in our own public law, much less in the realm of international law. The constitutional law of any one particular State and what is known as international law, are two very different moral entities; and the two systems are not infrequently found to be at variance and in conflict.

If the foregoing observations are correct (and who can reasonably dispute them?), then the American people are entitled to expect from those who are charged by the Constitution with the solution of the particular matter now at bar, the Canal Tolls question, a calm, candid, statesmanlike presentation of their respective arguments, *pro* and *con,* in other words, to the very best that is within them; and not to an exhibition of invective, vituperation, and party feeling by one side or the other. The occasion calls for statesmanship of the highest order, not for the partisanship of mere politicians.

Historians tell us that the dream of a canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans first originated in the mind of Columbus. However this may be, it was fully shared by the Spanish *conquistadores,* as well as by the early French and English settlers of America; and actual surveys, with an inter-oceanic canal in view, were attempted in early Spanish times. The tale of the struggles, sacrifices, and mighty deeds of these iron men of yore would far exceed the limitations of space which are placed upon a paper such as this; but, to those who have gone deeply into it, the story has all the pathos and fascination of "An Arabian Night's Dream."

The most that can be hoped for, here, is a fair and candid résumé of the questions which have arisen as to the canal, its construction and operation, etc., primarily as between the United States and Great Britain, and secondarily, and only incidentally, as between either or both of those Powers and Colombia and Panama.

While the digging of a canal between the two great oceans had been not only the dream of centuries, but had been often and actively discussed, as between the United States and Great Britain it may be said to have assumed concrete form only with the opening of negotiations between the two Powers in the year 1848.

These negotiations culminated April 19, 1850, with the ratification of the treaty which is usually styled the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. This treaty, which plainly contemplated the building of a canal "somewhere in Central America" upon the territory of some Central American State—probably Nicaragua—provided for a joint control, a joint guaranty of neutralization, and a joint protectorate by the contracting Powers, as also for equal, just, and equitable charges upon the vessels of all nations for user of the canal. This treaty embraced subjects other than the canal and its management; and, *inter alia,* contained a distinct mutual pledge that neither of them should ever acquire, directly or indirectly, any territory whatsoever in Central America. Great Britain having already, in 1848, occupied the Mosquito Coast, which belonged to Nicaragua, metaphorically before the ink upon the treaty was dry, now proceeded to occupy the Bay or Ruatan Islands, which belonged to Honduras, and both of which, taken together, absolutely commanded any possible Atlantic entrance to a canal through Nicaragua. Of course, the United States promptly "protested," as she had protested for two years about "Mosquitia," and our government kept on "protesting" for ten long years, twelve in all. The idea that our own government should build the canal had not as yet developed, and since whatever canal which might be built was to traverse the soil of some third State, our manifest interest, at that time, was to secure both neutralization and equality of treatment for American vessels, the sole existing guaranty for which was the treaty; and this was the reason why our government did not then or afterwards denounce the treaty.

It was not until the year 1860 that Great Britain released her grip upon the rifled territories of Nicaragua and Honduras. It was in that year that she sent a Commissioner down to Central America, and he, in her name, restored the Mosquito Coast to

Nicaragua, and the Ruatan Islands to Honduras. The then President of the United States was very prompt in sending in a message to Congress, felicitating that body upon the fact that Great Britain had, at last, complied with the obligations of the treaty. Then our country went into the throes of Civil War; and, in 1862-1864, we woke up to the fact that Great Britain had proceeded to occupy Belize, declaring it to be a "British Colony;" and Great Britain is in occupation of Belize to-day. Did our own government take any action in the matter? It "protested;" but the same reasons for non-denunciation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty still prevailed. It was our sole hold upon any sort of a canal, our sole hold upon neutralization of any practicable inter-oceanic waterway, our sole guaranty that none of the Continental Powers should rob us of a canal, and of any rights therein; and so we never went further than "protests."

On December 1, 1884, Mr. Frelinghuysen, then Secretary of State, in the name of President Arthur, negotiated a convention with President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, for the purpose of building a canal through the territories of that State. He was the first Secretary of State to take openly and boldly the ground that, because of repeated violations of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty by Great Britain, that instrument had become "voidable," and that it was subject to denunciation by the United States. He did not claim that the treaty was "void." The convention he negotiated with Nicaragua, in practically the exact terms of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, provided for equal rights of "all nations" in the user of the canal by their vessels; contained a provision for the exemption of American coastwise vessels from payment of tolls; and provided, further, for the assumption by the United States of a protectorate over Nicaragua. President Cleveland withdrew this convention from the Senate in March, 1885, "for further examination by the Executive;" and, later on, sent a message to the Senate declining to re-submit the convention to it, basing his reasons upon substantially the following grounds, viz., (a) that the traditional policy of the United States forbade any "entangling alliance" with Nicaragua; (b) that the uniform policy of our own government had been opposed to anything short of the absolute neutralization of any canal which might be built across the isthmus; (c) that the uniform policy of our own government had been to demand exact equality of treatment and charges for user of the canal for the vessels of "all nations," including our own. So that convention

fell to the ground, and at the direct instance of the President of the United States, who is, by the Constitution, charged with the conduct of our foreign relations and affairs, and with the negotiation of all treaties.

It thus clearly appears from the foregoing that, up to the last year of the administration of President Arthur, all American diplomacy, all diplomatic negotiations, correspondence and conversations, had been based upon the ideas of absolute neutralization of any canal which might be built, and of exactly equal treatment of the vessels of "all nations," inclusive of those belonging to our own citizens and nationals, for user of the canal; and that it was our own President who withdrew the Frelinghuysen-Zelaya Convention from further consideration by the Senate, precisely upon the ground that it violated those fundamental principles of American diplomacy.

It was the outcome of the Spanish-American War which first opened the eyes of the American people to the twofold fact that a canal *must* be constructed, and that our own government alone must build it, operate it, and control it. The fact became apparent because of our acquisition of territories "beyond seas," just as the further fact that we must own, operate, and control a continuous line of railway, from our own borders to the Panama Canal, as a military necessity for the protection of that waterway, will soon become apparent. Expansion and foreign conquests are irresistibly driving us on, even against the reluctance of our own statesmen, just as Rome was so driven, even against the reluctance of her statesmen. In such cases the pressure is economic rather than political; and we may but hope, at best, that we have not "sown the wind, to reap the whirlwind."

With the ending of the Spanish-American War, came the great desire of our own government to get rid of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; and it is not at all strange to relate that, just as we had been previously "warm" to that treaty, and Great Britain even disdainfully "cold" towards it, the positions of the two foreign offices became diametrically reversed. A canal was in sight; and Great Britain began to "sit up and take notice." The French de Lesseps Company had started the ditch, but had collapsed for lack of funds; and it had become apparent that, if the canal was to be constructed at all, it could not be done by any private enterprise, but must be accomplished by the United States, and by the United States alone. Immediately and incontinently, as it were, the British government became violently enamored with the Clayton-Bulwer

Treaty, a treaty which she had repeatedly violated, and which she was then in the very act of violating, in Belize. To all suggestions for the abrogation of the treaty she turned a deaf ear, insisting that it remained in full force and vigor. We were in the position that all of our Secretaries of State, unless we can except Mr. Frelinghuysen and Mr. Blaine, had uniformly, up to that time, taken in spite of British violations, and for the reasons above set forth. Exchanges of diplomatic notes and conversations between the two governments became very common. These finally culminated in the first draft of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which was duly signed by the respective plenipotentiaries, and was sent by the President to the Senate for consent to ratification. The preamble to this convention expressly stated that "The High Contracting Parties desiring to preserve and maintain the general principles of neutralization established by Article VIII. of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention, adopt as the basis of such neutralization the following rules, substantially as embodied in the convention between Great Britain and other Powers, signed at Constantinople, October 29, 1888, for the free navigation of the Suez Maritime Canal."

Rule 1 provided that "the canal shall be free and open, in time of peace as in time of war, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise."

Rule 7 provided that "no fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent."

A further article provided that, immediately upon the ratification of the convention, the two contracting Powers shall immediately bring it to the notice of other Powers, and invite them to adhere to it.

It thus clearly appears from the text of this draft of a treaty, duly signed, and duly sent by the President to the Senate for its "advice and consent" to its ratification, (1) that our government still adhered to its uniform policy of neutralization; (2) that it still adhered to its time-honored policy of free and equal use of the canal by the vessels of commerce and of war of *all nations,* including the United States, in time of war and in time of peace, without discrimination against any nation, as to charges or otherwise; and (3) that neutralization, not neutrality, two very different things, was distinctly provided for; and, since no one Power can possibly establish neutralization, and can only by its own force pro-

claim and enforce its own neutrality, other Powers were to be invited by both parties to adhere to the convention, thus establishing the principle of *neutralization*.

Can the intellect of any candid man doubt for one instant that, up to the time this draft of a treaty was sent to the Senate, albeit it was already a recognized fact that the United States would have to construct the canal, as well as to control and operate it when built, our own Executive had, so far, never even conceived the idea of anything less than the equal use of the canal by the vessels of all nations alike, and without discrimination against any nation or its nationals, in respect of charge of traffic, or otherwise? Where is there ground up to this time (the time of submitting the proposed treaty to the Senate) for the assumption that the term all nations, in the language of the instrument itself, did not mean all nations at all, and did mean all nations except the United States? True, in the aborted Frelinghuysen-Zelaya Convention above cited, the same term "all nations" did mean, precisely, all nations other than the United States, but that was, plainly and manifestly, because another article of that convention granted to the United States, in unequivocal language, exemption of its coastwise ships from payment of tolls, something which nowhere appears in either the first draft of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, or in the treaty itself. If that construction of the term was intended in the case at bar, why was it not inserted, as in the aborted Frelinghuysen-Zelaya Convention, and why does the preamble of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty expressly refer to the rules enacted for use of the Suez Canal, which canal, as everybody knows, has always charged exactly equal tolls upon the ships of all nations, including the vessels of Great Britain, Turkey, and Egypt, the two latter being the territorial sovereigns of the canal? It may be objected that the Suez Canal is owned and operated by a corporation, and not by a government of a sovereign Power. Technically this is true, of course, but in point of fact, not only because of its ownership of a majority of the shares of the Suez Canal Company, but by reason of its protectorate over and actual control of Egypt, the British government controls the operation of the canal as fully as though one of its military or naval officers were its official head.

The draft of the proposed treaty, so as aforesaid submitted to the Senate, was not satisfactory to that body; and, under its asserted constitutional authority, it proceeded to amend it by the insertion of a clause providing that, in case the defence of the

United States required it, the rules for neutralization of the canal should give way, that is, that nothing in the treaty should stand in the way of the safety of the United States, as its own government might regard it. With this amendment included, the Senate "advised and consented" to the ratification of the first draft of the treaty, fortification clause, adherence of other Powers and all. It thus clearly appears that, as yet, there was no idea of anything save complete neutralization, and absolute equality as to charges for transit, by the government of the United States.

The treaty, as so amended by the Senate, was promptly rejected by Great Britain; and her government submitted a second draft to our State Department, in which the Seventh Article of the former draft (prohibiting fortification) was entirely omitted, and the first rule of which provided that "the canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations *which shall agree to observe these rules,*" etc., etc. This draft was more offensive to public sentiment in the United States than was the first, not because the rule of equal use by the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations was still retained, but because of the phrase "all nations which shall *agree* to observe these rules." Public sentiment had so advanced as to repudiate any treaty which should admit of any neutralization of the canal by virtue of contract or agreement of the Powers, and had settled itself upon the idea of a guaranty of neutrality by ourselves alone, as to all Powers other than our own public enemies. This second draft was not sent to the Senate because of these objections; and negotiations were renewed. Up to this point no objection had ever been raised by the United States, on the score that any of our ships, coastwise or other, ought to enjoy exemption from payment of canal tolls.

The continuation of negotiations resulted in the ratification of the actual Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, November 18, 1901. The preamble of the treaty states that "The *United States adopts* as the basis of neutralization of such ship canal, the following rules, substantially as embodied in the Convention of Constantinople,..... for the free navigation of the Suez Canal, that is to say:

"1. The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations *observing these rules,* on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise," etc., etc., and Rule 7 of the first draft is entirely omitted—the rule forbidding fortification—and

there is substituted therefor a rule permitting the military policing of the canal by the United States.

Apart from the somewhat ridiculous misuse of the term "neutralization" which, as shown above, no one Power can in the nature of things effect, instead of the term "neutrality," there is, manifestly, no change in the ideas of the United States as to the construction to be placed upon the clauses providing for equal terms for use by the vessels of all nations of the canal. The terminology of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, upon this point, is practically identical; and the idea itself had always been construed by our State Department just as it is now contended for by the British Foreign Office, if we except the instance of Mr. Frelinghuysen and President Arthur in the aborted Frelinghuysen-Zelaya Convention which, in set terms, provided for differential treatment of our coastwise ships. Can any candid mind, after reading the foregoing brief résumé, all of it culled from State papers, doubt the inevitable conclusion?

By the terms of the treaty vessels of commerce, as well as of war, of all nations "observing these rules," are placed upon terms of exact equality "as to charges or otherwise" for the use of the canal; and, as if to show that this principle, for which all of our Secretaries of State, except Mr. Blaine and Mr. Frelinghuysen, had uniformly and strenuously contended, was the plain intent and meaning of the two parties to the Hay-Pauncefote Convention, Article IV. of the treaty says: "It is agreed that no change of territorial sovereignty or of the international relations of the country or countries traversed by the before-mentioned canal shall affect the general principles of neutralization" (neutrality) "or the obligation of the High Contracting Parties under this treaty." The language is plain and unequivocal; and, as above shown, had been uniformly contended for by our own State Department, up to that time, if we except the policy of Secretaries Blaine and Frelinghuysen.

Veracity, absolute veracity, is the primary principle of all social ethics, the very keystone of the arch whereby the solidarity of society itself is maintained. If this be so, as applied to any one particular society, does it not apply, *a fortiori,* to the international society of nations? Is language "a medium for concealing thought," as once expressed by a great English statesman; or has it not been a gift of his Creator to man, among other things, to enable him best to convey to his fellowman the expression of

that veracity upon which the existence of the entire social fabric depends?

What is the duty of a President of the United States if, with his enlarged experience and means of information, his conscience says to him, that, in a present exigency, any particular plank of the party platform upon which he stood for election has become a menace to the true interests of the entire American people? Is he to stand by a partisan plank in a partisan platform, or is he to stand forth for what the voice of his conscience tells him is the right?

Does the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, abrogate the equality of tolls provision of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty? In so far as our own constitutional law is concerned, as it has been construed by the Supreme Court, it unquestionably does have that effect. That tribunal has repeatedly held that a subsequent treaty has the effect to repeal a prior statute in conflict with its terms, and that a subsequent statute has the effect to abrogate so much of a prior treaty as may conflict with its terms. This is, however, not the case in international law, which holds the obligations of a solemn treaty to be of force superior to the municipal law, public or private, of any particular state or nation, and the rule is the same in what we know as universal public law, the precepts of which are directly deducible from the two great primary laws explained by Domat and the Chancellor d'Augusseau as coming to mankind through secondary natural law, which is the product of the intellect and will of the Creator Himself.

Has our acquisition of territorial sovereignty over the Canal Zone, by virtue of the treaty with the Republic of Panama, of itself altered our status under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty? In many, yea, in most respects, it has completely and absolutely altered our status. It has, for instance, *ex necessitate,* relieved us from any obligation to maintain neutrality of the canal and its approaches, in regard to our own public enemies, and has clothed us with complete belligerent rights within the canal itself and its environs, as against any public enemy of the United States. This the British Foreign Office has frankly admitted. All that practically now remains of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty consists of two obligations, viz., to maintain neutrality within the canal and its approaches, as to "all nations observing these rules," except as to any Power with which we may be ourselves at war; and to extend equal treatment, "as to charges and otherwise," in the use of the

canal by commercial vessels of all nations observing these rules, including ourselves, except as to the vessels of an enemy State in time of war.

Further, as an incident of sovereignty and ownership, we have become entitled to give free transit through the canal to all public vessels and government goods of the United States, not only our ships of war, but all government-owned vessels and goods. This is, in itself, subject to limitations. If, for instance, we should carry out the suggestions of a bill now pending in Congress, and actually use our warships for carrying passengers and cargo (other than the mails) through the canal, we should be bound to rate those warships as "commercial vessels" and charge tolls accordingly. This would not apply, however, to army or navy transports. In other words, since we have entered into the business of operating a canal, we have, as a nation, gone into a commercial business of a public nature; and, even under a plain provision of our own public law, while as the owner of our own canal we are entitled to its free use for public vessels and government-owned goods, having also gone into it as a commercial venture, we are bound to give its commercial use to the nationals of all nations upon precisely the same terms we extend to our own citizens. The case of the Erie Canal is precisely in point. New York is the sovereign and owner of the Erie Canal. She has the right to the free use of it for State-owned vessels and State-owned material; but, since she has thrown it open to commercial use, she is bound to give its use to the vessels (barges and canal boats) and their cargoes not only to her own citizens, but to the citizens of all the States, and even to the nationals of foreign States, upon precisely the same scale of "charges and otherwise" which she extends to boats and cargoes belonging to citizens of New York. This question long since passed beyond the realm of dispute in our own courts, as well as in those of England, and the doctrine is *stare decisis.*

Nothing has been said in this paper concerning the attitude taken by Mr. Blaine, when Secretary of State, concerning the isthmian canal question, mainly because of limitation of space. Suffice it to say that, in a series of brilliantly-written State papers, he took the ground that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was "obsolete," also that any canal across the isthmus must be controlled by the United States, and, further, that any canal across the isthmus must, when built, be a part of the American coast line,

more accurately, a part of the coast line of the United States. To all of this, the calm and characteristic reply of the British Foreign Office was that the treaty was in full force and vigor, and that by the deliberate act of the United States in twice declining an offer of Great Britain to abrogate it, and that a valid subsisting treaty provided for joint control, and joint protection by the two Powers. Then came Mr. Olney who, in a most able and scholarly review of the entire question, took strong ground in favor of the subsisting validity of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. So the matter remained until negotiations were initiated, which led up to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. It is but fair to both sides in the present imbroglio to say, here, that up to the actual negotiation of the latter convention, the United States not only had ample grounds for, but would have been amply justified in a denunciation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, a step which would have left us perfectly free to act as we pleased. If our statesmen and diplomats had an idea that the mere acquisition by us of sovereignty over the Canal Zone, absolved us from the commercial obligations of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, they overreached themselves quite as thoroughly as Mr. Hay was overreached in the negotiation and the Senate in the ratification of the treaty itself. As to any contention that we are bound to-day with the provisions of said treaty as to ships of war, or the exercise of belligerent rights in the canal, mere partisan "clap-trap" set up for partisan ends, the complete answer is that Great Britain has, by her own course in Egypt, estopped herself from even making a "protest." Notwithstanding the "neutralization" of the Suez Canal by express terms of the Constantinople Convention, Great Britain has seized each and every "coign of vantage" at both ends of that canal, has strongly fortified and garrisoned them, under her own flag, so that she completely controls both entrances, and by reason of her protectorate over and occupation, military occupation, of Egypt, and her control by the Sidar of every soldier in the Egyptian army, she had, without words, placed herself in the precise military condition at Suez in which we have now placed ourselves at Panama. No wonder she admits in her protest against unequal tolls that our sovereignty gives us the complete exercise of belligerent rights in our own canal!

Who ever dreamed, before the recent debate in the House of Representatives, that a mere grant of equal commercial privileges amounted either to a "surrender" of sovereignty or to an aband-

onment of "control?" The question answers itself, to the mind of any man who has even skimmed the outside surface of international law.

In the words of an eminent New York lawyer, "What does a treaty mean, what its plain language says that it means, or what its plain language says that it does not mean?" Do the words "all nations" mean all nations, or do they mean "all nations except the United States and the Republic of Panama?"

As a conclusion, we will make this summary:

1. The traditional policy of American diplomacy, as well as the traditional policy of the Democratic Party, is directly opposed to the stand taken by those statesmen who are opposed to the request of the President for a repeal of the tolls exemption clauses of the Panama Canal Act.

2. The plighted word of the nation, the honor of the nation itself is, in the plain words of a solemn treaty, pledged that there shall be no discrimination as to "any nation, its citizens or subjects," in the exaction of such tolls.

3. The navigation laws of the United States already afford not only adequate, but excessive protection to vessels of our citizens engaged in coastwise trade. They need no such protection, or subsidy, as is granted by the statute, not even, as so glibly asserted, against the railroads, by which they are mainly either directly or indirectly owned and controlled, by reason of our peculiar system of "interlocking directorates," and with which, as is clearly shown by their freight and passenger rates, they have a complete understanding.

4. If any class of vessels of our merchant marine needed any special favors in the canal, it would be the vessels engaged in foreign commerce, which are ostensibly obliged to compete with the foreign shipping of the entire world. As a fact, they do not need this protection, and for the same reasons stated in the concluding part of No. 3 above.

5. The repeal of the tolls exemption clause of the statute relieves us from a delicate and dangerous diplomatic *impasse* without any sacrifice of national dignity and honor, without the delay and expense of an arbitration; and without estopping us from taking up the question again, diplomatically, at any future time.

6. The President of the United States is charged by the Constitution with the conduct of our foreign relations and affairs, and all diplomatic correspondence and conversations run in his name:

"The President believes," "The President highly appreciated," etc., etc. There is much in the conduct of diplomatic affairs which, in the nature of things, and by the necessities of the case, must be kept secret, lest the entire objects sought to be accomplished may be frustrated by premature publication. The responsibility is upon him, and upon no one else. The entire matter necessarily remains, by virtue of the responsibilities of his high office, within his own conscience; and when Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, plainly informed the Congress that his entire foreign policy, and its success or failure, depended upon a repeal of the tolls exemption clause of the statute, it was not Woodrow Wilson, but the President of the United States, the executive head, not only of a party, but of the American people, who was speaking. Do the American people believe in the veracity, the honesty, the integrity of the President of the United States? Has the man, or the official, given them reason to impeach his personal or official character?

These questions, it seems to the writer, answer themselves.

UNTRIED WINGS.

BY M. H. LAWLESS.

WHAT were you but a bird with half-fledged wing,
Still warm from happy nestling at my side?
On the nest's rim you sat with wondering
Upon a sea so deep and blue and wide,
And then aspired above its deep to swing,
Or through its lower billows swiftly glide—
You who knew naught but nest-bound fluttering,
Whose strength in flight had never yet been tried!
O pity of it that you could not wait
Until each twig and branch you learned to sway!
That with my bits of food I came too late
To hold you to the place where safety lay!
But now my heart can only bleed for you
Whose broken wings will never sweep the blue!

CATHOLIC WORK FOR THE SECULAR PRESS.

BY EMMA SHERWOOD CHESTER.

IT must be obvious to every thoughtful observer within the Church, that the secular press is elevated and enriched by any infusion of Catholic truth that touches the spiritual and social questions of the day. Especially is this true of those observers whose vocation binds them perpetually to the whirl of the world's unrest.

In a work by M. René Bazin which has just left the hands of an English translator, we have an instance of this sort. M. Bazin is, by vocation, novelist to the great world; but he is also—which is of immeasurably wider importance—a Catholic and a patriot. In the book above mentioned, entitled *Gentle France,* he develops, and we might say faultlessly expresses, the Church's teachings and ideals on these two themes, religion and patriotism. Not one of those irresistibly charming stories could have been given to the world by a writer who was not himself a sincere and intelligent Catholic, and at the same time an ardent patriot. While inseparably French in sentiment and treatment, they are, like the Church's teachings, universal of application, impersonal in justice, and distinctly pure in politics.

Without book or bell, without rite or dogma, M. Bazin announces himself, from his seat in the French Academy, a champion of the Church and his country, after the manner of Count de Mun in his vocation of statemanship. It would be inconceivable for any reader of *Gentle France* to ask the questions: "Is this writer a Catholic Christian?" "Is he a patriotic Frenchman?" for the fact that he is both is proclaimed upon every page, with that natural *insouciance,* that dignified assurance which makes the ideal Catholic writer or speaker fascinating and convincing above all others. Few possess, of course, the downright genius, which must always be spiritual in essence, that has been the dower of M. Bazin; but it is entirely possible that the humblest contributor to the *Chatterbox Corner* of a diocesan paper, let us say, may faithfully and truthfully express the Catholic spirit.

A few months ago, we were inadvertently drawn into correspondence with the editor of a magazine which has an extensive

Catholic as well as world-wide non-Catholic support. We were withdrawing our subscription, on the ground that it was no longer possible for a loyal Catholic to encourage the publication of matter so inexcusably libelous of Catholic belief and practice.

Like the proverbially inclined moth to the candle, it has become a vogue among non-Catholic story-tellers *(sic)* to write novels about "Catholic" characters in a "Catholic" environment, neither of which would be recognized as life-like by a Catholic reader. As current instances I may site *The Little Crucified Sisters* in the New York *Evening Post,* and Edith Wharton's *The Custom of the Country.* We do not believe that these caricatures and slanders are designed with any especial malice aforethought, for these same writers would just as zealously "study up on" Catholic truth for commercial rewards as they now lazily make use of Protestant implements for their "artistic" productions. No. This attraction of the literary moth to the Catholic candle, is due to the impressive and commanding reality which the Church has ever presented to the eye of art in every form. The beauty of her symbolism, the power of her veracity seizes upon and dominates the imagination of even very ignorant and careless magazine writers. To such the Church is an inexhaustible storehouse of "copy" for editorial or publishing pay envelopes. The sanctuary lamp is "lovely" in their eyes, because red contrasts so well with gray stone and white vestments. They perceive in it no homage to the Real Presence of God upon His altars. Its undying faithfulness, never extinguished by night or day, makes of this lonely sentinel of Divinity a mere piece of stage property for such writers, setting off, as it were, the infamous pranks of Lord John This, or Lady Joan That.

The editor to whom we made our protest against these abuses chanced to be a Catholic receiving a very high salary, and, as the indignant reply was worded, "a very devout one." Certainly not one out of ten thousand readers of this well-known journal has ever entertained the faintest suspicion of this circumstance; for Catholic diplomacy and high salaries are twins whose acquaintance such Catholic writers as M. René Bazin would scornfully repudiate. The editor was offended by our friendly and financial falling-off, but made no apology; nor has the magazine changed its policy. On the contrary, such writers appear without distinction, colorless and mechanical, far removed from the seats of the immortals; and this because they have betrayed the wealth of truth

and beauty which was their birthright, for a mess of pottage by way of pecuniary gain.

Now the foregoing illustrations have been given to show the need in secular journalism of sincere, accurate, simple, and unapologetic Catholic writers. St. Paul recommends milk for babes. The secular press is not prepared for the strong meat of dogmatic teaching. The milk must even be diluted a little until secular journalism is stronger in integrity.

In *Gentle France,* M. Bazin presents to us every form of belief and unbelief. The infidel, the scoffer, the skeptic, the howling atheist. He also gives us nuns of seraphic perfection and workmen of preternatural intelligence. Into the mouth of one of these last he puts the arresting words, " What we need, sir, is priests of extraordinary power. That is why we should pray more fervently for them at the time of their ordination." One realizes by the manner in which they are put, that these words express the mind of the writer himself. They contain the essence of M. Bazin's religion and patriotism. He declares and he convinces us that he is right, that intercession for a priesthood of extraordinary power would remedy all the social and political evils of the times. That at the present day the spiritual power of our priesthood cries importunately for an increase. Upon our priesthood devolves the work of the Catholic press. Upon the laity rests more and more the duty of acting as interpreters of Catholic truth to secular literature. Such an interpreter is M. Bazin or Agnes Repplier. They speak the mind of the Church in a language that can be apprehended by people engaged in secular pursuits with the secular mind. They are not apologetic; they speak as having authority. They do not veil in diplomacy or ambiguity the source of their teaching; yet they adapt themselves to every form of teachableness or apprehension. The impetuous convert is not always to be trusted for this work. Like a sick man just coming out of a successful operation, he is inclined to be effusive over the wonders of his hospital, his surgeons, his nurses, and even his convalescent diet. We are sometimes told not to trust him until he has learned to *forget a little* the authors of his health and happiness.

But there is usually a *via media* of safety in all human affairs. The lay convert of some ten or fifteen years experience may, as a rule, be trusted to walk in the paths of the secular press with honor to his faith and charity to his enemies. The purgative way of spiritual and intellectual suffering, has inevitably softened his heart

and clarified his vision. He sees, O, he sees the world's need; and he tenderly lays his hand upon its aching spots to heal. Not as the skilled surgeon of the priesthood to whom the invalid press has not yet submitted itself, but as a brother or sister of the *bon sécour* who at least knows what ails it, and can influence it to go to the hospital.

Unlike a free son of the house, such as M. Bazin, the foundling convert writer must keep more closely perhaps to the security of his foster mother for guidance and protection. Yet, though less eminent and magnetic than the sons of the household, the lay convert writer of some years of experience may be relied upon to represent his mother with appreciation, and even a degree of illumination.

An excellent way for a novice in this work, is to begin with a suburban or even rural newspaper, to challenge some of the long-accepted fallacies of its *Open Forum* or *People's Column.* Socialism, defective systems of local education, sectarian controversies—all these things open the way for a Catholic writer to reply with truth, with beauty, usually with what seems to the jaded editor a startling originality. Discussion is opened among thinking people. Fair play is demanded, and in a measure usually allowed in our American press. Some heretical or socialistic scribbler hitherto accustomed to the right of way in his local paper for his literary fireworks, suddenly finds himself brought up short by a Catholic truth which he does not at first recognize as such, but which he soon ascertains is a stern reality—his enemy *par excellence,* walking up to him without fear. A school girl of fifteen recently put to rout a socialistic propaganda in a Southern city in this manner. The palm of victory was publicly awarded her, and there was a wholesale clean-up of Socialism in her town paper. A mere catechism child, she confounded the doctors of Marx and Bebel with her Catholic truth.

Current forms of social amusement, agitations for public reading rooms, sewer systems, or whatever may for the hour occupy the public consciousness—all offer to the Catholic lay writer, provided he is willing, like St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, to make himself "small," opportunities for substituting Catholic ideals for chaotic experiments. If he is bright, resourceful, in full possession of the truths of the Church's wisdom, his statements will be copied by neighboring journals, and even find a wider acceptance and quotation. He has started a current of pure authority into the

more or less stagnant pools of false philosophy and confirmed prejudice. Such a Catholic contributor to the secular press has been known to check and even wholly eliminate some swelling tide of erroneous belief or propaganda. We speak from a rather happy and, humanly speaking, successful experience in this work. The interpreter of the Church's teachings to the secular press is a thinker of degrees. His work filters and simplifies down from the learned theologian of the schools to the editor of *The Woman's Page* or the *Housekeeper's Corner.*

Quite recently we read a very brilliant review of Professor Orwick's *Philosophy of Social Progress,* by W. E. Campbell. It is a lucid and masterly presentment of Catholic ideals which would be of immeasurable benefit to the secular press; but it, in its turn, needs an interpreter. The average secular mind cannot at once seize these great facts as expressed by thinkers so highly intellectual and spiritual. They must be translated, as it were, into the vernacular of the everyday newspaper, before the democracy can apprehend them, and the voice of the people proclaim them by majority. It is here that the Catholic lay writer may find his Christian work. Whether he be a novelist of fashion like some we have cited, or a reporter for a city district on a great daily, the opportunity is more and more inviting to write in the spirit, and with the color of Catholic truth.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CHURCH IN THE FIRST CENTURY.[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

"THE Catholic Church," writes Father Moran in the preface of his scholarly essay on the beginnings of the Christian ministry, "bases her authority to teach and govern on the apostolic succession of her hierarchy. Christ founded a Church, and gave the Apostles whom He placed over it certain ecclesiastical powers to be transmitted by them to their successors to the end of time. The ecclesiastical superiors of to-day claim to teach and rule, not by election or delegation of the faithful, but by a kind of spiritual descent instituted by Christ. In this age of political liberalism and popular sovereignty, it is not surprising to find the Church assailed for her oligarchical constitution. Advanced Protestants would have the people supreme in the Church as in the State; while modern rationalists would have us believe that our hierarchical jurisdiction is the effect of evolution and the growth of centuries, and that it was unknown and unheard-of in the early Church. It is with a view of answering these difficulties that I propose to inquire into the government of the primitive Church, and to show that its constitution was in principle the same in the first century as it is in the twentieth."

An introductory chapter discusses briefly *The Church in the Gospel,* bringing out clearly and accurately the true idea of "the kingdom of God." When our Lord speaks of "the kingdom," He at once arouses the enthusiasm of the Jews, for the term stirs up in the national mind a world of hopes and expectations. The Jews in the captivity and in the dispersion had ever been sustained and encouraged by the prospect of the future glory and prosperity of the everlasting kingdom foretold by Daniel.[2] They did not realize the spiritual nature of the promises of the prophets, but looked forward to a great political empire, in which Israel would dominate the whole world. Jesus could not correct this false notion all at once, for the people would not have understood Him; the shock to

[1] *The Government of the Church in the First Century.* By Rev. William Moran. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

[2] Daniel vii. 26, 27.

their prejudices would have been too violent. His first care was, therefore, not to explain the nature of His kingdom, but rather to lead men quietly toward it; to establish the authority of His mission, and thus place Himself in a position to transform the popular idea.

Our Lord first tells the Jews that all human hopes and works must be made subservient to our last end: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." In this world man's religious life is never free from persecution, risks and temptations, but there is a life to come in which the blessed will enjoy all good things in peace. The words "Thy kingdom come" in the Lord's Prayer is a prayer for a kingdom on earth; but that kingdom consists in hallowing the name of the Father, and doing His will on earth, as it is done in heaven. This phase of the kingdom is opposed to the reign of sin and the devil: "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth; art Thou come to destroy us?" It is not so much a kingdom, as a sovereignty, a reign of God in men's hearts. A spiritual entity, it is contrasted with the goods of this world. "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? .....Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

This sovereignty is but the soul of an earthly phase of the kingdom, in the proper sense of the word. This kingdom is the collectivity of all those who believe in Christ and His teaching. "For this was I born," said Jesus to Pilate, "and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth." His kingdom is primarily a kingdom of truth. It is not a puritanical reformation of Judaism, nor a prophetic school returning to a forgotten justice, but a new entity, based on a new revelation, which came, after John the Baptist, to complete the law and the prophets. It is a new glad tiding; a mysterious message; a hidden treasure; a pearl of great price. It is a message which the prophets longed to receive, and which the disciples are accounted blessed to hear. This revelation Jesus calls the word of the kingdom.[3]

"The law and the prophets were until John; from that time the kingdom of God is preached, and everyone useth violence towards it."[4] Here Jesus is clearly not speaking of the final king-

[3] Matt. vi. 31; Luke xvi. 16; Mark i. 15; Matt. xiii. 11, 16, 17, 19, 44, 45.
[4] Luke xvi. 16.

dom in heaven, nor the sovereignty of God in men's hearts, but of an external institution of some kind. "The time is accomplished, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent and believe the Gospel," says Jesus. The accomplished time is that spoken of by the prophets, after which "the Lord shall give Him the throne of David His father." The kingdom is that of the Son of David, a true kingdom on earth, composed of all those who "repent and believe the Gospel." This collectivity is represented as a seed-plot, where the good seed is sown, and where it germinates, and grows to a full harvest, to be at last gathered into the kingdom of the Father in heaven.[5]

The kingdom of God embraces in this life worthy and unworthy members, children of Christ and children of the devil. This is clear from the two parables of Jesus in Matt. xiii., which tell of the enemy sowing cockle among the wheat, and of the net containing good fish and bad. The citizens of the kingdom are those who understand the teaching of Christ, and have responded to the call of faith. Some guests are invited to the marriage feast, but they refuse to attend. The call to the kingdom is a great free gift of God. The great sin of the Jews consisted in their refusal to accept the word of the kingdom. "The publicans and harlots," said Jesus, "shall go into the kingdom of God before you." "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation yielding the fruits thereof."[6] Penance or conversion is the first condition for entrance into the kingdom. "Do penance; for the kingdom of God is at hand." The disciple of the kingdom must receive the word of God with the simple faith and trust of a little child. "Whosoever does not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter it."[7]

On the road to Cæsarea Philippi, Jesus promises to make St. Peter the ruler of the kingdom of God after His death. "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.....Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." Peter is to be the rock foundation; the Church built upon him will be indefectible; he will be the chief steward; his binding and loosing will be ratified in heaven; he will be the primate in the new kingdom. Later on all the Apostles will receive together a promise to bind and loose with divine authority, becoming thereby partakers in one of the promises

[5] Matt. xii. 3, 18-23; Mark i. 15.
[6] Matt. xxi. 31, 43.
[7] Mark x. 15.

made to Peter. They will not, however, become the foundation; they will not receive the keys of the kingdom.

Harnack fails to see in the teaching of Jesus the foundation of a Church, least of all a Universal Church. According to him Jesus was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and in sending forth His disciples, He placed the same limits on their mission. Harnack maintains that the passages recording a universal mission, given by our Lord during the forty days, are but the expression of the Christian mind after it had seen the development of the Gospel for fifty years. The Apostles, no doubt, established a Universal Church before their death, but then "the chasm which separates Jesus from the Apostles has never been bridged over, nor can it be."

An unbiased examination of the four Gospels reveals naught of the narrow-minded nationalism suggested by Harnack. So little does Jesus think of an exclusively Jewish kingdom, that as a matter of fact the Jews will scarcely find a place in it at all. In the parable of the vineyard, Jesus tells the Jews that the kingdom will be taken from them and given to another nation. In the parable of the marriage feast, He develops the same idea. The prophet Isaias and John the Baptist both taught plainly that only a remnant of the Jews would inherit the promises, and Jesus frequently spoke of the exclusion of the Jews from the kingdom.[8]

In the tenth chapter of Matthew, we see that the Apostles received two distinct missions. The first, confined to the Jews, was only a temporary mission which they shared in common with the seventy-two disciples. In this mission they organized no society, and enjoyed no special jurisdiction. A second and a greater mission is also foreshadowed in Matt. x. 17, 18. The Apostles are to go forth on an unlimited mission; their testimony is to be given before Gentiles as well as Jews; they are to be brought before governors and kings as well as councils; they will, in short, be hated by all men, because they come in the name of Christ. Their great commission—"Going, therefore, teach all nations"—is not the invention of a pious Christian, as Harnack would have us believe; it is the fulfillment of promises made frequently by Christ during His public ministry.

Early in His ministry, Jesus selected twelve of His disciples and gave them a special mission, and a special name, *Apostles,* literally *those sent, messengers.* The word was not borrowed from the

[8] *Cf.* Matt. viii. 11; Luke xiii.

Jews, nor was it of Scriptural origin. The apostolic office, in the discourses of Jesus, "seems to be chiefly a mission, a work of testimony."[9]

St. Paul brings out clearly the nature of the apostolic office, because his own claims to apostleship were frequently called in question. He defends eloquently the authenticity of his Gospel, the fruitfulness of his mission, the hardships he has endured, but above all he insists on the fact that he has been especially called and sent by Jesus Christ in person.[10]

From the very beginning, the Apostles were a centre of authority for the Church. In the mother Church of Jerusalem, the supreme ecclesiastical authority was in their hands.[11] The Epistles of St. Paul represent them as the supreme teachers, the ambassadors of God, the dispensers of the mysteries of Christian knowledge, the guarantee of the purity of Christian doctrine.[12] St. Paul also speaks of their power of jurisdiction, which has both a judicial[13] and a legislative phase.[14] The apostolate is not merely a magisterial *charisma*. St. Paul is equally a teacher and a ruler; he requires faith in his doctrine, and obedience to his ordinances. The preaching of the Gospel is not the free working of the Spirit. St. Paul preaches what he himself has received,[15] the testimony of Christ. He governs, likewise, in virtue of the power he has received from Christ.[16]

While the first Christians in Palestine had many points in common with the Jews, they clearly formed a distinct society or Church. Men were initiated into this society by baptism; they had their specifically Christian meetings, with a symbol of brotherhood, the Eucharist; they were united by the same doctrine, and the "same fellowship of the Apostles;" and they worked for the same spiritual end.[17]

Dr. Hatch, in his *Organization of Early Christian Churches,* page 12, sees in the Christian communities merely an imitation of pagan *collegia,* from which they differed merely in one thing, their philanthropy. But he brings forward no convincing proof of this arbitrary statement. We are fully aware of the great charity of the early Church, which frequently found expression in hos-

[9] Acts i. 8; Matt. x. 27; Matt. xxviii. 20.
[10] Gal. i. 1, 11, 12, 15-17; 1 Cor. xi.; xv.; 2 Cor. v. 20; Rom. x. 14; 1 Cor. ii. 1.
[11] Acts ii. 42; iv. 34.
[12] 1 Thess. ii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 15; Gal. i. 7; 1 Cor. xiv. 37; 2 Cor. xi. 28.
[13] 1 Cor. v. 2; 2 Thess. iii. 16; 1 Tim. i. 20; 2 Cor. ii. 10; 2 Cor. xiii. 2.
[14] 1 Cor. vii.; xi. 2; xiv. 26-34; 2 Cor. ii. 9; vii. 15.
[15] 1 Cor. xv. 3. [16] 2 Cor. xiii. 10. [17] Acts iv. 32.

pitality and almsgiving. But this was nothing new; it was merely a continuation of the Jewish tradition. The Christians did not become brethren by loving and helping one another, as Hatch seems to think, but they loved and helped one another because they were brethren. In a word, their common faith was the basis of their association. The local communities were religious societies, founded on a common faith, a common hope, and a common calling; they had a social life peculiar to themselves. They came together for the Eucharist, instruction, prayer, the reading of Scripture, and the exercise of spiritual gifts. This social life, and not the philanthropic idea, differentiated the Christian societies from the pagan associations.

Again the *collegium* was an autonomous, isolated association, usually formed under the protection of a tutelary deity. Its officers were elected annually, and derived their authority from the body which elected them. It was altogether different in the Christian community. The local church embraced all the faithful of a city, however numerous they might be. Unlike the pagan funeral clubs, the Christians formed together one organized body; their officers were ordained by the Apostles, derived their powers from Christ through the Apostles, and held office for life. Their faith, morals, worship, and purpose were so utterly different from the pagans around them, that they would never have dreamed of turning to paganism for a type of their organization. As most of them in the beginning were converts from Judaism, they would naturally turn to the synagogue if on the lookout for a model.

From the very beginning the Christians had a special name for their community. They called it a church, *ekklesia*. This term was well known in all the Greek cities, where it meant the assembly of the citizens. It is used in a similar sense in the Old Testament.[18] St. Paul sometimes uses the word in this sense,[19] but more commonly in a derivative sense, meaning all the Christians of a local community. Sometimes he applies the word to all the Christians of a particular household.[20] He never speaks of the churches of a city, even though it contain many Christian households, but he often speaks of the churches of a province, because each town in the province has its own church.[21] The local church is a "Church of God," and a "Church of Christ." Each local church is a unity, a body of Christ, a spiritual Israel. He recognizes the danger of

[18] Judges xxii. *Cf.* Acts viii. 1.
[19] 1 Cor. xiv. 23, 34.
[20] Rom. xvi. 3.
[21] Gal. i. 22; 1 Cor. xvi. 19; 2 Cor. viii. 2.

schism, and constantly combats it.[22] The local flock is the city community; its pastors are not mere individuals endowed with extraordinary *charismata,* but a corporate body presiding over a legal unit.

Every such community has within it a local jurisdiction. We see this in the passages which deal with the pastoral charge, in the reference to excommunication in St. Matthew and First Corinthians, and in the action of the elders of Jerusalem, who sat and voted with the Apostles in the first Christian council. "Take heed to the whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you," says St. Paul to the elders of Ephesus, thus plainly indicating that these elders were not merely delegates of the Apostles, but held their authority directly from God. St. Paul founded the community and placed it on a working basis, but God supplied the necessary authority. This ordinary jurisdiction, residing in a local church, is the basis of the diocesan jurisdiction, which figures so largely in canon law; for the city communities of apostolic times were the dioceses of the period.

Besides this local unity, there was also a universal unity, a Church Catholic, composed of all the churches. The basis of this catholic unity was universal baptism, universal faith in Jesus, and the universal mission and authority of the Apostles.[23] The idea of a universal and visible Church is well set forth in the words of St. Paul; he says "that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and copartners of his promise in Christ Jesus, by the Gospel.....To me is given this grace, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to enlighten all men, that they may see what is the dispensation of the mystery which hath been hidden from eternity in God."[24] The same notion of a universal unity is expressed in the Epistle to the Romans, where the Gentiles are spoken of as branches broken from a wild species, and grafted into the olive tree; and all become partakers of the sap of the same root. The Universal Church is not a number of bodies in Christ, but one body only; for Christ is not divided.[25] It is through this society that men are to seek the kingdom of God. "What shall we do?" say the Jews to St. Peter after listening to his first sermon. "Do penance, believe, and be baptized," is his answer. And St. John repeats the same teaching: "That which we have seen and have heard, we declare to you,

[22] 1 Cor. i. 11-13.
[23] Gal. iii. 29; Eph. iv. 11, 12.
[24] Eph. iii. 6-9.
[25] Eph. i. 22; 1 Cor. i.

that you also may have fellowship with us; and our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."[26]

Baptism with St. Paul has two significations. It is the source of sanctification[27] and the rite of initiation into the visible Church.[28] As all must receive baptism, so all must be incorporated into the Body of Christ. This Body is not an invisible Church of the just as Luther taught in the sixteenth century, or as Sohm teaches in the twentieth, but a visible society, having different classes of visible members, such as prophets, teachers, and evangelists.

St. Paul never expressly treats of the relation between the particular and the Universal Church, and at times it is difficult to determine which Church he has in view. The local church is the Body of Christ, and the Church of God; the Universal Church is also the Body of Christ and the Church of God. A member of the local church is by the very fact a member of the Universal Church, because membership in both is acquired by baptism.

There is not a single passage in all the New Testament which upholds the theory of Dr. Hatch, viz., that association among those who believed was a matter of free choice in the primitive Church. For St. Paul is ever insisting upon the fact that Christians form a Body of Christ—a visible body which one enters by the sacrament of baptism. He describes in detail its various members, apostles, prophets, teachers, wonder-workers, and simple faithful; all are members of the body and of one another. If association is not a primary duty of the Christian life, then we are not baptized into the visible mystical body of Christ; and it is mere idealism on St. Paul's part to think we are. The very texts that Dr. Hatch quotes refute his thesis. He speaks of those "who separate themselves," citing the Epistle of St. Jude. But he fails to see that the Apostle condemns their schism, declaring them "sensual men, having not the Spirit." Dr. Hatch might just as well cite the schisms at Corinth to prove that unity was not required in the local churches, or the intrigues of the Judaizers to prove that Christianity was but a new phase of the Mosaic law.

In many places of the ancient world the government was originally in the hands of a council composed of the heads of families. Traces of this primitive system survived in the Senate in Rome, in the Gerousia of Sparta, and in the Sanhedrim of the Jews. Given this senatorial method of communal government

[26] John i. 3.

[27] Eph. v. 27; 1 Cor. xii. 13; Gal. vi. 15.

[28] 1 Cor. xii.

among both Jews and Gentiles, it was natural that the first Christian communities should be organized on the same plan. Speaking of St. Paul and St. Barnabas, St. Luke tells us that returning from their first apostolic journey, "they confirmed the souls of the disciples, and exhorted them to continue in the faith.....and when they had ordained to them elders in every church and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord."[29] St. Paul followed the same plan upon his subsequent missions. Elders are spoken of at Jerusalem and in the church of Pontus, Galatia, Asia, Cappadocia, Bithynia, Crete, and the Jewish communities of the dispersion.[30] The letters of Clement, Polycarp, and Ignatius prove beyond doubt that the presbyteral college was a universal institution before the close of the apostolic period. St. Luke tells us that St. Paul and St. Barnabas were sent to carry alms from Antioch to the elders at Jerusalem,[31] though he says nothing of the appointment of these elders or of their position in the community. We know, however, that these elders were superiors of some kind in the Church. At the Council of Jerusalem, we find the Apostles and the elders assembled to discuss the question raised by the Judaizers, viz., that salvation could not be obtained without circumcision. This Council was held in the presence of all the faithful, but it is clear that the Apostles and elders alone were judges in the matter. There is no evidence whatever for the theory of Dr. Lindsay, that the authority in the early Christian communities was democratic. It is true that the laity were allowed great latitude in the matter of elections. The seven deacons were elected by popular vote at Jerusalem, although their ordination was reserved to the Apostles. The bishops were similarly elected as late as the third century. In general the assembly had a voice in all matters of prudence and consultation, but never in the deciding of dogmatic questions or in the interpreting of the Divine Law.

It is clear from the Council of Jerusalem that the elders held a magisterial and legislative jurisdiction; their title was not merely a title of honor but an ecclesiastical office. Again we read of the elders discussing with St. Paul the state of affairs at Jerusalem as fathers of the community,[32] and of their anointing the sick with oil in the name of the Lord in the Epistle of St. James.[33] Both these instances prove that the elders were a ruling order in the community. They consulted for the peace and edification of the community,

[29] Acts xiv. 20-22.
[30] 1 Peter i. 1; v. 1; James v.; Titus i. 5.
[31] Acts xi. 28-30.
[32] Acts xxi. 23, 24.
[33] James v. 14, 15.

administered its financial resources, enjoyed a magisterial jurisdiction, and ministered at least some of the sacraments to the faithful.

The position of the elders in the Pauline churches is set forth in St. Paul's discourse to the elders of Ephesus.[34] They are the spiritual superiors of the local church; they are shepherds feeding and overseeing the flocks; their magisterial authority occupies the foremost place in the discourse; they have been placed by the Holy Ghost as stewards in the church to oversee the faithful. At Jerusalem the elders decide a question of faith; in Ephesus we find them teaching the Gospel preached to them by St. Paul. In his letter to Timothy[35] the Apostle speaks of the elders laboring zealously in the word and in teaching.

St. Peter describes the elders of Asia Minor as possessing equal powers with the elders of Jerusalem and the Pauline churches.[36] They are pastors or shepherds of the flock; they direct and govern with authority; they are the representatives of the Prince of pastors in the local community. St. Clement of Rome, in his letter to Corinth, writes a strong defence of the elders of that city, who had been unjustly displaced from their ministry in a "detestable sedition." The elders of Corinth are ecclesiastical rulers, successors of the Apostles, pastors of the flock of Christ, and duly constituted in authority. The whole New Testament negatives the thesis of some modern writers who maintain that the presbyterate was not an office in the primitive Church, but merely an honorary position.[37]

Before the death of the Apostles there existed in every Christian community a body of overseers (bishops). These overseers were ecclesiastical superiors; they were appointed for life; they exercised their jurisdiction in virtue of an authority derived from God, through Christ and His Apostles. They were pastors, who enjoyed a legislative, judicial, and a magisterial authority. They also exercised a liturgical function, the essence of which was the celebration of the Eucharist. They probably controlled the administration of the public alms. St. Paul calls the elders of Ephesus overseers, placed by the Holy Ghost to shepherd the Church of God.[38] They by divine right are to direct their local flock according to the received doctrine, and to guard it "from rapacious wolves, who utter perverse things." In his letter to Timothy,[39]

[34] Acts xx. 28-31.
[35] 1 Tim. v. 17-22.
[36] 1 Peter v. 1 *et seq.*
[37] *Cf.* 1 Thess. v. 12, 13; 1 Cor. xvi. 15-18; Rom. xii. 4-8; Heb. xiii. 7, 17.
[38] Acts xx. 28.
[39] 1 Tim. iii. 1-7.

St. Paul describes at great length the office of overseer, and the virtues required in candidates for the episcopate. The episcopate is not merely a title of honor, but an office, a good work. The candidate must not be a neophyte, nor twice married; he must be prudent, a teacher, a man of hospitality, chaste, sober, modest, gentle, etc.[40] The Epistle to Titus brings out more clearly the teaching office of the bishop. His chief duty is "to exhort in sound doctrine, and to convince the gainsayers."

St. Peter plainly speaks of the overseers as ecclesiastical superiors, who exercise the pastoral charge, and shepherd the flock by overseeing it.[41] Their authority is a local authority. St. Peter insists on the same qualifications as St. Paul; he condemns the same faults.

The Epistle of St. Clement mentions the divine origin and universality of the episcopate. We read: "The Apostles received the Gospel for us from Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ was sent forth from God. So Christ is from God, and the Apostles from Christ.....Preaching everywhere in country and town, they (the Apostles) appointed their first fruits to be overseers and deacons unto those that should believe." This is a clear and explicit testimony from one who wrote only thirty years after the death of St. Paul. The writer speaks in the name of the Roman Church, which must certainly have known of the organization set up by the Apostles throughout Christendom. Moreover, he wrote to the Church of Corinth, which held direct relationship with all the other Pauline churches, and in which St. Paul himself had lived for eighteen months. St. Clement proves conclusively that the bishops have a divine right to rule, and that, therefore, the people have no right whatever to set them aside. He also incidentally alludes to the bishop's right of consecrating the Eucharist, *i. e.,* "to offer the gifts blamelessly and holily."

The *Didache,* or the *Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles,*[42] says: "On the Lord's Day, gather yourselves together, break bread and give thanks, first confessing your sins, that your sacrifice may be pure.....Elect for yourselves, therefore, overseers and deacons worthy of the law," etc. The writer evidently here speaks of the Eucharist as a sacrifice, and consequently urges the election of worthy overseers to offer up this sacrifice to the Lord. The overseer must be meek, disinterested, truthful, and approved. His teaching must be tested by the rule of tradition, for "whoever

[40] Titus i. 7-9. [41] 1 Peter v. 2. [42] XIV.; XVI.

shall come and teach you all those things that have been said before, receive him; but if the teacher himself be perverted and teach a different doctrine to the destruction thereof, hear him not."

Some rationalistic scholars like Harnack and Reville have argued from the *Didache* that the ministry of the word did not originally belong to the local superiors, but was taken over by them gradually as the prophets died out. But, as a matter of fact, the *Didache* gives not the slightest hint that the local elders or bishops were encroaching on the domain of the prophets, or that the prophets were dying out at this time. The episcopate was an office from the beginning of Christianity, whereas prophecy was never more than a gift or *charisma*. The bishops taught in virtue of the power given them by the Holy Ghost, whereas the prophets taught merely as an instrument of revelation.

There is no proof in the New Testament or in primitive writers of Dr. Hatch's theory of a purely administrative episcopate. In all the first century documents, which refer to overseers, there are many references to their functions as pastors, teachers, and liturgical ministers, but not one reference to their being financial administrators. History proves that it was in this very matter of money, which Dr. Hatch considers essential, that temptations were greatest; yet the New Testament writers insist on every qualification in episcopal candidates, except that of a good administrator.

We learn from St. Paul, the *Didache*, St. Polycarp, St. Ignatius, and St. Clement that the deacons assisted the overseers in all the episcopal functions, in discipline, teaching, liturgy, and administration. When a deacon preaches at the present day, he does so in virtue of the authority delegated to him by the bishop. But it does not seem to have been so in the beginning. In Jerusalem the deacons were the first localized superiors, and therefore must either have held to a certain extent the ordinary jurisdiction of the church or diocese, or have labored with the authority delegated to them by the Apostles. With the imposition of hands they seemed to have received orders and jurisdiction for their higher duties.

As far as we can trace the appointment to ecclesiastical office in apostolic times, we find everywhere the same theory: all power comes from Christ by transmission, and the instrument of transmission is imposition of hands.[43]

When St. Paul tells Titus " to establish elders in all the cities of

[43] Acts vi.; xiv. 22; Titus i.; 1 Tim. iii.; v. 22; Acts xiii.; 2 Tim. i. 6.

Crete, he evidently orders him to organize a diocesan church in every city, as St. Paul himself had done in the provinces of Cilicia, Asia, and Macedonia. Titus is therefore not a diocesan bishop but an apostolic delegate, exercising a super-episcopal jurisdiction over all the churches of Crete. It is very probable that Timothy in like manner was not the diocesan bishop of Ephesus, but a legate exercising an authority over all or the greater part of Proconsular Asia. We know, moreover, that St. Paul sent his disciples to exercise similar missions in Corinth, Philippi, Thessalonica, Galatia, and Dalmatia. Often these legates were sent not to an individual church, but to a whole province. Even when a city is mentioned, it is usually the metropolis of a large district, so that even in this case the legate's jurisdiction was much wider than that of the local clergy.

As far as we can judge from the evidence at hand, the elders were not generally allowed to ordain candidates for office. Ordination, when necessary, seems to have been conferred by St. Paul or his disciples during their frequent visits to the Christian communities. In the matter of jurisdiction, however, the elders appeared to have enjoyed true episcopal authority, if not individually at least as a corporate body.

In the churches founded by St. Paul there is no certain trace of a monarchical bishop before the death of the Apostle. All the documents speak only of a hierarchy of two grades, overseers and deacons, but not one word of a diocesan, monarchical episcopate. As late as the middle of the second century, many of the Roman provinces possessed only a single monarchical bishop. About the time of St. Ignatius, the monarchical episcopate was practically confined to the Pauline churches of Asia Minor, and the four great patriarchal sees. But while St. Paul lived, all the churches of Asia Minor were governed by a corporate jurisdiction.

St. Jerome, in his commentary on the Epistle of Titus, maintains that the words presbyter and bishop are synonymous in the New Testament; the first presbyters therefore were bishops. Each church was ruled by a college of these presbyter-bishops in the beginning; but the monarchical was afterwards substituted for the collegiate episcopate under stress of circumstances. The change was made by a law of the Universal Church, which took the shape of a binding custom. In his own day bishops were superior to presbyters, not only in jurisdiction but also in orders.

Some non-Catholic scholars maintain that the magisterial au-

thority of the local clergy arose from the fact that they assumed the ministry of the prophets, but the texts cited by no means prove their point. There is no evidence either in apostolic or sub-apostolic times to show that the prophets ever enjoyed any jurisdiction. The prophetic ministry, according to St. Paul, was a means of edification, but never a pastorate of the flock. The presbyter-bishops were appointed by the Holy Ghost to teach in the name of Christ, whereas the prophets always claimed a hearing on the basis of immediate inspiration. The two ministries, therefore, were totally different in kind. The prophetic was based on an extraordinary *charisma;* the pastoral on a divine authority transmitted from Christ through the Apostles. The ministry of the prophets practically disappeared before the end of the first century. As the Church became well established, its necessity was no longer felt, and the abuses to which it was liable, either from false prophets or from disagreement with local superiors, soon rendered it unnecessary and even hurtful to the religious life of the Church.

We have tried to summarize some of the leading ideas of Father Moran's excellent thesis on *The Government of the Church in the First Century.* His treatise is a thorough, scholarly, and kindly presentation of some of the most intricate and most debated controversies in the history of the primitive Church.

VOX MYSTICA.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE REV. PHILIP RIVERS PATER, SQUIRE AND PRIEST, 1834–1909.

BY ROGER PATER.

III.

IN ARTICULO MORTIS.

"YOU must not attach too much importance to my unusual faculty," said the old priest to me some days later, when I was pressing him for other stories of his strange experiences. "There are times, even now, when I think the 'direct speech' is all imagination, a product of my highly strung nature acted upon by circumstances of an unusual kind."

"That doesn't seem to me sufficient explanation," I answered, "besides, in the cases you have told me of, the circumstances were not specially unusual, at any rate not so far as you could tell before the event took place."

"True," said he, "but in a good many instances the circumstances were more out of the common, more calculated to excite the imagination and prepare it for self-deception. But I must own that, although at times I doubt if the whole thing is not subjective, still in the end I always come back to the opinion that such an explanation is quite inadequate. In fact I only mentioned it because I thought you were inclined to take the whole thing too seriously. For my part I refuse to attach any special meaning or value to the phenomena. I know that my account of them is as truthful and exact as I can make it, and if you ask me for an explanation, all I have to say is that I seem to possess a certain kind of spiritual perception in an unusual degree; but it does not follow that what I hear is of any particular importance, any more than the possession of exceptional long sight by one man would render a thing important, because he could see it while it was beyond the range of his companions' vision."

He paused for a few moments and I kept silent, hoping he might develop his views on the subject more fully, but instead he proposed to give me another instance of his curious gift.

"Let me tell you another story," he began, "one of the kind I

mentioned just now, in which the circumstances themselves were calculated to excite the imagination." I begged him to do so and he continued:

"While I was in Rome, at the Accademia, I became very intimate with one of my fellow-students. He was an Austrian and a member of one of the most ancient families in the empire, but if you do not mind I will not give you his name. We chanced to attend the same set of lectures, and the acquaintance thus begun ripened rapidly, so that we were soon on terms of real friendship, and in the vacation time we made several excursions together to various parts of Italy.

"He was ordained at the Advent Ordination, and left Rome at once, so as to celebrate his first Mass at his old home, a famous castle in Austria, but before leaving, he made me promise that I would go and stay at his home for a little while on my return journey to England, after my own ordination. That event took place some three months later, on Holy Saturday, and a fortnight afterwards I left the Accademia and set my face homewards.

"The journey was a leisurely one, and it must have been the beginning of June when I crossed over the Brenner Pass and entered Austrian territory; but that done I went straight on to the station nearest my friend's home. Even this place was twelve leagues away from the castle, but a diligence ran the rest of the way, and I took a seat in it, glad to be quit of the train. I put up for the night at an inn where the diligence had stopped about an hour before sunset.

"After taking my room and arranging for supper, I walked across the way to see the parish priest and get permission to say Mass next morning. The good man proved to be very unwell, but on learning from his housekeeper that a strange priest wished to say Mass next day, he sent down a message begging me to come upstairs and see him. I found him in bed, apparently suffering from fever, but he assured me that my coming was as good as medicine to him.

"'It is certainly our Holy Mother who has sent you,' he exclaimed, 'for to-morrow is a feast day with us, and it would be dreadful if there were no Mass in the church; yet the Herr Doctor has forbidden me to attempt it. Now you are here and will say Mass for my good people, will you not?'

"Of course I said that I would do anything I could, and he explained that he had special permission from the bishop of the dio-

cese to grant faculties to any priest who came to help him during his illness, so that I could hear confessions if anyone wished to go.

" By the time I left him, it was quite dark, and my dinner was waiting for me. Soon after ten o'clock, when I was just thinking of going to bed, a knock came at the door and the landlord entered.

" 'Your pardon, Herr Priest,' said he, 'but there is a gentleman below who wishes to speak with you.'

" 'Impossible,' I exclaimed, 'there must be some mistake; I do not know anyone in the neighborhood.'

" 'But it is true, mein Herr,' replied the man, 'the Pastor, so he says, told him to come across and ask for you.'

" 'That is another matter, of course,' said I, 'I will come down with you,' and we went together to the large room on the ground floor where I had dined.

" At the door the landlord bowed me in before him and then retired, leaving me alone with a tall, distinguished looking stranger. He was obviously an Austrian noble, but to my surprise he addressed me in excellent English. Put shortly, his story was this: He was Count A—— who lived with his younger brother at their family castle, some leagues distant. Neither his brother nor himself were what could be called devout Catholics, and, moreover, they had quarrelled with the local priest. The previous evening his brother had been taken seriously ill, and now wished to see a priest. He had, therefore, come himself to the town to beg the Pastor to go back with him and see his brother, but as the good man was himself so unwell, this was impossible, and the only alternative seemed to be to come and appeal to me to go instead. He knew it was a very unusual thing to ask of a stranger on a journey, but his brother was dying, of that the doctor left no doubt, and his soul was in danger. I was a priest and, he understood, an English noble. He begged I would not refuse his appeal.

" It was certainly a most inconvenient occurrence, and my first impulse was to refuse, or rather to point out difficulties which made my acquiescence impossible. I was a stranger, had no faculties, was on a journey, and must be off by to-morrow's diligence, had promised to say Mass for the Pastor next morning, and anything else I could think of in the way of objections. The Count waited until I had finished, and then said quietly, 'My Father, it is a question of saving a soul, surely you cannot refuse.'

" I was silent for a moment, wondering what I ought to do, and then, as if in answer, I heard a voice whispering in my ear say

'Go.' I looked up quickly at the Count, wondering if he had spoken, and he began to plead with me once more. 'Go with him,' came the voice again in my ears. It could not be the Count, for he was speaking at the moment; and I felt somehow convinced that my duty was to go. Just as he paused the voice came again as if to reassure me, 'Go without doubting, for I am with thee,' and half-dazed I said to him, 'Yes, I will go.'

" As we went through the hall to the door of the inn I chanced to look at the clock. It was just half-past ten, and I remember thinking to myself, 'I shall not get to bed before midnight at the earliest.' At the door stood a carriage, its four horses restlessly pawing the ground, and anxious to be on the move. As the Count opened the door and motioned to me to enter, I stopped in surprise. 'Surely,' I said, 'you wish me to bring the Blessed Sacrament. I must go over to the church and obtain It.'

" 'No, no,' said he, somewhat nervously, I thought, 'we must not delay even for that. You understand it is unlikely my brother will be in a condition to receive Communion.'

" Amazed at this, I began to expostulate with him—what good could I do compared with what our Lord would do in the Holy Viaticum—but even as I spoke the voice came again in my ears, 'Go at once, delay no longer,' and alarmed I stepped into the carriage.

" With a look of relief my companion called out an order to the driver and stepped in after me, the horses at once starting off at a great pace. The carriage was of the old-fashioned, traveling type quite unknown nowadays, with deep comfortable seats, and curtains to the windows. My companion was proceeding to close the windows and draw the curtains, and it was only after some difficulty that I got him to leave the window on my side a little open, with its curtain not drawn. This gave me some fresh air, but the night was very dark, and there was a candle alight in a swinging candlestick within the carriage, so that I could make out nothing of the country through which we were passing.

" I felt some anxiety about the Mass I had promised to say for the Pastor next morning, and asked the Count how far it was to his castle, and at what time I could get back. 'Several leagues' was all I got out of him as, ignoring my second question, he lay back in the carriage and closed his eyes as if tired out. Then all at once it struck me that I was behaving very selfishly. The poor man's only brother was dying, and here was I worrying him about needless

details; so I too kept silence, and taking my rosary from my pocket, leaned back in my seat and closed my eyes.

"I think I must have fallen into a doze, for I had no idea how long we had been driving, when I was suddenly awakened by the noise of the horses' hoofs striking loudly on a wooden bridge. I sat up abruptly and looked out of the window. The moon must have risen by now, for I could see quite plainly, as we passed under an arched gateway and halted in a stone-paved courtyard.

"The castle loomed up, huge and uncertain in the dim light, the buttresses casting deep shadows across the walls that stood out white in the moonlight. But I had no time to survey the building, for Count A—— quickly alighted and helped me out of the carriage. Before us, at an open door, stood a man servant holding a lantern, and I was hurried in, through an outer room and across a huge hall, into a smaller one fitted as a library with dark carved bookcases, and a bright log fire in a deep, old-fashioned fireplace. Here the Count stopped, begging me to warm myself—though the night was not cold—and to take a glass of wine, while he went to find out if his brother was able and ready to see me. As I was uncertain of the time I took no wine, since I had to say Mass in the morning, but stood by the fire, glad to stretch my limbs after the long drive. Not more than two or three minutes elapsed before a servant entered with a message from Count A——, begging me to go with the messenger, who would show the way to his brother's room, where all was ready for me.

"Of course I went at once, preceded by the servant with a light. We went down a long corridor and up some steep stairs, but I took no special notice of the way, and cannot say if we had ascended one flight or two, when we finally passed through a 'passage-room,' and stopped at a door before which there hung a deep red curtain. Drawing this aside my guide knocked at the door, and a voice within answered clearly in German. The servant then opened the door and stepped back, holding the red portière aside for me to enter. As I did so the door was shut behind me, and I heard a dull thud as the weighted curtain fell back into position behind it.

"Now all this, no doubt, sounds very ordinary and natural, but somehow I had a growing feeling that something was wrong. The non-return of Count A—— to the library, the deserted condition of the whole place, the absence of anything suggesting illness, no sign of doctor, nurse, etc., had surprised me, and my feeling of uneasiness was increased enormously by what I now saw. I found

myself in a room, not a bedroom as I had expected, but a large apartment panelled in oak or some other dark wood, with a heavily carved cornice and elaborate plaster ceiling decorated in gold and color. Some handsome old-fashioned chairs were ranged stiffly along the walls, which bore several portraits; a wood fire burned in the deep open fireplace, above which was a lofty overmantel reaching to the ceiling, and carved with some allegorical device of classic figures. In the centre of the room stood a large table, with a litter of playing cards and a dice box on it, beside some lighted candles in tall silver candlesticks. Beyond this was seated a young man, not more than twenty-five years old at most, and apparently in perfect health.

"He looked up quickly as I entered but said nothing, and with some hesitation I began to apologize, as best I could in German, for intruding upon him. The servant must have made some mistake. I was a priest, a stranger, and had been brought in great haste to see the brother of Count A—— who was ill, in fact was not expected to live till morning. At this the young man rose and came towards me.

"'There is no mistake, my Father,' he said, speaking in German, 'it is I whom you were brought to see; I shall be a dead man before sunrise.'

"At this my previous misgivings were increased a hundredfold, and I felt thoroughly alarmed; my fears being oddly coupled with annoyance at the way I had been tricked. Crushing down the angry words which were rushing up for utterance, I repeated as calmly as I could that there was evidently some mistake. That Count A—— had told me definitely that my services as a priest were needed by his brother, who was very seriously ill and not likely to live till morning; whereas he appeared to be perfectly well. The stranger waited in silence until I had finished.

"'It is not to be wondered at,' said he, 'that you are surprised and annoyed, indeed the Count seems to have misled you in some details, but the main fact is perfectly true. I am his brother, I shall be dead before morning, and it is to hear my confession that we have brought you all this long journey. You will not refuse me, surely, now that you have come?'

"My first inclination was to protest angrily against the way I had been treated, when the recollection of the voice I had heard at the inn came back to my mind. After all it was not the Count's story which had brought me but the strange command, three times

repeated, and I was as sure as ever that Count A—— had not spoken the words which impelled me to go with him.

"Taking my silence for consent the young man motioned me to a recess, apparently a window but with shutters drawn, in which there stood a *prie-dieu* with a chair beside it. Almost unconsciously I obeyed his gesture, walking beside him to the *prie-dieu*, where he kneeled down as I seated myself at his side. Even now I am not clear if I did wrong in hearing his confession, and you will understand I had to decide without any time for deliberation. I had only been a priest for a few weeks, and had not heard a dozen confessions in all. The Pastor certainly had given me faculties, and Count A—— had mentioned that his castle was in the same diocese when I raised this point as an obstacle to my coming. Then too there was the memory of the voice I had heard, commanding me to go without fear. Automatically I gave the stranger my blessing, and he began his confession.

"What he told me, under the seal, I cannot of course repeat to you—indeed I scarcely understood it all myself, what with the turmoil in my mind and the strange language, for my knowledge of German was, and is, far from perfect. But this I may say, that no sufficient explanation of his position was offered, nor did my questions elicit anything more than that his death before morning was quite certain and utterly unavoidable, and that he desired most earnestly to make his peace with God before he should stand at His judgment seat. In the end I abandoned all efforts to break down his reserve, and with many misgivings imparted absolution. As I finished he rose and thanked me, adding in the most earnest manner, 'Let me beg you, my Father, not to inquire further into this matter. No harm whatever will come to you, and no inquiries you may make will bring you any nearer its solution.' With that he rang a small hand bell, which stood upon the table, and the servant who had brought me to the room appeared almost immediately.

"I tried to speak, but not a word would come, indeed my one idea was to escape, for I was rapidly becoming unnerved. Accordingly I allowed myself to be conducted from the room, through the ante-chamber and down a flight of stairs, where the servant showed me into a room which I had not entered before. Here he left me, saying that Count A—— would be with me very shortly. Left to myself, my mind ran riot as to the meaning of the strange adventure I had just gone through. Doubts if I had done right in hearing the confession and giving absolution, mingled with vague

notions of a secret society, and, I must own, no small amount of fear for my own safety. All at once the last prevailed, and I ran quickly to the window and opened it, thinking I might perhaps escape unnoticed.

"The casement opened inwards, but there were strong iron bars fixed in the masonry outside, which prevented my leaning out of it, much less climbing through the opening. However, the cool night air revived and calmed me, and I stood looking out into the moonlight. Below was the castle moat, still as glass and reflecting the cold silvery light, save where the dark shadow of the building fell across it. This shadow stopped in a hard, straight line some few yards to the right of my window, showing me that my room was near a corner of the building; and I found that by pressing my face against the bars, I could just see the angle of the retaining wall which formed the outer side of the moat as it too turned round the corner of the wall.

"I do not suppose I had stood there more than four or five minutes, when I heard the noise of a window being opened somewhere overhead, and apparently round the corner of the building. I listened intently, and could just catch the sound of a voice speaking in a rapid low tone, as if giving some directions; and then, to my amazement, there came a sound like something falling, followed by a loud splash in the moat beneath. My heart was in my mouth, but not another sound came. Then, a few seconds later, a series of little waves broke the calm surface of the moat, as they flowed round the angle of the wall. Soon they sank into mere rings, and in a minute or two the water was a mirror once more. I gazed, fascinated, until the last of the rings disappeared, and then the thirst for safety seized me again. I closed the window and walked quickly to the door. Opening it I found the servant who had brought me there standing, as if listening, at the foot of the stairs. I called to him in German, saying I could wait no longer, but must return at once whence I had come.

"'But surely the Herr Priest will wait and see my master the Count?' asked the man in some surprise.

"'No, no,' I said, 'I must get back immediately; I have to say the Mass for the people to-morrow morning.'

"'It is *this* morning now, mein Herr,' replied the man, 'and indeed if that is so, you will need to start at once, if you wish to get any sleep at all;' and he led the way downstairs, going before me with a light.

"We crossed the same large hall and ante-chamber, and the man opened the door into the courtyard. To my relief the carriage was waiting at the door, so telling him to make my excuses to his master, I entered it and drove off with a feeling of intense relief. The drive back must have taken a full hour or more, and I was surprised to find the innkeeper waiting for me on my arrival. As I passed upstairs I looked at the clock again, it was ten minutes to two! Fortunately the Mass was to be at a fairly late hour, as it was a feast day, but it seemed as if I had scarcely slept at all, when I was awakened and told it was half-past eight.

"After the Mass, when I returned to the inn, I found to my surprise that there was a letter waiting for me. It was from my friend, telling me that he had been called to Vienna where his mother was lying ill, but begging me to go on to his home all the same, where he would join me as soon as he could leave his mother. Of course I did nothing of the kind, but came straight home to England; and it was some ten years before we met by chance in Rome, when I told him my strange experience. He made me give him every detail I could remember about the buildings and everything connected with the place, and then said, 'There is only one castle in the neighborhood which seems to me to fit in with your description,' and he named a place I had never heard of.

"'And its owner,' I asked, 'who is he?' The name was as strange to me as that of the castle, but the answer to my next question was significant.

"'What sort of a man is he?' I asked, and my friend hesitated a little before replying.

"'Well,' said he at length, 'I scarcely know; he is quite a recluse nowadays, in fact I have only seen him once. People say that he was very wild in his youth, and the story goes that he quarrelled with his younger brother about a beautiful peasant girl who lived in the neighborhood. He is supposed to have circulated a false report that she was dead, and a few days later his brother was found drowned in the castle moat. The official view was that he had committed suicide, but many people suspected foul play, though no evidence of it was ever forthcoming. It must be ten years now since the affair took place, and it is becoming a mere legend even in the neighborhood. All the same, if I were you, I should not publish your story in Austria, at any rate so long as the Count is living.'"

IRISH LITERARY PATRIOTISM.

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY.

WHEN Mr. Seumas MacManus appeared before a New York audience last winter he read a little poem, by "Ethna Carberry," *Mo Chraoibhin Cno.* Two of the verses ran:

The wake, *aggrádh!* We yet shall win a gold crown for your head,
Strong wine to make a royal feast—the white wine and the red—
And in your oaken mether the yellow mead shall flow
What day you rise, in all men's eyes—a Queen,
Mo Chraoibhin Cno!

The silver speech our fathers knew shall once again be heard;
The fire-lit story, crooning song, sweeter than lilt of bird;
Your quicken-tree shall break in flower, its ruddy fruit shall glow,
And the Gentle People dance beneath its shade—
Mo Chraoibhin Cno!

We shall take the liberty to add to this a single stanza from the hand of Mr. MacManus himself:

My life is then my Queen's, to leave,
To order, or to ask it,
This good right arm to fend or strike,
This brain, is hers, to task it.
This hand that waits, this heart that beats,
Are hers when she shall need 'em,
And my secret soul is burning for
Her trumpet-call to Freedom—
Kathleen,
O sound the call to Freedom!

And immediately there arises to one's lips the exclamation: "But this is so different from the other poetry of the Irish Revival." Of course! People have been too long in error. The Irish Revival is not, as Mr. Yeats' reputation might seem to imply, an event of a decade: it began seventy odd years ago with the re-possession of education. The success in 1829 of Daniel O'Connell's agitation

against the Penal Laws, and the establishment in 1833 of the National School System, marked the breaking away from the dread legacy of past years. Not in the work of Mr. Yeats, not in the work of the Abbey Street Theatre, not even in the work of these other Irish writers of English verse more truly Irish and less French than he, lies the source of the real Irish Revival; that source must be traced to the spread of the teaching and knowledge of the Gaelic language—in seventeen years its study has claimed from thirty to three hundred thousand pupils—and to the remarkable industrial revival of the past decade. And this is the work of the Gaelic League. They, the true Irish revivalists, do not dream in sorrow of the past: they look with hope to the future. They are practical idealists: they labor for social and economic, as the basis of political, freedom. To them the impending Home Rule Bill, or any Home Rule Bill, is only a step: they look to a day of freedom for Ireland when her "splendid sun shall ride the skies again," and she shall "rise in all men's eyes—a Queen!"

Mr. Paul Elmer More, in one of the early *Shelburne Essays,* said that the movement of which Mr. Yeats is the leader is, in its last analysis, a defeat. As such, and Mr. More's criticism is true, it is essentially unrepresentative of Ireland to-day. The Yeatsian "haunting music of sweet sorrow" is far removed from the actuality and the ideality of Irish life. Mr. Yeats' "Irish Revival" is a romantic quest of melancholy, a vain longing for "old, forgotten far-off things;" and the poems by Seumas O'Sullivan, *To a Poet* and *In an Irish Theatre,* show how little feeling the true Irishman has for these vague symbols of forgotten Celtic beauty. Spiritual courage amid material defeat has been the chief characteristic of the Irish nationality—in the fighters of '98 and in the mid-century songsters, Davis, Mangan, Callanan, and Walsh. This was the mood of Lionel Johnson, who, though not an Irishman himself, caught the spirit of this idealism, and ever set his mind on the "flaming and celestial way afar from our sad beauties." But, though an ardent Catholic, he was no dreamer: to him there was but one means of accomplishing the desired end:

> Some weapons on some field must gleam,
> Some burning glory fire the Gael!

Nor do the patriots recognize any other method.

Instead of looking back and drawing æsthetic inspiration from

unnatural and old-time beauties, the true Irish literary patriots sing of the charm of the country ways, and of the nationalistic hope toward which they strive.

> Lionel Johnson, together with several lesser poem-writers such as Seumas MacManus and "Ethna Carberry," should have the best claim to distinction in a true Irish Revival. No tear-stained Celtic Renaissance this, but a courageous and hopeful advance toward better days, a movement founded on a passionate and practical love of Ireland, a march of Christians with strong loves and strong hates, with great hopes and great fears. They are minstrels to incite advancing warriors; they are bards to stir the fighters to battle; they are songsters to rouse the *mir-cath* in the hearts of the soldiers.[1]

They would be immediate and practical says "Ethna Carberry:"

> But Shiela in Gara, why raise the stony dead,
> Since at your call a living host will circle you instead?
> Long is our hunger for your voice, the hour is drawing near—
> Oh, Dark Rose of our Passion—call, and our hearts shall hear!

But the question will immediately arise, why if these men are such ardent patriots, ready to wage bloody war and to oppose the might of Britain's empire, why do they not forge a pike and take to the hillsides, why do they not go out and throw up barricades in the streets? The ready answer is that to-day such a course would be folly; at a future day, for which intense forces are slowly but surely preparing—at a future day Ireland shall be ready for freedom. "Pikes glinting on a hillside, guns roaring, and blood flowing, are but incidents of a rebellion, and may, or may not, accompany its final phase." At present, seriously and steadfastly, invisible powers are affecting the life and the soul of Irish life. Political must follow social and economic independence. The blow for liberty must come at the end of a consistent development, not as the result of a spasmodic outburst which would rack but not cure. As one of these writers has said:

> I live my life to help to work out my country's salvation; and when at length the time comes that my country calls, saying,

[1] The quotation is from an article, entitled *The Poetry and Prose of Lionel Johnson*, by the present writer, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1913.

> *Now is the time when it is needful that you should give your life for me,* then I go forth, joyfully and give it—joyfully, because I know that, in then giving it, I am advancing my country's cause and attaining my heart's desire. If in my day the great hour should not come, then I must heroically live my life for my country, working to keep alive the traditions and the spirit of my race, and passing on to those who relieve me in the noiseless battle, a heritage of resolve and of noble purpose which will brace them for the crisis should it come in their day; and in that case my silent struggle, though it do not make a show in this world's eyes, will, in the next, be as richly rewarded as my successor's glorious sacrifice.[2]

In order that there may be a "revival" something must of course have existed that can be revived. We have but to turn to our historians to learn of the importance of Irish learning in the Middle Ages—how the scholars at the Irish schools numbered into the thousands; how the Renaissance began in Ireland seven centuries earlier than in Italy; how the Irish teachers and preachers carried the torch of faith and the light of learning through the darkened countries of Europe; how Frederick Barbarossa, returning from a holy Crusade, found a little monastery in the Balkan mountains presided over by an Irish bishop; how the "dark ages" of Europe were ages of effulgence in Ireland.[3] But these things all passed. There came the raging Danes; there came the invading Saxons; there came Elizabeth of England, "civilizing with fire and sword;" then Cromwell and the cruel and unjust Penal Laws. By these laws it was forbidden the Irish to own, inherit, buy or sell property; to live within a walled town; to enter any of the professions, or to engage in trade. Education was stopped, and a price of five pounds was put on the head of every wolf, priest, and schoolmaster. Finally, the ban was removed—it is to be remembered that Catholic emancipation was accomplished in England only in 1814—and step by step Ireland has been progressing toward a nationality of her own again.

The Gaelic League is doing a great work. By its county festivals, at which prizes are given for Irish songs, tales, poems, airs, and dances, and by its teaching of the language, one step towards national unity is being made. Mr. Seumas MacManus has written a play, *The Hard Hearted Man,* which is offered "to

[2] From a lecture delivered in 1902 before the London branch of the *Irish National Club,* by Mr. Seumas MacManus.

[3] See Professor Zimmer: *Influence of Ireland on European Culture.*

the county dramatic societies free of acting fee," in which he emphasizes the intensity and the unnaturalness of the perfectly stupendous emigration. In order to put a stop to this general exodus, the Gaelic League has exerted itself toward the re-establishment of rural industries, and has met fair success so far. The young folk left Ireland because there was no work—the lace industry, conducted by Protestants in the North, had been the only one not wiped out by the Penal Laws. Now there shall be work at home for all, and with such a condition the "Dawning of the Day" shall not be far off.

Mr. MacManus has introduced us to Irish fairy and folk lore, and told many a fantastic snatch from the great store of legend and myth which is the traditional heritage of the Irish race. For years past readings for children have been drawn from the mythology of antiquity and of the Norse nations; the legacy of Ireland has been neglected. Now, with free intercommunication and ample opportunity in the revival of interest in things Irish, boys and girls of coming generations shall enjoy riches drawn from the treasure houses of Irish legend that their fathers knew not of. It is this material with which the *shanachies* of the Donegal mountain country enthrall the fireside group; it is this same material which Mr. MacManus is constantly presenting to the public. Years ago he was *shanachie* in the little Donegal village where he was born and bred, where he was schoolmaster, until one day he turned the key in the door, and came over the range of mountains and away to America. With spirit saturated with the feeling for the old life, and with memory rich in quaint and beautiful stories, he comes yearly over seas to be *shanachie* to the New World, telling many a real old tale such as he himself told many years ago in the light of Toal-a-Gallagher's candle, by the blazing forge of the smithy, or among his friends at the house of the tailor of the town.

Mr. Seumas MacManus has, aside from these tales, done a large number of Irish plays and social sketches. His dramatic pieces are mostly short one-act affairs, but with admirable point and apt characterization. His situations are ingenious and well handled. The plays were not written for the Abbey Street Theatre, but rather to supply a demand felt among the county societies for typical sketches for amateur representation. Thus they have been judged by the severest critics of all, the Irish themselves, and their ready acceptance and continued popularity in every corner of the

hills leave no doubt as to their truth. In *The Bend of the Road, A Lad of the O'Friels,* and *Yourself and the Neighbours,* Mr. MacManus has recounted typical incidents in the life of the Irish mountain country; the Harvest Fair of Glenties; the handball contest; the reading of the *Nation* by firelight; the visit of the Tinkers; the turf-cutting barefoot days—all of these he has pictured with simple homely phrase, and in clear and entertaining fashion. With little difficulty we can surrender to the spell of his enchantment, and think ourselves back in Ireland, bowing to the presumption and whim of Nancy Kelly, postmistress at Knockagar, sitting in a charmed circle hearing the strange *shanachie* tales which he has told so many times, or perchance being stirred by the beauty of the heathery moors and purple mountains.

In America, Mr. MacManus has two purposes to fulfill. He would interest the Americans in Ireland and the Irish life for their entertainment and instruction. Secondly, and more significantly, he would strengthen or renew an affection for the old green sod in the hearts of the Irish lads and lasses come to push their fortunes in a foreign land. So he has dedicated one of his books to those "who have fared forth from their homes, traveling away and away, far further than I could tell you, and twice further than you could tell me." To them he would recall the kindly pleasure and the bright hearth of the old days: he would bring them again to the spell of the turf smoke and the sweetness of the Irish country ways:

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones,
  Have rushed across the sae,
And God He knows, each wind that blows
  Is waftin' more away!
It's sore distress does them hard press,
  They drop their heads and go—
Och, sorrow's Queen, it's you has seen
  Their hearts big swelled with woe!
Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
  And they oft sit down and cry
For Inver Bay of a harvest day,
  And the sun goin' down the sky.

LUCERNE, MODERN AND MEDIÆVAL.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

IT is a far cry from present-day Lucerne of the hundred modern hotels, with every latest luxury for swarming tourists, to the small twelfth century town at the head of the Vierwaldstatter See, ringed with fortified walls and towers, whose three rude inns, the Star, the Key, and the White Wind, on the street of the Barefoot Friars, afforded primitive shelter to the stray wanderer. It is a farther cry to the tiny "stork's nest of wood," so frequently swept by fire in the tenth century; and farther still to the few scattered fisher huts that first bordered the lovely lake and the flowing Reuss. It all but exceeds imagination to picture the handful of rude settlers, before the Christian era, who burnt their bridges behind them and set forth valiantly with other Swiss to seek a more fertile land. Captured by Julius Cæsar, they were sent home incontinently, with injunction to stay there—a humorous touch certainly lost on the literal-minded Swiss; but evoking a smile, perhaps, from the keener Italian perception of the versatile master of the world.

Sooner or later, the traveler is sure to come to Lucerne; for it is the chief continental crossroads, the gateway to "the playground of Europe." Some few years ago travelers only tarried on their rapid flight to the high Alps, to Germany, France or Italy. But fashion has since elected this charming nook as an abiding place, and from spring until autumn's frosts nearly three hundred thousand visitors annually enliven with cosmopolitan costumes, languages, manners, and amusements the imposing caravansaries, the thronged quay, the beautiful four-armed lake, the verdant mountain sides.

The early comer finds here—if of poetic fancy—pleasures all his own. The noble chestnut trees of the lake front avenue raise aloft their candles of rosy blossoms. The great peaks of Rigi and Pilatus on either hand, gradually shorten their winter cloaks of white, and add thereto a vernal fringe. After the grave Middle Age salutation of "Gruss Gott," some chubby schoolboy gives him a serious childish account of how Pontius Pilate, after the Lord's death, driven by remorse, wandered far and wide, and at last ended

his misery on Mount Pilatus by drowning in a lake, which thereupon dried up. His hearer climbing this grim, rugged mountain, looming high above the town—a three hours' march—finds there only, truly, not so much as a pond. He experiences a snowstorm probably even as late as July, and sees the sunset cast a fleeting crimson glow over the white majesty of the distant Jungfrau and her brethren, and rise in splendor of rose and purple and gold above the Rigi, Pilatus' snow-capped vis-a-vis.

But while he dreams in this most picturesque of Swiss valleys, the summer invasion has begun; and from the Bernese overland through Brunig; through Jura and by the Rhine from France and Germany; from the forest cantons by their lake; from Italy by St. Gothard, pours the throng. Even the devout lover of nature in this, her transcendent setting, is distracted for a while by the human interest. Under the chestnuts of the quay goes a ceaseless cosmopolitan procession. Amid its varied forms and tongues the German may seem to prevail; but only because the native population of this canton is German-speaking. The Italian and French give a note of modish elegance; the English of ownership and patronage; the Americans of business, of dress, and alertness of enjoyment. In the bandstand on the Kurplatz Mæstro, Angelo Fumagalli conducts a fine orchestra from La Scala; the world listens, or strolls along the Schweizer Quai; the ballet dancers and opera singers rally in force at the Kursaal Theatre; the "petits chevaux" trot away, merrily, in the gaming room with the coin of those who choose to risk it; while the man who cares for none of these amusements protests vainly at the tax which his weekly *kurkarte* exacts for their support. A dream of beauty becomes, for a space, a background for a carefully prepared, highly remunerative social drama; and the dreamer grows interested in spite of himself.

He drifts with the crowd; takes his roll and coffee on his hotel balcony, with one eye for cloud effects over the Rigi, and the other for what is passing around him; reads his paper at the casino; walks on the quay observant; smiles at the anxious-eyed yet self-assured English curate, with the angular tweed-clad daughters; or the stout, spectacled Teuton who may or may not intend to conquer Matterhorn, but meanwhile is provided with such knickerbockers and cape, such queer little, green hat with cock's plume, such pack and staff, as fit him for that, or for some rôle in the opera of *Wilhelm Tell*. When he stops in the open square and draws a little comb and mirror from his pocket and arranges his bristling, blonde mustache in the

face of Lucerne, it is a distinct addition to the gayety of nations. Bands of fresh-cheeked schoolboys, alpenroses on hats and alpenstocks in hand, start forth each morning to visit Tell's chapel, or to subdue Rigi or Pilatus. Not for them, the modern funicular that robs peak-climbing of the poetry of adventure—that may suit the old or the decrepit. These gallant hearts demand the joy of achievement; the keen appetite which makes of hard bread, cheese, and sausage a feast; the sound sleep on the hay in some châlet's barn.

Towards noon, the dowagers and their fashionable charges—belles of many climes—may be seen on hotel lawn terrace, in deep wicker chairs, with Italian counts; sons of American millionaires; presidents of ephemeral Latin republics; or which is quite as likely, polished continental or other adventurers in attendance. Supervising their comfort is the quiet, urbane landlord, linguist and man of much general information.

When October's breezes have stripped bare the chestnuts; when, instead of promenaders, only sere and yellow leaves whirl in autumn's dance along the water front, those indigenous to the soil strip the summer stage of furniture; see that all is neat and trim and tight; turn off the lights and pull down the curtain on their season's brilliant society play.

Now is the time to find bargains at the Venetian and Neapolitan and other lace and jewelry and gimcrack shops, for, previous to flitting, they dispose of goods at half the price asked in gayer season. One forms the habit of haunting the Weggisstrasse, neighboring narrow, back streets, where woolens and watches and cuckoo clocks and cheeses and other Swiss staples find sale. The proprietors are courteous, and have the leisurely habit of showing customers out, opening the door and bowing them into the street. With any sign of sympathetic interest, they will easily discourse of such domestic and social matters as may be found quaintly different and indigenous to the country. Should a compliment be evoked by their command of languages, they explain frankly that it is no less from choice than necessity. "Switzerland is more than a playground," they say placidly, "it is an inn and a bazaar. We must be prepared for guests of all the tongues."

Now is the season when school days have returned for their juniors. The hill slopes and the crooked, steep lanes far back, and the river bank are enlivened by tall lads and little fellows in caps of color designating section and class to which they belong.

"It is easy to keep track of them," explained the burgher father of one. "If in any prank or mischief, the orange or green or sky-blue cap is observed; it marks and checks the offender." The pious, age-old "God's greeting" in salutation is invariable—and, surely, heartening in a material age. On these country roads; radiating from Lucerne backward and on either side, villages are frequent, often less than a mile apart. But each tiny collection of wooden châlets has its church, whose steeple from a distance marks approach. Should a sharp curve in highway conceal this belfry, and its absence be remarked to the rosy-faced boy who gapes at the stranger, the answer is prompt and horrified: "No church! But it is there behind the trees. Who ever heard of any place without a church! Can it be so in your heathen country?" If one should take a fancy to ride in the incredibly old-time, yellow mail coach, which lumbers along, connecting these hamlets with one another, he has a good chance to become acquainted with the inns which literally besprinkle the way.

The lake steamers, recently so frequent, are now out of commission; a few, connecting with this same mail coach, still skirt the Vierwaldstatter See for trade and convenience. Those on the decks now show more often such distinctive costumes of each settlement as still survives modern sameness. The quaint, silver hair ornaments of the women; the velvet trousers and gay belts of the men add variety. A striking note among them is the frequent, religious habit of one from some famous monastery near—or the robe and coif of some pious sisterhood on an errand of mercy.

Lucerne has been in history and still remains a centre of religious life. The two, slender spires of the cathedral always serenely dominate the landscape, and tell of the real Lucerne—the Helvetian city with memorable religious and patriotic past—not the mere pleasure resort of summer butterflies. The little guidebook ingeniously remarks, "Where the present is so beautiful, we may well let the past be forgotten." But as there are those in whom beauty inspires a wish to learn something, also, of the character, purpose and past of Lucerne, and its people, it might be well for us to glance back across the mists of time. Through the maligned Middle Ages which, nevertheless, held the lamp of faith aloft during a more or less pagan renaissance, and widespread deplorable heresy and schism, pious Lucerne did her full share. Her feudal overlord was the Abbot of Murbach, St. Leodegar; her earliest

building, other than a few, wattled, fisher huts, the present *Hofkirche,* was first erected in the fourth century. The little settlement from that time had for patrons SS. Moritz and Leodegar, and was named for the latter, a name time has altered to Lucerne. In front of the *Hof Platz* there was at that time nothing to hide the noble view of billowing, blue lake, verdant heights, and majestic mountain peaks. The town grew and increased in importance. It became necessary to protect trade upon the river by bars and chains and gateway. An unskillful archer, shooting at crows upon the church roof, contrived to set fire to that edifice. Indeed, so frequent were fires that in the eighth century stone replaced the more perishable material.

The cathedral was rebuilt of durable stone; so were the canons' and the sacristans' houses, which clustering around the square and cloisters, continue to delight the eye with their quaint gables and turrets. About the church were erected fortified walls; and a sentinel here paced his rounds from dusk to dawn.

From the Abbot of Murbach temporal authority over Lucerne had passed now to the Duke of Austria, Rudolf of Hapsburg; and the townsmen's bonds, hitherto light and pleasant, began to irk with the spirit that later won for the town people entire freedom—Lucerne absolutely repudiated this change of temporal power made without her consent. A struggle would have been initiated had not Rudolf's attention been diverted by a call to the Imperial dignity; by a Crusade, and other high matters. When the tyranny and injustice of the Austrian under-bailiffs inflamed the forest cantons to revolt, Lucerne joined her brethren, and became a strongly fortified town.

Already in 1200 she had her picturesque octagonal *Wasser Thurm,* which still enchants eye and fancy; and which sentinelled the river approaches. To this was added the roofed wooden *Kapell Brücke,* which joins it by an elbow, and with another diagonal twist crosses the Reuss and ends in the ancient St. Peter's Chapel, which gives it name. Patriotism and piety here went hand in hand; besides deeds of Swiss valor, SS. Moritz and Leodegar are commemorated in the curious faded paintings which adorn the triangular roofings of this and another mediæval bridge of wood, the *Sprem* or *Mühlen Brücke,* so called from the old town mill which stood near.

Because of an unfortunate plan to modernize, eight or more towers and gates have been demolished, within living memory. But

still the walls and nine towers of the *Musegg* crown the heights, each of them of different name and town, but of equal impressiveness.

Around the walls, and from the *Hofkirche,* across the *Kapell Brücke* to the old Franciscan church over the river, went processions in the early days to offer prayers against the plague, or against conflagration. St. Charles Borromeo walked in one on the Feast of the Annunciation. So later did the Lucernese, Franz von Somenberg, Grand Prior of the Hospitallers of St. John. So, more than once, did the pious hermit St. Niklaus von der Flue, having come down from his mountain cave for the purpose. The Papal Nuncio was always in the procession; also hundreds of the clergy, and one burgher from each family, who, if prevented, paid the fine of one pound for the poor. All the population actually took part, and, singing, wound their way, with candles and torches, across the flowing Reuss.

Skirting the city walls, with their towers and gates, one comes out on Wesmelin heights, and finds the Capuchin monastery and church, built by the generous gift and efforts of Kasper Pfyffer, who in the sixteenth century was Lucerne's first postmaster. In return his effigy, his wife's and those of their fifteen children, are depicted on the rear gallery, in quaint mediæval robes and ruffs. Passing the monastery when sunset rolls its gorgeously tinted clouds across the mountain tops, and hearing the full, impressive volume of chanted vespers from the invisible brethren in choir assembled, we feel that God's praises echoing thus from age to age survive through time, and are the leaven which leaveneth the mass. Over this church's front portal is frescoed a sun-dial—Sol shooting his rays around the circling hours. And in the little side porch wait on the bench some old and crippled beggars, just as such waited in Kasper Pfyffer's time; and presently the Brother Almoner comes forth—as then—and gives to each a wooden bowl, heaped with food, which is never denied. Having climbed here by the walls and *Musegg* towers, it is as well to descend by another route. One of these turns back into the town by a long, narrow staircase of stone, precipitously steep. The other, more gradual and winding, conducts, as it was built to do, from monastery to cathedral, and is lined on either hand by wayside Stations of the Cross, primitive perhaps, but none the less touching.

The cathedral, with pastors' and canons' homes, and cloistered and enclosed square, is of mediæval suggestion and perennial in-

terest, reminding vividly of a long-gone time when the "stork's nest of wood" became a strong, stone eyrie. At that time were formed the guilds of handicraftsmen, who took such pride in their work as modern machinery is apt to weaken. These were the masons and carpenters and coopers and button-makers, and scores of others, among whom the iron-workers, wood-carvers and fresco-painters gave renown to their city. Such of their work as has survived, or been artistically restored, in outward decoration of their homes, is a delight—the carven Madonnas and angels on house corners and niches, the grill and iron-work of signs, the sanctuary-screen and choir-stalls of the *Hofkirche* and gates of the Franciscan church. Even now the burgher, in good, old-fashioned style, dwells with his family over his shop, or place of business. It was then his pride to record pictorially upon home front the historic deeds and virtues, the armorial bearings of his ancestry.

Across the river, in the *Klein Stadt,* the ancient "Von Moor's Haus" is all of carven wood in scroll pattern for three stories, these resting on a basement of stone, all decorated with floral wreaths and carven image of the Mother and Child. From the bend in the *Kapell Brücke* there are to be seen the cool arcades beside the river where, for long ages, the peasants' market boats have landed, and there in their varied costumes they still land each Tuesday, and bargain and chaffer amid piled fruit and vegetables.

Opposite the old St. Peter's Chapel there runs a by-lane from the *Kapell Platz,* where there is a house on which is carved the stone figure of an angel. In 1511 Jacob von Hertenstein engaged Hans Holbein the younger to decorate this, his home. On the façade Holbein frescoed armorial bearings of Hertenstein and his four wives, also the legend from *Gesta Romanorum* of the old king, who tested his sons' love for him with fatal result. On the *Kapell Platz,* the former Guild House of the farriers, is now the Golden Lion Inn, and embellished by a fine wrought-iron sign, copied from the heraldic lions on the *Rathaus* trophies. On the *Rathaus Platz,* or *Kornmarkt,* this fine fifteenth-century *Rathaus* stands, its quaint gables and turrets and ancient clock tower showing from town and river front. Upon the milk-white end of the *Gasthaus zu Pfistern* opposite is a wonderful fresco restored from 1409, when the important Guild of Bakers ordered their ancient public house painted with coats-of-arms of their fifty-nine members. The tall young man pictured in hose and ruff and puffed sleeves and armor, holds over his shoulder the banner of the guild. On the branches of the

two-stemmed vine wreathing all over the rest of the wall, hangs the coats-of-arms, and also a picture of the bakers' patron saint—a sack of flour, clustering grapes, and other ornaments.

Close behind are the market steps, up and down which the people pass. Tradition says that when Austrian tyranny still threatened, some of its sympathizers were within the tower. A little boy who had fallen asleep in a market arcade, awakened to hear the conspirators' voices. These finding themselves overheard, yet unwilling to kill the child, made him swear that he would breathe no word of their plot to any living soul. Released, the boy fled in panic up the stone steps and round into the *Weinmarkt,* where in the *Gasthaus zu Metzgern* still sat some late guests, and there his astonished hearers heard him unfold his story to a huge white-tiled stove. Tradition adds that the boy's casuistry saved the town's freedom. The building in which this happened—former Guild House of Butchers and Fishers—is most curiously and interestingly frescoed with such pictures and inscriptions as tell of its foundation in 1529. The apothecary's next door, dating from 1540, is likewise adorned with varied and symbolic frescoes.

In the wine market stands the old fountain of St. Moritz. Surmounting a Gothic column the patron, armed *cap-a-pie,* holds watch and ward, while in niches below stand various knights in mail. To the left, off the wine market, stands the *Hôtel des Balances,* on whose highly decorated façade the history of the house is emblazoned. In 1389, here stood the Town Hall, overlooking the Reuss; in 1503 it was used as the cantonal schoolhouse. In 1519 it was the "Inn with Red Doors," for nearby were market shambles whose doors were painted red. In 1836 it became the Hotel *Wage* or "Balances," as at present. A painting of Justice and her scales over the main door illustrates the name. The next house, now part of the hotel, was the Schutzen Haus of far-off days; and in honor of the Bowmen's patron, St. Sebastian, his picture appears thereon.

The charm of Lucerne is so captivating that the only way to break it is to make a firm resolve to go, and follow the resolve by immediate action.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, POET AND DRAMATIST.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

IT was a great age that into which our poet was born; an age of splendid fact; an age of overflowing life that hardly knew how to express its energy; an age when there was much finding and bringing of new things for the eye to see and for the ear to hear. The finding of new worlds physical had come to match the finding of old lost worlds of mental and spiritual glory. Truly a great age and a gallant. The shadow of the Reformation was indeed over the country known so long as "Our Lady's Dowry;" but it had not as yet blotted out the light that had streamed from the Presence which had been chased away from the open, and only left in the homes of the few who risked ruin or death for Its dear sake. The festival days were not yet abolished out of the land: the new religion had not yet universally replaced the Ancient Faith. All of the generation immediately before Shakespeare must have known the light of the Truth; and the probability is that the ordinary run of people did not by any means understand the full import of the great and terrible change. It is well to note that, in all this great poet's work, you will not find one disparaging reference to the Catholic Faith, while there are various, and not a few, slighting allusions to Puritans and ministers of the new way; such as he who is characterized in the sharp clearness of one word as Master *Dumbe,* our minister.[1] How at home he is, too, when the scene and the time of his play demand the Catholic setting! Whatever form his outward life gave to his belief; whether he ever realized the beauty and glory of the Faith, we shall probably never know; but at any rate the sure knowledge is ours of the reverence and lingering delight with which he touches all that is of her.

We do not think of the Elizabethan age as altogether without the unheroic side of life. The England of that day was not peopled only by men and women as much greater than those of our own day, as Brutus and Portia are greater than Petruchio and Katharine. There was commonplace then as now, and things worse than commonplace; mean sins enough, as well as sins that had a certain

[1] *Henry* IV., Part II., Act 2.

splendor, if so we may speak, coming, as some sins do, from the excess of fine qualities pushing the soul out of its equilibrium. Shakespeare's England had its cogged dice, its jockey tricks, its adulterators, quacks, and the rest of a bevy of that kind. And men were there who were not only seeing that all the physical and mental wealth surrounding them might be well utilized and made marketable, but feeling that the real worth of it all was just as much money as it would bring. This spirit had grown far mightier when Shakespeare died than it was when he was born. But in the main, the England of Elizabeth's day was heroic and great, and many were the great and good men and women that it brought forth, and many the brave soldiers, and the noble workers that it gave us. The boundless activity of that age, too, found scope not only in action, but in the representation of action, as on the stage; and in high æsthetic work in poetry, such as that of Edmund Spenser.

On the 26th of April, 1564, William Shakespeare was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon. Tradition has given us the twenty-third of the month as the date of his birth, St. George's day, on which day, fifty-two years later, he died in his own town among his own kinsfolk and acquaintance. So, to the English people, as to their brethren in America, the Festival of St. George is forever associated with the birth and the forthgoing of their greatest poet. When Drayton said of Warwickshire, "That shire which we the heart of England well may call," he did not know the full sense in which his words were true: for indeed the birthplace and the home of Shakespeare may well be called the heart of England. It is worth noting how great a chance—if indeed there be such a thing as chance—there was that the child might have died in infancy with the many who died that very year of the plague. But the scourge did not come near that dwelling.

Stratford was then a country town surrounded by common fields; commons dear to the boy, who, as a man, "could not bear the enclosure of Welcombe common." Most of the houses were probably wooden, with thatched roofs. As late as 1618 the Privy Council represented to the Corporation at Stratford that "great and lamentable loss" has "happened to that town by casualty of fire, which, of late years, hath been very frequently occasioned by means of thatched cottages, stacks of straw, furzes, and such like combustible stuff, which are suffered to be erected and made confusedly in most of the principal towns without restraint."

John Shakespeare, the father of our poet, had a house in

Henley Street; and in 1552 he and two others were fined for making a dungheap in the street. The population of the town was probably about fourteen or fifteen hundred. The town affairs were managed by a corporation of fourteen aldermen and fourteen burgesses, one of the aldermen being annually elected to the office of bailiff. John Shakespeare, whose calling was that of a glover and farmer, married Mary Arden of Arden, who was heiress to some landed property. One cannot help fancying that when William read in Lodge's *Euphues' Golden Legacy,* the novel on which he based his *As You Like It,* of the forest of Arden, how his mind must have gone back to the Warwickshire woodlands that bore his mother's maiden name. It was a good thing for William Shakespeare that he was not an only child. Brothers he had to keep him from being spoiled in the eminence of only childdom. And what a joyous country life his must have been! How he breathed the bright clear air! How his heart was set a-dance with the daffodils that danced before the eyes of another later poet; the daffodils that, for him, took the winds of March with beauty. What delight of country life is in his first poem, "the first heir of his invention." There is the jennet, lusty, young and proud, with the braided hanging mane standing on end on the compassed crest, while his nostrils drink the air and send forth vapors as from a furnace. There is the chase of the hare also, and this told of not without the note of compassion for "poor Wat, far off upon a hill," standing on his hind legs to listen whether his foes are still pursuing him, "the dew-bedabbled wretch" turning and turning, stopped by every shadow and stayed by every murmur. The two silver doves that sit a-billing; the brake where the fawn waits for its mother; the telling of the "red morn that ever yet betokened"

> Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
> Loss to the shepherds, woe unto the birds,
> Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

These things are not told of thus by the dwellers in towns. All through the work you will find touches that show the keen observation of the country-bred. Is it not in the description of the nimble air of Scone Castle? What man brought up away from these things that would have told us that where the martlet breeds the air is delicate?[2]

Shakespeare and his brothers must have had a good deal of

[2] *Macbeth,* I., 6.

fun in their boyhood. Perhaps he went to school with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to class. "Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books, but love from love toward school with heavy looks," says Romeo; and indeed the ways of learning were by no means delightful to the ordinary schoolboy as conducted by the ordinary schoolmaster, in those days. William would have enjoyed playing nine men's morris, dun's in the mire, hide fox and all after, and many another game. He would have been among those dancers whose light heels went merrily among the fresh-strewn rushes. He would have been at the Whitsun Ales, where amusement and almsgiving were hand-in-hand. "In every parish," says Aubrey, "is, or was, a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, etc., utensils for dressing provisions. There the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, etc., the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on. All things were civil and without scandal." There were at Pentecost "pageants of delight," as we hear from Julia in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* There were the Whitsun morris dance, and the Whitsun pastorals. What a festive time the sheep-shearing must have been, we can judge from the *Winter's Tale.* Knight says of this: "There is a minuteness of circumstance amidst the exquisite poetry of this scene, which shows that it must have been founded on actual observation, and in all likelihood upon the keen and prying observation of a boy occupied and interested with such details." But Shakespeare would have added to the reminiscences of boyhood the observation of later years, and it is not improbable that he was living at Stratford when the *Winter's Tale* was written. How delightful the account, and how savoring of Merrie England, the England that was to lose her title of merry, of the four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, the sugar and currants and spices, the shepherd-queen "most goddess-like prankt up, Flora, peering in April's front." The old shepherd's rebuke to his adopted daughter who took her hostess' duties so much more calmly than his old wife had done—

> .....upon
> This day she was both pantler, butler, cook.
> Both dame and servant welcomed all, served all:
> Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
> At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;

On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip.

Perhaps a girl as sweet and lovely as Perdita had come up to Shakespeare, as Perdita to Polixines and Camillo, and given to him, then a man of middle age, a nosegay, with words whose spirit he afterwards clothed in poetry.

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age.

And perhaps he felt as he made Perdita speak to Florizel,

Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day:
.....O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon, daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength.....
.....bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one.

Shakespeare's boyhood had its merry Christmas, when the carol-singers went round and sang

As Joseph was a-walking
He heard an angel sing,
This night shall be born
Our heavenly King.

He neither shall be born
In housen or in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

He neither shall be clothèd
In purple or in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As are babies all.

He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

The boy had perhaps been brought up in the belief

that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein Our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And when, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Did he ever shake off this belief? Horatio says, "So have I heard, and do in part believe it."

There would be the Christmas revels, the Christmas comedy, the Christmas gambols, which are mentioned, respectively, in *Love's Labour's Lost,* and *The Taming of the Shrew.* These sports show the love of dramatic amusement, soon to rise to so great a height; for, as we know, the English drama took its form in Shakespeare's day. It is far from improbable that as a boy of eleven, Shakespeare saw the entertainments at Kenilworth which is only a few miles distant from Stratford, at which Queen Elizabeth was present. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* there is a passage which one may well suppose to contain a reminiscence of that time with its pageants and poetic devices.[3]

Shakespeare must have thoroughly enjoyed field sports. If Blessed Thomas More could ask what delight there could be, and not rather displeasure, in the barking of dogs, so thought not Shakespeare when he spoke[4] of the hounds

So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells
Each under each.

[3] *Midsummer Night's Dream,* II., 1, 141, etc.
[4] *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

And again:

> I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
> When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
> With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

He loved hawking too: the tassel gentle is lured to the bower of Juliet; the little page in the *Merry Wives* is called by Mrs. Ford her eyas musket; and can we forget the terrible pathos of that utterance of Othello's,

> If I do prove her haggard,
> Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
> I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
> To prey at fortune.[5]

The use of the bow was with Englishmen still in Shakespeare's day; that famous weapon which Englishmen, as Latimer tells us, bent with the strength of the whole body, not merely, as other nations, with the strength of the arms; that weapon wherewith they had turned the tide of battle on foreign soil. He tells us in the person of Bassanio,

> In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
> I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
> The self-same way, with more advised watch
> To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
> I oft found both.[6]

In 1582 Shakespeare married Ann Hathaway, of Shottery, a village at the distance of an easy walk from Stratford. The next year, alas, too early the next year, was born Susannah, whose baptism is registered at Stratford church as that of the daughter of William Shakespeare. This Susannah was afterwards Mistress Hall, and is described as "witty and also wise to salvation." Ann Hathaway was, at the time of her marriage, twenty-six, while her husband was a mere boy of eighteen. This unequal marriage has been the theme of a great deal of discussion, and the probability of its unhappiness much dwelt upon. The well-known passage in

[5] *Othello*, III., III., 260-263.
[6] *Merchant of Venice*, I., I., 140-144.

Twelfth Night, on which the theory of its unhappiness has been chiefly based,

> Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
> So sways she level in her husband's heart.
> For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than women's are,[7]

would, if taken alone, prove nothing, being a dramatic utterance; but taken in connection with other things, it seems not unfair to suppose that there is in it that personal note which is so much more difficult to distinguish in dramatic writing than in any other. We know what a merciless divider inequality can be, where there are not patience and tenderness and sympathy, which things belong usually to later life rather than to earlier. The inequality in this case must have been much more than that caused by difference in age, and may have been more keenly felt as Shakespeare came to that finding of himself and that realization of his own power which must have come to him after his maturer life had set in. We remember also his association with those of a higher caste, mental as well as social, than that of his early life. On the other hand, we know that marriage between highly gifted men and women far their inferiors mentally, has often been accompanied by real happiness, and this for many reasons. At any rate, we certainly do not hear of any coldness between Shakespeare and his wife, and we do know that his last years were spent at home, the home of which the wife is by prerogative maker-in-chief; and that both Ann Shakespeare and Susannah Hall desired to be buried in the same grave as their husband and father. "It has always pleased me," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "that Shakespeare gives to his middle-class heroine[8] his own wife's name." In 1586 twin children of Shakespeare were baptized, one of whom, Hamnet, died the following year. Not long afterwards the young husband and father came to London.

Whether the story of the deer-stealing and of its having been a cause of his having to leave Stratford has any truth or not, we are probably never to know; but there is no real evidence for it, and it is first related by Rowe, in 1707. Shakespeare may quite possibly have got into some boyish scrape, and have given umbrage to Sir

[7] *Twelfth Night,* II., IV., 30-36.
[8] Anne Page, in *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, and the neighborhood may have been for a little while too hot for his entire comfort. Supposing the story to be true, it is not necessary to take it too seriously. A young fellow would probably not have had any very grave scruples about poaching, and would have enjoyed the fun of the thing, and that enjoyment would have been uppermost. Perhaps he held Andrew Boorde's opinion on the subject of venison: "I am sure it is good for an Englishman, for it doth animate him to be as he is, which is strong and hardy." There was, however, a real reason why William Shakespeare should strike out for himself, in the fact of his fatherhood, and in the fact that his father's income had gradually gone down. At the time of William's birth he was a flourishing man, and one of the Chamberlains of Stratford in the early autumn of that year, only one of the burgesses gave more than he did for the relief of the poor who were suffering from the effects of the plague. Again and again he gave similarly. Five years later he was a chief magistrate; the next year he rented Ingon Meadow Farm, and in 1575 he bought property in Henley Street, perhaps the property which he had previously rented. But in 1577 begins the record of his reverses, which includes his being excused from contributing to the relief of the poor. Later on he was obliged to mortgage an estate which he had received with his wife, and the next year he sold his property at Snitterfield. In 1586 he and another were superseded as aldermen, because "they doth not come to the halls when they be warned, nor hath not done of long time."

In a return of 1592, procured by Sir Thomas Lucy, John Shakespeare is mentioned with others as staying away from church for fear of being arrested for debt. I can't help thinking that he may have been very glad of some excuse for shirking the new services! The next thing we hear of him is that in 1596 he applied for a grant of arms. This all looks as if the family circumstances had induced William to go away to seek his fortune; and as if with his success his father's life had been brightened and changed. The manner of the fortune seeking on William's part would, as far as possible, be determined by the character of his mind. His earliest biographer, Aubrey, says he was naturally inclined to poetry and acting, and did act exceedingly well.

As to Shakespeare's learning, a report came through Aubrey that he "understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." This may mean

that he was an *A. B. Cdarius* or pupil teacher. We remember Ben Jonson's saying as to his having "small Latin and less Greek," and he, a contemporary as well as a personal friend, was more likely to know than Aubrey, who was not born until some years after Shakespeare's death, and whose accuracy is not usually understood to be relied on. Whatever Shakespeare's learning was, and his actual information must have been great, so widely does he range and so profoundly treat what he takes in hand, he was a man whom education as well as nature had qualified to attain excellence in whatever he might apply himself to. He had the power of learning and also the power of teaching. There is a legend that when Shakespeare first came to London, he did not disdain to hold horses at the theatre doors for their owners, and was such a good and reliable attendant that every horseman would call for "Will Shakespeare." So Will, the story goes on, having more than he could do, would hire boys who came at the call with "I'm Will Shakespeare's boy, sir." One can well believe this, and rejoice in the ready adaptability of the young man to any honest work that presented itself. "Johannes Factotum," Greene calls him a few years later on *Jack of all Trades:* and this nickname may point to his willingness to work in any honest fashion.

His earliest work for the drama seems to have consisted mainly of touching up old plays, writing, perhaps, a scene, or part of a scene, here and there, or in some way remodelling the whole or a part. To the last Shakespeare did not, as it were, make his own materials, but used what came to hand. This, of course, does not in the least interfere with his originality, for originality does not consist in quarrying one's own marble, but in revealing the statue that lies hidden in the block. Another may have quarried the block; another may have shaped the limbs and carved the features from the master's cast; but it is the hand of the master that uses the chisel to strip away the lingering fragments that hide the perfect beauty of the work. It is a master's hand, too, that can take the good, and give it out as the best, after it has passed through the laboratory of his mind and his art, or even take what is not good and endue it with goodness and beauty. "It is only workmen and bunglers," says Grimm, "who talk of stolen ideas. A man's mental property consists in what no man can take from him." But to understand the nature of Shakespeare's first work, we must remember that, at that time, the stage possessed a mass of unappropriated property in a number of plays that had been touched and

retouched, altered here by the addition of a scene or the introduction of a character, or a change in the presentation of that character; there, by an omission no less telling and important, until it would have been impossible to identify the first maker. We must note in this connection, that whatever Shakespeare uses he makes more beautiful. If he takes a piece of English chronicle, familiar to the audience, he informs it with such life and spirit that he has been called the creator of English history. If he takes an Italian tale of cruelty and lawless passion, he ennobles it and sets it under the clear, blue sky of his imagination, where we not only can bear the intense coloring, which in the smaller space of the first maker's fancy we scarcely could endure to look on, but also see in it a meaning and a glory that there we should not have dreamed it could hold.

In 1591 was published Spenser's *Tears of the Muses,* in which occurs an allusion almost unanimously referred to Shakespeare. It is worth while to read more than the allusion to

> that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
> Large streams of honey and sweet Nectar flow,

that gentle spirit who has chosen silence rather than the joining in ignoble speech; because the description of the then state of the comic stage seems to throw a light on the poet's character, as that of one who would have nothing to do with popularity at the expense of right.

The story of Greene's attack on Shakespeare, published in the posthumous *Groatsworth of Wit,* is well known. It came out under the editorship of Henry Chettle, not the last editor to be guilty of grave indiscretion in giving publicity to what could not but be offensive to the living, when the writer of it could have had no chance to withdraw it. "Yes, trust them not (*i. e.,* the players); for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shakespeare in a country." That this stung Shakespeare painfully, we may well suppose; as also we may well think that Chettle did not think of his having published Greene's words without regret. In his own *Kindharts Dreame,* he speaks in words which are thought certainly to refer to Shakespeare. "Myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Be-

sides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." If, as seems probable, it is to Greene that Shakespeare alludes when he speaks of

> The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
> Of Learning, late deceased in beggary,[9]

it is worth noting the contrast between his manner of writing about Greene, and Greene's manner of mentioning him and his work. True, we must allow for the *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* principle, but, at any rate, the compliment to Greene's memory need not have been paid.

In 1592-1593 the theatres were closed on account of the plague. In this interval Shakespeare may have written *Venus and Adonis,* and perhaps the *Merry Wives.* It has been suggested that he visited Italy in person as well as in imagination. "There are," as Mr. Knight says, "some very striking proofs of his intimate acquaintance, not only with Italian manners, but with those minor particulars of the domestic life of Italy, such as the furniture and ornaments of houses, which could scarcely be derived from books, nor, with reference to their minute accuracy, from the conversation of those who had 'swam in a gondola.'" In 1593 Shakespeare might have been absent from England without any interference with his professional work. It is also worth asking where Shakespeare found his Shylock. Jews were not allowed to live in England, as is well known, from the time of Edward I. to that of Cromwell. Perhaps someone will one day be able to throw light on this.

Something of what Shakespeare thought of the mission of the stage may be gathered from Hamlet's notable speech to the actors.[10] The end of playing....." was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." But the profession of an actor was according to what he says in the *Sonnet* numbered III., fraught with drawbacks that were painful to him; though he seems to have been fully conscious of what a great actor might do. Drayton said in 1609, that though the stage stained pure gentle blood, yet Shakespeare was a gentleman in mind and mood. His London friends were some of them, drawn from among those who were connected with the stage.

[9] *Midsummer Night's Dream,* V., I. [10] *Hamlet,* III., 2.

Richard Burbage was probably the most distinguished of these. In an epitaph written on him we have the names of many of Shakespeare's leading characters as having been played by him. We find that he played Romeo, Henry V., Richard III., Brutus, Coriolanus, Shylock, Lear, and Pericles. The epitaph says,

> But let me not forget one chiefest part
> Wherein, beyond the rest, he moved the heart,
> The grievéd Moor,.....

I think the expression "the grievéd Moor" shows that Burbage had thrown himself into his author's mind, and had the power of being what the poet had feigned. He named his little daughter after Shakespeare's Juliet. He, Condell and Heminge, the two latter the editors, if I may so call them, of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, are mentioned in his will as "my fellows," with the bequest of a sum of money to buy them rings. Ben Jonson's intimacy with Shakespeare is well known; he dearly loved his friend, whom he describes as "of an open and free nature" with a love, as he tells us, only short of idolatry. The Earl of Southampton was a friend, perhaps even a very intimate friend, of Shakespeare's, and the Earl of Pembroke may also have been one to whom he was most dear. Whether Spenser knew Shakespeare personally or not, his admiration for him was great. In his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* he says,

> And there, though last, not least, is Action,
> A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
> Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
> Doth, like himself, heroically sound.

By 1597 Shakespeare was enabled to become a landowner in Warwickshire, and his father had, in all probability, through his son, become a "heralded squire" of England. That son's delight in not merely restoring his father to the comfort of long ago, but of bringing a further honor to him, can well be imagined. It is possible that a grant of arms had been made to the Shakespeare family by Henry VII., but up to this time they had not borne arms, and there even seems to have been some difficulty in procuring the grant. In 1598 Shakespeare was the acknowledged writer of some eighteen plays, most of which were entirely his own; and of two poems, beside a number of sonnets which were circulating

unpublished among his private friends. In Meres' *Palladis Tamia* eight pages were given to "A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets," in which Shakespeare's name occurs nine times. He is mentioned there as the greatest writer of comedy and tragedy among the English. "The English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Chapman." He is spoken of not only as a dramatist, but as one of the best among lyric poets. Shakespeare's early plays have in them much of the lyric element, which a deeper understanding of the principles of dramatic art excluded from his later ones.

The patient researches of Dr. Wallace, of Nebraska University, and his wife among the documents preserved in the Public Record Office in London, have told us something of Shakespeare's experience in London, which was unknown until two or three years ago. Truly, the examination of some million documents has in it the spirit of the sending

O'er the vast world to seek a single man.[11]

We know, from Professor Wallace's discoveries, that for some years previous to his return to Stratford, Shakespeare was living in a house in Silver Street, London, with a French family named Mountjoy, and that he was asked by Madame Mountjoy to help in arranging a marriage between her daughter Mary and a certain Stephen Bellott, who had been an inmate of the house before and during the six years of his apprenticeship to Mountjoy as a tire-maker. Mary had also learned the trade. When his apprenticeship was over, Bellott was so much liked, as it appears, by the Mountjoys, that they were anxious that he should marry their daughter. We learn this from the documents connected with a lawsuit in which Shakespeare was one of the witnesses. In 1612 Shakespeare, then described as of Stratford-on-Avon, in the County of Warwick, gentleman, of the age of forty-eight years or thereabouts, was examined as a witness in an action arising out of a disagreement between Mountjoy and his son-in-law: and from his depositions we learn the kindly interest he had taken in the marriage of 1604. The father of the girl had made to Bellott, whom he held in esteem, "a motion of marriage with.....Mary," and Madame Mountjoy "did solicit and entreat" Shakespeare "to move

[11] *Coriolanus*, IV., 1.

and persuade" Bellott "to effect the said marriage, and accordingly" Shakespeare "did move and persuade" Bellott "thereto." The part taken by Shakespeare argues a kindly, easy disposition, one which had gained him the confidence of both parties; that "open and free nature" which Jonson ascribes to him. That the matter turned out badly as far as agreement later on between father-in-law and son-in-law was concerned, neither proves nor disproves wisdom or insight on Shakespeare's part. We are sorry for the end of the interposition, but its record has given us a peep into Shakespeare's London life which we would not have missed.[12]

Shakespeare probably visited Stratford often during his London life, and kept his memory green with the dews of country life. We must remember, in thinking of him in relation to the green fields and fair rivers, that in his day there was by no means the sharp contrast between town and country that there now is. We must remember that, where now in London there is row upon row of houses, there were, in his time, fields easy for the foot of the London dweller to reach. *Moorfields, Spitalfields,* and others, no longer suggest their meaning in Shakespeare's time. We are now shut in by building upon building, and the suburbs have crawled up to the town and made it one great stone and brick and mortar being. But ever, it must have been in the country pure and simple that our poet heard the song of the nightingale and the hum of the the red-hipped bee, and the voice of the russet-pated chough, and was caught perhaps among the toothed briars. There, too, he would renew the memories of his boyhood by chats with country rustics, the prototypes of Christopher Sly, and Quince and Snug, and, best of all, the prince of country clowns, Nick Bottom. Whatever temptation may have come to him in those days of eager city life, and how far soever he may have strayed from the dear beliefs and practices of his youth, who can doubt that the passion for external nature which beats through his work like a pulse, helped to make him strong to recover what he had lost, to rise where he had fallen?

In order that a poet should be, not merely great, but, as we all have agreed to call Shakespeare, representative, it is necessary that he should have a complete life, a life including passion and action, as well as peace and beauty. The life must not be so crowded that there is no time for passive impression, nor, on the other hand, must the life be an idyll of green fields and quiet waters.

[12] See *Harper's Magazine,* March, 1910.

The natural poet, therefore, must have had these things, and he must have had them in the right proportion and at the most favorable time. Shakespeare's first two-or-three-and-twenty years were spent in an inland country place where he had time to feel and take in what was around him; to feel it and take it in naturally and unconsciously. Could it have been the same thing if these years had been spent in London, and the next twenty at Stratford? Early impressions of external things are usually the most vivid. The Londoner may go into the country and draw you a word-picture of the tender glories of spring; but there will be vagueness about that picture. He can tell how the young buds were breaking from their winter prison, but he cannot paint them individually as another can who has watched them day by day, and year by year. This may be best illustrated by comparing, as Ruskin has done, the Miltonic description of flowers with the Shakespearean.

> Shakespeare knew his flowers, Milton had seen them.

But it was not merely that Shakespeare should well and truly describe external nature, that it was well for him and so well for us to have been born in the country and reared there. It was that his mind might have the strength and evenness which come of happiness and peace. We praise Shakespeare as the natural poet, says this friend of mine; the one true to the normal, not to the abnormal. Let him have pined for nature vainly; let him have seen her too late, or have lost her too early, and he would not have been the representative of our natural feelings, but of our special ones. He might have been Keats, feverish in his thirst for nature, or Lamb, indifferent to her; or, on the other hand, if he had been too much retired, from the haunts of men, he might have been a poet like Wordsworth, whose

> eyes avert their ken
> From half of human fate.

Besides the need of repose, there is the need of sufficiency of outside life of common things and things uncommon. Shakespeare's early life and love and adventure gave the first part; the tragic and passionate life in London the second. No poet, no man, is harmonious, or sufficiently true to represent humanity, who has not been moulded by freedom and happiness. As well say that a tree grown in a narrow back-yard and a tree on the side of Lebanon are equally representative of their kind. Some of this happiness is necessary

for natural development, and some is needful in order that we may be helped to bear great sorrows without breaking down under them. I am not forgetting the upholding and sustaining power of grace; but we cannot leave out of consideration how God's dealings with us are many-sided, and how He allows influences to help in moulding us for the life we are to lead, influences which we may call physical, or earthly, or what we will, but which, as surely as our sacramental life, are part of His plan for us and for our making.

But more is needed for the making of the representative poet than passion and action, peace and beauty. He must have stood face to face with pain; he must have wrestled hard, wrestled a fierce fall with those things which must be fought with and must be overcome. And even if conquered for a while, such a poet must, in the end, have proved the victor. He must go to the depths as well as bask in the light. He must feel all, in order that he may tell all. No one can read Shakespeare's tragedies without feeling that there must have been tragedy in his life; no one can read the sonnets without knowing that there was. What temptations came to him we surely know something of. We believe that as he could yield to what would appeal to a nature so rich and full and deep as his, so he did yield. Whatever was the tragic element in his life, it does not seem to have been that only which comes from the sins of others, those sins from which the Psalmist prayed to be delivered, and from which we with him have often prayed for deliverance.

From all that we know of him, we cannot think that he would have sinned from any glozing or any attempt to cheat his conscience, such as poorer and weaker natures might make. He sins, and he suffers, with an anguish that beats through the tragedies and breaks through the sonnets. Acceptance of fate comes to some, acceptance of the inevitable following upon pain and struggle. But a greater thing is high resignation. The soul, that might grow stiff and rigid under mere acceptance of fate, can attain to a fairer growth, and a loftier stature, after it has bowed itself in resignation; and out of that resignation wisdom comes, and a great calm. How wise Shakespeare must have been! He could never have been an egoist. Even out of his pain, he could laugh with the world that must not go without its cakes and ale because he was suffering. His own pain would, looked back upon, make him understand the pain of the world, and he would recognize what the less wise among us are the slower to see, the joys and the compensations manifold. With-

out pain, out of which, rightly apprehended, come strength and force, he might have beeen a poet, and a true one: but he could not have been our Shakespeare. Sin as he might, he could not go on sinning; the eternal beauty and order which it was given to him to recognize, must reveal themselves in his own soul and in his own life. His was more than experience; his was that which makes us feel that not only does he speak to us, but speak for us in that large humanity which has not merely sought God, if happily it might feel after Him or find Him, but which knows that in Him we live and move and have our being.

At last the time came for him to go home and live at home, and what countless pictures might be made of that life of his in the latter days of his life. Happy in circumstance, at ease in the possession of riches not great enough to be clogs, rich in the boundless gift given him as poet, genial and loving and able to enjoy the everyday things that hold in them the very soul of beauty and blessing; the storms that may have come to his youth and prime stilled into peace, and the haven, the earthly haven reached. Perchance, too, he had come to the haven of the soul, in going back to the old Faith with which, as it is impossible not to see, he had always so deeply sympathized. It is good to know of how he and the corporation of Stratford fought hard against the attempt at enclosing the common land; how he could not bear the enclosure of Welcombe common.

What consolation and uplifting may have come to him through the acceptance of the Faith we do not know; but at least its shadow may have brought him a light larger and sweeter than Puritan England could bestow. At any rate, the return to the sweetness of the country life was not made by a restless soul chafing and fretting against landmarks set by the hand of fate. No one can read the later plays without being impressed by this. One is glad to know that in his daughter Susannah he had much of that sympathy so dear to a loving heart. One likes to leave him with the quiet stream that shows the silvery side of the willow leaves; with the nightingales and doves; to leave him dowered with the larger sympathy and deeper insight that could now discern points of contact where, earlier, only points of difference could be seen; to leave him, too, with souls such as Marina and Perdita and Miranda, the innocent and the holy, who make life bright and make men pure; and the grander Hermione and Katharine, who have won the highest victory through bitter struggle and the seeming of defeat.

New Books.

SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00 net.

Professor Matthews thinks that Shakespeare has been superabundantly discussed as a poet, as a philosopher, and as a psychologist, but that he has never been adequately criticized as a playwright, pure and simple. This volume is an attempt to disentangle the fundamental principles which guided Shakespeare in the construction of his successive plays, to analyze the elements of his craftsmanship, and to trace the development of his dramaturgic technic.

The plays of Shakespeare, like those of Sophocles and of Molière, were strictly calculated for the stage; and it is only on the stage itself that they disclose their essential dramatic quality. Many of the secrets of Shakespeare's stagecraft are revealed to us once we realize that he wrote nearly all his plays, to be performed by one particular group of actors in one particular theatre, and before one particular London audience. Viola and Olivia were plainly written for the boy actors who had already played Rosalind and Celia, Beatrice and Hero, Portia and Nerissa. The performer of Malvolio most likely appeared as Jacques, the performer of Sir Toby as Dogberry, and the performer of Sir Andrew as Slender. Burbage was the original impersonator of Hamlet, Lear, Othello and Richard III., and, as the professor surmises, of the tragic heroes, Romeo, Richard II., Macbeth, and Brutus. We know again that Kemp appeared as Peter and Dogberry. It therefore seems probable that to him were assigned one of the two Dromios and one of the two Gobbios, and that he was either Costard or Dull in *Love's Labour's Lost,* and either Launce or Speed in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Jack Wilson played Balthasar in *Much Ado About Nothing,* and as that was a singing part, he most likely played Amiens in *As You Like It* and Feste in *Twelfth Night.*

The Elizabethan theatre differed widely from our comfortable modern theatre. It had no roof, and the majority of the spectators had no seats. It had no artificial light and no curtain. The stage had no scenery, although it had elaborate properties of all kinds. The playwright of the sixteenth century possessed a greater freedom than the dramatist of the twentieth. The modern writer conceives

his play in a single compact action, with a beginning, a middle, and an end; he composes it in a series of acts, each of which contains an essential portion of the plot, and each of which is laid in its appropriate place, made visible by appropriate scenery and furniture. The action of his story must be clear, logical, and progressive, and the author must exclude from it all that does not insist upon admission. Shakespeare felt no compulsion of this sort. He might intertwine as many separate stories as he chose; and he had no need to think where his successive episodes were supposed to take place, since he could not foresee the modern expectancy of scenery. There was no attempt made to dress the actors in costumes appropriate to the time and place of the play they were representing.

The audience that Shakespeare wrote for was an audience of Tudor Englishmen, sensual, impulsive, furious in hate and love, overflowing with animal spirits, delighting in wounds and death, sluggish of mind, inattentive, and eager to be entertained. Violently passionate themselves, they demanded lofty emotion and broad humor. Avid of swift sensation, they wanted scenes of sanguinary brutality and ferocious cruelty. They found pleasure in startling contrasts, in unforeseen changes of mood, and even in the transformation of a character in the twinkling of an eye. Shakespeare, as a popular playwright, gave his spectators just what they wanted to see, like his successors of the present day. He utilized any tale he happened to lay hands on, regardless of its veracity, or even of its probability, so long as he deemed it acceptable to his audience. His audience was as a rule ignorant of foreign countries. That accounts for the unscholarly inaccuracy of Shakespeare's geography. He bestows a seacoast on Bohemia; he accepts Delphi as an island; he credits Bergamo with sailmakers; he raises a beetling cliff on the plain of Elsinore; he confuses distances and localities in Scotland, and he makes Russians suffer from seasickness on their way to Navarre!

In his earliest comedies, Shakespeare was experimenting in construction, and studying how to put together plots that would arrest and retain the interest of his audience. *Love's Labour's Lost,* "a polite comic opera," is not adequately plotted, nor is its story carried on by characters of any vitality. In the *Comedy of Errors* he first concentrates his effort on plot development. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is a failure in the field of romantic comedy; *The Merchant of Venice* a success. *Richard III.* has the theatrical effectiveness of the tragedy—of blood, while *Richard II.* is poor

in theatrical effect, and in essential dramatic force. *Romeo and Juliet* is the earliest of Shakespeare's indisputable masterpieces. *Hamlet* satisfies the crowd, because it is incessant in action, appeals to women because it is vibrating with passion, and attracts the thinker, because it is rich in character. In *Othello* Shakespeare first completely achieves the full richness of true tragedy. *King Lear,* which Shelley considered "the most perfect specimen of dramatic poetry existing in the world," is, as far as stage effect is concerned, charged with a message too mighty for it. *Macbeth* is a well-constructed play, except in its fourth act and in part of the fifth.

We may not always agree with Professor Matthew's critical estimates, but his opinions and surmises are always worthy of the consideration of the true lover of Shakespeare. His general view of Shakespeare's development as a playwright is unquestionably the true one.

LUTHER. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Authorized Translation from the German by E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Volume II. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.

The second volume of Father Grisar's Life of Luther deals with the ten years that elapsed between Luther's apostasy (1520) and the Diet of Ausgsburg (1530). The learned Jesuit makes Luther tell his own story, and refute the legendary character of Protestant polemics.

We find Luther, the pioneer of modern progress, upholding the utter corruption of human nature owing to original sin, and denying the freedom of the will; we find the defender of the rights of reason against a dogmatic and despotic authority, declaring that "reason speaks nothing but madness and foolishness;" we find the apostle of modern democracy ordering the princes in the peasant war "to drive, beat, slay the people; to hang, burn, behead them, and break them upon the wheel;" we find the advocate of tolerance demanding the infliction of the death penalty upon those who dared differ from him in doctrine like the Anabaptists and the fanatics; we find the saint of the Protestant revolt absolutely devoid of the sweetness and holiness which mark the true Catholic reformer, and full of bitterness, hatred, cursing, immoral speech, contempt of the Fathers, flattery for the secular princes of the day, intolerance, incitement to pillage and murder, etc. Luther's filthy talk cannot be defended as of old by saying that he was merely speaking the language of his age. No man of his time or of any

other period of Christianity surpasses him in the vileness and immorality of his epithets.

Father Grisar has shown convincingly that Luther's great apostasy was not prompted in the least by a desire of reform. He showed in his first volume that many years prior to the Indulgence controversy, Luther had adopted his heretical doctrine of justification by faith alone. Not from external causes did Luther's change of religion come. No, it was his own nature which demanded a teaching able to assure his tormented soul of pardon of sin and ultimate salvation.

Father Grisar is always calm and dispassionate—much more so than the fiery Denifle. His indictment is therefore all the more effective. When the six volumes of this important biography are translated, Catholics will be well prepared to meet the fervent outbursts of dishonest eulogy which will characterize the centenary of Luther.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: REMINISCENCES. By Katharine Tynan. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $3.50.

There is not one dull moment in this chatty and entertaining history of Katharine Tynan's many friendships. There is no reason for her to ask as Francis Wynne once did of some people who had taken her up warmly at one time, and had later on grown less warm, "I know that they love me," she said, "but what I want to know is, is it a hatey love or a lovey love?" Everyone that Katharine Tynan met from her earliest days either in Ireland or England seemed to love her with a lovey love, and she returned it a hundredfold. Every literary man or woman of her time worth knowing figures in these pages. She has a good word for all. We believe the only one she pillories in her book is Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, who bored her to death with her dull conversation about herself and the United States tariff, and grated upon her as a masterful, self-assertive, and tiresome personality.

Of Oscar Wilde she writes: "I have been told that in the bitter days following his downfall, Oscar Wilde said that if his father had not forbidden his becoming a Catholic while still in his teens, he would never have fallen as he did." She remained loyal to Parnell to the last, despite his disgrace. She writes, womanlike, "It was not so very pleasant to be at daggers drawn with the priests, for us who were sincere and faithful Catholics. Indeed many of us suffered. But we believed we saw the right thing, and we did it

without counting the cost." With true Celtic dogmatism she adds, "Time has proved that we were right." Woe to the man who dares to argue with the determined and loyal Katharine. Why she even managed to convert her father to her views, though at first he had thought it better for Parnell to retire for a while.

There are a few wild criticisms of the priests of Ireland in the late sixties and early seventies for their Puritanic prohibition of the novel, the dance, and the theatre. Strangely enough, she gives this as one of the reasons of the emigration to America. She writes, "The trouble was—she is speaking of the cross-road dances—that these foregatherings of young people being swept away, there was nothing to replace them. Rural life in Ireland became dreadfully dull. Among an imaginative and emotional people the *mariage de convenance* became shamefully and shamelessly the rule. The people drifted away to America, where they could do what they liked without the intervention of the priests. The *mariage de convenance,* it was discovered too late, was not altogether for the good of the race. Some thoughtful priests have discovered this for themselves now that Ireland is becoming depopulated in a tragical degree."

Occasionally our author allows her loyalty to a friend to influence her judgment concerning that friend's place in the literary world. This is pardonable, however, for no one will read this book to find out Katharine Tynan's critical views. We enjoyed it for its fund of good stories, its love of fun, its abounding charity, and good will toward men, and its love for the Church and Ireland.

LITTLE POLLY'S POMES. By Tom Daly. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.25.

We find Polly a very charming little girl and quite a poet—a chip of the old block, so to say, or to speak more reverentially, a healthy sprig of the parent olive. She is very pretty, too, as we see in Gordon Ross' truthful and delightful illustrations. Her hair is flaxen, and her blue eyes are very wistful and thoughtful—you can tell at a glance that she is a philosopher as well as a poet. We do not think she is a pragmatist; rather, she is an idealist, though her Weltanschauung is not very clear, but that's the way with philosophers. And Polly, you must know, is only about six years old, and this is her first "volyume of pomes."

She begins with a deep metaphysical inquiry into the origin

and nature of *The Dark*. (The acute critic will notice the influence of Hegel, at least on Polly's capitalizing.)

> The Dark stays where there is no Light,
> And so its always here at night,
> And my Pa says Beyond a doubt
> Its just the Day turned inside out.
> But really—

And here we trace the influence of Kant's critical philosophy—

> But really that could never be,
> For thare a Different Size you see,
> The Dark is small but Day is wide,
> And big and broad as all outside.

Polly is right, no doubt; but is it nice of her to show up her Pa this way in print?

Polly's range is as broad as Herbert Spencer's; she treats of everything from *Bugs* to *The Morning Sun,* and always in an original and delightful way, which is more than one can say for Herbert Spencer. It is obviously impossible for us, then, to do justice to this philosopher and poet within the limits of a book review. Her forte, we think, is moral philosophy, which runs through the volume like a golden thread, if we may borrow a beautiful figure from the essay which Kitty Casey will soon be reading "on her graduation day." Emerson never wrote anything at once so just, so nicely balanced, so elevating and so edifying as Polly's pome on *Temper*.

> I have a little temper
> That lives inside of me,
> And long as it remains there
> Its good as it can be.
>
> I do not know exactly
> Just where it makes its nest,
> But it is only happy
> When it has gone to rest.
>
> And it would make me naughty
> If it got out of place,
> And came out like a fire,
> And showed upon my face.
>
> But I will watch my temper
> And keep it in control,
> And then I will be certain
> To save my little soul.

We hope Polly will not consider us patronizing when we say that she deserves encouragement; she should give the world more volumes for the delight of young and old, and the middle aged, whom the orators always unkindly omit. Unappreciative and dull of soul would that critic be who would "squush her song!"

LETTERS AND INSTRUCTIONS OF ST. IGNATIUS. Vol. I. 1524-1547. Translated by D. F. O'Leary. Selected and Edited with notes by Rev. A. Goodier, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents.

The aim of the Catholic Library is to place before the public at a popular price and in a worthy form, the best of English Catholic literature. This will include the literature of the past and the mind of the present. The editor, Father Goodier, S.J., promises us a series of volumes by modern experts on history, biography, theology, philosophy, economics, etc., and reprints of the most representative works of English Catholic writers of the past. This first volume of the series contains twenty-four letters of St. Ignatius on frequent Communion; the beginnings of the Society; advice to papal legates; words of comfort to Jesuits banished from Cologne, etc. Only of late years have the letters of the Saint been collected and published. The editor has decided to publish only those letters and instructions which "most reveal the soul of the Saint," including every letter which may be called spiritual even in a wide sense.

The work of translating has been difficult, because the style of the original is always involved, and the sentences prolonged, unwieldy, and often ungrammatical. As a rule the style has been sacrificed to the sense, although the translator has retained many of the peculiarities of St. Ignatius, such as his curious use of Latin words, his Spanish reverence for dignity, and the like. The writer of this review remembers discussing the possibility of such a series with a Catholic professor of literature in a Western university some three years ago. He is glad to see that his dream is now being so well realized.

ST. ANTONINO AND MEDIÆVAL ECONOMICS. By Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P. The Catholic Library. St. Louis: B. Herder. 35 cents.

The author says in his preface: "The chief justification that can be urged for this *Life* of St. Antonino is to be derived from the value of his economic theories. These are so eminently reasonable

and yet so flamingly ideal, so soberly described by him and yet so sincerely Christian, that they must make their appeal to every reader." Father Jarrett sketches a most interesting life of this great lover of the poor, and summarizes clearly the Saint's detailed and practical scheme of social advancement, which met in his day the same problems that are now confronting us. St. Antonino was the first author to separate ethical from dogmatic theology. He entered into the labors of theologians like St. Thomas Aquinas, and canonists like St. Raymond of Penafort, and from their works built up a new science, the science of morals. His aim was to establish the great principles of moral action, and by their means to help the conscience in its decisions of everyday life. To him came in all their difficulties the citizens of Florence; merchants to consult on the legitimacy of certain actions; bankers on the limits of usury; guild-men on the exact amount of labor they were morally bound to contribute; mothers to ask his advice in their household toils and on the education of their children; priests to hear his interpretation of synodical decrees and papal pronouncements; rulers to question him on the lawfulness of taxation and the fitting adornment of the city. It is a biography of most absorbing interest.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF HOME RULE. By B. J. Conlan. Boston: Angel Guardian Press.

Mr. Conlan has written a most stirring book "on the dawning of Ireland's redemption, the coming of Home Rule." The volume is composed in great part of the speeches of Mr. Redmond, and of articles in *The Irish World* on Home Rule. He has little patience with the English Catholic Tory or the opposition of that arch-bluffer, Sir Edward Carson, and his bigoted, braggart followers. He dedicates his work to the lovers of liberty the world over, but particularly to the "scattered children of the sea-divided Gael."

ILLUSTRATED CATECHISM FOR FIRST COMMUNION. By the Rev. Prosper Libert of St. Bernard's Seminary. Rochester, New York: The J. P. Smith Printing Co. 15 cents.

Within the small compass of fifty-six questions and answers, together with the Commandments of God and the Church; the Pater, Ave, Creed, and Confiteor; and the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, we have from the hands of Dr. Libert all that is necessary by way of preparation for very young pupils, in order that they may fulfill the fourth precept of the Church. The

text of the Baltimore Catechism has been used, and it certainly will be of no small comfort to our Sisters in the schools to possess an authoritative selection for so delicate and important a task.

The type is large, the binding serviceable, but some of the illustrations are not particularly suitable; their omission would not mar the usefulness of the book, being well-worn in more senses than one, having already made their appearance in so many Catholic schoolbooks designed for children.

FAITH. By Monsignor de Gibergues, Bishop of Valence. Sermons preached at a Men's Retreat. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

These six sermons were preached last year by the Bishop of Valence at a men's retreat. They deal with the Psychology of Faith, the Need to Believe, the Transcendency of Faith, Our Duties toward Faith, the Spirit of Faith, and Jesus Christ, the Author and Finisher of Faith. They are a little overburdened with citations, but perhaps that only proves the scrupulous honesty of the good Bishop. We would advise the publishers to have a competent proof reader go over the Latin texts, as most of them are incorrectly printed. The book is suggestive, instructive, and helpful to a thoughtful retreatant. It is somewhat above the head of the average layman.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO. A Critical Study of Documents and Traditions. By Right Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. New York: Christian Press Association. $1.25 net.

We were not at all impressed by the arguments adduced by the author of this volume in proof of the authenticity of the miraculous translation of the Holy House of Loreto. We believe with Father Thurston that "the Lauretian tradition is beset with difficulties of the gravest kind." Canon Chevalier, whose competence in mediæval history is everywhere acknowledged, published his *Historical Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Holy House* seven years ago; and to our mind his thesis against the authenticity still holds the field.

He proved, first, by relations of travelers, and pilgrims, that previously to the period assigned for the first translation (1291) the house of the Blessed Virgin at Nazareth had been destroyed, or at least that the spot which had witnessed the mystery of the Annunciation continued, as in the past, to be the object of the veneration

of visitors; second, by charters, that there existed a church of St. Mary at Loreto before the time of that same translation; third, by a rigorous classification of documents and the legitimate elimination of spurious ones concerning the Holy House, that there was no mention, either at Loreto or elsewhere, of this translation prior to the year 1472; fourth, that the Popes and the Congregation of Rites have been exceedingly reserved in declaring themselves on the subject of the miracle of the translation. The first bull that affirms it is dated 1507; the inscription in the Martyrology is dated 1669; and the first *officium proprium* is dated 1699.

THE HUMAN SOUL AND ITS RELATIONS WITH OTHER SPIRITS. By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

The Abbot of Buckfast tells us that this book is meant essentially for the educated lay mind. He says in his preface: "My task has been to explain some of the philosophical truths of scholasticism in as simple language as possible. The book contains very few quotations, and still fewer references. The reason of this is that I am more intent on giving the spirit than the letter of Catholic philosophy." He treats chiefly the subject matter of the two treatises of *De Deo Creatore* and the *De Novissimis*. We think that some of the chapters will prove rather hard reading for the average lay mind, and the writer is not careful enough at times to discriminate between matters of faith and matters of opinion, between things philosophical and things theological. On the whole, however, it is a most earnest, if not at all times the clearest, presentation of Catholic truth.

DAILY REFLECTIONS FOR CHRISTIANS. By the Very Rev. Charles Cox, O.M.I. Two volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.

Father Cox writes in his preface: "The present work offers the devout faithful, for every day of the year, three pages of matter suitable for spiritual reading. The subjects are varied, and every set of reflections stands complete by itself." We are convinced that the layman who spends ten minutes a day upon these *Reflections,* will certainly obtain solid spiritual benefit. But why, we may ask, are so many of our devout books so utterly lacking in distinction of style? We think the price prohibitive, especially as the author makes his appeal to a large audience.

THE SUMMA THEOLOGIA OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Part III. Second Number, QQ., XXVII.-LIX. Literally Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Every student will welcome this new volume of St. Thomas on Christology. We know that many—both Catholic and non-Catholic—are now reading for the first time the works of St. Thomas. The scholarly world owes a great debt of gratitude to the English Dominicans.

BETROTHMENT AND MARRIAGE. A Canonical and Theological Treatise, with Notices on History and Civil Law. By Canon de Smet, S.T.L. Translated from the French Edition of 1912 by Rev. W. Dobell. Volume II. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.25 net.

This second volume of Canon de Smet's *Betrothment and Marriage,* treats of the impediments to marriage, dispensations and invalid marriages. The Decree *Ne Temere* is given in full, and reference is made to the civil laws in the United States, Canada, England, and Germany. It is the most complete and scientific treatise we possess on matrimony in the English language.

SERMONS AND HOMILIES. By Edmund English, Canon of Westminster Cathedral, and Missionary Rector of St. James', Twickenham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

Canon English tells us that the "chief aim of these discourses is to promote freshness of thought in matters of doctrine, and in practical matters to provide a fresh setting for those venerable principles of the spiritual life which have been handed down in the tradition of the Church." All but two of these sermons, he tells us, were preached in his own parish church. His two themes throughout are the love of God for man as witnessed in the life of our Saviour, and the divine blessing that follows those who suffer for Jesus' sake. We found these sermons most devout and helpful.

COUNSELS OF PERFECTION FOR CHRISTIAN MOTHERS. By the Very Rev. Père Lejeune. Translated by Francis A. Ryan. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

There are two reasons which render laudable the translation of a book into another language, viz., great excellence in matter or

style, or notable fitness to the needs of that country for which the translation is made. The appeal of a book is either general or particular, national or world-wide: these conferences seem particularly suited to the people to whom they were originally addressed, whereas they do not seem so fitted to conditions and needs in our own country. Praiseworthy, edifying, excellent they most certainly are, and calculated to do much good to those for whom they were written.

A MODERN MARTYR—BLESSED THEOPHANE VÉNARD. Revised and Annotated by the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Maryknoll, Ossining, New York: Catholic Foreign Mission Society. 60 cents.

Every pastor of souls, who is desirous of fostering vocations to the priesthood among his boys, should present them with the life of this devout youth, who died for the Faith in China in 1861. It will interest all lovers of our young Foreign Missionary Society to know that the touching letters of this young martyr have already inspired several vocations at Maryknoll, and many others in various seminaries and novitiates of the country. We are pleased to notice that eight thousand copies of this absorbing biography have been already sold.

TRUTH AND ERROR. By Aloysius Rother, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

Father Rother, S.J., Professor of Philosophy in St. Louis University, has written a number of excellent philosophical textbooks for beginners. The present volume on *Truth and Error* examines and demonstrates the nature of truth. Special stress has been laid on the positive doctrine, and many unnecessary controversies have been dispensed with in the hope of assisting the earnest student to a clear understanding of the foundations of knowledge. This manual will prove invaluable to college students and teachers in our elementary schools in preparing for examinations.

THE BOOK OF THE EPIC. The World's Great Epics told in Story. By H. A. Guerber. With Sixteen Illustrations from the Masters of Painting. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00 net.

This brief sketch of the chief epics of the world is intended for the use of young students and the busy general reader. They

contain every variety of epic from the *Iliad* and the *Æneid,* to the simplest idyl like the Japanese *White Aster* or the French mediæval tale of *Aucassin et Nicolette.* This book will prove especially useful to teachers on the lookout for good material for oral language work. We are certain that this fascinating volume will urge many of its readers to study the original epics, of which the author gives such accurate synopses.

JOHN MURRAY'S LANDFALL. By Henry N. Dodge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Mr. Dodge has written a very long, drawn-out poem about the Universalist, John Murray, who fled from England in the year 1770 "to bury his grief in the wilderness of the New World." Marvelous to relate, he is driven by stress of weather upon the Jersey coast near the little village of Good Luck, and still more wonderful to relate, he is received with open arms by a dreamer with the very unpoetical name of Tom Potter. In fact Tom has built a meeting house for the stranger from over the sea, whom he knew God would send in due season!

The scheme throughout is Universalism with its vague and wearisome reiteration of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, which we have heard many times before. The literary value of Mr. Dodge's rhapsody is not great, despite the extravagant praise of Professor Hodell of Goucher College, Baltimore.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. For Use in Colleges and Schools. By Rev. James MacCaffrey. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 90 cents net.

Father MacCaffrey aims in this little volume to give the principal facts of Church history in a clear, concise, and readable form, to indicate briefly the connection between the great movements, and to give due prominence to the history of the countries in which his readers are likely to be interested, namely, Ireland, England, Scotland, the United States, and Australia. It is first and foremost a textbook, and therefore the author presupposes a teacher capable of developing his over-brief summary. It is a good book for girls or boys of fourteen or fifteen.

A MODERN FRANCISCAN. By Rev. Dominic Devas, O.F.M. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net.

In 1899 Father Norbert, O.F.M., published at Paris the life

of Father Arsenius, which Father Devas has now adapted for English readers. He says in his preface:

> It is a life which seems to protest somewhat against a dangerous tendency of modern times to undervalue prayer and mortification, and to replace them by a certain restless external activity which is busy about many things, yet wholly alien to that deep interior spirit which alone forms the characteristic and the power of holy priests.....It is certainly the life of a saintly priest and a deeply mortified religious, who living as he did a very active life in the midst of this matter-of-fact world of ours, gives us an example we can well appreciate and not wholly afford to neglect.

It is a book that should be known by every aspirant to the priesthood.

THE CAUSE OF THE SOCIAL EVIL AND THE REMEDY. By Albert W. Elliott. Atlanta, Ga.: Webb & Vary Co.

Mr. Elliott, the President and General Manager of the Southern Rescue Mission of Atlanta, has devoted six years of his life to rescue work among fallen women. During that time he has studied the underworld from New Orleans to New York, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He recognizes that the real cause of the social evil lies in the rejecting of Christ and His teaching. But he fails to see that his vague and indefinite gospel is ineffective for lasting results. Only the Catholic Church can reach these unfortunates through the kindness of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and the Divine Mercy of the tribunal of penance. The book has no claim to scientific worth.

MORAL LEADERSHIP, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

The rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, the Rev. Leighton Parks, has commemorated the close of his ten years' ministry by publishing ten sermons, which he preached December 7, 1913, to February 1, 1914. They are remarkable neither for distinction of style nor for orthodoxy of doctrine. We do not think his message, "Doubt is no sin," very helpful to the rising generation of Christians, nor do we think that the following words should be uttered from a Christian pulpit: "It seems to me the time has come for the Church to discriminate, and to say that though the acceptance of those miracles is not essential to discipleship of Jesus Christ, we

are not called upon to deride the miracles." In his final appeal for an endowment of $2,000,000.00, he impertinently states "that the Catholic Church cannot minister to the deepest religious needs of the community." An $80,000.00 income, forsooth, is to prevent apostate Catholics and Jews from reverting to heathenism. Protestanism has always been devoid of a sense of humor.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. By Florence Gilmore. St. Louis: B. Herder. 80 cents.

Robert's Beauvais and David Dougherty began life as chums, but the "Parting of the Ways" came when the latter elected to prefer that which would advance his worldly prospects at the price of his Catholic environment. How our Lord's words, "Seek ye, therefore, the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you," are exemplified in the career of Robert Beauvais, in which the faith bequeathed by his French ancestors is preserved as his most precious possession. For David, his restored friendship proves his greatest treasure

THE CITY AND THE WORLD, WITH OTHER STORIES. By Francis Clement Kelly. Chicago: The Extension Magazine.

This collection, first published in *The Extension Magazine,* is now presented in book form, in the hope of reaching a wider public. The torch of missionary zeal has been enkindled in our land, not alone for the needs of our own vast country, but likewise for the conversion of the heathen. The Church has heard the call of her Lord bidding her "enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacles, spare not: lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes" (Is. liv. 2). And this little book aims avowedly to set before us the reminder of Christ: "These things you ought to have done, and not to leave those undone."

"That things are not what they seem" is borne in upon us as we read; and we learn who are the real artificers of God's work in the souls of men.

SINISTER STREET. By Compton Mackenzie. London: Martin Secker. $1.50 net.

Michael, the hero of Sinister Street, is an emotional, erotic, flighty, illegitimate boy, handicapped in his training by a mother who, though refined and cultured, is a faithless wife. There is a great deal in the book of accurate perception of boy life, but the

continual suggestion and mention of immorality and unspeakable vice we found most nauseating. We really think that the author had a good purpose in view—to warn the boys of the public schools of England against the many dangers that beset them there in these days of unbelief. But the Catholic tradition of reticence in such matters is more deeply philosophic and more helpful in the long run. We are promised a second volume—this was five hundred pages—will Michael prove as despicable a man as he was a boy?

MOLLY'S FORTUNES. By M. E. Francis. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

An old-fashioned story, with a bright heroine, who knows her own mind in the midst of her unequal fortunes. It is not a problem novel, nor a novel with a purpose. Its only problem is the finding of an heir to an eccentric old lady, a scion of the ancient O'Neills, in the course of which Molly's fortunes seesaw considerably. It was published serially in *The Irish Monthly,* the late Father Matthew Russell's magazine.

PILGRIMS OF GRACE. A Tale of Yorkshire in the Time of Henry VIII. By John G. Rowe. With Fifteen Illustrations by F. S. Eden. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

This is a stirring tale of the early days of the Reformation in England. It centres about Robert Aske, the leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace, who roused up the whole of northern England to protest in armed array against Henry VIII.'s despoiling of the monasteries. The story brings out clearly the utter dishonesty and untrustworthiness of Henry, the malignity of Cromwell, the treachery of Norfolk, and the utter simplicity of the Yorkshire Catholics, who believed in the word of a Tudor King. The author is right in calling Aske's death a martyrdom for the Faith, as much as were the deaths of Blessed Thomas More and Blessed John Fisher.

BENEDICTION OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT. St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents net.

A dainty booklet containing the Rite for Benediction in Latin and English. The pages are decorated after the style of the fourteenth century contained in ancient manuscripts of illumination. The text is given in old English.

The book will make a very suitable gift for First Communion, or like feast days, but the price is rather high.

THE LITTLE MARSHALLS AT THE LAKE. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents.

This interesting child story tells us about the summer vacation which the little Marshall children spent in the wilds of Wisconsin. Every youngster will read with pleasure about the marshmallow roast on the shores of the lake, the brave doings of Honor, Dick, and Cousin Ben, Kitty's exciting night drive to Fritz's farmhouse, and the Indian stories of the Stone Boy and the Moon Girl. Only a true lover of little children could write such a simple and natural tale.

THE VIGIL HOUR. A Manual of Approved Prayers Suitable for the Holy Hour. By Rev. S. A. Ryan, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 5 cents.

We recommend this devout little manual both to Directors of the Holy Hour, and to the faithful, who will find it most helpful to private devotion in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

WHY ARE YOU NOT A SODALIST? By Rev. Edward Hamon, S.J.

WHY I BECAME A SODALIST. By Rev. Edward Hamon, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 5 cents each.

These two pamphlets sum up in a brief manner the chief reasons why men should belong to a sodality of the Blessed Virgin. All the objections alleged by lukewarm Catholics against belonging to any other society but the Catholic Church, are kindly and ably answered. Similar pamphlets: *Why Are You Not a Member of the Holy Name Society? Why Are You Not a Member of a Total Abstinence Society?* etc., might be written on the same plan, and distributed to good purpose among all the men of a congregation.

VISITS FOR CHILDREN TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. By the author of *May Devotions for Children.* New York: J. F. Tapley Co.

This devout little manual was written in view of the devotions to the Sacred Heart now so general in Catholic schools and Catholic families during the month of June. These visits inculcate hatred of sin, emphasize the chief virtues of childhood, hold up the virtues of the saints for imitation, and aim to win the child's heart in a closer union with our Lord.

SACRIFICE, a Tale by Flora Tilt (St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net), contains apt and interesting explanations of such points of faith and practice as are often misunderstood by non-Catholics. Their very terseness renders them the more impressive. The story, running through them, abounds in sorrow and sacrifice, but the end is happiness and peace.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Manuel d'Archéologie Américaine, by H. Beuchat. (Paris: Librairie A. Picard et Fils. 15 *frs.*) This is a most complete (seven hundred and thirty-five pages) and original manual of American archæology. The author takes as his field all America, from Greenland down to Terra del Fuego, and discusses at length all the problems dealing with the discovery of America, its primitive history, anthropology, ethnography, religion, linguistics, primitive industries, and arts. The introduction deals with the discovery of America, and summarizes accurately all that is known of the search for the Western world prior to Columbus. A most interesting chapter deals with the physical conditions of the discovery. Book I. treats of Prehistoric America, giving a perfect picture of the Mound builders, the Cliff dwellers, and the fossil human bones in both North and South America. Book II. treats of the civilized people of America, viz., the Mexicans prior to the arrival of the Aztecs, the Aztec Empire, the Mayas-Qu'iches, the inhabitants of the Antilles, and the people of Panama, Colombia, and Peru. A very complete index and bibliography complete the volume.

Le Crime rituel chez les Juifs, by A. Monniot. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.* 50.) Only the bitterest anti-Semitism, devoid of the critical spirit and animated by an un-Christian spirit of hatred forbidden by the Saviour, could have produced such a book. The ritual-murder accusation is believed on the same principle of prejudice which made the pagans of Rome accuse the early Christians of killing a babe at their sacred mysteries and drinking its blood. The Abbé Vacandard has dismissed the accusation as not proved in the third volume of his historical and critical essays.

Chrétienne, by Madame Adam (Juliette Lamber). (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 3 *frs.* 50.) Every Catholic who read Madame Adam in the days of her unbelief, will be glad to learn of her conversion, which has caused such a stir of late in literary circles in France. The unbelieving, sensual, and ultra-pagan Tiburce and Mélissandre of her *Païenne,* have now both become converts to the Faith in her last book, *Chrétienne.* We hope it will be translated soon for the benefit of many of our modern, artistic, and literary Bohemians who are utterly lacking in both faith and morals. France is proving most prolific to-day in conversions of this sort.

La Langue des Femmes, by Monsignor J. Tissier. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.* 50.) Monsignor Tissier, the Bishop of Chalons-sur Marne, has published a series of conferences on "the Sins of the Tongue," which he gave last year to the women of Chartres. In ten chapters he discusses the faults of the average woman of the world, viz., indiscretion, frivolity, selfishness, vanity, anger, jealousy, slander, etc. He apologizes in his preface for a few rather sharp words of reproof, declaring that the interests of souls to-day demand plain speech, and admitting without argument that the sins he speaks of are not peculiar to women.

Un Mois de Marie, by R. P. Petitalot, S.M. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *2 frs.*) The May conferences of the Abbé Petitalot are a devout compendium of the life of the Blessed Virgin. Each conference is followed by a short story from the lives of the saints, or from Christian experience, proving the all-powerful intercession of the Blessed Mother of God.

Grandeurs et Devoirs de la Vie Religieuse, by Monsignor Plantier. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *2 frs.*) This volume contains five pastoral letters of the Bishop of Nîmes to the religious women of his diocese. They treat of the duties of the religious life in general; the observation of the rule; the ideas of authority and obedience, and the true spirit in which all duties should be performed. The Bishop proves himself a master of the spiritual life.

Sauvons nos Ames, by Abbé Charles Grimaud. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *2 frs.*) In a series of bright, entertaining dialogues, the Abbé Grimaud tells his readers how to save their souls by faith, prayer, respect for the marriage bond, reception of the sacraments, and obedience to rightful authority.

Histoire de la Civilisation, by Henri Joly. (Paris: Bloud et Gay. *3 frs.* 50.) Although written primarily for young boys and girls of the French schools, this volume will prove of interest to every historical student on the lookout for a broad and general outline of the world's history. The author discusses the true idea of civilization, distinguishing carefully the moral and religious element from the material aspect. The book is original and suggestive.

Jésus Vivant dans le Prêtre, by R. P. Millet, S.J. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *3 frs.* 50.) This is the fourth edition of the Abbé Millet's well-known book on the priesthood, the first edition of which appeared in Paris some forty years ago. This volume, the fruit of the author's experience in giving retreats to the clergy in Germany and in France, has been enlarged and annotated by the Abbé Rénard, S.J.

La Prédication Populaire d'Après les Pères, les Docteurs et les Saints, by the Abbé J. Pailler. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *3 frs.* 50.) The Abbé Pailler has translated a number of sermons of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church on the Sundays and festivals of the ecclesiastical year. His favorite authors are St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Alphonsus de Liguori. This collection of sermons will prove more helpful to a busy priest than the vast majority of the dry-as-dust, commonplace sermon books of our modern times.

La Piété Grecque, by André Bremond. (Paris: Bloud et Gay. *2 frs.* 50.) This little brochure is an original contribution to the famous controversy about the salvation of pagans. The author discusses the religious views of Socrates, Nicias, Xenophon, and Plato. It will prove of interest to the philosopher, the theologian, and the classical scholar.

Histoire de l'Église Catholique en France, by Paul Deslandres. (Paris: Bloud et Gay. *3 frs.* 50.) There are many manuals of Church history in French, but this is the first we have seen on the history of the Catholic Church in France. The author's one aim is to set forth briefly but accurately the relations of the Church of France with the Papacy and with the civil power. It is not a work of original research, but depends in great part on the works of Mourret, Chenon, Baudrillart, Madelin, Paquier, Prunel, Pisani, and others. Every chapter is followed by a brief but accurate bibliography of the most recent historical works, and the general interest is heightened by some hundreds of engravings.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Birth-Rate in Germany. It had been thought that Germany was free from the plague of race suicide. But the birth-rate fell from forty-two births per 1,000 people in 1876 to thirty-six in 1900 and to twenty-nine in 1911. One child less per 1,000 people means in Germany a loss of 65,000 children to the Empire. The Chancellor has ordered an official inquiry into the causes and remedies of this evil. The chief cause, according to the Liberal press, is the high cost of living and similar economic conditions. The Liberals lament the decline, yet continually attack religion, and consequently weaken the sense of duty. The "Konfessionlos" Committee encourages and facilitates the presenting of the formal legal declaration whereby in Prussia people sever their connection with the Church of their baptism. The Committee claims in the first eleven months of last year to have presented in the courts of Berlin and its suburbs no fewer than 20,521 notices of secession from the Catholic and Protestant Churches. Particular figures for the two Churches are not given. The connection between these facts cannot be gainsaid. The Joint Pastoral of nineteen archbishops and bishops issued after their meeting at Fulda, puts the principal cause of the decline of the birth-rate as the criminal abuse of marriage.—*The Tablet,* April 11.

Catholic Holland. By Paul Verschave. Under this title Dutch Catholics have just published an encyclopædic record of their history since 1813. King Louis Napoleon had endeavored to make real the religious liberty proclaimed by the Constitution of 1798; he did begin to loose the burdens of the two previous centuries. In 1815 there were 673 parishes served by 925 priests. Frederick William of Orange, however, guided by the anti-Catholic Van Maanen and Van Ghert, persecuted the Church, and the concordat of 1827 remained a dead letter. The first valiant defender of the faith was Le Sage ten Broeck, a convert, who for thirty years, until 1847, in spite of imprisonment, illness, blindness, championed by his pen the Catholic cause. The Constitution of 1848 suppressed the *Placet,* formally recognized religious liberty and liberty of education, and introduced direct votes for the nomination of deputies.

The Liberal minister Thorbecke undertook to favor the restoration of the hierarchy, which Pius IX. granted in 1853. From that date till 1912 nearly 1,000 churches were built or enlarged. The 1,105 parishes have 2,512 secular or regular priests, learned, active, influential men; Church societies flourish, several being devoted to the care of Catholics in the navy.

The problem of primary education is becoming pressing in the South; a Catholic university is planned at Utrecht, two chairs having been founded. Social and charitable organizations are being multiplied; numerous writers and a few architects have won considerable fame. The civil power does not mix in Church affairs; clerics are dispensed from military service; and, in general, liberty of worship is granted. This is due largely to the active Catholic press, which includes twenty daily newspapers, ninety-eight journals appearing once or more a week, and fifty-four periodicals; but it is due also to a solid electoral organization. Catholics unfortunately do not occupy many important positions in civil offices, law courts, or educational circles. Relative to the total population, the number of Catholics has decreased from 38.97 per cent in 1829 to 35.02 per cent in 1909. Catholic marriages are more fruitful but less numerous than non-Catholic, and the rate of infant mortality is higher among the former. Mixed marriages are on the increase.—*Le Correspondant,* April 25.

The Tablet (April 18): Rev. Henry Graham, M.A., presents a résumé of a lecture on "King James VI. and His Mother," delivered by Mr. R. S. Rait, the lately-appointed Professor of Scottish History and Literature in Glasgow University. From evidence put in Mr. Rait's possession for the purpose of editing, it becomes established beyond doubt that "the wisest fool in Christendom" simply abandoned his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, to the tender mercies of Elizabeth, without raising a finger effectively on her behalf, for the sake of his own interests, chief among which was his secure succession to the joint thrones of England and Scotland. This evidence had long ago been examined by the three historians Robertson, Tytler, and Spottiswoode, but none of them had used it.

(May 2): An article is devoted to praising the work and the spirit of Abbot Gasquet, which have made him eminently fitted to be one of the thirteen new Cardinals.

The Month (May): Rev. Herbert Thurston summarizes the

article by Abbé Vernet in the *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique* concerning the fable of "Pope Joan." He shows that in every case where the fable is reported, the very language suggests that a doubt as to its truth existed in the writer's mind. The dates given for the supposed pontificate (1099, 855, 915) are mutually inconsistent and separately impossible. Every historical authority now recognizes the story as a fable.——M. L. Egerton Castle contrasts the pure love of Dante for Beatrice with the earthly love of Petrarch for Laura.——Irene Herneman briefly sketches the life and work of Frédéric Mistral.

The Dublin Review (April): Mr. Wilfrid Ward begins a rapid review of his recent lecturing tour in the United States.——Monsignor Barnes presents a summary of Luther's early life, based on Grisar's biography of the "Reformer."——Miss Guiney has collected all the references to Cromwell's nickname: *"The Brewer,"* and describes his family tree.——The late Sir Hubert Jerningham offers appreciations of *Three Ambassadors of the Victorian Age.* Lord Lyons, who triumphed in America through silence; Lord Odo Russell, victorious at Versailles through speaking the right word at the right time; and Sir Robert Morier, admired yet hated by Bismarck because of his profound knowledge of Prussia and its true aspirations.——Dom Chapman, O.S.B., apropos of Mr. Saintsbury's *History of English Prose Rhythm,* writes on *Rhythm and Colour in English Prose,* with quotations from Ruskin and Swinburne.

Revue Bénédictine (April): Dom G. Morin presents brief notes on ninety-five sermons found in the ducal library of Wolfenbüttel. Most of these he considers the authentic work of St. Augustine; others attributed to him are at least very ancient and interesting. Some have never been edited entire, some not even in part. Their preservation he attributes to St. Cæsarius of Arles. A dozen other sermons, wrongly ascribed to St. Augustine, Dom Morin now considers the work of St. Quodvultdeus, the last Roman Bishop of Carthage, the friend and best imitator of St. Augustine. Dom Morin also presents portions of a rhymed Latin version of Pseudo-Hegesippus, *De Bello Judaico,* found among the manuscripts of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Revue du Clergé Français (April 15): J. Bricout presents se-

lections from the public letters of Leo XIII. regarding the relations of the Church with modern civilization and science, scholastic philosophy, and historical studies.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (April 15): Theodore Mainage, O.P., shows that, contrary to the thesis of Le Bon in his *Psychology of the Crowd,* conversions are individual, not social, results. He takes as examples the Oxford movement, the conversion of the Caldey monks, and the apostolate of St. Francis de Sales in the Chablais.——François Pinardel begins a résumé of the criticisms directed against the official historical publications of M. Aulard. Quoting numerous unprejudiced and competent authorities, he convicts M. Aulard of bad method, partisan spirit, and of errors and omissions. The latter, seeing his faults about to be exposed, tried in vain to divert attention from himself by making charges against M. Langlois.

Études (April 20): Henry Auffroy gives a brief history of the development of canon law, including its present codification.—— René de la Bégassière praises *The Education of Young Girls,* by Janet Erskine Stuart, Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. ——Count J. du Plessis welcomes the posthumous publication by M. Albert Chérel of two volumes of Brunetière's *History of Classic French Literature.*——Joseph Boubée summarizes the work and character of the late Cardinal Kopp.

Recent Events.

France.

The general election which has just been concluded in France, has not resulted in any very noteworthy change. The Socialists who follow the lead of M. Jaurès, have indeed increased in number, but not to such a degree as will give them the control of the Chamber, although they will have to be taken into account more than before in forming ministries. The new Chamber consists of 602 Deputies, and there were no fewer than 2,902 candidates; these appealed to the electors ranged under 11 different banners. At the dissolution the strength of the parties was as follows: Radicals and Socialist Radicals, working together as one party, 256; Independent Socialists, 24; Unified Socialists (under the leadership of M. Jaurès), 74; Republicans of the Right, 74; Progressives, 68; Members of the Right, 99. The new Chamber will consist approximately (for the exact returns of the second ballots have not yet reached this country) of 97 Unified or Collective Socialists, instead of the 74 in the last Chamber; 203 Radicals and Socialist Radicals instead of 256. This gives to these closely-allied parties 300 votes, almost one-half of the whole number of Deputies. The rest of the Chamber, numbering 302, is divided into the nine groups of Independent and Augagneur Socialists, the Alliance Démocratique, the Republicans of the Left, Progressists, the Republican Federation, the Action Libérale, the Right, and a small number of Independents. The group which has suffered the most is that of the Progressives. Although there seems to be a large number, yet it is said that they are by no means equal to the programmes, for these are almost as numerous as there are deputies. There were, however, three main questions placed before the electors—the Three Years' Army Service, Electoral Reform, and the Income Tax. The returns indicate that of those elected, 308 are supporters of the Three Years' Service, 279 are in favor of the imposition of an Income Tax, while for Electoral Reform 352 have pledged their support.

The chief interest of the campaign consisted in M. Briand's movement for *l'apaisement*. It does not seem, however, to have been successful, for the parties most distinctly opposed to this pro-

gramme have gained in strength. It may, however, have done better than appears at first sight, for it was not so much M. Briand's object to form a distinct group as to introduce a spirit which should animate all the groups. He was himself elected after a keen contest, while his chief supporter, M. Barthou, had an overwhelming victory.

The old saying that what takes place in France is the unexpected, has been exemplified by the return of M. Caillaux. A few weeks ago the streets of Paris rang with imprecations of his name; he was called an assassin and a traitor. He himself declared that his political life was ended. However, he came forward as a candidate, and has been elected, the sympathies of the electors of his district having been enlisted on his behalf. The allegations against him were said to be due to the reactionaries, who hated the friend of the poor, and the advocate of the income tax. Mme. Caillaux became almost a heroine; M. Caillaux a victim of a diabolical conspiracy.

The new Chamber has many problems before it, and in view of the fact that the Radical-Socialist party is so strong, no great expectations can be entertained of a solution being found. Among the disquieting signs are the growth of syndicalism and anti-militarism; the open dissemination of doctrines fatal to the State, to private property, and to the family; the constant recurrence of formidable strikes; the increasing audacity of the criminal classes; the impunity with which they have been able to act; the spread, so recently exemplified, of financial and political corruption; the decrease in the birth-rate and the rise in the divorce-rate; the general relaxation of the old moral standards in private life as well as in public. On the other hand, it must be noted that a much greater interest is being shown in religious services. Larger numbers than ever before attended the ceremonies during the last Holy Week in Paris. The size of the congregations at Mass in the large towns throughout France is another encouraging sign. In the 78 parishes of Paris the communicants last Easter numbered 314,000. A special and most helpful feature of this revival is the fact that the class most affected consists of the educated young men. Men of high literary reputation are avowing that it is to religion that France must look for great moral and social forces. The ablest among those who are still unbelievers are at last beginning to recognize that there is more in heaven and on the earth than the laboratory reveals.

The political organization referred to in a recent number, formed under religious auspices in order to influence the elections for the new Chamber, does not, however, seem to have had much influence upon the elections. The Bonapartist Pretender, seeing the evils which threaten his country, has offered himself to be its saviour, promising, if called back to its service, to bring together all the good men of the nation irrespective of party affiliations. The appeal, however, has fallen on deaf ears. Among other signs of a better future are the reaction against the gross and debasing realism of the school of Zola, and the revival of a philosophy which defends those spiritual realities which have for so long been ignored, or even denied.

A number of books have appeared, the authors of which while not accepting the Catholic faith are well on the way towards it. Among these is M. Maurice Barrès, who has recently issued a book in which he makes an earnest appeal for the preservation of the village churches as the one moral refuge for the people among whom they are still standing. As a result of the Separation Law, large numbers of these churches are falling into ruin. They now belong to the communes, and they are not obliged to repair them. The authorization of the town council is required to enable those among the Catholics who may be willing to undertake the work, but such is the violence of the sectaries that in several instances, out of sheer malice, the authorization has been refused, and the churches condemned to death. This has excited the indignation of M. Barrès, and his work is an appeal in favor of these churches. He asks that to the Catholics should be given the right to repair the buildings, and also that the State should add an equal amount to any sum given by private persons.

The election leaves M. Doumergue and his colleagues in the possession of power; their tenure, however, was very insecure from the beginning, nor has the course of events added to their strength. The financial problems which they will shortly be called upon to solve, will tax their capacity to the utmost. An immense deficit has to be met, which baffled even the financial skill of M. Caillaux. Any measure which touches their pockets is deeply resented by the French people, and some measure of this kind is inevitable.

While the internal affairs of France are giving ground for many anxious forebodings, its external relations are more satisfactory. The visit of King George has confirmed the *entente*

with Great Britain which was formed ten years ago, and which, in union with the alliance with Russia, has been the means of maintaining peace for so many years. It is hard for those who live in this country to realize the normal state of existence of the dwellers upon the European Continent. They do not feel assured of a single week's peace, and have always to be on the alert lest some unexpected incident may bring on a war. The position of France in particular is thus described by Professor Lavisse: "We are evidently more exposed [than England] to the perils of the great conflict that is always possible. Upon our open frontier the enormous German force presses and grows. Our honor, our independence, our life are at stake."

What this French writer says of France expresses, *mutatis mutandis* the feeling of Germans, Austrians, and Russians. They are all living in a state of continual alarm. The *entente,* by preserving the equilibrium, has for the past ten years staved off the evil day, and it is hoped that it may be the means of altogether averting the danger. At all events it is the only means available. The way in which King George was received rendered it evident that the people as a whole, and not merely the government, are its enthusiastic supporters, that it is a bond closely uniting the French and English nations. There are those who desire the conclusion of a formal alliance on definite terms between the two countries, instead of the informal understanding hitherto existing. There is no reason to think, however, that the recent visit has led to any such change, nor is it considered desirable. A union of hearts is better than a legal document.

Germany.

There is very little to chronicle about Germany. A new Statthalter has been appointed for Alsace-Lorraine consequent upon the resignation of Count Wedel. The late holder of the office retires with honor, and even in the end with popularity, having come to be regarded almost as a champion of popular rights during the recent incidents at Zabern. The new Statthalter is Herr von Dallwitz, who has been for four years the Prussian Minister of the Interior. As in that capacity he has been responsible for the maintenance of order in Prussia, and for the methods adopted by the police of that country, there is some anxiety as to whether he will be sympathetic with the inhabitants of the Reichsland, and be able to secure their coöperation. His successor as Minister of the In-

terior in Prussia is an official who was Prince Bülow's right-hand man, and had a large hand in the colonial campaign against the Catholic Centre in the famous dissolution of the Reichstag at the end of 1906, and in the creation and control of the Prince's Liberal-Conservative *bloc*.

The Zabern incident has had at least one result—it has led to the suppression of the privileges conferred on the soldiers by the Cabinet Order of 1820, under which Colonel Reuter shielded himself. The Emperor has given his approval to new regulations which have been drawn up by the Prussian Minister for War. The new regulations provide that the military can intervene independently in cases of State necessity, but this necessity seems only to arise in cases when the civil authorities are not in a position to call upon the military. These regulations are regarded as a distinct concession to public opinion.

The Pan-Germans are continuing their efforts to promote discord between their own country and the rest of the world. They have resumed their agitation for the securing by Germany of new territory, which shall be her own and suitable for the settlement of the German people. Great Britain, they allege, has not given over her opposition to Germany: all that she has done is to yield to Russia the most prominent place in the fighting line of the Triple Alliance. There is, however, good reasons to think that the influence of the Pan-Germans over the policy of the country is of the slightest, and, therefore, little heed need be paid to these efforts. The meeting at Abbazia of the Foreign Ministers of Austria-Hungary and Italy has served as an occasion for re-affirming the solidarity of the Triple Alliance, and especially of the harmony thereby shown to exist between Austria-Hungary and Italy, in spite of their rivalry in Albania and in the Adriatic. The state of tension which existed a few weeks ago between Germany and Russia has passed into quiescence, although a section of the press takes every opportunity to continue agitation against that country. The occasion is found in the new tariff regulations adopted by the Duma. Equal resentment is felt on account of Russia's commercial revival to that which her military revival caused.

Austria-Hungary.

At a time when there are so many reasons for war, when so many armies and fleets are ready on land, on sea, and in the air, the illness of the Emperor Francis Joseph has naturally caused great

anxiety, especially as it is doubtful whether the heir to the throne will prove likewise the heir to his wisdom. The interior condition of the Austro-Hungarian dominions adds to this anxiety, for the conflicts between the various nationalities, which are always existent, are at the present time particularly acute. The last reports are to the effect that the Emperor's condition is not at present serious, but it is feared, considering the great age of the monarch, that the end can not be long deferred.

The conference at Abbazia between Count Berchtold and the Marquis di San Giuliano, the Foreign Ministers of Austria-Hungary and Italy, has given great satisfaction in the political circles of the two countries, and is said to have brought into perfect harmony the policy of the two governments with reference to Albania especially. It lasted five days, and so there was ample opportunity for a full discussion. Whether any agreement was reached as to the coöperation of the fleets of the two countries in the Mediterranean, has not been revealed to the world. What is certain is that a new naval programme has been laid before the Delegations which have just been holding their session at Budapest. This programme when carried out will greatly strengthen the Austro-Hungarian navy, and will make provision against the marked shifting of naval power in the Mediterranean consequent upon the recent changes. Four new battleships of the Dreadnought type are included in the new programme, together with three first-class cruisers and a number of torpedo-gunboats. That financiers place confidence in the stability of the Dual Monarchy is shown by the success of a large loan, which has just been issued.

The Balkans. Little progress has been made in the settlement of the many unsettled questions. Prince William's difficulties seem to increase. The revolt of the Epirotes is still continued, and in the North those of the Albanian tribes which the Powers handed over to Montenegro refuse to transfer their allegiance, declaring their intention to offer armed resistance to the arrangement made for them; they have already formed a new republic—the second since the formation of Albania. The Greek government has been loyal to its engagement in carrying out the evacuation of Albanian territory by its regular soldiers. This fidelity threatened at one time to bring about the retirement of M. Venezelos; so strong was the feeling of the country against the abandonment of their countrymen to the

mercies of those who have been their bitterest enemies for many centuries. The Greek government could not, however, prevent individual Greeks rendering assistance to those who had risen up against Albanian domination. It is still doubtful how long this resistance will last, although hopes are being entertained of a settlement by mediation.

Outrages of the most brutal character are still quite frequent. The "Holy Battalions," as the revolting Epirotes style themselves, are said, on good authority, to have burned alive many men, women, and children in certain specified villages. A report reached Vienna that the Epirotes had crucified two hundred Moslem Albanians. As no independent confirmation of this report has been received, it is to be hoped that it is without foundation. On the other hand, the Greeks left in Thrace have been treated so badly by the Turks that they have preferred to leave their homes and all their possessions, and many thousands have sought refuge in Salonika.

Turkey.

Turkey remains under the domination of the extreme members of the Committee of Union and Progress. Enver Pasha, said to be an emulator of Napoleon, is the dominating spirit, and there does not seem to be much to choose between his methods and those of the deposed Abdul Hamid, although the scale of his operations is more limited. For prisoners to be "found dead" in prison is not looked upon as a thing to be wondered at; on the contrary, it is expected almost as a matter of course. This fate was escaped by a fellow officer of Enver Pasha through the influence brought to bear upon the Turkish government by the public opinion of Europe, and, it is thought, by the action of the British government. Aziz Ali had, it is said, excited the jealousy of Enver Pasha by his success in organizing the resistance of the Arabs to the Italians in Cyrenaica. He thus became the idol of his fellow-countrymen, especially of those in Egypt. During a visit to Constantinople he was arrested. Not having been "found dead," he was brought to trial, and ultimately condemned to death for reasons of no weight. The government, however, yielded to the indignation everywhere expressed at its proceedings, and released their victim. This incident threatened to have, and in fact it still may have, important political consequences, for it has done much to alienate the Arabians in general, and in Egypt especially.

An important reform has at last been effected for the benefit

of the Armenians. During the recent war the Armenians were loyal to Turkey, and fought with and for the Turks against their fellow Christians. They, in fact, prefer the yoke of Turkey to that of any other State, on the condition of the promises of reforms made many years ago being carried out. After negotiations with Germany and Russia, Turkey has consented to a plan which is acceptable to the Armenians, and the execution of it is to be watched over by two foreign inspectors. A Hollander and a Norwegian have been appointed to this office.

The large loan which has been so long the subject of negotiation, and which is necessary for so many various purposes, has at last been secured on very onerous conditions. One of these, at least a tacit one, is that it shall not be used for warlike purposes. If it is kept, a thing of which no one can be sure, there is reason to hope that for some time peace will be preserved. At all events at the present time, everything looks that way, except that an order has just been given for a new super-Dreadnought.

China.

The most prominent person of late in China has been the bandit who calls himself "White Wolf." Far and wide through several provinces of what is called the Republic, his depredations have been carried on, accompanied by the most dreadful outrages. At one time he even threatened the impregnable ancient capital of China, in which the Court took refuge in 1900. The Chinese troops were at last called out, and by the latest news seem to be bringing him under control.

But the Republic is suffering perhaps more from the man who was elected to be its protector and head. Yuan Shih-kai was chosen to be President; he has made himself dictator. A convention has been at work, chosen by himself, to amend the Constitution. This Constitution, as amended, does away with the Premier and the Cabinet and, although this does not seem quite so certain, with the Senate as well. Departmental Ministers are to be appointed who are to be responsible directly to the President, just as the Turkish Ministers were responsible to Abdul Hamid. An elective assembly is provided for, but as its powers are to be settled by the government, they are not likely to be very great or to last longer than is convenient. There is to be an Advisory Council, but this is to be nominated, and so it will not wield any controlling influence. Thus even this amended Constitution is not of much importance, for it can

be torn up and amended at the convenience of the government. Nothing remains of the Constitution which embodied the ideas of Young China. It remains to be seen whether it will acquiesce in these changes or whether it will break out into a new rebellion.

Proceeding on these lines of arbitrary control, the press has been subjected to strict regulations. The names, ages, native places, past records, and present addresses of all editors and publishers must be submitted to the police before permission to publish can be obtained. The effect of this rule is to give the police the power to refuse a licence to anybody who has ever been connected with a political propaganda. A deposit with the police has to be made, varying according to the dates and place of publication. No one is to be the editor, publisher or even printer of a paper unless he is over thirty years of age. No naval or military man, nor any official, administrative or judicial, nor any student, will be licensed to act as editor, nor yet anyone who is afflicted by a nervous disease. The subjects which the press may discuss are also limited by the new regulations. The system of government must not be misrepresented; the peace must not be disturbed; diplomatic and military secrets must not be revealed; private proceedings in Parliament must not be reported. The accused in a criminal case—this as well as the following seems to be a salutary regulation—must not be pleaded for, admired or shielded. Private or personal conduct must not be impugned. Finally, when the editor, publisher, printer, and contributing staff fail to pay all the fines imposed on them, the whole lot will be cast into prison. The Republic seems to be getting more tyrannical than the Empire; it is in fact only a Republic in name.

Japan.

Great difficulty was found in forming a new Ministry. At last the veteran Count Okuma was induced by the earnest entreaties of the Elder Statesmen to assume the responsibility. Under the somewhat difficult circumstances of the present time, the government formed by him is considered the best possible. Count Okuma is very popular, and it is hoped that this will secure for the new Cabinet a fair opportunity, although it has no majority in the present Parliament. Economic reform will form an important part of its efforts. Its chief immediate work will be the reform of the naval administration, in the ranks of which so much corruption has been rife. Owing to the death of the Dowager Empress, the Coronation of the new Emperor has been put off until next year.

With Our Readers.

IT is the fashion in some quarters to defend divorce as a "Christian institution," and to champion it as a "purifier" of society. Judge Adelor J. Petit of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, recently gave some statistics that we are sure should help any who hold such opinions to see the light. Judge Petit hears divorce cases almost daily, so he is surely an authority on the subject. His experience, he said, proved to him that divorce was unquestionably a great menace to society; that it was becoming more so year by year; that it undermined the home, and filled the Juvenile Court with dependent and delinquent children who subsequently became public charges.

The number of children taken into the Juvenile Court from July 5, 1899, to March 27, 1914, was 50,353. Prior to July 22, 1913, no record was kept of the different kinds of cases. Since that time, 2,829 petitions have been filed, classified as follows: Dependent, 1,106; delinquent, 1,091; truant, 280; pension, 325.

It will be seen that there are practically the same number of dependents as of delinquents. As there were no pension cases until a year or so ago, and as the truant cases only average about 300 per year, or less than 5,000 since the Juvenile Court was organized, it would leave 45,000 dependent and delinquent children, or approximately 22,500 to each.

Divorce Makes Dependent Children.

To ascertain what percentage of children were in the Juvenile Court as a direct result of divorce proceedings, twenty cases, selected at random out of 240 petitions filed in January, 1914, showed that six were in as a direct result of divorce proceedings; four were in as a direct result of desertion on the part of the father; five were in as a direct result of drunkenness on the part of the father; three were in as a direct result of tuberculosis in the case of parents; one was in on account of illegitimate birth and mother's inability to provide, and one was in on account of immoral mother. Applying this ratio to the total number of petitions filed in the Juvenile Court, we have 13,500 as a direct result of divorce proceedings; 9,000 as a direct result of desertion on the part of the father; 11,250 as a direct result of drunkenness on the part of the father, or a total of 33,750 on account of misconduct on the part of the parents for which the children are made to suffer.

For the purpose of further ascertaining how many children are yearly abandoned to their own devices or deprived of the comfort and support of one or the other of their parents, it was found that during January, 1914, in the Circuit Court alone there were 103 decrees of divorce, with a total number of children involved of sixty-one. There were 2,038 decrees of divorce granted in the Circuit Court alone during 1912. According to this ratio of children, there would be sixty per cent as many children as there are decrees, making 1,229 children in the Circuit Court alone, or approximately 2,500 in both the Circuit and Superior Courts per year.

Judge Petit said: "The whole theory of divorce is wrong. The law specifies certain so-called grounds for divorce, and when people want to separate they immediately consult a lawyer, put a fifty-dollar bill over his eyes so that he no longer can see his duty to society, and he tells them how to get grounds for divorce. Hundreds of cases are heard monthly in which the rankest collusion is

perpetrated. The law puts a premium on perjury and misrepresentation, and the courts are powerless under the law as it now stands to prevent its abuse."

THE sessions of the International Catholic Anti-Alcoholic Congress, held at the end of April, were of special significance in view of the organized war now being waged against the scourge of alcoholism in all the great nations of the world. Our Holy Father received the two hundred and fifty delegates, and later sent this letter to the Congress, through the Cardinal Secretary of State:

Our Holy Father Pope Pius X., who has heartily blessed the two hundred pilgrims of the International League against alcoholism, charges me to express to you and to your federation the satisfaction and gratitude he felt on receiving the testimony of your veneration and your filial submission. The Sovereign Pontiff congratulates you on the success of the splendid crusade carried on by you throughout the world, based on the principles of the Gospel and guided by the authority of the hierarchy. He prays God to fructify the zeal you are displaying against the terrible scourge, which is the enemy of men's bodies and souls, which brings in its train so many miseries physical and moral. In blessing the efforts of all the Catholic societies affiliated to your league, the Holy Father blesses the good will of all their adherents, and encourages them to persevere in their generous apostolate.

The Popes, in these latter times, have not failed to call attention to the deadly evil you are combating, and have proclaimed the necessity of prompt and efficacious remedies. Provincial councils, bishops in all parts of the world, have raised the cry of alarm, and have roused men's consciences. Following them, men of faith, of science, of action have by their words and their example produced a most salutary movement in Catholic temperance organizations. And how useful it is to show what a scourge alcoholism is in its economical, moral, and physiological effects by showing its connection with the deterioration of the individual whose health, intelligence, conscience, and liberty are diminished and ruined by it; its connection with the deterioration of the family, in which it engenders confusion and disorder; with the deterioration of society whose most important interests are menaced by it. Hence among social works there are none more pressing than this.

It will, therefore, be very pleasing to the Sovereign Pontiff to see your league still further strengthened by the accession of new Catholic societies. His Holiness earnestly expresses the desire that the clergy everywhere encourage this work of social re-education and preservation, and that they put themselves by their example in the very van of the struggle against an evil which, especially in some countries, is sowing so much shame among the faithful. But this battle will not lead to certain victory unless it be sustained through prayer, by the frequentation of the sacraments, and by the general practice of Christian mortification: "*Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it*" (Ps. cxxvi. 1). May the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ shine on men's minds and hearts, and the scourge be stayed with the train of woes it brings with it. The Holy Father is happy to bless your federation with all the societies that compose it; he blesses your most venerated protector, His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, who is showing such praiseworthy zeal in arresting the progress and suppressing the causes of alcoholism. With my personal good wishes and all my congratulations on your great and holy work, accept, gentlemen, my entire devotion in our Lord.

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

THE eleventh annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association will be held at Atlantic City, New Jersey, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 29th, 30th, July 1st, and 2d, 1914. The meeting is held under the auspices of Right Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, who has extended a cordial invitation to Catholic educators to hold their meeting in his diocese, and who has given his generous assistance in the preparation for the meeting. He has appointed Rev. W. J. McConnell, the Superintendent of Schools of the Trenton diocese, to have charge of the arrangements. An invitation is extended by the Right Reverend Bishop, by Right Reverend Monsignor Shahan, President General of the Association, and by the Presidents of the Departments, to all Catholic educators, to all pastors and teachers and others interested in Catholic education, to attend the convention.

The headquarters for the officers and committee will be at the Hotel Rudolf.

STRENGTH is born of unity; and an increase of wisdom from intelligent discussion. The work of direction, organization, and efficiency done for all the Catholic charities of the country by the National Charity Conference is incalculable. No one who attends its sessions, or reads its published reports, can go away without being convinced (if he were unconvinced before) that a goodly supply of brain as well as heart is needed to carry out charity work that will be really beneficial. It has taken a long time and untiring effort to arouse many of our Catholic institutions and organizations to the need of a National Conference, and of hearty and ready coöperation with it. But the heads of the Conference by "keeping at it" with patience and perseverance have succeeded; and no one intelligently interested in our charity institutions and our charity work, questions to-day the great and inspiring work which it is doing and will do.

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THE third biennial meeting of the Conference will be held at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., from September 20th to 23d. The following programme has been announced:

The celebrant of the solemn opening Mass will be the Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate. The Conference sermon will be preached by His Excellency Archbishop Keane of Dubuque.

There will be three general meetings of the entire Conference on the evenings of September 20th, 21st, and 22d. All of the other work of the Conference will be done in section meetings, each of which has its own programme relating to different sections of the field of relief. There are four such committees this year; one on Families; one on Sick and Defectives; one on Children, and one on Social and Civic Activities.

THE topics and speakers for the general meetings are as follows: September 20th.—"The Relation of the Federal Investigation of Industrial Relations to Problems of Poverty," Mr. F. P. Walsh, Kansas City, Chairman of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations; "The Case for Charities Indorsement Committees," Mr. Richmond Dean, Chicago; "The Case Against Charities Indorsement Committees," Dr. Charles O'Donovan, Baltimore.

September 21st.—"Training for Social Work," Dr. Charles P. Neill, New York; "Life Insurance and Social Service," Mr. T. B. Graham, New York; Reports from courses of training in practical charities given in 1913-1914: Chicago, Rev. Frederic Siedenburg, S.J.; Boston, Rev. M. J. Scanlan; Baltimore, Mr. J. W. Brooks; Cumberland, Mr. W. E. Walsh; Washington, Miss Mary Merrick; Pittsburgh, Mrs. T. Molamphy.

September 22d.—"The Scope of City Conferences of Charities," Mr. Edmond J. Butler, New York; "Typical Organization of a City Conference in Catholic Charities," Mr. J. J. Fitzgerald, Brooklyn; "The Work of the Pittsburgh Conference of Catholic Charities," Rev. Thomas Devlin; "The Work of the St. Louis City Conference of Catholic Charities," Rev. J. J. Butler.

FRANCIS McCULLAGH, known to our readers through the articles he has contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, writes with a full knowledge in the current *Dublin Review* of how the present so-called Republic of Portugal has killed the liberty of the press. Indeed, he adds, "it is difficult to think of any liberal principle which the Republicans have not violated." Portugal is largely a Conservative country; and it is quite natural to expect that it should have many Royalists, and at least a few Royalist organs.

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MR. McCULLAGH has been in touch with the beginnings and the continuation of the present régime. As a journalist he wished to keep in touch with both Republicans and Conservatives. He subscribed to the organs of both parties. It struck him that the Royalist papers had increased in size and quality; and then in quick succession they suddenly disappeared. The "Republican" government had wiped them out of existence. At present the whole of Portugal contains one small Conservative periodical, the *Naçao,* "whose life blood is periodically drained from it by fines, suppressions, and censorial delays." Every once in a while the mob wrecks its printing office, and the police never attempt to stop them. If it be said that the people do not want these Conservative papers, it may be asked in answer, Why does not the government let them die a natural death from lack of subscriptions and sales?

IN Lisbon and Oporto during the last three years, Conservative newspapers were founded, and met with immediate success. The "Republican" government took alarm. "A gang of Republican ragamuffins appeared on the scene, sacked the editorial offices, wrecked the printing works, threw the type into the gutter, and smashed the machinery. The editor appealed for police protection, but the only thing the police did was to arrest him. The Civil Governor advised the proprietors to stop publication, as they were exciting the ire of the 'patriots.' Finally these Conservative newspapers were suppressed by dictatorial decree." This shameful history was repeated throughout the whole of Portugal. Even devotional periodicals that do not touch upon politics at all are forbidden.

Only one reason exists for this indefensible tyranny of the government. The Conservative organs, "without using violent language beat the government organs in argument; they contrasted the promises with the performances of their opponents; they exposed the wholesale peculation and corruption of the new régime."

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MR. McCULLAGH contrasts the course of the present government with that of Don Carlos. The Portuguese Republicans complained of the tyranny under which they groaned. Yet all the while their great papers in Lisbon poured forth an almost uninterrupted stream of lies and filth, and were allowed to go their way, scarcely even interfered with by police or by censor.

Mr. McCullagh knows Russia well. In his opinion the subjection of the press is not half as bad in Russia as in Portugal. Through the inhuman treatment they received, many monarchist convicts in Portugal went insane, and were still kept in prison. "In Russia," adds Mr. McCullagh, "I never knew of a political prisoner who went mad, and if one did go mad, I feel sure that he would be handed over to his friends. But in Lisbon they are not handed over to their friends."

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NOT content with suppressing all native publications, the government tries to prevent foreign journalists, resident in Portugal, from doing their duty. So far in her history all that can be credited to the Republic of Portugal is that she has destroyed liberty of the press; added to the Budget; increased the number of prisons, and the expenses of living.

THE unreasonable and unreasoning opposition of the Ulster Protestants to the new Home Rule Bill, is due mainly to their hatred of the Catholic faith and fear of Catholic ascendancy in Ireland. "It is now acknowledged practically by everyone," says the *Month*, the

English Catholic magazine, "that the Ulster *imbroglio* is chiefly caused by difference of creed, in plainer terms, by the fear, fictitious or genuine, of certain Ulster Protestants that they would be, to some extent at least, deprived of their rights by a Parliament in which Catholics as a matter of course might be expected to predominate."

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THE London *Times,* the tireless opponent of Home Rule, thus recently spoke of the Orange Society and the Covenanters of Ulster:

> Anyone who has known him [the Covenanter] in his hours of ease, who has seen the streets of Belfast on a Saturday night, must have realized the nature and results of his unsympathetic materialism, the drab ugliness of a life which finds its chief recreation in religious strife and much of its consolation in strong drink.
>
> This is the creature of whom we are asked to believe that he is preparing to lay down his life to preserve the purity of Gospel teaching! The fact is that the Ulster question is a religious one in the sense that modern troubles in France have also their source in religion. It is, in other words, a movement engineered by a community possessed of little real Christianity against people whose Christianity they misrepresent and despise. We are speaking, of course, only of the motives of the Ulster Protestants, and we quite realize that many of those who abet them are actuated by other aims.

PROFESSOR T. M. KETTLE, writing on *Labor and Civilization,* thus speaks of our duty in the work of the reconstruction of industrial society: "If, on the one hand, the living wage were unattainable, if, when the skeleton went, the feast had to go, or if, on the other, the worker had finally chosen revolution as his trade, the outlook for our world would be hopeless. But although things are bad they are not so bad as that. What is essential is that the conservative should realize that there must be a great change, and that the extremist should realize that the change can only be gradual. To ignore either condition is to lose hold of the problem. The transformation cannot be catastrophic, even the theorists of Socialism have long since ceased to think in economic Jenas or Sedans. In too many parasitic or casual industries the immediate choice is between bad wages and no wages. To enforce forthwith even a moderate standard, would be to drive out all the marginal employers, and to add whole new regiments to the army of unemployment. But to torture these commonplaces into a new iron law, to linger on the difficulties and to deprecate the necessity of a changed order, is to have already declared war on the soul of labor. Forbid me to hope for myself, and it is a hard saying but not intolerable; widen that interdiction until you exile eternally from the sun my children, and my children's children, and you make peace nothing better than the drowse of poltroons.

THERE is in our midnight a hidden morrow; if we deliberately commit our energies to the task we can, year by year, and stage by stage, remoralize our society. It is that prospect, and not its actual shape, that will rally to it in faith and action the working class. They are realists, and if they see such a purpose honestly pursued, we need have no fear as to the flag of their election. We must, also, as it seems to me, be more discriminate in our alliances. *Divide et impera* is a dangerous maxim, and those spokesmen of orthodoxy who regard it as good tactics to exaggerate every difference of opinion that may chance to arise in the labor camp, to embroil its various parties, and to include them all in one impartial condemnation, are conspicuously ill-inspired. Where the cause at issue is personal vanity you may well, as the phrase goes, 'play off' one agitator against another; but when ultimate human needs come in question any such effort must be at once mean and vain.

* * * *

IF we find men, whose spiritual orientation is not altogether ours, marching in the same direction, we ought to march with them to the term of our common objective, and not separate for battle until the term has been reached. Every voluntary and every State proposal that tends to broaden the basis of property—coöperation, co-partnership, prosperity sharing, manufacturing guilds, taxation of unproductive surplus—ought to be welcomed by us. But in the end it is personality that counts. If we are to be saved we must help in the saving.

* * * *

THE great Encyclicals of Leo XIII., those spacious and noble utterances of the true social philosophy, bring all our efforts to its inevitable point.

Everyone should put his hand to the work which falls to his share, and that at once and straightway, lest the evil which is already so great become through delay absolutely beyond remedy. Those who rule the State should avail themselves of the laws and institutions of the country; masters and wealthy owners must be mindful of their duty; the poor, whose interests are at stake, should make every lawful and proper effort; and since religion alone.....can avail to destroy the evil at its root, all men should rest persuaded that the main thing needful is to return to real Christianity, apart from which all the plans and devices of the wisest will prove of little avail.....Never cease to urge upon men of every class, upon the highest placed as well as the lowly, the Gospel doctrines of Christian life."—*(Condition of the Working Classes.)*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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COMPLETING THE REFORMATION.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

I.

THE subject of the present theme is the history of the modern anti-intellectualist movement—the story of the attempt to shift the centre of human confidence from reason to sentiment, which began with the Reformation and has reached its climax in these our own times. We shall not pause to acquaint the reader with the profitableness of the study upon which we are about to embark, though it is usual to advertise one's wares, on such occasions, before beginning It is sufficient to say that not a theory of the day, scarcely—whether of nature, knowledge, religion, or man—but will have the side light of history thrown upon it, to some degree or other, as the subject unfolds, and this in itself is enough to reward a writer's toil and a reader's patience. What more illuminating than to see for oneself the relation of all these offshoot theories to the parent stem?

There must be something behind the extreme distrust with which human reason has come to be regarded, that does not disclose itself at once to view; something that has its roots struck deep in the past, and is no child of yesterday or the day before. What is it—prejudice or progress? The reader is capable of judging for himself. Not every evolution of thought is indicative of real advance; error may evolve as well as truth, and wear the

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latter's livery unabashed. Philosophers are a stubborn lot. They refuse to review their inherited starting-principles, on the ground that such a procedure would mean a return to the past. Oh! this category of time—what has truth to do with it any more, for instance, than has art? Newness is not the distinguishing mark of verity by any manner of means. The Greeks were good sculptors, though they lived in a much younger world than the modern, and good philosophers, too, though their knowledge was not so extensive as ours, nor near so rich and bursting with detail. But—we are moralizing already, instead of being up and on with our theme! Let us be off without further parleying.

The real starting-point of the modern anti-intellectualist movement was a theory concerning the nature and character of *religious belief*. The reformers of the sixteenth century preached the doctrine that faith is a matter of *trusting* rather than of *knowing*—an act not of the intellect, but of the will. The framers of this definition labored under a false impression, and allowed their prejudices to narrow the sweep of their analytic vision, though they thought it very deep and broad. The traditional Catholic doctrine had it, that faith is "an *intellectual assent* to truths revealed by God, on account of the authority of God revealing;" an act of the intellect commanded by the will. The reformers overlooked—men always do when they have a political or religious axe to grind—the second part of this definition, which has reference to the will, and confined their attention exclusively to the first part of it, in which the intellect is given prominence. The result was the raising of the false cry that this doctrine meant a "syllogistic" and "discursive" faith—a *frigida opinio* which charity, perforce, had to be called in to warm. Nothing could have been wider of the mark than this astonishing misapprehension. When the schoolmen defined faith as an intellectual assent, it was far from their minds to consider it an act of pure reason, a product of the intellect working in chilly isolation from the rest of man's powers of soul, especially that of will. It was not a reasoned conclusion at all, the faith which they so defined. They expressly repudiated the idea that faith is a *reasoning* act, a logical deduction, a scientific conclusion, a purely argumentative result or consequence. What they said was that faith is *reasonable,* capable, that is, of being *reasoned,* which is quite another thing.

Faith is reasonable and truly intellectual, said they, because it presupposes motives of credibility perceived by reason, sufficient to

justify the assent of the intellect, when the will urges the latter to acquiesce. It is reasonable, also, because it furnishes the mind with a motive and an object of the intellectual order; the motive being the authority of God, and the object a truth to be believed, both of which could at least be *apprehended,* however far short of their *comprehension* the mind might actually fall. And it was reasonable, furthermore, in the sense that it might be reasoned out, though *in its very act* faith is not critical, reasoning, or discursive. The schoolmen never claimed that there is a strictly *logical* continuity between science and faith, such as would make the act of faith itself the conclusion of a syllogism. Neither did they fall into the opposite extreme of creating a complete gap of severance, *psychologically,* between the two.

Divine providence and human prudence work together, the former being no substitute for the latter. God is light, and in light He wishes us all to walk towards Him, seeing the way and the goal, the while He leads us on. Courage, generosity, confidence, self-abandonment, "taking the plunge," as converts say, all these may be prerequisites or accompaniments of conversion, but this does not mean that the lamp of reason is extinguished. Absolute darkness is not God's way of dealing with men, since He did not create us blind. Faith is indeed no vision of truth, but neither is it, on the other hand, a blind leap in the dark. It shines upon the *exterior* of the object—the truth, namely, to be believed, even though it does not light that object up from the inside. Science is, therefore, outside faith, not within it. Preliminaries there are, and many, such as credibility, evidence, the fact of revelation, and the urge of our own needs and longings, but these are all this side of the threshold of faith, and enter not into the constitution of its act. Reason and criticism may have their true place and part, within due limits, in the act of faith, but only as *preliminaries.* They may conduct us to the sanctuary, but there they stop, to make room for the will, for grace, and for supernatural light.

To believe on the word of another, and, in this case, on the word of God, is faith in all its purity. We close our eyes, as it were, to be all ears. "Master," said the apostolic fisherman, "we have labored all the night, and have caught nothing, but *at Thy word,* we will let down the net." And was it not the Master Himself Who said that "unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven?" To believe simply and solely because God has spoken; to know and affirm a truth, not because we see it,

but because God has said it—that, and none other, is Christian faith. The sole motive is the authority of the One speaking, and the will is free to demand this homage of the intellect, or to refuse acquiescence in the moral sovereignty and veracity of God. It is no mere "trusting," though trust and confidence accompany our assent. The Witness is *known* to be worthy, infinitely so, that we should confide in Him, and make the knowledge which He communicates our very own, by conforming our mind to His. It was this broad-based conception of faith, as *the appropriation of Another's knowledge,* that gave it a social character, kept it objective, and at the same time prevented it from lapsing into instinctive belief, irrational confidence, or the fogginess of mere sentiment. It is a fact all too patent that life is full of appropriated, as distinct from personal or direct, knowledge. Life would be small, indeed, if we did not live in union and communion with our fellowmen to the extent, at least, of making the knowledge of others ours by faith. Not one of us is capable, out of his own individual resources, to win in life's brief span what the race has won in the long ascending pathway of the years. We have to appropriate the lights of others to keep our own little flickering flame aglow. And how sadly lacking would our knowledge be, how bleak and bare it actually is, when we refuse to appropriate the knowledge which God has generously stooped to put within our reach, through the noble and additional light of faith, which leads the intellect captive, only to bestow upon it in captivity a larger vision than before.

One word more ere we turn from this to kindred matters that wait insistent on consideration. A short distance back we spoke of the intellect doing this, and the will doing that, in the act of faith. But we were *analyzing* when we did so, and when one analyzes, things have to be considered separately. It is not the habit of the mind to analyze two things at once, but rather to take them piecemeal, so as to give to each its meet and due appraisal. The schoolmen followed this analytic method in their searching inquiries into the complex elements that go to make up the act of Christian faith, and the result was that they were completely misunderstood by the Reformation critics, who did not realize the world of difference that lies between considering things *separately,* and considering them *as separate.* The latter thought never even entered the minds of the schoolmen, who regarded the various faculties of man as always acting in concert, never singly or apart. The unity of the subject acting—a concrete, individual, undivided man—gave unity

and continuity to the functions of his different faculties, where nothing went on in isolation. It was the man, in all cases, who did the thinking by means of his intellect, and the willing with his will. There was no separation, there could be none, in such an interacting organic whole, as is the human individual; in such a sympathetic agency, alert, and alive to all going on within it, from rim to centre, as is the mind of man. The latter is a circulating life, and its faculties are not locked up in non-communicating compartments. So that when the schoolmen spoke of the motives of credibility, of the assent of the intellect, and the commanding of the will, it was of one complex, living, interacting thing they were speaking—for it is the same undivided mind which discerns the motives of credibility, and sees that the authority of God speaking is a guarantee for accepting the truths revealed, however obscure these may appear—infinitely more sure and reliable than any intrinsic evidence. Faith was, therefore, according to them, no *frigida opinio* of the intellect—it was not an opinion at all, but a total and complete act of self-surrender, if by the latter you understand an intellectual, truly human act, and not the mere promptings of unenlightened sentiment. There is light in it, as well as confidence and love. We cannot consider the last two of these, and studiously ignore the first, without signally failing to do justice to the problem as a whole.

The incomplete analysis which the reformers made of Christian faith, its character and conditions, reduced it to a mere act of confidence, blind hitherward and fore, with no fringes of light streaming forth from its edges, to preserve its psychological continuity with man's naturally acquired knowledge of the world and God. The reformers recognized no theology which was not at the same time a christology. Let us turn our attention away, they said, from the God of nature to the God of grace, to Whom we have access directly through Christ, His fullest revelation. This contemptuous dismissal of natural theology shut off the pagan world, which knew not Christ, from all possibility of salvation. The narrowness of the view was strikingly made apparent, when the exploration of America, then but recently discovered, revealed the existence of tribes upon tribes of Indians living in utter ignorance of Christ's glad tidings. Were these wild red men within the reach of saving faith and grace? Catholic theologians fell back for answer upon the doctrine of St. Thomas, that explicit faith—supernatural, of course—in God the Rewarder is tantamount to implicit faith in

Christ the Mediator, and so they held out for these benighted folk of forest and stream the possibility of salvation, through the supernatural providence of God, to the activity of which no bounds could be set by man. The breadth of their theological principles allowed them to do so, without sacrifice of doctrine. Not so, however, was it with the Protestant theologians of the time, all of whom, with but a solitary exception—Moïse Amyraut (1634)—consigned the Indians *en masse* to perdition. The Protestant theory of faith, as an explicit, unwavering trust in Christ, was too narrow and exclusive to cover the case of "them that sit in darkness." The rejection of the intellectual character of Christian faith, the spurning of all "natural" theology, and the restriction of the workings of grace to the Christian community of elect believers, did not make for breadth of view or merciful width of application. Our logical sins of omission all come back, soon or late, to shame us for our patrician pride or courted paltriness. It behooves all of us to make and keep our analyses complete, if we would be set down in history as lovers of the whole truth, rather than short-sighted worshippers of one, only, of its facets. Reformers seldom see the best side of what they are reforming. If they did they might not be reformers.

It must be already apparent, from the way our theme is running, that the exclusion of the human intellect from all vital and direct participation in the act of Christian faith, partook more of the nature of politico-religious expediency than of broad and objective scholarship. Forged in the white heat of controversy, a misconception of what is meant and implied by "intellectual assent" became a serviceable weapon of religious warfare. The false charge of a "cold," "syllogistic" faith served admirably the destructive ends in view. It persists to this day, not withdrawn or tempered in the slightest, thus furnishing an instructive example of the slow-footedness of truth in overtaking falsehood in its wildfire course. The reform movement really battened and throve on this misdirected criticism of Catholic doctrine. Anti-intellectualist to the core, it kept hammering away at the rational in religion, until it seemed a bruised and battered thing. And there is nothing, perhaps, in history, that did more to injure Christianity in the eyes of thinking men, than the fostering of this spirit of antagonism to reason, which could only mean to lovers of the light, wherever found, that faith had lost its lion-heartedness, and forsworn its virility and cosmopolitan character. The public road of

reason was abandoned for the private way of sentiment, Christian thought retiring ingloriously from the open, competitive field of the rational consciousness, with its surrounding sun-lit hills, into the private inner rooms of the spirit, as much as to say to the great world of rational inquiry, in its struggling efforts to build up a scheme of truth that would quiet the mind no less than the heart of man: "We have no sympathy or points of contact with you. We are content to *feel,* caring neither to *know* nor *prove.*" The individual's *sense of things* thus became more valuable to him than the truth. He saw the latter according to his own private feelings, reason being really no more for him than a floating wick in a cup of personal sentiment. How had the mighty fallen!

The individual thus cut himself off from the august tradition of the past, retired within his own small shell, refused to appropriate the beliefs of others, resented all invasion of his religious privacy, and started to fashion a creed of his own, out of such elements as best fell in with his temperamental likings, setting up his own private experience against the larger public experience which is *history*—that inexhaustible treasury of truth and good which no man singly is great enough to discover, because the wisdom of the ages is not vouchsafed to one, but comes from seeing eye to eye, and walking hand in hand, the centuries through, along the pathway of light and love, that is foreordained of God to be trodden by men. It was as if the water, pocketed in a pool by some generous overrunning wave, should forget its orphanhood, and set itself up in contented rivalry to the parent sea—a drop against the ocean!

This purely personal attitude drove religious thought from broad into restricted channels. Attention suddenly shifted from the objective to the subjective side of religion, and, as always happens where attention shifts so suddenly under stress of feeling, the side considered promptly proceeded to force the other side out of recognition. Because the doctrines of Christian faith could be personally experienced, as they had been by the mystics—who were and are, by the way, but one type of the Christian believer, not to be made solitary and sole as if no other types existed—it by no means followed that these doctrines could not also be apprehended, and intelligently thought out, too, in their relation to the rest of man's life and knowledge. And yet it was towards this negative and exclusive conclusion, not to say goal, that the whole reform movement drifted. The affirmative proposition that religion may *also* be a

matter of personal experience, was turned into the exclusive proposition that religion is a matter of personal experience *only*—an arbitrary conversion of statements at variance alike with logic and with history. Experience thus became the sole source and test of religious truth, and reason was stricken off the list of the factors of religion. Henceforth it was to be no more than a convenient lamp for exploring sentiment, for analyzing the contents of religious experience. As a constructive power, working up to or upon the rich material furnished by revelation, it was summarily silenced, as having no right to speak. It was in the heat of religious controversy, therefore, and in pursuance of a hostile religious purpose that reason was first put down from its seat of primacy, and sentiment set up usurpingly in its stead. The remark is important, and will repay careful noting for the light it throws upon what followed.

The religious parentage of the intellectualist movement is not always frankly acknowledged in histories of philosophy. The introductory theological chapter, upon which we have just dwelt at some length, is omitted, and the movement made to appear, in consequence, as wholly of philosophical origin—an independent development of the human mind in the power of self-criticism and reflection. This effect is secured by tracing the beginnings of the downfall of the intellect to the labored criticisms of that faculty, made by Immanuel Kant in the last quarter of the eighteenth century (1781-1794). Kant, it is confidently asserted, as the result of a most dispassionate inquiry which he made into the subject—all inquiries in line with our prepossessions are dispassionate!—came to the conclusion that the power of reason is exceedingly limited, and our confidence in its capacity for leadership sadly misplaced; the inference which we are expected to draw being, that the modern hostility to reason, in matters, especially, that concern religion, has no theological affiliations or dependence, but is a child of pure philosophy itself.

This explanation is misleading and incomplete. Anti-intellectualism flourished as a religious movement, for two hundred years and more, before Kant started it on an additional career in philosophy. The Königsberg critic merely extended to human knowledge in general the Lutheran theory of religious knowledge in particular. He was not the originator, but the philosopher, of anti-intellectualism. Long before he wrote his criticism of the powers of reason, he had prejudged the case which he was after-

wards, with such apparent impartiality, to try. It is altogether too much, furthermore, to ask us to suppose that his philosophy was a closet production, unaffected by the religious currents of the times, uninfluenced by any temperamental leanings towards the hostile views of reason then in the air. Philosophies so pure as that are not ordinary earthly visitants. We cannot take Immanuel Kant out of the religious atmosphere in which he was nurtured; or look upon the adverse conclusions which he drew, as the products of a mind that had no preferential interest, one way or the other, in their drawing. But of this later. It is a story all by itself that must not be told out of due time.

The historians of philosophy are so fond of telling us about the enslaving influence which the *positive dogmas* of Christianity exerted on the thought of the schoolmen, that they conveniently forget to remind us of the overwhelming prejudice which the *negative, exclusivist dogmas* of the Protestant reform engendered in the modern mind. The kettle always calls the pot black, we imagine, because kettles happen to be more observant than introspective. What matters most in such cases—we are still speaking of Kant—is not *what* a man says, so much as *how* and *why* he came to say it. When we secure a glimpse behind the scenes, we are in a far better position to judge of the objective worth of a man's statements, because we are able more accurately to compute the rate of discount to be allowed for prejudice conscious or concealed. Philosophers are products of their times, like everyone else; they are effects as well as causes; nor do they, like Minerva, spring, full-formed, from the mind of Jove. When we look completely into the sources, out of which the present distrust of reason sprang, we find that a religious reaction had a vast deal more to do with it than is generally acknowledged or recorded. And this is a point well won to our advantage, did we but realize it as we should.

The leaders of the religious reaction of the sixteenth century hardly foresaw the sweeping philosophy of nescience that was to spring from the loins of their sentimental theory of faith. The rupture with rational religion was at first only partial, but the seeds of dissolution which were sown in theology soon spread to the neighboring field of philosophy, and there brought forth a second crop of negations wider and more far-reaching than the first. What would the reformers have thought, if they could peer into the distant future, and hear the complaint uttered, that their work of demolition was left incomplete, because of their failure to

expunge from the slate of human consciousness every vestige of rational truth? That is precisely the lament, expressed in their regard, by the late Professor James, who takes Luther and Kant equally to task for having clung to some shreds of the ancient metaphysics, instead of throwing the whole cargo overboard, and admitting outright that religion was irrational from top to bottom, and the whole universe along with it, for that matter. So, you see, some anti-intellectualists are more frank than others in acknowledging that their aim and object is to complete the Reformation, by making the wheel of negation swing full-circle, instead of stopping it half-way in its revolution, as the reformers tried to do. It becomes necessary, therefore, if we are to understand the derationalizing movement of the sixteenth century in its relation to the past and to the future, to go back some distance into history to see how matters stood before its advent, and then to come forward with it, as it gradually breaks its religious bounds, and spreads over the whole field of modern philosophy, like a flood.

For sixteen centuries the rational character, that is to say, the *reasonableness,* of the Christian religion had been universally acknowledged. "Christianity," says Illingworth,[1] in this connection, " from the day when St. Paul first encountered philosophers at Athens, has claimed to be a philosophical religion—a religion, that is to say, which, though avowedly based on revelation, appealed to the intellect no less than to the heart; throwing a new and larger light upon the problems of philosophy, as well as on the perplexities of ordinary life; and ready to prove, at the bar of reason, its intrinsic superiority to all rival speculations on the mysteries of things. 'Whom ye ignorantly'—or agnostically—'worship,' says St. Paul, 'Him declare I unto you.'" The crown and climax of all previous thoughts and aspirations, Christianity claimed it could be truly recognized as such by reason, and this keynote, struck in the New Testament, continues to resound through Christian history; apologists, Fathers of the Church, and theologians, all chorusing that " reasonable service " of which the Apostle speaks, all singing, with full hearts, of the dignity, capacity, and light inherent in the intellect and reasoning powers of man. The exceptions usually quoted to show a break in the continuity of this tradition are but three, and not one of them is really to the point. We shall dispatch their consideration briefly, and only in so far as they serve to throw a counter-light on the

[1] *Reason and Revelation,* p. 2.

situation which followed. They are well worth delaying to consider, and will assist in clearing the mental atmosphere of clouds.

Tertullian's famous utterance—*Credo quia impossibile*—marks no departure from the universal attitude, though it is usually trotted out as an instance to the contrary. The lawyer-theologian of Carthage, when he employed this stinging phrase at the end of the second century, was arguing *ad hominem,* and not analyzing the motives of Christian belief. He nowhere shows any signs of having entertained the idea, so often wrongly laid to his account, that the very absurdity of the doctrines taught by Christianity constituted for him their sole and chief title to acceptance. We must, at least, do a lawyer, however ancient, the credit of knowing how to plead; and if his shafts are tipped with the barb of sarcasm, it is rather naïve, considering lawyers!—to think that they are directed against himself. It was not the reasonableness of the religion of Christ which he was repudiating, but the pretentious knowledge of its mysteries, to which the Gnostics of the time laid claim. To these sophisticated mortals, who knew everything knowable and a few other things besides, the simplicity of the Gospel narrative was an absurdity that amounted almost to a scandal. Tertullian neatly turned the edge of their pompous misgivings by the contemptuous retort that he preferred simple absurdity to learned, and that he would have nothing to do with their patronizing pedantry and spurious enlightenment. *Quid academiæ et Ecclesiæ? Quid Platoni et Jesu Christo?* Those who see in Tertullian's rebuke of the Gnostics a condemnation of all reason in matters of religion, are those who attempt to read back into the second century the prejudices of the sixteenth. Tertullian was not ashamed of reason, only of its misuse. He points a moral, he does not adorn a tale.

In the thirteenth century—a long leap from the second—Siger of Brabant and Boëthius of Dacia apparently turned aside from the common tradition regarding the reasonableness of Christianity, when they broached the view that a man might keep his religion and his science in separate mental packages, believing by faith, for instance, that the world was created in time, yet knowing all the while by reason that it existed from eternity.

This lone attempt to divorce faith from knowledge, and to introduce contradictoriness into the very nature and constitution of truth, arose in a peculiar way, which discounts the significance attached to it by Protestant historians. A study of the documents

of the times reveals the fact that these two reactionaries slavishly regarded Aristotle as the unimpeachable spokesman of human reason. They attributed demonstrative force to dialectical arguments, which the great Greek himself, when discussing the question of the world's origin, had never regarded as exceeding the bounds of probability; and when it was once pointed out that they had sadly misread their sources—Aristotle himself disowning their overestimate of his powers!—the whole fabric of their theory collapsed like a house of cards. They had invested the master-mind of antiquity with a false finality; it was impossible, they thought, either to recast or criticize his philosophy; and so, to make room for their unduly magnified oracle, they revived the theory of the Arab philosopher, Averroës, and declared that faith and knowledge, Moses and Aristotle, might be conceived as co-existing contraries, without harm to either. It was not that they loved rational religion less, but Aristotle more.

Siger of Brabant, Boëthius of Dacia, Simon de Tournai, and other minor lights of the period, would never have had their mediocrity so extolled in the history of philosophy if the anti-intellectualists of post-Reformation times had not detected in them a certain "family resemblance," and rescued from oblivion the only thinkers of the Middle Ages, who were so completely enslaved to the word of the Stagirite that they preferred the vocation of an echo to that of a critic. The fittest do not always survive in history. Much depends on whether they are "mental relatives," and have the physiognomy of the family. The invention of ancestry is one of the best things the race has ever done in fiction.

And the mystics, we must not forget them! What vilipender of reason and champion of feeling has failed to claim this holy ancestry for his very own! May they be adduced—these noble souls that felt the burning links that bound them fast to God—may they be adduced in favor of the general Protestant and liberalist theory that religion is a matter of personal experience, and in no sense an intellectual conviction? "Thou art trifling, Horatio." The mystics never *divorced* faith from knowledge, or looked upon religion as the enjoyment of irrationality. They admitted *external and objective* criteria by which to test the truth of their experiences. They submitted their private feelings to the judgment of the public Church. They went down into experience *with* conviction, not *for* it—the exact reverse of what they should have done to become the ancestors of the modern liberals. It is only by detaching their

previous intellectual knowledge of the truths of faith, from their subsequent experiencing of these same verities, that the mystics can be transferred to the anti-intellectualist camp. Harnack says somewhere that the man who sees in the mediæval mystics the beginnings of a separatist movement in religion is a dilettante in church history, and for once we agree with him without reservation. The mystics never even dreamt of *separating* the individual from the social side of religion; the affections from the intellect; the *light of love* from the *love of light*. Their habit of suppressing all reasoning processes was a *method of mental prayer*, a means to devotion, and not, as the ancestor-hunters claim, a repudiation of the intellectual character of Christian faith. They were far from being professional advocates of irrationality in religion—champions of the heart in opposition to the intellect. They were not modern enough to tumble headlong into the fallacy of dismembering the human mind.

Down to the very eve of the Reformation, therefore, the reasonableness of the religion of Christ was universally acknowledged. The noble idea ran, like a filament, through the thought of Christianity, Eastern and Western, that reason is a created participation in the light of the mind of God Himself, an indelible image of the Divine in man. "Thou hast stamped upon us the light of Thy countenance, O Lord! In Thy light, we shall see light!" And then, suddenly, the lamp that God had lit in the mind of man, according to the Christian teaching of the centuries, was extinguished. A harsh voice was heard, declaring reason the "devil's bride." Martin Luther had come upon the scene. Thought had swung clear over to the opposite pole. Reason was banned, proscribed, vilified, actually laughed out of the sanctuary of religion. The Reformation had begun! So had the anti-intellectualist movement, the past connections and future course of which still await treatment at our hands.

THE CARRIER OF CHRIST.

BY ALICE DEASE.

HIS name, of course, was Christopher, but it was in deed as well as word that he was the carrier of Christ, and this in a way that no one would have thought of but a chosen soul such as he. We knew him as Christy, the net mender, long before we heard the reason for his other name. He lived in a one-roomed cottage, white-walled like its neighbors, and windowless, but spotlessly clean and with two doors, one of which was always open, at least whenever the old man was within. There was a dresser in the house, and two boxes, a chair and table, a creepie stool, and the universal four-post bed of the west, built into the wall beside the hearth.

Half of the length of the kitchen was low, for an open loft ran between it and the rafters, on which in the other half Christy's weather-worn hens roosted happily amongst the soot. Visible in the loft was a brass-studded, hide-covered trunk, a family heirloom which had descended to its present owner as the last of his race. In bygone days this trunk had been bright with the red and white mottling of the cattle of the country, but two voyages round the world in company with Christy's sailor father, and the ravages since then of time and smoke, had stolen away its hair and its coloring, and now, brown as they, it stood beside a heap of fishing nets that always lay up there in the loft; nets waiting either to be mended, or to be taken away mended by their owners.

Under the loft the *mwheelin* cow, very small and bony, with the head bare of horns that gave her breed their name, had a freshly swept corner to herself, except during the season of the year when she possessed a calf of that newer race known as congested, in deference to the board that tries to improve the stock in such districts as that in which the parish of Incrona lies.

Christy is said to be a man of moods, but I think it is rather that he is at times too much engrossed with his prayers to pay much heed to anyone. For days at a time he has no more than a curt greeting even for those to whom he occasionally unbends. "God and Mary with you;" "My blessing and the blessing of God be about you, now and forever;" "May the roof of heaven give shelter to all belonging to you;" "May the seven blessings be upon you

and your seven generations." At other times he may have longer, sweeter greetings to give in Irish, some dating back into the past when such formulas were of daily usage amongst our forefathers, some more likely of his own composing, but wonderfully poetical and spiritual too.

It was one day down on the shore that he told us of his annual pilgrimage to Galway, to celebrate Rosary Sunday there. We came upon him fixing corks on a hopeless looking tangle of drawnets, and we could not help wondering if the Apostles had had anything corresponding to dog fish to contend with in the Sea of Galilee. Some time previously Christy had invited us to go and see "the beautiful way he had the walls of his kitchen, an' they whitewashed blue." Accordingly we had gone up the mountain a week or so before, only to be told by a neighboring woman that Christy had gone "*stravagueing* off, God knows where."

We told him this, and he answered at once with reproach and subdued indignation in his voice: "Didn't the creature know well it was in to Galway I'd gone," he said. "Is there ever a blessin' of the Roses I've missed in the Claddagh, these years back, since the Mother of God was after gettin' the cure of the old head for me."

And with his fingers darting in and out, until the tangled net was smooth beneath them, he told us the story.

"Back there, one time, I did use to be gettin' a great deal from me head, be turns. 'Twas not so to say a pain I had in it, but a heavy lightness, an' a squeezin' like. There was parties did be tellin' me if I could keep the Mother of God in mind of it, she'd be getting it cured on me whatever. Well it so happened I had business that took me into Galway o' Rosary Sunday, when the White Friars does be blessin' of roses in her honor. There wasn't one in the chapel there before me, only meself, but had some kind of a likeness to a rose in his hands. There was one kneelin' alongside of me, in the one seat like, a low sized, aged girl, an' she with a bunch of them.

"'Will you give me a flower,' says I when I sees the way things was, 'one of them flowers you have there, for to put in me hat?'

"'I will not then,' says she, as sour as you please. 'They're holy, blessed flowers,' says she, 'an' not for decoratin' nonsense,' says she.

"There was daisies growin' outside of the chapel, an' since I couldn't get a rose, like the others, didn't I go pluck a daisy in its

place, an' when it come to the blessin' I ups with it, an' holds it out with the best of them.

" ''Tis for roses the blessin' is,' says that one to me after, an' we comin' out, 'an' not for them weeds.'

" 'But sure, didn't God Almighty see how I'd done what I could, an' me knowin' no better. I'm right sure He blessed the daisy, too, that time!' Never another year did I go without the roses themselves, an' I kep' them after within in the old *caubeen.*"

He took off his hat, and showed us the dry brown remains of a rose, indistinguishable had we not been told what it was, tucked safely into the lining.

" 'Tis a wonder, now, all she done for me," he went on musingly. " If ever the head came at me after, I off with the old *caubeen,* an' 'Mother of God; remember me,' says I. That's what the Friar bid me say. A powerful man, and a great speaker entirely, God bless him. An' she has me right cured, this time back," he concluded, " thanks be to her and to her holy Son."

It must be owned that amongst the neighbors Christy had the reputation of being a bit of an oddity, nevertheless the whispered conviction that he was a saint was proudly upheld, at least when Christy himself was not by. It was probable that not one of those who talked him over after Sunday Mass, or round the hearthstone of an evening, had ever heard of " a fool for Christ's sake," but had they known of such a title, so would they have explained the oddity of Christy.

No one doubted but that his prayers brought a blessing on the parish, yet any hint to him that God Almighty gave to his petitions what was granted more tardily or not at all to others, was met with such real anger, almost with fear, from the old man, that even amongst themselves the people, unless questioned, spoke but little of their convictions on this point. Only when in trouble, when wife or child or beast was sick, then were Christy's prayers entreated, and on the silent understanding that there must be no talk of him if the prayers were favorably answered by God, they were offered constantly, insistently, and more often than was publicly known, the man or beast that was sick grew strong again.

The chapel woman had a grievance against Christy. " I can't keep him from them pictures," she complained, when first the Stations of the Cross were put in line upon the gray plaster walls of the new building, which chiefly through American generosity had lately taken the place of the mud-walled church of old. " He's at me of a mornin' for the key, an' at night as likely he'll be at them

till its black dark an' not a stim could any Christian see, not if all the pictures of Ireland was in it." Yet the seashore was his favorite place of prayer, or the bare hillside, whereon his field and garden lay.

A gray road lines the parish from north to south, edging the sea, which is its western boundary, so closely that in places the rock on which the roadway lies is washed bare at seasons when the tide is high. Nowhere does this road leave the sea further away than a narrow span, perhaps no wider than a sloping band of rocks, or at most of width to allow a salty sandy strip of pasture to lie, where mountain sheep grow to vie with the famed Pré sallé of French Epicureanism, or where small cows lick up the grass that, though short and scant, is delicate of flavor.

Eastwards a chain of mountains make a glorious land of reflections for summer sunsets, and form all the year round a sheltering screen for the white-walled houses that are scattered along their lower slopes. The poor, though incessantly cultivated fields, from which the people eke out the living granted to them by the fishing, stretch from the rocks of the mountains to the road which skirts the rocks of the shore. The houses mostly lie in groups, and each group is dignified by the name of village, though they have not got a street between them all to give even so much semblance to a village of the east.

Only a few houses, such as Christy's own, stand quite by themselves, and these, with the strange perverseness that the use of a foreign tongue amongst folk of little education leads to, are said to be in a town, that is, a literal translation of the Baile of the Gael which was elastic enough to designate either a dwelling or gathering of houses, large or small, and also the measurement of country which in English is defined in greater detail as a townsland.

Christy's home and garden lay in the townsland of Ganorena, a lovelier spot could scarcely be imagined. Whether the mountain was green with the spring growth of grass and bracken, or purple with heather in summer and autumn, or golden-russet with the winter coloring of the fern, it was equally beautiful, whilst the wide stretch of the sea, never the same for an hour at a time, reflected the soft pearly lights of the Connemara atmosphere. The long, long generations when the silence of any bell, for Catholics, was imperative, has produced a curious indifference, now that religious freedom is ours, to the Ave Maria, the Angelus bell of other Catholic countries. Down at the new chapel a new bell hangs, but unless the serving boy is later than usual coming to Mass, its tones are seldom heard from Sunday to Sunday. Yet in Ganorena, at

least the Angelus is said at six of the morning, at noon, and at six of the night, and this with mechanical regularity. How is it that Christy knows the hours so well? He has no watch or clock to warn him of their approach, the sun is too often behind gray clouds in Connemara to be a guide unfailing, and those who have sat beside the old man's fire on a winter's evening, or watched with him some suffering beast on winter's mornings, before there is a glimmer of dawn, tell how suddenly he breaks off in his talk to say the Angelus, or turning from the cow or horse he kneels there in the byre, with gray head bared and face to the east, and unquestioning certainty which is never deceived, that six of the morning or of the night has come, and so it is time to praise the Mother of God because of the Incarnation of her Son for us.

At noon the same sense seems to guide him. We have seen him on the shore kneeling amongst his nets, or in his garden plot with half-dug ridges round about him. Once, too, in the market square of the town, before the bell had sounded, which there is rung, though not with punctuality beyond reproach, Christy's consciousness had told him that noon had come, and without moving from the busy throng he knelt down there on the pavement, unnoticed except by those close by, and undisturbed by them.

A passing prelate one day had his attention drawn, from the window of his railway carriage, to a figure kneeling bareheaded on the platform of the station, whilst the Angelus tolled out its call, unheeded by too many, from the neighboring church tower.

"There is faith," he said, and he raised his own hat from his head. "Thank God for such a sight."

And the sight, of course, was Christy. Yet kneeling is often far from easy to the poor old bones. A life of long exposure has brought on rheumatics, which, however, are borne without a murmur. "A plaster is it?" he met the suggestion of a possible remedy with disinclination, for different reasons, either to accept or to refuse. Any approach to incivility was not to be thought of, and yet—. "A plaster now? Well mightn't it only have me rattled. Maybe I'd better abide by God Almighty, for mustn't He take turns out of all of us, now and again?"

Yet the threatened loss of one of his hands obliged Christy not only to have recourse to doctoring, but even to agree to a journey to a Dublin hospital. Here the hand got well, of itself, contrary to the doctors expectations, yet only in accordance with Christy's firm belief.

"There's plenty needing to ask for charity without my comin'

to that," he had said. "God Almighty won't be takin' from me what earns the bit that keeps me in it. If He took me, itself, wouldn't it be well for me, but welcome be His holy will."

It happened that the feast of Corpus Christi came during the time of Christy's visit to Dublin, and a fellow convalescent took him out to see the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at the Passionists' retreat of Mount Argus. He did not speak much afterwards of his experiences, but when the next year came he asked the priest why didn't he carry our Lord out through the parish, as the priests away in Dublin carried Him through their garden, so that He might bless the homes and the fields of the people as long ago He had blessed the homes of Judea and Galilee. But the traditions of Incrona parish held no record of Corpus Christi processions, and though no one had more respect for Christy than the priest, the request was refused.

But the old man, besides taking part in the Mount Argus procession, had also heard the sermon that was previously preached, in which the honor given to God by such a carrying, and the blessing bestowed on those He thus passed by, had been told in words of burning zeal, and Christy determined that if the rest of Ireland was still to be behind the times in giving this honor and getting this blessing, Incrona should no longer bear this loss, in so far as he was able to prevent it.

The new church as yet boasts no confessional, and Christy was a very white figure that Corpus Christi morning as he knelt against the altar rails, close inside which the priest was sitting to hear confessions before Mass. Coat and trousers, and to-day even waistcoat of *bainin* flannel, were white and spotless. The clothing had all been bleaching in the sun for days after their last washing. His hair, too, was white, only his hands and face were tanned to brown, and when he turned to regain his place, we saw—an unusual sight—that a bunch of red roses which grow apparently wild amongst some of the Connemara rock, were pinned to the front of his coat.

The chapel woman complained that he had spent nearly all the previous afternoon in church, but once Mass was over, having made his thanksgiving after Holy Communion, he started out, and was not seen again within the chapel walls till afternoon. He spoke to no one, passing out, but went at leisurely pace along the road turning at the first *bohreen,* below the nearest village, and mounting the slope that leads thereto. His head was bare, his hands folded on his breast, and for a few short minutes he stood beside the group of houses, evidently engrossed in prayer.

From this first village he went down again to the road, and on until a second *bohreen* came. So was a second village visited, and then a third and fourth, until there was scarcely a house in the parish outside which he had not stood and prayed. The banks on either side of him, wherever he went, were spread with growing flowers. The sky was a great blue canopy above his head, and at his feet the silvery sea was calm and smiling. The birds with the busyness of early summer still upon them, twittered and sang as the old man passed. They at least, he did not doubt, knew that he was carrying Christ, with all the reverence he knew how to show, through the length and breadth of the parish, just to do honor to the Son of God and to bring His blessing upon the place and people.

"Tis a mighty poor carriage I was for Him," he made no secret to the priest of what he had done that day, "but I could do no better. His own words of absolution had made the heart of me clean, to carry Him within in it, and what soap and water and the bleaching of the sun could do for old bits of *bainin,* these hands had seen to it that that was done. I stopped at the houses," he went on to explain, "time enough for Him to give His blessing to the souls within in them. He had His own flowers along the way, an' maybe the songs o' the birds, and the clean lappin' of the sea made music for Him full as well as many a choir."

Then came the final visit to the chapel. The anxious prayer that what was done in all respect might in God's mercy be taken as a pledge of reverence and love, and so give Him honor in places where he had too often had offence. "We want Him roundabout the countryside, to bless us an' forgive. Aye, an' more than others do we want to give Him glory, for they others, away in cities, maybe they don't know Him, an' they sinnin' out the likes of us. We know Him, an' we offend Him with our sins, knowin' better."

Christy's breakfast that day was taken about three of the afternoon. Since Mass time he had carried Christ through the lonely, lovely parish, untired, because he had no thought to spare for his own fatigue from the Burden he had chosen to bear.

When another feast of Corpus Christi comes, this uncanonized St. Christopher of Incrona will repeat his round of praise and blessing, unless it may be that the call of death should reach Him first. And if it does there is not a one in all the parish, down from the priest himself, who doubts but that the Christ he carried will instead carry the old man through the grim portals and up, with very little delay, up to the steps of the heavenly throne, where, praising God, he surely will pray still for Incrona and for Ireland.

PROPERTY—ITS RIGHTS AND DUTIES.[1]

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

THE Incarnation—the Birth, the Life, the Suffering, the Death, the Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord, Who is God and Man—is the central fact of history. And it is a fact so spiritual and so universal that its interpretation has been very gradual. That it has a social interpretation as well as an individual one, is as certain as that noonday follows the dawn. The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all men shall see it together. Now what we most need at the present time is a social interpretation of property in the light of the Incarnation, and the book we are about to review is an excellent attempt in the right direction.

The God of Israel was the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and He set aside a peculiar people, among whom His Son was to be born, to live, to work, and to die. They were led as a nation to accept the truth that God ruled human life in all its relations, and having this idea they applied it with varying faith and fidelity to their individual and social experiences. Whatever else the religion of the Israelites may have been, it was undoubtedly the secret of their social welfare—it explained, it inspired, it limited their daily life and all the desires that arose therefrom. Let us take, for instance, the case of private property among the Jews, and see how their religion affected that. When David presented the offerings of the people towards the building of the Temple, his address to God gives clear, though unintentional, expression to the Jewish view of property. "O Lord, our God, all this store is from Thy hand, and all things are Thine....O Lord, the God of our fathers, keep this forever in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of Thy people." Here then is the one fact about property which David prays that God may establish in the heart of his people, the fact that whatever a man has, he must hold with a deep and ever present sense of his responsibility towards God for its proper social use. The history of the Jews shows us how repeatedly they were compelled by their lawgivers, prophets, and kings to apply this same

[1] *Property—Its Duties and Its Rights.* By various writers. New York: The Macmillan Co.

notion as a practical test to their everyday business life. Was the Lord their God angry with them? Had they neglected their religion? Was their national well-being at stake? Let them examine the daily texture of their social life and see what was wrong!

With the Jews flagrant social injustice was always a mark of spiritual apostasy; it was always a presage of material downfall. It was made very clear to them that inordinate lust for private accumulation led straight to the wholesale oppression of the poor, and that this in turn destroyed the normal basis of their national welfare, which rested upon a relatively equal ownership of land and the necessaries of common life. With them it was clear that selfish commercial instincts severed the bond between the family and the land, and this they thought to be wrong, because they believed that God had given the land to all Israelites to enjoy in comparative equality forever. It was abhorrent to the social instincts of their race that any number of their body should be reduced to a condition of landlessness, destitution or slavery. Such ideas as this inspired the prophets of Israel. With them social justice was ever the outward and visible sign of true religion; its absence the sign of spiritual and national decline. "Thou shalt not steal," was then understood in a sense quite other than that now prevalent. Then it meant, "Thou shalt not accumulate property unjustly." It was for the breaking of this commandment that Jehovah entered into judgment with the elders and princes of His people. "It is ye that have eaten up the vineyards: the spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye crush My people, and grind the face of the poor?" Or again, "Woe unto those that join house to house, who add field to field, till there is no room, and ye are settled alone in the midst of the land." Such is the trend of prophetic denunciation, which all should study for themselves in the books of Osee, of Amos, of Micheas, and of Isaias.

The importance which the Jews attached to the connection between social justice and true religion is sufficiently obvious. The precepts as to the Sabbatical Year and the Year of Jubilee will occur as further example to the point. It is true that in later times the never ceasing struggle between social justice and selfish accumulation went hard against the former. But this was mainly due to the stress of foreign domination under which the old religious sanctions lost their hold on national life. But the fact remains that a small experiment had been made amid a peculiar people, which was full of promise for the world at large. A social experiment

had been successfully tried in the seed-plot of Israel. The spiritual dignity of the humblest human being and his right to a limited possession of the necessary means of life, had been acknowledged, established, and proclaimed. But how powerless an example was this when set out in contrast to the wholesale systems of slavery which were sanctioned as the necessary basis of both Greek and Roman life. A new power was to come forth from Galilee to redeem societies as well as men.

The hymn of prophecy in which our Lady announced that all generations should call her blessed, spoke of one thing as if already accomplished by divine power. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away." Was this then to be the final outcome of the Incarnation? Was God to become Man, and in so doing to become neither rich nor mighty? Our Lord's own life while on earth is the complete answer to the question. He would be born in Bethlehem under the lowliest circumstances, and for twenty-nine years he would live at Nazareth the life of a free and humble toiler. Though poor He would never be destitute; "not a line in the Gospel sets forth indigence as the normal state of the just man." This was to be the form of perfect manhood which God would choose for Himself. What a new and strange ideal! How could a man so humbly nurtured, so simply educated, so entirely unschooled in worldly wisdom, so long and so habitually engaged in the simplest forms of manual toil, so obedient to His Mother in the home, and to His foster-father in the workshop, so small in His local reputation, so slightly valued among His relations and friends, for all but the three short years of His public ministry—how could such a man be God, or how could He and the men whom He formed on His pattern, achieve anything for the lasting good of the human race? This was to be man's supreme achievement in human character. This was God Himself made Man. In this and in no other way was the world to be taught *the incomparable dignity of simple manhood.*

But even so, it may be said, "What has the Incarnation to do with a right appreciation of the nature and uses of property?" The answer is that we have only to study the Incarnate Life to reach the profoundest, because most spiritual, conception of property, that has ever been given to man. Deep-seated in the heart of fallen human nature dwells a lust for possession as a means to selfish

power, *libido dominandi* as it is called in the schools. At the very beginning of His public career our Lord meets and challenges this very temptation. He was offered property and riches as a means to power over human life. But He Who had come to give life, and to give it more abundantly, had not come to exploit human life, and to exploit it wholesale. For us He conquered the temptation, and throughout His ministry he proclaimed that it was impossible to serve both God and Mammon, drawing thereby a clear distinction between the accumulative use of property for power, and the distributive use of property for justice' sake. The distributive temper belongs to the just man as a necessary quality of true religion. At the moment of final reckoning, when all nations shall gather before the Son of Man, each individual is to be judged according to his record of distributive justice to those who have been most in need. It is true that Christ announced no definite social policy, but it is nevertheless a fact that His teaching anticipates the whole movement of industrial life throughout the ages, and suggests the only method by which it can be raised from a grossly material and inhuman process to a process that is at once productive, distributive, and humane.

As our Lord pointed out by various parables, the danger of accumulative material desires is that they war against our own souls, and against the souls and bodies of our fellow-creatures. Dives was not only the loser of his own soul; he was also the cause of the temporal destitution which overtook the beggar at his gate. The unjust steward not only incurred the utmost penalty for himself, but he also did merciless injustice to his neighbor. The lust for inordinate accumulation prevents the doing of the Father's will on earth as in heaven; it delays the coming of His kingdom; it makes way for the prince of this world in whom He has no part. The only hope for a right and sustained distribution of property lies in a moral disposition akin to the spirit of Christ. The Incarnation when properly apprehended by man will mean nothing short of social redemption.

The age-long work of the Christian Church in respect of property has been to extend, to intensify, and to renew this moral disposition akin to the spirit of Christ. We know how faithfully the Apostles carried on the work. Two great principles remained clear and axiomatic throughout the early centuries: "first, the incomparable value of persons as compared with property; and next the purely relative property rights of any individual, not only as

compared with God's absolute rights.....but also as compared with the paramount human or derivative rights of society as representing the commonweal." "Understand, ye rich.....that ye are in duty bound to do service, having received more than ye yourselves need. Learn that to others is lacking that wherein you superabound. Be ashamed of holding fast what belongs to others. Imitate God's equity, and none shall be poor." The Christian use of property is a matter of just obligation rather than of optional "charity."

Clement of Alexandria abates the stern severity of our Lord's own words to the rich by making a distinction between the possession and abuse of even large properties. He points out, however, that a minimum of material goods is necessary to the spiritual life, but he does not follow this admission to its logical conclusion, that *all* should have access to such a minimum. Tertullian teaches that "we who mingle in mind and soul, have no hesitation as to fellowship in property." St. Cyprian again insists that almsgiving is a matter of justice. "We should imitate the equality of God the Father in the common gifts of nature, which all should equally enjoy." The opinions of Lactantius (c. 260-340) are perhaps even more interesting as indicative of Christian sentiment about property, just before the alliance between Church and State under Constantine. In his *Divine Institutes* there is a treatise, *de Justitia,* in which the elements of justice are set forth in the clearest manner. Cupidity has disordered the natural relationship between man and man; under its influence not only does man cease to share with his brethren the common fruits of the earth, but he goes even further by snatching at property and accumulating it for his private gain; then he manipulates the law in order to hold unjustly what he has so unjustly acquired.

Now Christian justice has come to set right what has been lost by "the desertion of divine religion, which alone causes one man to hold another dear, and to know that he is bound to him by the bond of brotherhood, in that God is one and the same Father to all." It was to restore justice that Christ came. Justice has two parts, *piety* which joins us to the God and Father of all; *equity* which induces the feeling and practice of equality or fellowship towards men. "The former is called religion," says Lactantius, "the latter is named mercy or humaneness; which virtue is proper to just men and worshippers of God, because it alone contains the principle of social life.....What we afford to our friends

through affection, that we should afford to strangers through humaneness."

We should not attempt to exaggerate the part played by the Church by way of any direct initiation of social reforms in the Roman Empire. "What it could do at once that to a large extent it did. It created a fresh spirit, a new attitude of brotherhood and spiritual equality irrespective of all outward distinctions, based on the inherent sanctity of human personality as heir to divine sonship; and this was bound forthwith to make all relations new, and in the end—if maintained in its original purity of emphasis—to leaven every circle of thought and action, however ethically remote from such a dynamic centre."

The writer of this section indicates that in process of time two factors were introduced, which seemed to lessen the more directly spiritual process by which the Church had begun her work of social redemption. He points, first of all, to what he calls "the ascetic retreat from the world," and second, in the fourth century, to a definitely pessimistic turn given to social idealism by the much debated doctrine of original sin, and therewith he thinks that "the true Christian idea of property passed largely into abeyance." Two remarks may be permited: the first is that "the ascetic retreat from the world" was preparatory to the great monastic movement, which established property on a Christian basis in the west and northwest of Europe. The second remark is that the Church has never allowed what is called the pessimistic doctrine of original sin to be separated from the optimistic doctrine of divine grace; though it is true that a later Protestantism actually became pessimistic through the loss of this proper balance. But our immediate business is to trace the effect of Christian sentiment on the use and possession of property.

The mediæval sentiments about property are set forth in the writings of the great Fathers and scholastics from the fourth to the twelfth century, but it must be admitted that much of their thought takes its color from the pre-Christian philosophy of the ancient world. A distinction is clear through most of their writings between *nature* and *custom*. One might almost say that nature represented things in their right and original use as intended by the Creator, and that custom represented such modified use as the majority of creatures had made of them. This distinction then admits of an ideal and an actual use, the latter being in point of fact the feeble attempt of weak human nature to realize the former; indeed, many

non-Christian historians have been tempted to say that custom was the outcome of a compromise between the Church and the world, not altogether to the credit of the former, something permitted by the Church on account of the hardness of men's hearts. But however we may interpret it, the distinction remains valid. There is no doubt, for instance, that St. Ambrose (340-397) uses it. "They (the philosophers) counted it a requisite of justice that one should treat common, that is public, goods as public, but private goods as one's own. This is not indeed according to nature; for nature gives all things in common to all. So God commanded all things to be created in such a way that food should be common to all, and the earth the common possession of all. Nature, therefore, created the common right; usurpation made the private right."[2] Or again, he points out that God wished the earth to be the common possession of all men, to produce its fruits for all men, *but avarice created the rights of property.*[3]

St. Jerome, Ambrosiaster, and St. Gregory the Great may be quoted to the same effect. These theories may be directly traced to Cicero and to Seneca, who represented the Stoic tradition, but the point of most interest to us is the interpretation put upon them by the Fathers themselves. Do they deliberately recommend communism and denounce private property as sinful and a thing to be abolished by law? Evidently not. "The institution of property represents both the fall of man from his primitive innocence, the greed and avarice which refused to recognize common ownership of things, and also the method by which the blind greed of human nature may be controlled and regulated." Though an accommodation to the necessities of fallen human nature, it was a right and necessary accommodation, one that met the approval of Christian sentiment.

But though the Fathers admitted the institution of private property, they also admitted a paramount claim on private property owners, which would go far to make it a means of distributive justice. The claims of those who were in need were acknowledged to be superior to the claims of private property itself. The cry of the needy is a claim of justice, and not a plea for "charity," as we understand the word in the modern sense. This important principle has been lost sight of in these later times, and the fact that it is no longer admitted at law is a clear indication that it has lost

[2] *St. Ambrose.* Translated by Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
[3] Comm. on Psalms cxviii. 8, 22.

its hold on the general conscience. "When we give necessaries to the needy," writes St. Gregory, "we do not bestow upon them *our* goods; we return to them *their own; we pay a debt of justice* rather than fulfill a work of mercy."[4]

> St. Augustine [writes Dr. Carlyle] holds that private property is the creation of the State, and exists only in virtue of the protection of the State. To some Donatists who, not unnaturally, objected to the confiscation of their property in the interest of the Catholics, he replies by asking by what law they held their property, by human or divine law; and he answers the question himself, and says that it is only by human law that a man can say, "This is my house," or "This is my slave." It is the law of the Emperor upon which is founded any right of property: it is idle therefore for the Donatists to say, "What have we to do with the Emperor?" If you take away the laws of the Emperor who could say, "This is my house," or "This is my slave?"....In other passages he maintains that the right of property is limited by the use to which it is put, a man who does not use his property rightly has no real or valid claim to it.[5]

St. Thomas Aquinas distinguishes in respect of private property: first, property regarded as *a right to acquire and distribute,* and, second, property regarded as *a right to use for oneself.* In the first sense he acknowledges the right, but in the second he refuses to acknowledge it. Following Aristotle he defines man as a political animal, and goes on to the deduction that private property itself is a natural right, and not merely a customary one. St. Peter Damian confirms St. Thomas in his opinions as to property. "Men who are rich," he says, "are *dispensatores* rather than *possessores;* they should not reckon that which they have to be their own; they have not received their temporal goods merely to be consumed in their own use, but are to act as administrators of these goods."

Two other points must be noticed before leaving the scholastic view of property. One is that class distinctions are admitted as valid in defining what is necessary and what is superfluous to any given owner of property. The other is that actual human need is put above the human law, for God wills that all should have what they urgently need.

[4] Ulpian's definition of justice is as follows: *"Justitia est constans et perpetua voluntas jus suum cuique tribuendi."*

[5] St. Augustine, *Tract VI. in Joann.* 25; *Ep.* xciii. 11; *Ep.* cliii. 6; *Sermo.* l. 2.

The chapter on the influence of the Reformation on the general conceptions of property, is very fair and interesting. The writer is bound to admit that the principle of private judgment was transferred from the spiritual to the economic sphere, and that consequently the doctrine "that a man may do what he will with his own," was applied directly to private property with doubtful social results. When a really zealous man like Wesley can give forth the following dictum on the use of money, we can see how far the principles of social justice had been tampered with. "Gain all you can, save all you can, give all you can," is a counsel of perfection in which the first two members seem unduly weighted against the third. "The Puritan attitude," writes Mr. H. G. Wood, "was marked by the absence of any emphatic social hope. In the first place the Puritan seldom attached much weight to the claim which the poor can make on the rich in virtue of the social character of all wealth; and, second, the Puritan did not press any strong moral criticism of ownership." But the temptations of the industrial age have been strong and peculiar, and we must admit that the Puritans are not the only religious body which has shown lack of social fervor.

Canon Scott Holland's concluding essay is a little vague; principally for the reason that he appears to be in favor of a socialistic solution to our present difficulties, but has hardly the courage to say so straight out. The Bishop of Oxford has written a most stimulating introduction, and the remaining essays of a more strictly philosophical or historical nature are suggestive, especially that of Mr. Hobhouse.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCISCAN PLACES.

BY CHARLES WAGER.

IN the Palace of the Conservatori at Rome there is a picture ascribed to Garofalo, which may be taken as a symbol of the Franciscan mind. In the upper part of it the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child are seen in glory, surrounded by angels; in the background of the lower part there is a landscape of green and pale blue—at the right a little seacoast city with splendid buildings; at the left a villa or farmhouse. Across the lower foreground, joining these two scenes, there is a road backed by a parapet, above which one sees the little harbor and the boats lying at anchor. Upon this road, in the centre of the foreground, stand St. Francis and St. Antony of Padua talking together, as if they had met by chance, or had paused on a journey to speak of the things represented in the upper part of the picture, while at the left, before the villa, stand two other friars, also engaged in conversation. The peaceful, lovely landscape, peaceful as if with the light of evening upon it, suggests the world as it looks to Franciscan eyes, and the angel-encircled Virgin and Child represent the constant subject of Franciscan contemplation, the thought that makes all the world radiant with divine beauty. This is, perhaps, the secret of the charm of Umbrian painting. Perugino, Pinturicchio, Tiberio, Lo Spagna and the rest, in the quiet tints and gracious forms of their landscape backgrounds, paint for us a world over which the spirit of contemplation has passed, irradiating it with a pale splendor that falls from no earthly skies.

Pinturicchio, indeed, has painted this very subject. In his Coronation of the Virgin, at the Vatican, the greater part of the picture is, of course, occupied by the sacred figures that assist at the ceremony or that witness it with the eye of contemplation. Above, in the angel-bordered *mandorla,* our Lord crowns His Mother; below, in the background, are the Apostles, while in the foreground there is a group of Franciscan saints, all kneeling—St. Francis, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. Bonaventure, St. Louis of Toulouse, and St. Antony of Padua. Here, again, is a symbol of the Franciscan mind engaged in meditation upon its favorite

theme; and a landscape in the background seems intended to suggest the effect of that meditation upon the look of things in the world. Here, too, there is a tiny city by the sea, and above it, on a low hill, a severe little Franciscan church with a cross before it and a simple belfry. From the belfry dangles a rope wherewith some good lay brother will presently ring the Ave Maria, when the evening light begins to fade from the little town and its harbor. Beside the church, as if the painter was determined to omit no detail that would give his picture the meaning that he desired, there is a tall cliff with a rough door in the face of it, suggesting the mountain hermitages so dear to the Franciscan heart.

In these two pictures are represented most of the elements of the Franciscan life—the depths of devotion from which it springs, the habit of contemplation which nourishes it, its sense of relation to the world of men, its need of retirement, its love of nature, its taste for simplicity and severity. All these elements and others, not so fundamental, but essential nevertheless, we must take into account if we would understand the Franciscan mind and the spirit of the places which it has fashioned for its abode.

When I speak of "Franciscan places," I do not refer to the famous shrines visited yearly by hundreds of pilgrims and sightseers, and, of necessity, ordered to some degree in their interest. Far be it from me to imply that San Francesco at Assisi, Santa Maria degli Angeli, and La Verna are not in their inner life as truly Franciscan as the humblest convent of the hills. But when one sees them only at the high feasts of the Order, thronged by the curious and the devout, the Franciscan aroma seems inevitably in a measure to escape. But outstay the crowd of visitors, walk in the solitary, echoing cloister with some earnest young priest, linger in the convent garden at sunset when friars and novices take the air for an hour together, or, from a dark corner of the church, hear them at their Office in choir, and you will feel the Franciscan current running pure and free under the perturbed surface of their days.

Nor do I refer to a great centre of education, like the college of Sant' Antonio at Rome, where young men are trained for the Franciscan life; nor to that noble house of study at Quaracchi, near Florence, where scholars from almost every country of Europe devote laborious and delightful days to the history of their Order; nor even to the quiet chamber in a busy convent, where a venerable scholar records the triumphs of the religion in distant lands. Yet,

in all these, the Franciscan spirit is present unmistakably. An hour's conversation with these men, engaged in a work that is not typically Franciscan, will almost always show that it is performed in the very spirit of St. Francis.

I refer primarily to those little convents hidden among the hills, dwelt in by three or four friars, accessible with difficulty and visited by few, without other attraction than the memories that they enshrine and the spirit that they express. They are so small and rude that you feel at once the appropriateness of the ancient Franciscan name for them. "Convent" implies a larger number of friars than they usually contain, and "monastery" has stately Benedictine associations that render it quite inapplicable. They are merely what St. Francis and his followers were accustomed to call them—"places." Almost always they record a visit of the Saint to the spot on which they stand. Often they contain a tiny cell where he lodged, a well from which he drew water, a wood where he retired to pray. But even when they are not venerable with such memories of the Saint, they are lovely with his spirit.

They are usually approached by a road that is characteristically Franciscan in its disregard of physical comfort. The possessors of the finest sites in Europe pay the price of their supremacy. But they are not addicted to ease, and when it is necessary they descend into the valley to offer Mass, to seek alms, or to do a work of mercy without complaint. Meanwhile, they have the solitude which they crave amid the silence of the hills, and herein they show themselves true sons of their founder. For he drank alternately of two fountains, solitude and society, his own soul and other men's, nature and human nature, and this is one of the secrets of the Franciscan charm. Always among his sons you will find this craving for remoteness from the world, yet always a readiness to descend into it. Almost always you will find near these "places" a wood suited to solitude and prayer, and always a garden devoted to the useful and the beautiful works of men. However steep and penitential the road that leads to these exhilarating heights, exhilarating alike to body and spirit, the pilgrim has no mind to complain.

Arrived at the top, you will find the convent hidden among trees, or standing bleak and austere in a clearing, or clinging perilously to the edge of a precipice. It consists of a little church, bare of ornament within and without; a cloister court, with its

garden and well, surrounded by a covered passage; a clean, white-washed refectory; and the tiny cells of the friars ranged along a narrow, stone-paved corridor. Occasionally, the church will contain a single precious work of art, but, for the most part, the interest of these places is quite other than artistic. Life in these places is busy, ordered, regular. There is the Divine Office to be recited at least four times a day. There are Masses to be sung, two simple meals to be eaten, study, meditation, recreation in the refectory or the garden, each at its appointed hour. Meantime, individual friars have been going about the countryside doing parish duty or collecting alms, and many poor, unless the convent is very remote indeed, have been fed at the convent gate.

Often the little convent on the hilltop or the mountainside is a veritable shrine, marking the scene of some important event or touching incident of the Franciscan story. Such is Fonte Colombo, the Mt. Sinai of the Order, where St. Francis, the Moses of a new exodus, dictated by divine inspiration the Rule of his religion. Such is La Foresta, where, according to the gracious legend of the *Fioretti,* the Saint miraculously multiplied the grapes of the poor priest whose vineyard was destroyed by the multitude of visitors who thronged to hear the new gospel of poverty. Such is Greccio, the scene of one of the tenderest and most characteristic of all Franciscan legends, the institution of the Christmas manger. Such is even the quite modern convent of Passignano, which looks down from its ilexes upon silver Trasimeno and its islands, for upon one of them, according to the *Fioretti,* St. Francis passed a Lent without food, in imitation of our Lord's forty days in the Wilderness. Such, on a much larger scale than any of the convents I have mentioned, is La Verna, next to the Porziuncola and the tomb at Assisi the most sacred of all Franciscan shrines. For here occurred that marvelous event—the impression of the stigmata—an event so exactly appropriate to the character and mission of the Saint that it scarcely needs the external authentication, which it has in abundance. It must, I fear, be granted that these places, rich as they are in holy and poetic associations, are, at first sight, sometimes disappointing. Their effect is rather trivial than impressive, so cumbered are they by memorial chapels and monuments. The scene of the slightest incident of the *Fioretti,* however ill-authenticated, is identified and marked. The generations of friars who built these monuments, apparently never imagined that it was desirable to leave their holy places unadorned.

The Porziuncola and the chapel of the *Transitus* must be made precious with fresco, the scene of the stigmatization must be covered by a chapel, the exact places where the birds welcomed St. Francis to La Verna, and where the manger of Greccio was built must be marked. One can only imagine with a sigh what the holy places of Franciscan tradition might have been if their custodians had understood how touching they were in their original simplicity. Only at San Damiano, by some miracle, has the hand of the pious devastator been stayed, and for that reason it remains the most touchingly real of all Franciscan sites. Yet this childlike way of expressing devotion ceases to be annoying as soon as we perceive what underlies it. It proves, at least, that the persons who built these memorials, were actuated by no mere veneration for antiquity as such. These clumsy chapels and crude monuments are really altars upon which is daily offered the genuine devotion of human hearts. Reverence for their past has been transmuted into a passion and a motive, and this, to a practical age like ours, should go far to excuse their innocent vandalism.

It sometimes seems that the convents which have no ancient associations are the most delightful of all—convents of no great antiquity, unsought by pilgrims and unknown to tourists; convents in which there is nothing of interest—nothing, that is to say, except the always interesting spirit of the place and its inhabitants. The friars have nothing to show—nothing but kindness and instinctive courtesy, hospitality, and sympathy. There are convents of the other sort, to be quite truthful, in which the impression of the show place is somewhat too prominent, and the friar who acts as your escort reminds you uncomfortably of the professional guide. There is a suggestion of the lecturer in his explanations, and he even seems in some haste to be rid of you and to be done with his task. There is never, so far as my experience goes, the least hint that he desires or expects a gratuity. If you offer it, he will accept it, for the convent, often with a deprecatory, "But it is not necessary." From greed, at all events, the most un-Franciscan friar is wholly free. Indeed, I remember an instance when a lay brother, who was very far, indeed, from resembling St. Francis, obliged me to leave my visiting card and a message for his absent superior, in order that it might be quite clear that I had forced my small offering upon him against his protest.

Nothing, indeed, can seriously mar the charm of these places, and if the convent chance to be a house of novices, it will have

the additional charm which youth gives to all that it touches. You will see the strong, brown Umbrian and Tuscan boys, like the young Ion in Euripides' play, sweeping the brick floor of the church or dusting the confessionals, casting furtive glances, as they work, at the curious foreigner, and listening with politely concealed smiles to his halting Italian. If you are so fortunate as to be there at the right hour, you will see them go in procession to their sacred places, singing with their loud young voices some hymn or antiphon of the seraphic Breviary, *Salve Sancte Pater,* or *Signasti, Domine, Franciscum,* or *Voce mea clamavi,* or *Gloriosa Virginum.* You will see their grave faces in choir, bent over their Office. You will see them at evening, under the charge of the novice-master, walking and talking together in the convent garden with a boyish gayety that is veiled and softened, so to say, by the sense of their vocation. It is not difficult to explain the peculiar appeal of a house of Franciscan novices. Here is a group of young men who are learning what it is to bear the yoke in their youth, in whom, easily and naturally, while mind and body are plastic, are maturing the pleasant fruits of a disciplined life, sobriety, contentment, purity, industry, stability, sincerity. They are entering daily, before their minds are attracted by more specious joys, upon the great heritage of the Franciscan virtues. They are learning to be humble and chaste, obedient and self-denying, courteous and kind, with a courtesy and a kindness that are natural, spontaneous, lavished equally upon all. One is tempted to say that exquisite courtesy is, after all, the most characteristic Franciscan virtue. Where is it acquired? These boys are, for the most part, peasants—Italian peasants, to be sure, in whom civility is native; but such exquisite courtesy as is all but universal among Franciscans is the fruit of training, or, more probably, of example. It is a tradition, interrupted only in the heat of controversy, from the most perfect of gentlemen, who, like Dante, believed that courtesy is an attribute of God Himself.

Memories, half sad and half happy, crowd upon one as he tries to evoke the spirit of these peaceful places. He remembers pathetic convents, deserted or turned to secular uses, from which all that happy, beneficent, community life has departed. The altars are dismantled, the choirs are silent, the cells are full of refuse, the refectory is a storehouse. What devout aspiration has risen daily from those altars! With what penance and praise those choirs have been vocal! What spare feasts of brotherly contentment

those refectories have witnessed! What meditations, perhaps what visions and what ecstasies, have filled those cells with light! Now, only the sunny garden and the cloister with its well seem still to live with the life of other days. The faded frescoes of the church, which once taught a daily lesson to the devout heart, now look down upon the casual sight-seer, who stares and goes his way. Here and there a splendid panelled altar-piece, the work of a master, the gift of devotion or of pious remembrance, has been torn from its sacred setting and cumbers the floor of a municipal museum. But the traveler remembers sights sadder even than these.

One hot Sunday afternoon in August, I stood knocking at the door of an ancient convent hidden in the Umbrian hills. For a long time there was no answer. On its height, above the world, the convent seemed asleep. Finally the door was opened by an old and somewhat grim-visaged friar, with his finger between the leaves of a rubricated manuscript. He greeted me civilly, summoned another friar, who seemed even older than he, to show me what little there was to show. The place was ruinous and not very clean, for there were only these two aged priests and one lay brother to care for a house that was once populous with life. My guide, who was both intelligent and devout, had lived here in his youth, but had been driven away by the suppression of 1866. He had gone to Argentina, where he had labored until, as he said, he was good for nothing, and had returned to his native hills to die. I remarked that it was a solitary life. He looked at me with his dim old eyes and said: "Yes, youth likes company, but to the old a solitary life makes little difference." I left the convent and looked down upon the green valley with its five lakes flashing in the sunshine, surrounded by its cloister of distant hills, and I reflected once more on the persistence of the Franciscan spirit. Here it was on this desolate height in all its purity—the devotion, the simplicity, the long life of labor and of holy and happy memories, the contentment in the midst of solitude, the kindness and friendliness, which in this case were almost fatherly; but touched, in my mind, with sadness. It was not merely the desolation of his surroundings, nor yet his solitude, that made the old friar seem to me so pathetic. It was the sense, rather, that this desolation and solitude were somehow symbolic of the new world's attitude towards the Franciscan spirit, which it needs so sorely, and for which it seems to have so little place.

But the traveler has other memories happier than these. He

remembers the sense of awe that fell upon him as he realized the associations of some famous or holy place. One summer day at Greccio I was sitting in the wood below the convent. The air was fresh and sweet with mint. There was no sound but the distant bells of cattle and the voices of their little guides. The ancient oaks drooped their great arms almost to the ground. Above me the white convent clung to the dark, wooded mountainside like some fungal growth, and on a distant height, above the hamlet of Greccio, I could see the little chapel that was St. Francis' first abode in this region. And suddenly I realized that it was *this* wood that was all alight with torches and all alive with voices on that Christmas Eve in 1223, when St. Francis held the Divine Child in his arms, and murmured His name so lovingly that the syllables of it, says the legend, were like the droppings of the honeycomb.

Such recollections throng upon one at almost all of these "places," and are a part of their peculiar charm. Assisi and La Verna are well-nigh oppressive with them. But they have other associations, too—associations with which the traveler, himself, has enriched them, and which are henceforth a part of the spell which, even in memory, they lay upon him. I remember, for instance, a Mass which I heard one St. Francis' Day at San Damiano. It was early in the morning, and the little church was dim save for the soft light of the candles. There was no beauty anywhere. On the altar were common vases of ordinary flowers—in addition, of course, to the inevitable artificial ones—zinnias, wild and cultivated, asters, and late roses. The friars and novices sang noisily and out of tune; but the Mass was perfect. I thought of the inscription above their choir stalls—*Non vox sed votum, non clamor sed amor;* but here, I knew, were both. And, after the Mass, what peace in the quiet, dingy church! Beside me was the window into which the young man, Francis, threw his money, "valuing it no more than dust." Behind the altar was the base upon which the crucifix once stood that gave him his mission, and near it the window where St. Clare and the Poor Ladies took farewell of him when he paid them his last visit.

Within a few steps of where I was sitting were three tiny rooms, bare and plain to the sight, but how beautiful with memories! One was the sacristy, built upon the spot where St. Clare prepared a hut for St. Francis when he was unable to see the light of day, and where, like the blind Milton, he sang a hymn to the sun. A second was St. Clare's own choir, with its ancient stalls,

at which she and the holy women who surrounded her recited their Office. And the third covers the spot where many of those holy women lie buried—Ortolana, her mother; Agnes and Beatrice, her sisters; Pacifica, her aunt; Amata, her niece; and all those other "virgins of the enclosed garden" whose very names are lovely: Illuminata and Mansueta, Benvenuta, Bennata and Consolata, Benedetta and Felicità. The place was full of presences of the distant and the dead but ever-living Saints of God, presences as real, as truly alive, as the flesh and blood friars who have taken their places.

Indeed, it is this twofold habitation that gives to San Damiano, as to all places that have a history, its profound appeal. The devotion, the goodness, the kindness, the genuine Franciscanism of its present inhabitants interpret and make credible the life of those departed ones, and that, in turn, gives depth and meaning to the life of to-day. Neither can do without the other. Without its background, the Franciscan life of the present day would still, indeed, be useful and beautiful, but it would lack the poetry that gives it a place apart among the religious associations of the world. On the other hand, without its modern sequel, the story of St. Francis and St. Clare would be only a lovely myth, a golden legend, of little or no practical account to the world of to-day, though of perpetual interest and value to the soul of man. It is a mistake into which many a student of things Franciscan, especially if he be not a Catholic, too easily falls, to regard the friars of the present as merely the custodians of a great tradition. They are its custodians, its sufficient custodians, but they are more than this; they are its continuators and its embodiment.

I sat one afternoon in the twilight of the little chapel of the *Transitus* at the Porziuncola, the face of Della Robbia's St. Francis looking down upon me dimly from the shrine, the faces of the first companions glimmering from the walls in the faint light of the lamps; and I asked myself, not for the first time, "What is the secret of the power of this place upon the imagination and the heart?" It is not splendid, and no miracles have been performed here—none but the well-nigh unique miracle, the close of a perfectly holy life; none but the perpetual miracle, the renewal of man's courage and hope and joy by contact with such a life. One thinks with wonder of his tortured body and the life-long triumph of the spirit over it, culminating here in the *Voce clamavi*. It is St. Bonaventure who says: "*Neque enim languor*

vel desidia locum habet ubi amoris stimulus semper ad majora perurget."

The living presence of St. Francis is so vividly felt here that it is impossible not to invoke him and to examine oneself in his presence. What, for example, would he think of us and of our world, if he should return to it? At first thought, it seems easy to say. Surely a spirit so devout, so obedient, so humble, so free from self-interest, would hold us and our ways in abhorrence. But the Saints, like all the great, have the quality of unexpectedness, as well as the all-encompassing charity which is one of the notes of their sanctity, one of the marks of their relationship to the God of the just and the unjust. And probably St. Francis would not think of us so badly, or at least so hopelessly, as we sometimes think of ourselves. Certainly the modern world looks with scant toleration upon the virtues that he exemplified, and practises them little, or not at all. No one would assert that devoutness, humility, obedience and self-abnegation were notes of our day. Only in our growing sense of human brotherhood, and in our sense of responsibility for the poor and the helpless, can we be said to come near him in spirit. Nevertheless, our generation admires and loves him, traces footsteps and treasures his words, as few generations since his own have done. And it may well be that to have loved the places that he loved and to have recognized and venerated his likeness in his sons will avail us somewhat, not only in the final accounting, but also in our task of fashioning that new world which, slowly and with infinite travail, we are building out of the ruins of his.

OUR FAR EAST COLONIAL EMPIRE.[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

DEAN WORCESTER, who did yeoman work for twelve years in the Far East building up our colonial empire, has just written two most absorbing volumes on the history and progress of the Philippines since the first days of the American occupation. He writes primarily to prove to the people of the United States that the Filipinos are utterly unfit for independence at the present moment, and that for us to withdraw from the islands before their inhabitants have proved their ability to manage their own affairs, would be on our part a betrayal of a trust. In his opening chapter, he complains bitterly of "the preponderance of false and misleading statements about conditions in the Philippines," and ascribes it to either ignorance or malice.

Dean Worcester takes particular pains to point out the many misstatements in Judge Blount's *The American Occupation of the Philippines,* 1898-1912. He is able to demonstrate the utter inaccuracy of this work by quoting frequently from the captured Insurgent records, which have been translated and compiled by Major J. R. M. Taylor.

It has often been stated by Aguinaldo, the Insurgent leaders, Judge Blount and others, that certain American Consuls—Pratt of Singapore, Wildman of Hongkong, and Williams of Manila—and naval officers like Admiral Dewey promised the Filipinos their independence would be recognized by the United States. Some have even asserted that the coöperation of the Insurgents in the military operations against Manila were sought for and secured; that the Insurgents were at least *de facto* allies of the United States, and that they were in the end shamelessly betrayed and wantonly attacked.

Dean Worcester proves to the hilt the falsity of these serious charges against the honor of the United States, and by documentary evidence allows the reader to judge for himself. Mr. E. P. Pratt, our Consul-General at Singapore, was, or professed to be, in hearty

[1] *The Philippines Past and Present.* By Dean C. Worcester. Two Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.00.

sympathy with the Filipino leaders in their desire for independence, but in his dealings with them he was most anxious not to compromise his government. We have his word against Aguinaldo's in a statement made July 28, 1898: "I declined even to discuss with General Aguinaldo the question of the future policy of the United States with regard to the Philippines; I held out no hopes to him of any kind, committed the government in no way whatever, and in the course of our confidences, never acted upon the assumption that the government would coöperate with him—General Aguinaldo —for the furtherance of any plans of his own," etc.

We know, as a matter of fact, that soon after the meeting of Aguinaldo and Pratt at Singapore, the former left for Hongkong to attend a meeting of the Junta (May 4, 1898). We have the minutes of this meeting, and they make no mention whatever of any promise of independence. Sandico, an influential Tagálog leader, urged his confrères at this same meeting to consult with Admiral Dewey at Manila about "the intentions of the United States." This does not look as if any promise of independence had been made.

Admiral Dewey gave the lie direct to Aguinaldo in his testimony:[2]

> *The Chairman:* There was no recognition of the republic?
> *Admiral Dewey:* Never. I did not think I had any authority to do it, and it never occurred to me to do it. There was a sort of reign of terror; there was no government. These people had got power for the first time in their lives, and they were riding rough-shod over the community. The acts of cruelty which were brought to my notice were hardly credible.

Consul Wildman of Hongkong and Consul Williams of Manila both asserted that they made no promise of independence, and that they were kept in ignorance of the fact that it was even desired up to the last possible moment. Indeed, at the outset Aguinaldo in all his proclamations, which were likely to be read by Americans, carefully refrained from making any statement to that effect. It was only as his army increased in size, and he felt able to declare hostilities, that he put forth the claim that the Americans had promised him independence, and had proved false to their plighted word.

Judge Blount in his book declares that the Insurgents not only defeated the Spaniards without our assistance, but defeated them so thoroughly that Spanish sovereignty had practically disappeared

[2] *Senate Documents*, vol. 25, Fifty-seventh Congress, First Session, pp. 2,928, 2,941.

from the islands at the time Manila surrendered. This was not the opinion of the Filipino leaders themselves, as we learn from the letters and dispatches of Regidor, Agoncillo, Apacible, and Aguinaldo. Early in September, 1898, they had all become convinced that the assistance of the United States was necessary, if they hoped to destroy all vestige of Spanish sovereignty.

The Insurgent force never coöperated with that of the United States. The two had a common enemy, and that was practically all that they did have in common. Each proceeded against that enemy in its own way. Each ignored requests of the other relative to the manner in which it should proceed. The documents captured by our troops prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Filipino leaders intended to use us in their fight against Spain, and then to fall upon us if we did not leave them to their own devices once the victory had been won. Some of the most influential and most patriotic Filipinos favored either annexation to the United States or a protectorate, but neither of these plans fell in with the views of the ambitious Aguinaldo and his conceited followers.

Aguinaldo had succeeded in defeating the Spanish garrisons of the provinces, and had been able to equip a force that surrounded Manila, but he was absolutely powerless to capture the city by assault. While he did not oppose the landing of the American troops, he was not at all friendly, affording the necessary transportation requested by General Anderson only after a three weeks delay, and a threat of seizure if he failed to comply. The Insurgents twice informed the Spaniards in advance of the projected American attacks, and secretly treated with the Spaniards in order to secure the surrender of the city for themselves, utterly regardless of their so-called "allies." Even after the Spaniards had agreed upon the surrender to the United States troops, the Filipinos endeavored to push home an attack, and fired on some Spanish soldiers under a flag of truce. They at once demanded a share in the "war booty," looted the parts of the city which they occupied, and only retired from their positions when warned by General Otis that they would be driven out if they did not go at once. Letter after letter of the Insurgent leaders prove that they were most anxious to capture Manila for themselves, because of the prestige which such a capture would give them in the eyes of the world.

Admiral Dewey and General Merritt had no option with regard to the request of the Filipinos for a joint occupation of the city of

Manila. For in a telegram dated August 17th, the President of the United States had ordered:

> That there must be no joint occupation with the Insurgents. The United States in the possession of Manila city, Manila bay, and harbor, must preserve the peace and protect persons and property within the territory occupied by their military and naval forces. The Insurgents and all others must recognize the military occupation and authority of the United States, and the cessation of hostilities proclaimed by the President. Use whatever means in your judgment are necessary to this end.

The temporary government established by Aguinaldo was in no sense a republic, or, as Judge Blount calls it, "a wonderfully complete going-concern throughout the Philippine archipelago before the Treaty of Paris was signed." On the contrary, it was a military oligarchy imposed upon the people without their consent by armed force, and maintained by the free use of murder as a governmental agency. The chapters on Insurgent Rule in the Cagayan Valley, in the Visayas, and elsewhere is a continued tale of murder, torture, rape, thievery, and injustice of every sort. The Insurgents' treatment of the Friars alone would mark them out as Malay savages, unworthy of the sympathy of any intelligent, civilized man. Leaders like Villa and Leyba delighted in subjecting these priests to every indignity. They were tortured, whipped, beaten, not "as a result of ages of tyranny," as men of Judge Blount's stamp have suggested, but, as our author honestly states, "out of insensate greed of gold, and damnable viciousness." He adds: "The tormentors were men of distant provinces, with no possible personal grievances against the priests whom they martyrized."

A great deal has been written about the cruelty of American soldiers in the last or guerrilla stage of the war. Dean Worcester does not deny that there were some individual acts of cruelty, but he does deny that they were carried on to any great degree.

The members of the first Philippine Commission were Colonel Charles Denby, President J. G. Schurman, J. R. MacArthur, Admiral George Dewey, General E. S. Otis, and Dean Worcester. Their first meeting was in Washington, January 18, 1899, the President directing them "to aid in the most humane, pacific, and effective extension of authority throughout these islands, and to secure, with the least possible delay, the benefits of a wise and generous protection of life and property to the inhabitants." They

were to proceed to Manila as soon as possible, announce by public proclamation the mission intrusted to them, namely, of alleviating the burden of taxation, establishing industrial and commercial prosperity, and providing for the safety of persons and property. Without interfering with the military authorities, the Commission was to make a full report to the Department of State concerning the improvements in the public order that it considered necessary, *v. g.*, in regard to the forms of local government, the administration of justice, the collection of customs and other taxes, the means of transportation, the need of public improvements, etc.

Judge Blount has stated that the Commission was sent to the islands to help General Otis conduct the war. As a matter of fact, there was no war at the time it was sent, and its instructions were most explicit against interfering with the military government or its officers. As Dean Worcester says: "We were sent to deliver a message of good will, to investigate, and to recommend, and there our powers ended." Mr. Schurman and our author only learned of the outbreak of hostilities on reaching Yokohama, January 31, 1899.

The Commissioners spent one year—until March, 1900—investigating conditions in the islands, conferring with Filipinos from various parts of the archipelago, and many of the foreign residents. Among the witnesses examined were farmers, bankers, brokers, merchants, lawyers, physicians, railroad men, ship owners, educators, and public officials. They were most careful not to interfere in the slightest degree with the conduct of the war, and they never conferred with the Insurgent leaders save with the previous knowledge and approval of General Otis.

Dean Worcester has high words of praise for all his fellow-workers, with the exception of President Schurman of Cornell, whom he calls a man of very variable opinions. Mr. Schurman seemed to delight in working independently of his confrères, which was not at all honorable, and his viewpoint changed with every new witness that he interrogated. He differed from the other members of the Commission in his report to Washington, and asserted that if his policy were adopted, he and General Aguinaldo would settle things without the assistance of the others, or that he would resign. His policy was not adopted, but he did not resign, though he returned soon after to the United States.

The report of the first Philippine Commission stated, November 2, 1900, with regard to our duty towards the islands.

> Should our power by any fatality be withdrawn, the Commission believes that the government of the Philippines would speedily lapse into anarchy, which would excuse, if it did not necessitate, the intervention of other powers and the eventual division of the islands among them. Only through American occupation is the idea of a free, self-governing and united Philippine commonwealth at all conceivable. And the indispensable need from the Filipino point of view of maintaining American sovereignty over the archipelago is recognized by all intelligent Filipinos, and even by those Insurgents who desire an American protectorate. The latter, it is true, would take the revenues, and leave us the responsibilities. Nevertheless, they recognize the indubitable fact that the Filipinos cannot stand alone. Thus the welfare of the Filipinos coincides with the dictates of national honor in forbidding our abandonment of the archipelago.

On March 16, 1900, a second Commission was appointed to establish civil government in the islands. Its members were: W. H. Taft, of Ohio; L. E. Wright, of Tennessee; H. C. Ide, of Vermont; B. Moses, of California, and the author, who was the only member of the first Commission reappointed. They had an arduous task before them, for it was hard to arrange for the gradual transfer of control from military to civil authority.

On September 1st, the Commission assumed the legislative power, their first official act being to appropriate $2,000,000.00 Mexican for the construction and repair of highways and bridges. In the first year it passed four hundred and forty-nine acts, which created the administrative bureaus of a well-organized government, established civil rule in many provinces and towns, provided for the necessary expenses of government, organized the law courts and reformed the judiciary, established a local police force, improved sanitary conditions, provided educational facilities, etc.

At the outset no laws were passed until they had been published in the public press, or until they had passed a second reading, in order that the public might have ample opportunity of suggesting objections or amendments to the bills. Before enacting them, they were always submitted to the military governor for his consideration and comment. The Commission invariably sought the opinions of the military authorities as to the fitness of the provinces for civil rule, and never established it without their approval. In point of fact the military authorities recommended the establishment of civil government in three provinces rather prematurely, with the

result that the soldiers were obliged a second time to assume entire control.

The first provincial officers were necessarily appointed and not elected. The Commission was helped greatly by the Federal Party, which was formed by the best and most influential Filipinos, December 23, 1900, to aid in the establishment of peace and order. Its members succeeded in persuading many Insurgent leaders to lay down their arms, and were able to convince many of the people of the good will and honesty of the American government. Many of them were at once sentenced to death by Aguinaldo, and numbers of them were assassinated, but they continued undaunted to render invaluable services to the new government.

By September 1, 1901, a complete central government was established. Wright became Secretary of Commerce and Police; Ide, Secretary of Finance and Justice; Moses, Secretary of Public Instruction, and Worcester, Secretary of the Interior. Three Filipinos, Legarda, Luzuriaga and de Tavera, were added to the Commission. Before the Commission ceased to be the legislative body of the islands, it passed some eight hundred acts, the working out of which Dean Worcester discusses in separate chapters.

Dean Worcester has hearty words of praise for all our Governors in the Philippines—Taft, Wright, Ide, Smith, and Forbes. The present Governor-General, Harrison, is the first official who has entered upon his duties without previous experience in the country which he is to govern, and according to our author, "he has as yet displayed little inclination to profit by the experience of either Filipino or American administrative insular officials of high rank."

At the present moment the Philippines have two delegates—both Filipinos—to the Congress of the United States, appointed by the Legislature in accordance with the provision of section eight of the Act of Congress, July 1, 1902. The officials of the islands, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, are a Governor-General, and Secretaries of the Interior, of Finance and Justice, of Commerce and Police, and of Public Instruction. The only Filipino secretary is the Secretary of Finance and Justice.

The Legislature is composed of two houses, the Philippine Commission and the Philippine Assembly. The Commission is composed of nine members; five are the Governor-General and the four Secretaries of departments *ex officio,* and four are appointed by the President subject to the confirmation by the Senate. Four of the members are Filipinos and five are Americans.

The Philippine Assembly is composed of eighty-one elected members, all of whom are Filipinos. They represent thirty-four of the thirty-nine provinces into which the archipelago is divided. The two houses of the Legislature have equal powers. Neither has any special privilege in the matter of initiating legislation, and affirmative action by both is required in order to pass it. The Philippine Commission has full control of the Moro Province, the Mountain Province, and the Provinces of Neuva Vizcaya and Agusan, all of which are largely composed of Moros and other non-Christian tribes.

The regularly organized provinces have a governor who is elected; a treasurer appointed by the Governor-General with the approval of the Commission, and a third member who is elected—these three constituting a provincial board. The vast majority of the elective officers are Filipinos, and ten of the appointive officers also, the policy being to appoint as many Filipinos as possible.

The municipalities of the provinces elect their own officers, and as a rule control their own affairs. The provincial treasurers supervise the municipal expenditures, and the Governor-General may remove municipal officers for misconduct. Three of the Justices of the Supreme Court are Filipinos, including the Chief Justice; nearly half of the judges of the courts of first instance are Filipinos, and practically all the justices of the peace. At the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1913, seventy-one per cent of the employees in the classified civil service were Filipinos. Before we took charge of the islands, the Filipinos were utterly ignored as far as the government of their own country was concerned.

Dean Worcester tells us that when the first Philippine Commission left Washington, the President assured it that no political appointees should be forced upon them. Soon after arriving at Manila, Mr. Taft drafted a civil service act, which did a great deal to secure honest and efficient work in the several departments of the government service. It at first applied to comparatively few positions, but was gradually extended to include the treasurers of all municipalities, and to nearly all positions, including teachers, in the executive and judicial branches of the central government, the provincial governments, and the cities of Manila and Baguió. None of the States of the Union has such a widely extended classification of its civil service. Neither the Governor-General nor the Bureau of Civil Service has the right to transfer any position from the

classified to the unclassified service, or exempt from examination any position in the classified service. This is different from the United States law, which allows such interference by the President and by the Governors of the various States, generally in the line of reward for political services. In the early days there were naturally few Filipino candidates with the necessary educational qualifications. During the last two years—1911-1913—eighty-nine per cent of the persons appointed have been Filipinos, including the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

The establishment and maintenance of order in the islands have been in great part due to the efficiency and bravery of the Philippine constabulary, recruited from among the Filipinos, and officered by both Americans and Filipinos. For twelve years they have fought the head-hunters of the Mountain Province; the Mohammedan Moros of Mindanao, Joló, and Palawan; the bloody *pulajanes* of Samar and Peyte; the wily *tulisanes* of Luzon, all of whom were utterly unrestrained by the ordinary rules of civilized warfare. The Filipino makes the best man for police duty, because he knows the local topography and the native dialects. He can get along on $363.50 a year compared to the American soldier's $1,400.00; he is familiar with the characteristics of his own people; he is better able to live off the country and keep well, despite the greatest hardships and long-continued privations.

In the administration of justice, there have been many reforms. They have resulted in simplifying organization, in decreasing the possibility of corruption and partiality, and in diminishing the cost and time of litigation. In an appendix the author describes fully the past and present organization of the courts, the subject being rightly deemed too technical for the text.

At the time of the American occupation, the city of Manila and many towns of the provinces were veritable pestholes of disease. Malaria, cholera, smallpox, tuberculosis, beri-beri, etc., were frightfully common. The water supply was most impure, the hospital facilities most inadequate, an adequate sewer system was unknown cemeteries were frequently built near the local supplies of drinking water, and the ordinary laws of sanitation either unknown or ignored. The Health Bureau has accomplished wonders in the last few years. It has installed a modern sewer system costing $2,000,000.00; successfully fought a number of severe epidemics of cholera and smallpox; found a specific for "yaws;" established a number of excellent hospitals; supplied the people with comparatively pure

drinking water; insisted upon an effective quarantine, and taken particular care of the insane and the lepers.

About 530,000 children are being educated in the public schools to-day, compared with the 177,000 of the Spanish régime. As a rule Filipino teachers are employed in the lower grades, while Americans take charge of the higher instruction. In July, 1913, there were about 8,500 Filipino teachers in the schools. Girls are being taught to cook, sew, embroider, and make lace. Boys and girls are taught gardening, and boys are instructed in wood working, iron working, and other trades. There are a number of provincial high schools, the Manila Normal School and the University of the Philippines for higher academic work, and the Manila Schools of Commerce and of Arts and Trades for advanced work on industrial and commercial lines. As a result of this educational system, English is now far more widely spoken in the islands than Spanish ever was, but whether the result will be beneficial from the religious standpoint is doubtful.

Some of the most interesting chapters of Dean Worcester's volumes are those which deal with the exploration of non-Christian territory, and the government of the non-Christian tribes. When civil government was first established, he was put in executive control of matters pertaining to the non-Christian tribes, and this necessitated on his part many a journey through their territory. These trips were full of wild adventures, owing to the hostility of the natives, the difficulty of traveling through unbroken forests and over rapids with poorly constructed rafts, and the lack of food. Many of the native tribes were finally won over by the judicious distributing of colored beads—"the grapevine telegraph"—the holding of *fiestas or cañaos,* at which the kindly intentions of the American government were set forth to the assembled natives, by paying them for the making of trails, and by settling their feuds. As a result to-day, the Benguet Igorots have been encouraged to increase their agricultural holdings and to market their products; the Ifugaos have stopped their head-hunting, and have become loyal and obedient soldiers of Uncle Sam; the Bontoc Igorots have built numerous trails which have opened up their country to civilization; the nomadic Ilongots are sending some of their children to school; the Bukidnon people have been saved from being robbed of their crops of hemp, coffee, and cacao. The Moros, with their fanatical beliefs and prejudices, have ever been the greatest problem in the islands. They can only be controlled by a heavy hand, and it is a big

mistake to suppose—our author says—"that they can be subdued and made into decent citizens by throwing kisses at them." He thinks it a good move that lately nearly all the army officers in the Moro Province have been superseded by civilians, chiefly because continuity of policy is absolutely essential to success.

Dean Worcester asserts categorically the existence of slavery and peonage in the Philippines to-day. He writes over fifty pages to prove his contention, which has been denied by Señor Quezon, Resident Delegate from the Philippines to Congress, in a recent copy of the New York *Evening Post*. Conditions in the Moro Province are thus set forth by General Davis in a report, written August 25, 1902. He says:

> With a people who have no conception of government that is not arbitrary and absolute; who hold human life as no more sacred than the life of an animal; who have become accustomed to acts of violence; who are constrained by fear from continuing the practice of piracy; who still carry on the slave trade; who habitually raid the homes of mountain natives and enslave them; who habitually make slaves of their captives in war, even when of their own race; who not uncommonly make delivery of their own kindred as slaves in satisfaction of a debt, for liquidation of which they have not the ready money; who habitually observe the precepts of the Koran, which declares that female slaves must submit to their masters—it is useless to discuss a plan of government that is not based on physical force, might and power.

On April 28, 1903, the senior inspector of constabulary in Isabela, Mr. Sorenson, wired his chief at Manila: "In this province a common practice is to own slaves. These are bought by *proprietarios* from Igorots and Calingas, who steal same in distant places from other tribes. Young boys and girls are bought at about one hundred pesos, men—thirty years old—and old women cheaper."

Dean Worcester drew up a report at the request of the Governor-General regarding this matter, which was printed July 19, 1913. In this document he gave specific cases of chattel slavery in the Provinces of Nueva Vizcaya, Isabela, Tárlac, Zambales, Pampanga, Batangas, Palawan, Agusan, Ambos Camarines, the Moro Province, the Mountain Province, and even in Manila itself. He described fully the conditions under which the various peoples of the islands were bought, sold, and held as chattel slaves. As early

as 1909 he had sent to Washington a report on the matter, but when Senator Borah of Idaho, on May 1, 1913, had a resolution passed asking the Secretary of War to send to the Senate all the facts he had in his possession bearing on this slavery charge, the Secretary of War answered that his Department had no knowledge of the matter. "Secretary Garrison was most likely," adds Dean Worcester, "deceived by some subordinate," for the report of 1909 should certainly have been on file in the War Office.

In a chapter on the Philippine Assembly, our author endeavors to prove its irresponsibility, and its unfitness to deal with great questions which vitally affect the common people. In the first place it tabled four anti-slavery acts passed by the Commission at successive legislative sessions. He calls attention to the fact that three hundred and twelve acts passed by the Assembly have been disapproved by the Commission, and one hundred and seven acts passed by the Commission have been disapproved by the Assembly. By a careful study of these two groups of acts, he believes he has conclusively proved that the Philippine Assembly has come at least ten years too soon. As samples of vicious, unintelligent, and unjust legislation he calls attention to a number of bills brought forward to abolish or reduce existing taxes; to encourage gambling; to do away with provincial boards of health and the Bureau of Civil Service; to prohibit the employment of foreigners as engineers of vessels; to exempt valuable land from taxation; to foster libel; to urge compulsory school attendance; to authorize the use of firearms; to make Spanish the official language of the courts. In all he discusses the demerits of thirty-five different bills, claiming that in opposing them the Commission has prevented the enactment of a great deal of vicious legislation. He argues that the late policy of giving the Filipinos a majority in this body, has done away with a most important safeguard. In many towns the elections have given rise to serious feuds, which have greatly hindered their previous rapid social and material progress, and in a number of instances of protested elections the Assembly has seen fit to admit a number of very disreputable characters.

The land question is an acute problem in the Philippines as elsewhere. The great majority of the small landholders have no titles; there are enormous tracts of unoccupied and uncultivated land, so that the country is unable to feed eight millions of people, whereas it could readily take care of eighty millions. The Public Land Act of the Philippine Commission allows any citizen over

twenty-one to acquire a forty-acre homestead by five years of cultivation, two years of occupancy, and the payment of ten dollars. Only 19,313 homestead applications have been received so far, and 4,811 of these had to be rejected, because of some legal defect. The people have generally failed to take advantage of the law either through ignorance, or the opposition of the rich and influential Filipinos.

> The cacique [says our author] does not wish his laborers to acquire land in their own right, for he knows well enough that if they did so, they would become self-supporting, and it would cease to be possible for him to hold them as peons, as is commonly done at present. Serious obstacles are therefore thrown in the way of poor people who desire to become owners of land, and if this does not suffice, active opposition is often made by municipal officers or other influential Filipinos, who claim as their private property land which poor men are trying to get.

It is very doubtful whether the existing legislative restrictions regarding the sale of land are beneficial. Two classes of men are responsible for them; good men who feared the monopolization of agricultural lands and the evils of absentee ownership, and corrupt politicians who represented the sugar interests of the United States. They were anxious to keep out Philippine sugar at all costs. They knew that if they could prevent the acquiring of sugar estates of any considerable size, they would easily prevent the production of sugar on any great scale.

Perhaps no country in the world has a greater variety of beautiful and serviceable woods in its magnificent forests. The total number of tree species thus far discovered is about 2,500. The Bureau of Forestry is exploring the forests, ascertaining the commercially valuable trees, and collecting information for men desirous of engaging in the lumber industry. The public forests are not sold, but are developed under a license system. The opening up of large timber tracts by modern logging methods has meant additional employment for well-paid labor, decrease in lumber imports, and the ultimate development of a lucrative export trade. As a general rule the Filipinos are totally indifferent, both to the conservation and the development of their forests.

The improvement in means of communication—the mail service, the telegraph service, steamship routes, railroads, and high-

ways—has been revolutionary. In the first days of the American occupation there were long delays in receiving letters, and often one was lucky to receive them at all. There was little respect, too, for the privacy of letters. Nearly all the old telegraph lines were destroyed during the revolution which began in 1896, so that the 4,781 miles of land line and the 1,362 miles of marine cable are new. The coast guard vessels placed on regular commercial routes by Mr. Forbes, when Secretary of Commerce, promptly led to increased production and trade, and greater prosperity throughout the islands.

The railroad mileage has been increased from one hundred and twenty-two miles in 1907 to six hundred and eleven miles in 1913, while the earning in management from $25,823.00 to $2,304,436.00. The total value of American work on the highways up to June 30, 1911, was $6,100,000.00 The construction of hundreds of good roadways—at about $8,250.00 a mile—has revolutionized travel, and reduced greatly the cost of transporting farm products to the markets. Many of the roads were so bad in the old days that wheeled vehicles could not be used even during the dry season, and cangas or bamboo sledges were used instead, to the utter destroying of the roads. Frequently the Filipino swam across the unbridged streams on his carabao, and waiting patiently for the dry season to transport his products.

There has been a very rapid increase in the trade between the Philippines and the United States. In 1912 the islands imported $20,770,536.00 worth of merchandise from the United States to offset the $21,619,686.00 worth shipped to that country. If the commercial possibilities of the islands are developed in the next few years, there is no reason why the Philippines should not produce the tropical products that we are at present buying from South America, Japan, China, and Egypt. Manufacturing is still in its infancy, but with plenty of good labor, cheap power, and abundant raw materials at hand, its future should be certain.

Dean Worcester has written a strong thesis against Philippine independence. We think he has proved it conclusively, although in certain instances his political prejudices may have carried him too far. He says very little about the influence of the Catholic Church at the present day, although he has words of praise for the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Harty, and the Jesuit Fathers of Manila.

He praises the people in general for "their dignity of bear-

ing; their sobriety; their genuine hospitality; their kindness to the old and the feeble; their love of their children, and eagerness to obtain for them educational advantages which they themselves have been denied; their fondness for music; their patience in the face of adversity, and the respect which they show for authority so long as their passions are not played upon, or their prejudices aroused by the unscrupulous. These are admirable characteristics, and afford a good foundation on which to build." The Tagálogs, he tells us, tend to become the dominating Filipino people of the islands, and practically rule all the other peoples except the Ilocanos, who are well able to hold their own. The Cagayáns are as a rule notoriously lazy and stupid; the Visayans comparatively docile and law-abiding; the Bicots energetic and capable. These several peoples are kept apart by the language difficulty, for there are more quite sharply distinct dialects than there are peoples. Spanish never became common; it was spoken only by the educated few. Another great barrier between the various peoples is the legacy of prejudice and hatred, handed down from the days when they were tribally distinct and actively hostile, and accentuated by the well-marked tendency of the Tagálogs and Ilocanos to dominate the others. A united Filipino people is at the present day a myth, whatever the future may bring forth. It is important also to remember that very few of the present political leaders have pure Malay blood. Most of them have a great admixture of Spanish, Chinese or other European blood. There is a fairly strong hostility to-day between this *mestizo* class and the great bulk of the Filipino people, a fact which makes independence impossible, and an oligarchical rule the only thing now feasible. Dean Worcester concludes: "Philippine independence is not a present possibility, nor will it be possible for at least two generations. Indeed, if by the end of a century, we have welded into a people the descendants of the composite and complex group of human beings who to-day inhabit the islands, we shall have no cause to feel ashamed of our success."

ROBERT HUGH BENSON: NOVELIST.

BY HELENA CONCANNON.

I.

AT the door of Master Raynal's wattled hut (that stood, between two May trees, in a circle of sloping meadow bounded by the summer woods) Sir John Chadfield sat one evening in company with Master Richard Raynal himself. The little hut of Master Richard held but one stool, and, as it was fitting, Sir John, that excellent *parochus,* now sat upon it, the while his host sat on the ground at his feet "with his hands clasped about his knee, and his bare feet drawn beneath him." While they sat and talked, Sir John gazed across the honeyed bean garden before the hut, and the meadow that was aflame with yellow flowers, and down the path where "Master Richard walked with God," and to the brook, that ran, noisy and shallow, over stones, beneath the hazels, and to the pigeons homing above the woods. But he was thinking of the boy at his feet: "His hair was, as you know it, a straight, tawny nut-brown head of hair, that fell to his shoulders; and he had the cleanest line of face that ever I have seen."

For the last time Master Richard was having his joy in "his hidden little hut in the wilderness," and for the last time (but one—at the end) the old priest, who loved the lad, was having his joy in his holy company. There was a knowledge in Master Raynal's heart that "he must leave this place, and go to one whom he thought must be the King, with some message; but he did not know the message." He was telling these things to his friend.

After a little time, when the stars had risen, old Sir John stood under the lych gate of his own churchyard, and saw, as well as his tears would let him, the boy pass, beneath the starlight, along the white road. What was to be his message when he should come to the King? In truth, Master Richard knew it not himself: "Our Lord will tell it me when I come hither," he had said.

But wise old Sir John, watching by the lych gate beneath the stars, knew that the message did not matter. What mattered was that along that road one was passing, for whom it was the beginning

of the "Way of Union." He had seen the lad during the four years he had lived in the little hut between the May trees, pass from the "Purgative Way" to the "Way of Illumination." Now the gate to the "Way of Union" was opened, and the brown-haired, gray-eyed lad had passed through.[1]

That was the comfort of living in the fifteenth century, and having read "the Victorines." But, who was to comfort Jack Kirkby, young Squire of Berham, in Yorkshire, in the twentieth century, when he watched beneath the stars, while his friend, Frank Guiseley,[2] in his tramp's clothes, and with a tramp's red bundle in his hand, passed with his two disreputable tramp companions into the darkness? Frank, too, had a message, but Jack Kirkby found no comfort in his knowledge of it. (It was not to a king.) It was to the small "suburban" soul of a weak and foolish girl—the tramp's "light o' love." His mission, which involved the renunciation of all the advantages of "birth, money, education, gifts, position," was "to get a thoroughly stupid girl away from a cad who was not her husband; and get her back to her own people again."[3] There was no one to tell Jack Kirkby, when he saw his friend pass away with the Major and Gertie, between the dark hedges, that he was watching him take his first steps in the "Way of Illumination." Just as there was no one to tell him, when he sat for the last time in Frank's ground floor room,[4] looking out upon the Great Court of Trinity College, Cambridge (after a pleasant tea, with buttered buns), that to-morrow his friend would enter upon the way familiar to the old mystics under the name of the "Way of Purgation." It would have been difficult even for people more familiar with the mystics than Jack Kirkby, to connect the figure that lolled in the window seat of this particular room, with the experiences recorded in those strange old writers. There sat Frank "very pleasant to look upon."

But perhaps, when all was over, when Jack Kirkby stood by the bedside in the mean London lodging house[5] (looking down at the bandaged face on the pillow, and the poor bandaged hands on the coverlet), waiting for the end, much was revealed to him that was plain to old Sir John even before *he* stood by the great royal bed in the King's Palace at Westminster, and looked at the bandaged head of his friend. What did it matter if the setting was

[1] *Richard Raynal, Solitary.* [2] *None Other Gods,* part ii., chap. i. (5).
[3] *None Other Gods,* part ii., chap. i. (3).
[4] *None Other Gods,* part i., chap. i. (1).
[5] *None Other Gods,* part iii., chap. viii. (5).

different? Here Frank Guiseley who had passed through his "Way of Purgation" that was instinct with sordidness, was nearing the end of the "Way of Union" in the sordid East End lodging house, kicked to death by a ruffianly brute. Outside, in the mean and hideous street, was the light of a winter's morning. And there lay Richard Raynal, Solitary, on the King's own bed, in the King's own palace. The starlight came in through the open windows that were set wide to let his spirit forth. "Then the moon rose, and the light lay upon the floor at my side. Then a little after it was upon the fringes of the coverlet, and it crept up moment by moment across the leopards and lilies that were broidered in gold and blue. At last it lay half across the bed, and I could see the King's face very pale and melancholy upon the other side. And presently it reached Master Richard's hand and my own that lay together, but my arm was so numbed that I could feel nothing in it; I could see only that his fingers were in mine. So the light crept up his arm to the shoulder, and when it reached his face we saw that he was gone to his reward." A king's bed, or a tramp's—what did it matter? A certain "Door" had been set open a little, and there had streamed into the room, where Jack Kirkby watched by his friend (with his fingers on the bandaged hands), a light which revealed the tramp's bed clothed with the dignity of an altar. It was the same light that lay on Richard Raynal's deathbed, or the moonlight would have had no beauty for the eyes of Sir John Chadfield.

What matters to all of us is that we find the key which unlocks the guarded door, so that the Light may follow our deathbeds too. "I cannot even tell myself what I saw there," cried one[6] who watched and saw the Door open when the priest had fitted into it his sacramental key, "except that it was not a bleak and empty room into which I looked. Death is not like that; it is sweet and friendly as a firelit hall into which men may see from the darkness outside."

"Love and death and pain are the bones on which life is modelled," says our author in the *Necromancers*,[7] and in the rich and varied life of which these novels are such a remarkable rendering, death is certainly the solid substratum. Monsignor Benson defines his characters by their attitude towards it. What does John Bannister[8] make of it, when it suddenly reveals itself in the softly

[6] *Papers of a Pariah: On Death.* [7] Chapter i.
[8] *The Conventionalists.*

cushioned life at Crowston, and takes away his heir? Nothing at all. He, the capable squire, the important country gentleman—justice of the peace, sportsman, and all the rest of it—is as helpless as a child before its bewildering mystery. What can he do to bring Theo—red-faced, square-toed, tweed-clad Theo, whose proper element is the smoking-room, and whose proper occupation is shooting partridges on the Bovey Acres—into harmony with it? How can he, himself, be brought into harmony with it, when he shall lie waiting for it, in his great bed in the room upstairs—when he shall pass for the last time (in an oak coffin) through the Corinthian porch, and so across the park to the churchyard? As for that stout nobleman, Lord Brasted, "another veteran of the smoking-room," what shall it avail him to know all that is to be known about motor cars, when the time shall come for him to make a nearer acquaintance with death than he has hitherto permitted himself? And Harold, that charming boy, whom other people beside Sybil Markham find so attractive—brisk, and easy, so adequate at present for the small duties, and promising to be equally adequate for the larger ones, when he shall have succeeded his father as Squire of Crowston—where is his adequacy in the face of the one tremendous test—death? And is his "successful individualism" really successful at the last? And even Mr. Mortimer, the "virile" curate, what does he know of death? Or, for that matter, Mr. Bennett,[9] the genial Vicar of Hanstead, and later, the no less genial Rector of Marston? Or Mr. Stirling, the Vicar of Hinton,[10] or even the eloquent Dean,[11] who sat of evenings with Mr. Meredith on the balcony of the Swiss Hotel, and talked so extremely well? What do they make of it more than Lord Brasted himself? "A fact best treated with discreet melancholy."

And yet there is comfort to be found; and the secret which shall bring death with all its horrors, the death sweat and the mortal pains, into harmony with the loving-kindness of God is not so hidden away but that those who seek it shall find it. The quest of it brought Algy Bannister to the Carthusian's Cell; and, perhaps, if he had followed it persistently it would have led Percy Brandreth-Smith[12] to a Franciscan's, but all men do not need to go so far to find it. Christopher Dell possesses it—*secretum suum sibi*—in his little house at Maresfield,[13] where he writes his books and ministers to sick souls. John Rolls knows it in his great ancestral

[9] *An Average Man.* [10] *The Sentimentalists.* [11] *The Coward.*
[12] *An Average Man.* [13] *The Conventionalists.*

castle.[14] Old Mr. Yolland[15] carries it with him into the management of his pleasant house, and his estate, as his son, Monsignor Dick[16] into the management of his London parish. Mr. Main[17] knows it, as he goes about unsuccessfully soliciting orders for cocoa. The light of it falls on Reggie Ballard's[18] desk at his shipping office, and on Maggie Deronnais'[19] weeding in her garden. Algy Bannister shrewdly surmises that to each man at some period of his life is given the chance of finding it. It sends men on queer errands—Frank Guiseley, the peer's son, along the highways, a tramp; Richard Raynal, with an unknown message to the King; Val Medd[20] to his last dreadful " failure " in the burning muniment room at Medhurst; Robin Audrey, from his hawking, and his innocent love-making with Mistress Marjorie Manners, to the rack, and to the rope. It is summed up in a colloquial sentence: to do what we have got to do. " It doesn't matter, in the slightest, what we do so long as we have got to do it."[21] And it is summed up, too, in one word of tremendous dignity, " vocation."

But were not those of whom we have spoken—Lord Brasted with his motors, old Mr. Bannister, Harold, Mr. Mortimer, doing what " they had got to do? " In a certain way " yes." It is not to be doubted that the conscientious management of his estate will count to Mr. Bannister for righteousness. But are we certain that better light was not given Mr. Banniser than that in which he saw himself perfectly fulfilling the duties of life, by his worthy occupancy of the host's chair in the dining-room, or the smoking-room, his headship of the Bannister family? It is borne in on us by some of those extraordinary subtle touches, of which Monsignor Benson knows so well the secret, that John Bannister, too, " got his chance," and failed to take it. Else, why was Chris so positive that he ought to be met on higher ground than the appeal to the " Bannister " interest, when he and Monsignor Dick and Father Benson himself went down to Crowston to announce Algy's intention of becoming a Carthusian? It is certain, too, that there were moments in Lord Brasted's life when it was borne in upon him that the whole duty of man was not exhausted in the skillful driving of a Panhard. Harold gets the same chance as Algy, " of seeing things as they really are," by Theo's dying bed. But Harold, emphatically, did not do " ye nexte thynge."

[14] *The Sentimentalists.* [15] *Ibid.* [16] *Ibid.* [17] *An Average Man.*
[18] *An Average Man.* [19] *The Necromancers.*
[20] *The Coward.* [21] *The Conventionalists.*

But even those who follow the gleam as steadily as they can, and reach by its guidance the full light of Catholic faith, often stumble. And there are ghastly failures among Catholics. That is true indeed. "But what a religion it is in which to die!" Here lies, suddenly struck down (with no time to remake, or remodel, or even readjust his personality), an unimaginative, middle-aged man.[22] What other religion than the Catholic could meet his needs? "He is a sinner, and he knows it, and he wishes to be dealt with on that understanding. He wishes to be as clean as possible—and so, a little while ago, Father Thorpe has absolved him. He wishes God for his company, on that mysterious journey, and so, from the little silver pyx, Father Thorpe has taken the Consecrated Particle—'the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ'—and gives It to him as Viaticum. He wishes to be strengthened and cleansed once more, so he is anointed, on hands, and eyes, and ears, and nostrils, and mouth, and feet. He wishes to escape—as is but natural—all pains that can be avoided, and so he receives the Last Blessing. Finally he wishes to have his failing eyes cheered, and his nerveless hands supported, so the image of his Saviour is put into his grasp.....We have lived so long by our senses, counting that real which we can touch and handle, that God in His mercy allows us, in all reality, to do so to the end. He takes oil, and bread, and water, and metal, and makes them not only the symbols, but the very vehicles of what we require. 'Look on that,' cries the Church as she holds up her crucifix, 'there is the image of your Lord; kiss it for His sake. Look on this,' as she lifts the Host, 'this is He, Himself—*Ecce Agnus Dei!* Taste and see that He is gracious.....Turn your hands over, and feel the soft oil.....That is His mighty loving-kindness. Abandon yourself to these things; throw your weight on them, and they will bear you up. Seize them, and you have hold on eternal life.'" Compare with this what poor Mr. Mortimer has to offer to Theo Bannister.

If it is our wholesome custom to meditate on death from time to time, "to look steadily upon coffins and churchyards," we cannot do better than read certain passages from Monsignor Benson's works. One of these is to be found in *Papers of a Pariah: At a Requiem.* It describes the whole attitude of the Catholic Church towards death, as expressed in the ritual of a requiem service. Death is an exceedingly unpleasant fact, and the Church makes

[22] *Papers of a Pariah: On Death.*

no attempt to disguise its horror and its darkness. Rather, she recognizes it perfectly. Six flames, indeed, from tall candles of unbleached wax, rise around the catafalque, as if to ward off the darkness. But no one can adequately describe the terror of the yellow and black catafalque, and the deathliness of the flames from the yellow candles. About it go priests, sprinkling hallowed water, and swinging the smoking censer. But beneath the cleansing water is corruption, and through the sad-smelling fragrant incense rises the unmistakable odor of death. Up into the gloom of the arched pillars rise "wailing airs unsupported by the genial organ, clusters of neumes that falter as they rise." For "death is a terrible and revolting thing:" "the one eternal tragedy, which so far as is possible darkens the light of the sun for us all"—and there is no use in disguising the fact.

This then is faced by the Church—but the Church does not leave it there. "The smell of incense, the beads of water, and the candle-flames proclaim an undying hope;" and these two emotions of terror and hope are welded into a trinity by a third that partakes of the nature of both—penitence. "From the *Confiteor Deo Omnipotenti* of the three black and white figures bowed at the altar, to the last doubtful *Amen,* the whole performance is nothing else than one heart-broken sob of sorrow." "Here is exactly that in which Mass for the Dead rises head and shoulders above every other form of funeral devotion. The Catholic Church does not emulate the eminent man who, when requested by his weeping friends at the hour of his death to declare what gave such a supernatural radiance to his face, answered that it was the memory of a long and well-spent life. On the contrary, she makes not one reference to the virtues of the deceased. She does not recount victories, or even apologize for failures. She does what she considers better: she deplores them."

Frank Guiseley saw even more than this when, at the end of his "Way of Illumination," he was present at Matins for the Dead in the Benedictine Monastery. He looked at death through the veiled portal of the catafalque, and saw beyond it souls, in pain indeed, but a pain to which human beings on this side of the portal could minister. These figures that moved about the catafalque with censer and aspersorium were as angels for undoubted power, and dignity, and tenderness. They were men like themselves, yet they were far more; and they, too, would one day pass beneath that pall and need the help of others that should follow them.

What of love in these books—since on love, as well as on pain and death, life itself is modelled? Much that is beautiful and tender and true. "Ordinary clean, human passion"—the love of a man for a woman—such as that of Percy for Gladys Farham,[23] is treated as what it is, a holy and exalting experience. God made man and woman, and drew from His own nature (which is Love) that which was to draw them together, so that they might work out His will and His purposes. Love therefore is high and holy both in its origin and its object. It has an exalting, cleansing power. It would have saved Chris Dell[24] from his unreality, and his poses, and his weak will, and his vices, just as it would have saved Ralph Torridon[25] from the dry rot of his worldliness. It gave Annie Hamilton[26] her chance, and because she had not the heart to take it, her own sins (and those of her mother) found her out, and had their will with her—so that she developed into Lady Brasted. Into Isabel Norris'[27] heart it steals, following noiselessly in the footsteps of the Divine Lover. For Algy Bannister, and Frank Guiseley, and Robin Audrey,[28] and Anthony Norris,[29] it was as the Dawn Star, pure, and clear, and trembling, that preceded the Rising of the Sun from which it takes its light. Presently the other Love shall enter into them, and take possession—"the Love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," and "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate them" from It.

In the gallery of portraits of the women who share and inspire this love, one lingers very willingly. The Father Benson heroine is a very delightful girl. In the earlier books, she is a vivid, splendid, spirited creature, very gallant and fearless, called Mary Corbet,[30] or Beatrice Atherton.[31] You must see Mary Corbet, as Isabel Norris saw her first, sitting under the trees of the Hall garden, twitching her jewelled buckles in the sun, and talking the most abominable gossip about her august Queen and Mistress, Elizabeth. Or, as Anthony saw her, at Court, dancing in the Queen's "Pavane," in her rose-colored silk, and her cloud of black hair, and her jewels and her laughing eyes, and scarlet mouth, and her violet fragrance, and her fire; or in the last scene of all, when the ride through the glorious summer night—reckless and intoxi-

[23] *An Average Man.*
[24] *The King's Achievement.*
[25] *By What Authority?*
[26] *By What Authority?*
[27] *The Sentimentalists.*
[28] *The Sentimentalists.*
[29] *Come Rack! Come Rope!*
[30] *By What Authority?*
[31] *The King's Achievement.*

cating—that was to bear Anthony to safety, was interrupted by the shot from the pursuers, and Anthony turned back—to hear Mary's dying confession, and be captured.

Afterwards, when the priest hunters had haled Anthony off to prison, they brought back Mary's body to Stanford Place, and laid her on the bed where she and Isabel had sat and talked together all the afternoon. "And I would let no one in," says Isabel; "I did it all myself; and then I set the tapers round her, and put the crucifix that was round my neck into her fingers, which I had laid on her breast.....and there she lay on the great bed..... and her face was like a child's fast asleep and smiling; and then I kissed her again, and whispered 'Thank you, Mary,' for though I did not know all, I knew enough—that it was for you, Anthony."

Beatrice Atherton in *The King's Achievement* is an elder sister of Mary Corbet—a little graver, and more sedate. One can never imagine Mistress Beatrice telling those stories about Queen Elizabeth, or shouting derisive remarks after Sir Christopher Hatton (practising at quintain), or boxing a page's saucy ear. But for the rest, she has the same vivid beauty, the same shrewd wit, the same gallant spirit, and the same great heart. Her duel with Lady Torridon would not be noteworthy of Mary.

Mistress Isabel Norris is of the same family as Marjorie Manners.[32] Here she comes pacing the yew alley, in the sunset, with Mr. Buxton: "her clear, luminous face and great eyes shrined in the drooping lace shawl, through which a jewel or two in the black hair glimmered, her upright, slender figure in its dark sheath, and the hand white and cool that held her shawl together over her breast." Who, but Monsignor Benson himself, could paint for us the soul within?....."That romantic and passionate love for Christ (on which our author loves so much to dwell) filled it with fragrance. He is as much a part of her life, and of her actual experience, as Anthony or her father. Certain places in the lanes about, and certain places in the garden, were sacred and fragrant to her because her Lord had met her there. It was indeed a trouble to her sometimes that she loved Anthony so much; and to her mind a less worthy kind of love altogether; it was kindled and quickened by such little, external details, by the sight of his boyish hand, browned by the sun.....or by the very outline of the pillow, where his curly head had rested only an hour or two ago. Whereas her love for Christ was a deep and solemn passion that seemed to well not out of His comeliness, or even His marred Face, or pierced

[32] *Come Rack! Come Rope!*

Hands, but out of His wide, encompassing Love that sustained and clasped her at every moment of conscious attention to Him, and that woke her soul to ecstasy at moments of high communion." Her soul seems to Mary Corbet (when she first knows her as a little Puritan maiden), "a little herb garden very prim, and plain, but living and wholesome, and pleasant to walk in, at sunset." But after that wonderful Easter morning when the Sun rose over it in Its full splendor, that garden was fragrant with lilies, and the red roses of love, and passion-flowers.

It is love for the Person of Christ that is the strongest thing in Marjorie Manners'[33] soul too. But she loves Him under a different aspect. "There was a strong love of Jesus Christ and His Mother, Whom she knew from her hidden crucifix, and her beads, and her Jesu Psalter—which she used every day—as well as in her own soul—to be wandering once more among the hills of Derbyshire, sheltering at peril of their lives, in stables, and barns, and little secret chambers, because there was no room for Them in Their own places." And to the service of the Greater Lover, Exiled and Proscribed, she sends her human lover from her—sends him forth, like a knight on an adventure, to do Christ's work.

The tall, stately-looking, "steady-eyed" heroines of the novels of contemporary life present three distinct types. There is first Jennie Launton.[34] Here comes Jennie, stepping into the billiard-room of Merefield Court, before dinner, one evening, to find Archie and Dick Guiseley (who was in love with her) knocking about the balls. "She was tall, and very fair, and carried herself superbly, looking taller than she really was. Her eyes, particularly bright just now, were of a vivid blue, wide-open and well-set in her face; her mouth was strong and sensible; and there was a glorious air of breeziness and health about her altogether." I am afraid Father Benson does not like Jennie. She is "very sensible," as she herself and Lord Talgarth, and Dick, and Archie, and his father, and everybody who mentions her name, all assure us. But she is "sensible" in a way of which our author has small appreciation. She is certainly a very capable manager—whether of her father, or her father's house, or Lord Talgarth, or even of poor Dick's proposal. She "gets her chance," however (our author sees to that), even as Annie Hamilton does, and fails to take it. She jilts Frank, just when it serves her purpose, and keeps Dick Guiseley dangling, until she is sure of Lord Talgarth (and yet does it in a way that no positive breach of faith can be charged against her).

[33] *Come Rack! Come Rope!* [34] *None Other Gods.*

And the worst of it is, she hardly feels a qualm. Well, perhaps that is not quite accurate. She had now and then moments of what she would call "insanity," and Monsignor Benson calls "grace," when "she wondered for a little while whether to be sensible was the highest thing in life." And she had certainly a sleepless night to her credit before she finally tore up all Frank's letters. But what of that? That was just her "chance," and she does not even *wish* to take it. Accordingly, Father Benson does not spare her, and allows an appropriate Nemesis to overtake her in a good, old-fashioned, vindictive way, which even the least subtle of his readers can understand.

Towards Mary Maple[35] the author's feelings are, I suspect, extremely well (if inelegantly) summed up by Monsignor Dick, who "is beastly sorry for her." Those moods of hers, "which she cannot always control," show something in the character beneath which is sure of his sympathy. Her nature and training demand luxury, and she can only secure it—say, by a marriage with Theo Bannister. But still there is in her feeling for Theo something more than calculation. Later on there is no doubt of the nature of her love for Algy. It is not only that he is now the eldest son, and has everything to offer that Theo once had. These things count largely, but it is Algy himself she loves, and Monsignor Richard Yolland knows it, and the knowledge makes him desperately sorry for her. In the heart of her heart, Mary Maple is genuine enough. And this is why, in spite of her scheming (which is quite as bad as Jennie Launton's), she has the author's sympathy.

Maggie Deronnais[36] is the girl in whom nature and grace combine to produce the ideal. She lives and breathes as truly as Jennie and Mary, which does away with the modern theory that it takes a mixture of faults to produce a living woman. Maggie's faults are not very serious: "She was apt to give way to internal irritation of a strong though invisible kind, when interruptions happened; she now and then gave way to an unduly fierce contempt of tiresome people, and said little bitter things that she afterwards regretted. In outward appearance she was not remarkable, though extremely pleasing, and it was a pleasingness that grew upon acquaintance. Her beauty, such as it was, was built upon a good foundation: upon regular features, a slightly-rounded cleft chin, a quantity of dark coiled hair, and large, steady, serene brown eyes. Her hands were not small, but beautifully shaped,

[35] *The Conventionalists.* [36] *The Necromancers.*

her figure slender, well-made, and always at its ease in any attitude. In fact she had an air of repose, strength, and all-round competence." She is, I should say, the most wholesome person in the company. She has, in the first place, a sense of humor, and we have Monsignor Benson's own assurance that "a youthful kind of brisk humor is perhaps the surest symptom of sanity that it is possible to have." She, too, like Jennie Launton, is "sensible" (and normal), but somehow or other her common sense is quite a different article from Jennie's. Perhaps because certain facts, which she holds from her Penny Catechism, tinge its energy. So from her pleasant, normal life, her morning Mass, her chats with Mrs. Baxter over the breakfast table, her gardening, her interest in the fowl yard, her afternoon drive, her reading, her prayers—she arises on that dreadful night, when she had to do battle for Laurie's soul—a heroine.

What was the secret of her strength? Monsignor Benson makes that quite plain I think. The sacraments of the Catholic Church—leavening the simple, normal, natural life she had made for herself. For our author likes us all to carry away our lesson from his books—and Catholic women cannot look in a better place for theirs than to Maggie Derronais.

But had not Lady Brasted the sacraments too? As regards Lady Brasted, I can only repeat the question which Father Benson, himself, put to Algy when that young man was finding her "picturesque" Catholicism a distinct obstacle to conversion. "Have you ever thought what she would be if she wasn't a Catholic? Is it possible you don't see that all the good there is in her comes simply and solely from her religion? She does her best to love God and her neighbor, and that's something surely. I pointed out that Lady Brasted was perfectly sincere, that she took a great deal of trouble for the sake of her religion, and that it was a far finer thing to believe in God, and practise religion, even if it materialized a good deal in *prie-dieux* and looking rapt, than not to have a religion at all."

Nevertheless there are times when she and her Della Robbias, and her chaste *fleur-de-lis* wall papers, and her tuberoses and black Madonnas, and Italian water colors, and white-and-gold and blue drawing-room, are simply too much for the honest, wholesome soul of Monsignor Richard Yolland, and set every red hair on his head bristling in true Irish terrier style.

ST. PETER'S DAY, ROME.

BY KATE URSULA BROCK.

IT is here at last!—the day has arrived for which we have been waiting in the windless, sun-dried city, long after our compatriots have fled. St. Peter's Day in Rome! How often we have dreamed of it, and now, after we have spent long, happy months in the Eternal City, the great festival is at our doors, bright with the Italian clarity of air and sky, hot with the unclouded sunshine of a perfect Roman day. If we are good Catholics we shall make an early Communion at the nearest church or convent chapel, and be off at the first possible moment, after the usual rolls and coffee, to the Apostle's shrine.

The ten o'clock High Mass, celebrated at the Papal altar, over the tomb of the great fisherman—this is what we wish to assist at, and, since every tram will be crowded and every carriage engaged, we must start in good time. We economically take a tram, which, for ten or fifteen centesimi, lands us in the great Piazza. We prefer to walk rather than to drive across it on this day, recalling as we do so that cruel martyrdom which took place close by, the cruelty voluntarily aggravated by the hardy, humble victim.

Secure under parasols from Apollo's shafts, swift-winged and deadly in this Southern city, we stroll between the two great splashing fountains, whose spring rainbows have long since vanished; past the monster obelisk with its thrilling inscription; and up the polished marble steps to the church. The Easter crowds of Americans and English have dwindled away, and in place of the long rows of motors and horse vehicles seen flanking the Piazza at the early festivals, only a few stragglers remain, a handful of smart carriages, drawn up in the grateful shade of the colonnades.

The multitude which is flocking in through the great bronze doors is of a less mixed character (as to nationality, that is) than that which came to pay its Christmas dues. There are a few Germans certainly, for Germans come late and stay long, and do not mind the heat as we do. There are even a few French people, lingerers like ourselves. Those notorious stay-at-homes, the French, are more frequently seen in Rome than elsewhere abroad,

and this circumstance is natural, seeing to whom they have, until these last few misguided years, been ever true and faithful. Also, there are many French nuns and priests in Rome, religious refugees come to nestle, as it were, beneath their Mother's wings from the dangers of a hostile world. These attract their secular relations, who rejoice to come to Rome as to the home of those they love.

But St. Peter's Day is essentially a Roman holiday. Just because the Saint's prerogatives are universal, the Romans love to claim him as their own, and streets are decorated, shops are closed, and all don their best and brightest, and turn out to do him honor. The shining toe of the great bronze statue, protruding from under rich robes, takes on a higher polish as the day advances. In spite of their reputation for unclean habits, few Romans bestow their kiss without first rubbing the toe with a clean pocket handkerchief. The result may be imagined.

The ancient bronze, which may or may not have been intended for St. Peter when it was first cast, looks immensely dignified to-day. The ruddy background of mosaic is matched by the tones of the magnificent chasuble. The jewelled mitre takes away something of the antique stiffness of the close bronze curls, and the warm tones of the dress are further enhanced by the ruby cross on the breast—the gift of a Spanish king. All day long a ceaseless procession passes before the image, which is closely guarded by two surpliced youths. And in spite of their ignorance, no least educated individual of all that crowd pays homage to anything but the real, human Peter, whose memory they so lovingly celebrate, and of whom they know well that the bronze image is nothing but a poor memorial.

We prefer not to go into the Tribune behind the shrine, but to hear the Mass standing or kneeling close to the Confession—a spot from whence we can look down at the very tomb itself. This is our intention, but we soon see its impossibility. When we entered, the vast church seemed but sparsely peopled. The golden light from the far-off window over St. Peter's chair, even though reënforced with other clear, white light, sheds but a quiet radiance into the domed spaces, and it is only after we have paced half way up the Gargantuan nave that we realize the density of the crowd about the shrine. Fellow-feeling prompts all who approach the Confession—the small sunken space before the tomb—to remain on their knees there only a few moments, and then retire to continue their orisons elsewhere.

Surrounding the Confession ninety lamps, filled to-day with white wax instead of the customary oil, and wreathed in box, lavender and opopanax, flicker fitfully in the eyes of the ever-changing circle of human faces round the marble balustrade. The box and flowers give off a pungent sweet odor, which pleases without enervating the senses; the crowds are quiet, orderly and devotional, and it costs no special effort to secure that detachment of mind necessary for the following of the great service that is commencing.

It is Cardinal Rampolla who is to celebrate the Mass; he who was once apparently so near to the Pontificate. There is a hush, a thrill, and then a faint murmur. He sweeps into the church with an almost overpowering dignity, and simple magnificence of bearing. Preceded by the Cross, surrounded by clergy and acolytes, clad in the noble vestments of the Mass, he passes through the the throng, totally unconcerned, with eyes closed, hands clasped, and lips moving in the preliminary devotions fitting to the mighty office he comes to perform. The crowd closes in behind, and follows the procession to the very barriers of the Tribune.

We find ourselves suddenly swept closer to the Confession; it is our turn to kneel there, and as we do so we realize, as perhaps never before, the splendor, the power and the holiness of our marvelous Mother, the Church. The great Cardinal and the humble fisherman are one in the Communion of Saints, and the Cardinal finds in homage to the other a satisfaction which the world can neither understand nor gauge.

The afternoon Vespers are attended by even greater numbers than the morning Mass. Doubtless many peasants from the country, unable to leave their duties, or hindered by distance from an earlier arrival, augment the crowd, and now the dress and manners of the people show greater variety than in the morning. Huntsmen in brown or green velveteen, peasants, carrying dark blue, stockinet caps, quite a foot and a half in length, and clad in wonderful pleated lawn shirts and quaint short coats; others in rusty serge or homespun; women with kilted skirts, black corsages and gay bodices, with small ordinary handkerchiefs, folded and literally clapped on the head at the church door by way of covering; soldiers in every kind of uniform and of every grade, from the gray clad Bersaglieri to the beautiful blue-legged, gold-laced Roman officer, carrying his picturesque pastel blue cloak over his arms; nuns in every variety of coif and veil; monks of the Benedictine, Dominican, Franciscan, Carthusian, and other orders; seminarists from the

colleges of every nation, the coloring of the trimmings on their cassocks betokening their origin; old men and women mumbling prayers from toothless mouths, their glassy eyes scarcely able to recognize the things about them; widows in heavy crape; little children with brilliant, eager eyes, and cheeks flushed with the excitement of the day; a few tourists with lorgnettes and camp stools bent on seeing everything and so equipped to endure fatigue: all these, and innumerable other human types, pass in and out of the church, and fill it with an unforgettable medley of sights and sounds. Here we see a family group, telling their beads for some special private intention; there a priest of ascetic, saintly appearance, rapt in prayer beyond the reach of all distraction.

The beautiful voices of the Papal choir sing with power and insistence the Psalms of the Vespers; the Ave, Pater, and Gloria each taking in their turn a part in the chorus of praise. Many have come to hear the music, and the crowd is densest round about the galleries where the choir is seated. We move quietly down the church, throwing many glances backward at the wonderful scene, taking also one more long look at Michelangelo's exquisite Pièta: the sorrowing Mother seems to be the very embodiment of that overwhelming world-sadness which the glorious victory of her Divine Son, our Saviour, over sin and death, once for all dispersed.

As we stand again in the Piazza, gazing our last on the magnificent pile, the grand curving arms of the colonnades—surely symbolic in their wide embrace—the fountains, the obelisk, and the crowded steps, our notice is attracted by a bright patch of color in the crowd. It is a small band of students wearing a scarlet habit. We have come to Rome to enjoy her manifold attractions, and to enter, if we may, into something of the spirit of her history and traditions, but the scarlet-clad youths remind us, almost with a shock, that the splendid celebrations of this day were designed to honor supreme sacrifice, and that only by the shedding of the blood of many martyrs have we attained to the privileges we have been able, freely and without hindrance, to enjoy.

VOX MYSTICA.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE REV. PHILIP RIVERS PATER, SQUIRE AND PRIEST, 1834–1909.

BY ROGER PATER.

IV.

THE PRIEST'S HIDING PLACE.

IT was clear that the rain would not stop before nightfall, so after lunch the old squire proposed that we should take our exercise in the long gallery, as the walk which we had planned to an outlying farm was impossible. The gallery is on the second floor, and runs the whole length of the west wing. At each end is a deep oriel window, and smaller windows look out westwards. Opposite these the oak panelling continues without a break the whole length of the wall, except for a door, near either end, where the north and south wings join on. Along this wall hangs a series of portraits, which though less important from an artistic point of view than those in the reception rooms below, are still full of value for anyone interested in the history of the family. We walked the whole length of the gallery once or twice, and then the old priest stopped in front of one of the pictures.

"Did I ever tell you how I found this portrait?" he asked, pointing to the effigy of an ecclesiastic dressed in black.

"No," I answered, "was it not here when you came into the property?"

"Well, yes," said he, "it was here, but hidden away in a lumber room, almost black with dirt, and without any frame or anything to show whom it represented. I sometimes wondered what the picture was like, so one day I sent it up to London, and had it carefully cleaned on the chance that it might prove of interest. The result surpassed all my hopes, for the cleaning revealed the inscription you see near the top of the painting, to the right of the head; can you decipher it?"

I had not noticed the inscription before, and now tried to read the letters, but could make nothing intelligible of them.

"What is it?" I asked at length, "it looks to me like *'Effigies*

V. PHIL. de FLUM M. ob TIB. 1621,' and I spelt it out letter by letter."

"Capital," exclaimed the old man, "and can't you fill in the abbreviations?"

"I suppose the *'V.'* stands for *'vera'* to agree with *'effigies,'*" I answered, "but I'm afraid the rest is beyond me."

"It might be that," said he, "but for my part I read it as *'Effigies Venerabilis Philippi de Fluminibus, Martyris, Obiit Tiburniæ, 1621.'*"

"*Philippi de Fluminibus,*" I cried, my interest now thoroughly aroused, "then it is a portrait of the Venerable Philip Rivers, the martyr priest of the family!"

"Ah, I thought you would be interested in it," said my old cousin, with a smile of satisfaction, "you can imagine my delight when it came back from being cleaned, and I read the inscription for the first time, for it had been quite invisible under the varnish and dirt."

"And now I understand the carving of the frame," said I, for the design of palms and knives, interlaced with a rope, had puzzled me, "but I wonder who hid it away in the lumber room and why?"

"I fancy it was my grandfather," said the old squire. "He was your great-grandfather, of course, the one who took the name of Pater. You know that he ceased to practise his religion, and married a Protestant when quite an elderly man. I imagine the mute reproach of his martyred ancestor's portrait was too much for him, so he took it down and put it away out of sight. His wife was many years his junior, but she died when their second child was born. That child was your grandfather, and the elder son was my father. However, they were left orphans while still very young, so they could have known nothing about the picture, though my father would have valued it had he known, as the children were brought up Catholics, thank God."

"What a lucky thing you thought of having the picture cleaned," I said, "it would have been lamentable if it had been thrown away or burned as worthless. I have always had a devotion to the Venerable Philip Rivers."

"I should think so," interrupted the old priest, "you would not deserve to have such an ancestor in your pedigree if you hadn't a devotion to him; but you haven't heard his Mass as I have!"

"Heard his Mass," I exclaimed in surprise, "what do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose I have let myself in for a story now," he answered with a smile, "come and sit down in the oriel, and you shall hear it." So we walked to the window seat at the end of the gallery, and after a minute's rest he began:

"In the first years after my ordination I used to give a good number of missions and retreats, especially in Lancashire and the north, and at the time of my story I had undertaken to preach a Mission, at a church in Glasgow, during Advent. I had arranged to get to my destination two days before the Mission was to begin, which proved to be lucky, for, as you will hear, I was delayed on the way. In those days the train service was not nearly so good as it is now, and I had to leave here before dusk, and change twice *en route,* so as to catch the night mail for Scotland at Stafford.

"I was due at Stafford about half-past nine at night, the Scottish mail coming in soon afterwards, but some twenty miles this side of Stafford an accident occurred to my train. If I remember right it was an axle that broke, but anyhow the coach next to the engine left the rails, and dragged the two adjoining carriages with it. Luckily we were going slow at the time, as we were quite close to a small station, so the rear part of the train in which I was came to no harm. But the line was blocked by the damaged coaches, so that it was impossible for us to get on in time to make the connection at Stafford.

"Fortunately no one was killed in the accident, but several passengers were injured more or less severely, and these were conveyed to the village inn, which was filled to its utmost limit. I did not feel inclined to spend the night in a railway carriage or in the bare station waiting-room, so I tried various houses in the village in the hope of finding a bed for the night. After two or three unsuccessful attempts a young woman, who appeared in answer to my knock, caught sight of my collar, and asked if I were not a Catholic priest. I answered 'yes,' and she then advised me to go and apply at the Manor Farm. 'It is not far by the path there,' she said, pointing to a stile in the hedge, 'and the farmer's family are good Catholics, who will be glad to take you in for the night. It is a big house, and they have a spare room furnished.'

"The suggestion seemed a good one, so I thanked her and set off with my handbag along the path in question. There was a bright moon, and I had no difficulty about the path, though the distance proved further than I had expected, for I must have walked

quite half a mile before reaching the farm. However, on telling my story I received such a warm welcome from the farmer and his wife that I was very glad I had come.

"The building was quite an imposing one, and had evidently been an old manor house, as its name implied; but my good host could tell me little of its history. It appeared that the owner was an elderly gentleman, a Catholic, who lived at a distance, and dealt with his tenants through an agent. The latter had instructions always to secure Catholic tenants if possible, and, in the case of the Manor Farm, there had not been a Protestant tenant within living memory. The only other detail I gathered was that the old house was said to contain a 'priest's hole,' or secret hiding place. However, no one knew where it was, and the farmer himself believed that, if such a thing had ever existed, it must have been in the older wing, which had been pulled down some twenty-five years earlier, as it was in a ruinous state, and the house was more than large enough without it. This much I learned in conversation during supper, which the farmer's wife provided for me, and, as soon as it was over, I asked to be shown to my room, as I could see the good people were themselves anxious to retire.

"The spare room proved to be an attic chamber on the second floor. It was a long, low room, with oak rafters showing through the plaster ceiling, and panelled along one side and at each end. On the other side the ceiling sloped down almost to the floor level, except where two broad dormer windows cut into the angle of the roof. The door was at one end of the room, and on the long wall opposite the windows was a broad projection, which I took to be the upper part of a chimney stack, standing out some three feet into the room. The bed stood at the far end, its head screened off by the projection, and I noticed that, in spite of the convenient chimney stack, there was no fireplace in the room. The bed had been made up for me while I was at supper, so my host and his wife excused themselves and retired. I had said all my Office for the day on the train, and was feeling very tired, so I decided to go to bed at once, and after saying a few prayers I undressed and got into bed, which proved to be extremely comfortable.

"I must have slept for several hours when I awoke abruptly, convinced that someone had just called me by name, 'Philip—Philip Rivers,' I was sure of it. You have noticed, no doubt, how one's own name will arrest the attention even in the midst of a babel of conversation. Well, it was like that, only, instead of catch-

ing my attention among a crowd of talkers, the name had called me back to consciousness out of sleep.

"I sat up in bed and listened, and as I did so the thought struck me, 'How could anyone here know what my Christian name is?' I had introduced myself as Father Pater, and though the label on my bag read 'Rev. P. R. Pater,' there was nothing to show that the initials stood for 'Philip Rivers;' so I determined to wait and see if the call would be repeated before I answered it. I lay back in bed and waited, but nothing happened, and I began to think I had been dreaming. Still the sensation had been wonderfully vivid, and I could hardly believe it was all imagination. Then as I lay there, I heard a voice speaking in a low tone, almost a whisper. There was no doubt about it now, it was in the room not many feet away from me, though I could see nothing.

"I was on the point of calling out to ask who was there, when I caught the word 'Mass' and a moment later 'pursuivants.' At this I felt sure the voices were not those of the farmer and his wife, as I had first supposed, and I lay as still as possible, scarcely breathing, so as to hear anything else that followed. For some minutes all was silent, and I could feel my heart beating strongly as I listened to catch the lightest sound. Then quite distinctly, in a low clear voice, came the words, *'In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen. Introibo ad altare Dei.'*

"The surprise was overwhelming and, even if I had wished to speak, I was dumb with astonishment; but somehow all sense of fear left me as the voice proceeded calmly with the opening responses of the Mass. One's mind works oddly on occasions of exceptional activity, and I remember a feeling of annoyance that the answers of the server were indistinct and almost inaudible, but half-unconsciously I repeated in my mind the words of the Mass as I heard them.

"All at once came another surprise. The unknown priest was saying the *Confiteor,* and had got to *'Sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo,'* and in my mind I was going on to *'omnibus Sanctis,'* when the voice inserted the extra words, *'beato patri nostro Benedicto,'* which of course are said only by members of St. Benedict's Order.

"'So you are a Benedictine monk,' I thought to myself, 'that narrows down the possibilities enormously, and ought to help me to identify you,' but I gave no more thought to the point, as I wished to concentrate my whole mind on the task of listening.

"Soon there came a pause, just where the silent prayers would

come as the priest advances to the altar, and then again the voice began, quite distinctly, reading the Introit. *'Ad te levavi animam meam: Deus meus, in te confido, non erubescam; neque irrideant me inimici mei*[1].....and I recognized it at once as the Mass for the first Sunday of Advent.

"I need not weary you with details, but as I lay there I heard the whole Mass proceed, every word of the 'proper' full of significance to those who lived under the terrors of the penal laws, for I felt sure now that it was such a Mass that I was hearing.

"At the consecration came the tingle of a tiny bell, and later on two or three persons received Communion. Then came the Post-communion and the concluding prayer, 'against the persecutors of the Church.' 'O Lord our God, we beseech Thee, leave not exposed to the perils of this human life those whom Thou hast rejoiced by a share in this divine mystery.' The Blessing was given in due course, and the first words of the last Gospel followed. But then, suddenly, from below the windows, there came a sharp whistle, thrice repeated, and the last Gospel stopped abruptly. I heard a rapid whispering, but could distinguish nothing of what was said, and in a few moments there was perfect silence; nor did I hear another sound, though I lay awake until I was called.

"At breakfast I asked the farmer once more about the 'priest's hiding place,' but without result; however, I learned one point of interest. I had noticed at the station, the previous night, that the village was named Codsall, and so concluded that the Manor Farm had formerly been Codsall Manor. Inadvertently I referred to it by that name, and the farmer corrected me, explaining that it was in a different parish to Codsall, and had been known as Marston Manor.

"The name seemed curiously familiar, somehow, but I could not fix it, and soon after breakfast I left the place to continue my journey north. But before leaving I made a note of the name and address of the agent, meaning to write and ask for any particulars he could give me about the farm, in case they might cast some light on my experience of the night before. The journey to Glasgow was without incident, but all the way I was thinking over the affair, and trying to recollect why the name of Marston Manor was familiar. I felt convinced that what I had heard was, so to speak, the echo of a Mass celebrated in the penal times, perhaps by some priest who was afterwards martyred and not

[1] "To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul: in Thee do I put my trust, let me not be put to confusion, neither let my enemies laugh me to scorn"....

unnaturally my thoughts turned to my namesake, the Venerable Philip Rivers. Then, in a flash, it occurred to my mind that in his trial the evidence which sealed his fate was that of a servant, who admitted under torture that Rivers had said Mass at Marston Manor, in Staffordshire, the very day he was captured, which was Advent Sunday, 1621.

"When I got to Glasgow I borrowed a copy of Challoner's *Missionary Priests,* and read his account of Father Rivers, where the facts I have just told you were fully set out. One other detail was mentioned, that in 1621 Advent Sunday fell on November 29th, the exact date on which I had slept at the Manor farm.

"I could do nothing more during my stay in Glasgow except write to the agent, and ask if I might be permitted to examine the old house carefully on my return south; giving my connection with Father Rivers as a reason for my interest in the place, but saying nothing of the incident of the Mass. In reply he wrote me a most hospitable letter, begging me to stay with him on my journey home, and adding that as he was himself keenly interested in the history of the neighborhood, he would be delighted to give me all the help he could in my researches. I accepted his invitation very gladly, and when the Mission was over once more turned my steps to Codsall. This time the journey proved uneventful, and I reached the agent's house about dusk on a December evening. My host was an elderly man, well read and cultured, with a knowledge of local history which filled me with admiration, and we soon became excellent friends.

"He told me a good deal about the history of Marston Manor, and how it had fallen on evil days and come to be a farm house, and he promised to show me the spot in the neighboring wood where, according to tradition, Father Philip Rivers had been captured while trying to effect his escape on the fatal Advent Sunday. I felt very much inclined to tell him about my experience on the night when I had slept at Marston, but eventually decided to keep silent for the moment, and instead expressed my desire to make a thorough examination of the old house on the following day.

"'I was sure you would wish that,' said the agent, very kindly, 'so I arranged for the estate carpenter to meet us there to-morrow morning. He is an exceptionally able man, and has done the repairs at Marston for many years now, and if anyone can cast any light on the whereabouts of the priest's hiding place, it will be he.'

"Next morning, soon after breakfast, we set off together to the Manor Farm, and on arrival found the estate carpenter waiting for us. I talked to him about the building for some time, and was interested in his account of the older wing, on the demolition of which he had himself worked, as a boy, some five and twenty years before. He was positive that nothing like a 'priest's hole' had been found in it, and equally certain that he must have heard of it had such a thing come to light at all. Moreover, he pointed out that the wing which had been destroyed, had been built not later than the early Tudor period, while the existing wing dated from 1610, as recorded by a carved inscription over the entrance, and was therefore more likely to contain a hiding place, since it was built in the penal times when such a thing would be almost a necessity.

"With this we entered the house, and made a tour of inspection, floor by floor, and so at length came to the large attic room in which I had slept some ten days earlier. I remarked on the beauty of the old oak panelling, adding that it seemed odd such fine work should have been made for an attic.

"'I can't help thinking it was brought here from somewhere else, sir,' said the carpenter in reply.

"'But what makes you think that?' I asked, with interest.

"'Well sir,' said he, 'you will notice that the panels of the top row are square, while the rest are all a good deal longer than they are wide. If you look carefully you will see that some of the square panels have the grain running horizontally, while in the lower rows it is always vertical. Now you said yourself that the panelling was exceptionally good work, and so it is; which makes me think the men who made it would never have spoiled the run of the grain by setting some of the top panels on their sides. But if the whole lot was brought from somewhere else, and the top row cut down to fit a lower room, then, like enough, the people who altered such fine work wouldn't take too much trouble about it, and so might get some of the panels in sideways when they put 'em together after cutting down.

"'Well that comes of being an expert,' said I, 'even if I had noticed the blemish I should never have gathered so much from it. But one thing did strike me as odd when I slept here, and that is the absence of any fireplace, when the chimney stack was here at hand sticking out into the room like this,' and I laid my hand on the projection of which I told you before.

"'Perhaps they thought it too near the rafters to be safe,'

said the agent, 'but stop a moment; is this the chimney stack? I thought the chimney was in the gable at the end of this room, not here in the middle. Isn't that so, Bateman?' he asked, turning to the carpenter.

"'Yes, sir,' said the man, after a moment's thought; 'there is no chimney stack near this part of the room.'

"'Come, this is interesting,' said I, 'but if this is not a chimney stack, why is there a projection here at all? They wouldn't have brought the panelling out like this unless there was something behind.'

"While I was speaking the carpenter had been looking up at the cornice of the panelling, and then he moved the table up against the projection and climbed upon it, so that he could easily reach the ceiling.

"'Why, sir,' he said a moment later, 'there is quite a space between the top of the woodwork and the ceiling; see, I can put my hand right into the opening.'

"'Can you feel any wall behind the woodwork?' asked the agent.

"'No, sir,' replied the man, 'but wait a moment;' and taking his rule from his pocket he unfolded to the full length, and inserted the end through the opening, adding with surprise, 'Why, I can't find anything at all behind, there's a space more than two feet deep at any rate.'

"'Run your hand along the top of the cornice, Bateman,' said the agent, 'and see if the panelling is fastened to the ceiling in any way.'

"The carpenter did as he was ordered, without encountering any obstacle until he reached the angle, where the side of the projection met the front panelling, when his fingers struck against a support.

"'There's something just at the end, sir,' said he; adding, as he withdrew his hand, 'Why it's iron; look at the rust on my fingers, sir.'

"'Light a match,' said the agent, 'and see if you can make out what it is.' The man did so and peered into the narrow crevice.

"'It looks like a hook, sir, holding all this front piece of panelling back to the sides. It must be nearly rusted through, I should say. May I break it, sir?'

"'Try if you can do so without injuring the panelling,' said

the agent, and the carpenter took a good grip of the cornice, and pulled it forcibly towards him.

"There was a sound of something snapping, and a lot of dust flew out, as the whole panelled front of the projection moved outwards some inches at that end.

"'Stop,' cried the agent, 'it's holding at the other end, Bateman. See if you can get that loose, too, without hurting the woodwork.'

"The carpenter jumped down and moved the table opposite the other end. 'There's a hook here, as well,' he reported. And this time he managed to push it back out of the eye in which it was fixed.

"'Just keep a hand on the panelling, sir, while I move the table away,' cried Bateman; and when that was done the three of us lowered the whole panelled front of the projection to the floor, like the front of an old-fashioned escritoire.

"The air was full of the dust we had dislodged, and at first it was difficult to see what was behind the opening. But the agent turned to me with a look of victory, 'I think, Father,' he said, 'that we have discovered your ancestor's hiding place!'

"There could be no doubt about it. The place was a typical 'priest's hole,' some eight feet by six. There were airholes in the floor and ceiling, as well as the long slit above the panelling we had let down. At one end was a long, wooden seat, which could have been used as a bed, and opposite to it was a small cupboard, rather over three feet high, which had evidently been used as an altar, for inside it we found two little wooden candlesticks, some rotting pieces of linen, and a single altar card, broken across.

"Except for these things the place was absolutely empty, and it had evidently not been used for many years past. But in one corner, just above the bed, there was a rough drawing of a crucifix; formed by blackening the plaster with the flame of a candle, and then scraping away the background. Beneath the drawing was the one word *'JHESU,'* and the initials *'P. R.'*"

THE MOTHERS OF THE SAINTS.[1]

BY F. DROUET, C.M.

FROM the Patriarch Jacob to Cardinal Vaughan, from St. Basil to Pius X., all great men, all great saints, are practically unanimous in proclaiming the prominent part played by their mothers in the moulding of their characters and the shaping of their lives; many a time it has been the pleasant duty of the biographer to record such a declaration as this found in the correspondence of his hero: "To my mother I owe what is best in me."

In the case of the saints, the mother has been usually the docile instrument of supernatural favors, the living channel of grace, and one would be almost tempted to say, the necessary complement of God, His visible shadow, His faithful substitute. Most of the saints, no doubt, could repeat and apply to themselves the words of St. Gregory the Great, still written on the walls of the Mount Cœlius Convent: "It is Sylvia, my saintly mother, who gave me the Church."

Unfortunately, in the annals of Christian motherhood there are many blank pages; and too often, to his deep regret, the historian finds nothing to satisfy his eager curiosity, except the mere mention of a name accompanied with some commonplace eulogy of the vaguest character. And yet, from the heroic mother of the Machabees to the peasant mother of the Curé of Ars, what a gallery of unique pictures, what a glorious procession of brave women, come from every walk of life!

The first three centuries of Church history are the heroic age of Christian motherhood. For practically three hundred years, with intervals of unequal duration, the Christian home is under the fire of persecution; every member of the family is a candidate for martyrdom, and the mother is educating her children not for life, but for death. Their little ones breathed freely the heroic atmosphere in which Christian fortitude grew and blossomed naturally. Such fortitude had not failed in the Confessors and Virgins,

[1] The author acknowledges his indebtedness for the material of this article to *Les Meres des Saints*, by Charles d'Héricault; *Les Vaillants du Devôir*, by Léon Raimbault, and *La Bonté Chez les Saints*, by the Marquis de Ségur.

and it did not fail in the Christian mothers whom we find not more faithful than other witnesses of Christ, but undoubtedly more sublime: for besides delivering themselves to the executioners, they were called upon to deliver their children as well. A sentence, borrowed from the *Acta Martyrum,* throws a flood of heavenly light upon this, the heroic age of Christian motherhood. The Roman magistrate said to the mother: "Sacrifice to the gods or else not only you, but your seven children will be put to the rack." And the Christian mother answered: "Is it possible that I may have the happiness of being eight times a martyr?"

The mother to whom we owe this typical answer was St. Symphorosa, wife of the noble and charitable Getulius. Heroism was a tradition in the family, for the husband had cheerfully given up his life for his divine Master, and his worthy spouse had buried him with her own hands in the *arenarium* of their country house, in the land of the Sabines.

The slave mother in those days proved herself the equal of the patrician woman: so true it is that Christianity had lowered all social barriers and raised the hearts of the lowly from the dark pits of misery and vice to the luminous height of Christian perfection, where they felt as much at home as their aristocratic masters. Zeo, a Phrygian female slave, is ordered to sacrifice to the goddess Fortune; her answer is an energetic refusal. "I will have thy children tortured," shouts her master, completely taken back by the resistance of a slave, "and we shall see whether Christ, Whom thou callest thy God, will be able to save them from my hands." The children are seized, their tender bodies are torn to pieces with iron hooks: "Be of good cheer, my children," says the sublime mother, "fight like men, and be not afraid of torments." Their reply is worthy of her exhortation: "What are these torments, mother. Tell the tyrant to increase our sufferings, that we may obtain a more beautiful crown." The infuriated man casts them together into a roaring furnace. But from the midst of the flames songs burst forth, and with a last prayer on their lips: "O Jesus, receive our souls," the mother and the children united in faith, united in death, fall asleep in the Lord. A few years later, St. Felicitas and her children recall and imitate the courage of Symphorosa.

Symphorian, who lived at Autun in the time of Marcus Aurelius the Wise, was an accomplished type of the educated Gallo-Roman youth. Having refused to worship Cybela the goddess mother, he was sent to his death. Passing by the city walls, a

sudden apparition startles him—his own mother come to bid him a supreme adieu, like Mary meeting her divine Son on the way to Calvary. "My son, Symphorian my son," she cried, "my son, think of the living God! Keep your heart on high, look towards Him Who reigns in heaven! They are not going to take away your life; you are going to exchange it for a better one."

From Gaul we pass to distant Palestine, and the same spectacle of supreme fortitude greets our eyes once more: a mother is carrying to the place of martyrdom a child who has thrown his little arms around her neck. The child is smiling, the mother is grave and silent. When they have reached it, the executioner demands his victim, and after a last kiss the mother quietly surrenders him. "Go, my son," says she, "go where God is calling you; until now I have called you my son; hereafter I will call you my lord." Then, spreading her veil on the ground, she receives reverently the precious blood of the little martyr.

With the fourth century a new era opens for the Church of Christ. The Edict of Milan grants her official recognition and protection. The age of martyrs is closed; souls have come down from the heights of Calvary, where they dwelt in an atmosphere of supernatural heroism, in perpetual expectation of martyrdom. Their piety lays aside these sublime features we have wondered at in Symphorosa, Zoe, and Felicitas, and assumes the more human character of a devotion nearer to the earth, yet keeping, of course, in constant touch with heaven. The Christian mothers of the fourth century were the great, extraordinary women to whom Libanius paid this well-known tribute of admiration: "What wonderful women among those Christians!" The mother who drew that eulogy from the lips of a pagan professor was Anthusa, mother of the great bishop with the golden tongue, St. John Chrysostom.

God utilized the great affection of John Chrysostom's mother to keep on the Catholic battlefield of the fourth century one of the most powerful leaders of the Church militant. For it was Anthusa's tender and intense maternal love which prevented her son from retiring into the desert. The four years John spent in the mountainous region near Antioch, and the two years in a cave, in the practice of most austere asceticism, were after the death of her whose entreaties he had not dared disobey. She was the wife of Secundus, commander of all the cavalry forces of the Eastern Empire. A widow at the age of twenty, she refused to marry again, in order to devote her undivided attention to the education of her

two children, a daughter, whose name is unknown, and John, who, she felt, needed all the care she could bestow.

In compliance with a deplorable custom, against which he inveighed when he became a bishop, John was not baptized until the twenty-fifth year of his age. There is nothing in his life to warrant the assumption that, like St. Augustine, like the prodigal son of old, he wandered into a far away country, where he wasted his substance living riotously, and whence he had to be brought back by the burning tears of another Monica. But there is no doubt that Anthusa witnessed with some concern the brilliant achievements of her unbaptized son among the high pagan society of a city like Antioch. Time and again she asked herself whether her son, who was the favorite pupil of Libanius, would have the moral courage to break through the net skillfully woven around him by his well-meaning pagan admirers. So, we may imagine her relief when, in the year 389, Bishop Meletius finally received him into the Church, and soon made him a lector.

But then from an unexpected quarter, another danger threatened the happiness of Anthusa. She suddenly became aware of her son's project to leave the paternal home in order to emulate the austerities of the solitaries of the Thebaid. The sacrifice was above her strength; she had generously offered her son to the Lord, she was willing and even anxious to see him become a priest; but a monk, far away from her, perhaps lost to her forever, the mere thought of it drew tears of blood from her heart. And this is why we are called upon to witness one of the most intensely human episodes in the lives of the saints, one that lays bare before us, in all their admirable sincerity, two great hearts worthy of each other and worthy of God. Let Chrysostom tell us himself.

> Our project [he says, speaking of the little plot he had secretly devised with his friend Basil], our project was about to succeed, when the entreaties of my mother set it at naught for the present. Having suspected our plan she took me one day by the hand, led me into her own apartment, and bidding me sit down near the bed where she brought me into this world, she began to cry bitterly. And then with heavy sobs, she said to me things still more touching than her tears: "My son, I enjoyed only for a short time the help I received from your dear father, his premature death left me a widow and you an orphan. My only consolation in the midst of my many sorrows was to have you constantly by my side, and to behold in you the unforgotten features of

> your father. O my son, would you have the heart to leave me a widow for the second time? The only favor I now beg from you is not to revive my grief: wait at least for my death, perhaps, it is not far distant."

John yielded to her tears, and we thank and bless him for it. For, perhaps it is because of his filial obedience that we may admire and love, not only John the monk, but John the unique preacher of Antioch, and John the indomitable Patriarch of Constantinople.

In St. Monica we greet not only the best known of the saintly figures we are sketching, but also the most accomplished type of womanhood that ever graced a home. The wife of a man who for years was brutal and unfaithful, she won him over by her unalterable patience and smiling condescension. The mother of a son who, to use his own words, "was held tight by the chains of lustful desires, buried in the depth of shame, foul, crooked and defiled," she brought him back to health of heart and soul by fourteen years of a struggle without parallel in the annals of Christian motherhood.

Monica's fight began after the death of Patricius her husband. In his eighteenth year Augustine, still unbaptized, had allowed himself to be bound by those chains that were to hold him for so many years, and make him an easy prey to that incredulity of the mind which so readily follows in the wake of the passions of the flesh. At first Monica's grief was so violent that her life was in danger. Her tears flowed day and night, in public as well as in the secret of her oratory, on her garments, on the bread she ate, on the pavement of the churches where she knelt: blessed and immortal tears which drew from a holy bishop the memorable answer: "Go, my daughter, leave him alone, and simply pray for him; it is impossible that the son of so many tears should perish."

Fully resolved to do violence to heaven and not to give up the fight until she was rewarded by a complete victory, Monica added to her uninterrupted prayers the practice of Christian works. She buried the dead with her own feeble hands, and while paying them the last honors she begged them to obtain from God the resurrection of her own Augustine. She lavished care and tenderness upon little motherless children, receiving them in her own house, feeding them at her own table; she taught their young lips to stammer out the sweet name of Jesus, endeavoring to give new children to God, that God might bring back her lost child to her. In a word she breathed,

prayed, worked for one sole object: the salvation of that dearest of all souls.

Yet when occasion demanded she knew how to silence the voice of flesh and blood, to rebuke the wayward son with the sublime anger of outraged faith. Having learned that the unfortunate youth had publicly denied his religion, and was dragging into the eternal abyss the young friends who yielded without resistance to the ascendency of his genius, she refused to tolerate any longer the presence of an apostate in her house. With all the majesty of a mother, insulted in her Catholic belief, which she held dearer than her own son, she drove him out, and forbade him ever to appear before her. Without a word of protest, the culprit bowed down his head and retired to the house of a friend. Hardly had he passed the threshold when nature, overpowered for a moment, reasserted its rights, and Monica felt her heart literally breaking asunder within her breast. She would have died, but for a dream that the Lord sent her the following night, and in which she received the assurance that her prayers and tears would win the day. But ten long years were still to pass before she could greet the dawn of returning faith in that soul darkened by heresy and sin; ten years of the most thrilling moral struggle the world ever saw; ten years during which she regained ground step by step, wrestling as it were by inches the heart of Augustine from the slavery of his vile passions, and his intelligence from the clutches of the darkest of all heresies. But the various episodes of that conversion, the most eventful, perhaps after that of St. Paul, are too well known to bear detailed repetition.

The joy of his return was too much for Monica; she had lived for fifteen years under the crushing strain of an unsurpassed sorrow; but she was unable to bear for more than a year the superhuman happiness which filled to overflowing the frail vessel of her maternal heart.

With deep regret we must content ourselves with a passing but admiring glance at such attractive figures as St. Berswinda, mother of the sweet and deservedly popular St. Odila, patroness of Alsace; the Countess Heilvige, mother of Pope St. Leo IX., who so inspired her son with a veritable passion for purity, as to make his soul "as white as a budding lily." Some historians say it was to honor the memory of his perfect mother that Leo IX. instituted the Golden Rose, which the Holy Father still blesses on the third Sunday of Lent, and sends to some Catholic woman as a token of particular esteem. We must offer, at least, a passing tribute of praise and

admiration to Ermemberga, mother of St. Anselm, who saved the mind of her child from that terrible hypochondria which, for a while, threatened with insanity the man destined to be the glorious precursor of St. Thomas of Aquin.

We are now approaching the close of the eleventh century, where one gigantic figure towers above all the rest. The incomparable Bernard of Clairvaux, as might be expected, owes the precious gift of his soul, after God, to an uncommon mother. Elizabeth or Alix—the early biographers do not seem to agree on her name—is one of the most striking types of womanhood during the iron period of the feudal system. She is not, as Charles d'Héricault says, like St. Leo's mother, a lady of the borderland, always on the alert like a soldier under arms; she has not, like St. Louis' mother, a kingdom to govern and to defend; she is not condemned, like St. Francis de Sales' mother, to hear the roaring waves of heresy breaking against the very walls of her castle; she is the feudal matron, the *mulier fortis,* quiet and dignified, the revered queen of the miniature world that moves within the ramparts of her husband's manor.

Eleven centuries of Christianity have cast the human soul in a new mould, and, to use St. Paul's words, "The goodness and kindness of our Saviour" have softened the native rudeness of these much-abused characters of the Middle Ages. The ideal which the Christian mother of that period sets before the eyes of her children is not only stainless honor and a chivalrous spirit, ready to do battle against all miscreants, one against four, four against ten; it is an ideal that dwells in a still higher region, in a region where human feelings are permeated and transformed by the light of eternity, in a region where piety and purity reign supreme. Not only does she prefer to see her son dead rather than dishonored, but she goes so far as to say—and she means it—she would prefer to see him fall dead under her own eyes rather than be defiled by mortal sin. Such was St. Bernard's mother. She bore to Tescelin, who, according to tradition, was a lion in battle and a lamb before women, old men, and children, six sons and one daughter. The historians of St. Bernard usually record with emphasis that she herself nursed all her children; that her instructions and commands were never given in language ungracious or exaggerated, and that she raised her children as though they were destined some day to share the laborious life of the working classes. "She accustomed them so well," says an old chronicler, "to real hard work that they

seemed to begin, under her direction, the apprenticeship of the austerities which they practised in after life."

The result of her lessons may be summed up in a sentence that speaks volumes for the irresistible power of her domestic example: her brother, her husband, her six sons, and last of all her daughter, all embraced the religious state; not, however, without a protracted struggle which, for Bernard himself, nearly ended in defeat. Who saved him from "the bewitching of vanity" to which his brilliant natural qualities would have made him an easy prey? His mother, who appeared to him with a look of sadness that pierced the heart of Bernard and put an end to his hesitations. Her own brother Gaudry was the next to succumb to that supernatural influence that came from beyond the grave; five sons followed in rapid succession; and the last conquest of that strange, invisible apostolate was her only daughter Humbelina, who finally completed the resplendent crown of seven stars which the happy mother wears now in the kingdom of heaven.

Theodora, mother of St. Thomas of Aquin, is the type of those exacting mothers who, for a while at least, stand resolutely, like an armed fortress, between God and the vocation of their children. She was undoubtedly a pious and virtuous woman, but the thought that her son, a descendant of the companions of Charlemagne, a grandson of a counselor of Frederick Barbarossa and of a princess of the House of Suabia, could become a plain monk, wear a coarse scapular, and bury the glory of his name in the obscurity of a convent, such a thought was unbearable to her aristocratic pride.

No sooner had she been informed that Thomas had taken the Dominican habit than she rushed towards Naples, fully resolved to snatch the boy away and to bring him forcibly back to the paternal castle. He outwitted and outran her, however, and took refuge in St. Sabina Convent in Rome. The relentless mother was close upon the heels of the fugitive, so close, indeed, that this time he had no chance to escape, and was compelled to keep in hiding within the walls of the monastery. Theodora laid siege before the door, and the good Fathers, fearing her influence, finally dispatched their novice to Paris. But the news of his secret departure leaked out, and in the neighborhood of Acquapendente, Thomas and his companions were suddenly surrounded by a troop of armed men, commanded by his own brother Raynald. In vain did the youthful friar indignantly protest. The young monk was imprisoned in the castle of Aquin, where the triumphant Theodora quickly joined him;

and falling upon his neck, opened the floodgates of tears that had filled her heart to overflowing during these months of bitter struggle. Thomas was unshaken in his resolution: "Mother," he used to repeat meekly but firmly, "would I love you less for loving God more and more?" For ten years this mother, blinded by a misguided love, endeavored to kill in the soul of her son a vocation which she would most likely have admired and favored in another. Of course there could be no doubt as to the issue of that unequal combat, and the proud Theodora finally laid down her arms and admitted defeat; but, through fear of displeasing her two oldest sons to whom their brother's vocation was far more distasteful than to herself, she dared not open the doors of Thomas' prison, but contented herself with secretly favoring his flight.

God, no doubt, wanted her to atone, even upon earth, for her long and stubborn opposition to His will. Frederick, angered at the devotedness of the Aquin family to the cause of the Papacy, stormed and razed their castle. Theodora accepted the lesson, bowed her head in humble submission, and ended her life in a spirit of penance in singular contrast with the haughtiness of former years.

To quote Charles d'Héricault again: the thirteenth century was great because it was holy, and God was, so to speak, reflected in St. Louis more than in any other king. To prepare that century and that king, continues the same writer, God made use of His Church and of a woman. On the tomb of that woman, in the monastery of Montbuisson, the following epitaph has been engraved: "Madame La Royne Blanche, mère de Monsieur Saint Louis." Of all the eulogies bestowed upon her by the admiration and gratitude of centuries, this is the most simple, yet the most complete and the most sublime.

By birth Blanche belongs to Spain, and after St. Teresa there are few women, if any, of whom Catholic Spain has a right to be more proud. Contemporary chroniclers are at a loss to find expressions sufficiently strong to convey adequately their admiration of her: "She was," they proclaim with touching unison, "all beautiful, all good, all sincere, all wise; truly beloved by God and man; the most prudent woman of her age; one of the greatest gifts that France ever received from heaven." Capable of bringing to a successful close the most difficult undertakings, she held sway over the supreme council of kings, and her persuasive eloquence knew the secret of overcoming all opposition; her husband unreservedly submitted to her will; which, another historian mali-

ciously remarks, would have been going too far, were love not such a good and plausible excuse. Grace, energy, courage, these three words give us a complete portrait of Blanche's character. Her greatest title to the admiration of posterity is, of course, that she gave to the world St. Louis, the perfect type of a Christian king.

Blanche was an educator without a peer; development of the body, culture of the mind, preservation of the soul—every phase of this threefold education was under her personal supervision—nothing was neglected that could help make a man and a Christian of him who was destined to rule a great kingdom. Monks and knights were his teachers; at the school of the former he learned to read and chant the canonical office, and to pore over the pages of the Bible and of the Fathers; from the latter, with equal ardor and undiminished vigor (for this pious youth felt the good red blood of France and Spain tingling in his veins), he learned to mount a horse; to hunt and fish in the royal forests; to jump ditches; to scale high walls, and to brave the inclemency of the weather. And at every stage of this sane and virile formation, the influence of the mother made itself deeply felt; "she accustomed him to hard work and did not even hesitate to inflict upon him the punishments then in use."

But, of course, the preservation of Louis' soul from all impure contact was uppermost in Blanche's preoccupations, in her cares, in her prayers: "Fair son," she said to him more than once, "I would fain see you dead rather than defiled by a mortal sin."

With such an education to tide them over the manifold dangers of their exalted position, it is not difficult to understand how two of Blanche's children, namely, Louis and his sister Isabelle, found their way to the honors of canonization. But here a question naturally arises to our lips: how is it that such a model mother did not precede or follow her children to this honor? Alas, that we must put our finger upon a flaw, in that magnanimous heart; to complete this sketch, brief though it be, we must speak of Queen Blanche's relations with her daughter-in-law, Marguerite of Provence.

On the day of their marriage, the young king slipped on his wife's finger a golden ring representing lilies and daisies ("Marguerites" in French), delicately entwined, with this significant motto engraved on the edge: "Dieu, France et Marguerite: hors cet anel poing n'ey d'amour—God, France, and Marguerite: beyond this ring I have no love." Did Blanche imagine she was thereby ex-

cluded from her son's heart? At any rate from that day the young couple knew from bitter experience how far and how fast a jealous mother can travel along the lines of indiscretion, unreasonable complaint, petty annoyance, and undignified anger.

In spite of this one strange weakness, Louis' respect and love for his mother remained unaltered to the end. To judge of their true sentiments, we must read the touching scene of their last parting, when the king was about to embark for Egypt: "Dearest son," cried out the disconsolate mother, "how could my heart endure such a separation; it would be harder than a stone if it were not even now rent asunder, for you are the most loving son a mother ever had!" She nearly fainted away, and leaning upon the king who was himself bathed in tears, she sobbed aloud: "Fair son, never shall I see you again; my heart tells me so, never shall I see you again." Her presentment did not deceive her; she died before he returned. When the news of her blessed death reached him, the saintly king gave full vent to his grief, and kneeling down poured out his heart in this beautiful prayer: "Lord God, I give you thanks for 'lending me' my dear mother so long. It is true, O sweet Father of Jesus Christ, that I loved my mother above any creature in this perishable world, and indeed she deserved it; but, since it was your Holy Will that she should die, blessed be your Holy Name!"

Who has said that the saints, if they wish to be consistent, must stifle in their heart all tender feelings, trample human affections under foot, and let the love of God absorb and utterly destroy all other sentiments? Those who still profess to believe that absurd and stubborn calumny have probably never heard of St. John Chrysostom nor of St. Louis, and perhaps they have still to be taught the names of St. Vincent de Paul and of St. Francis de Sales. At any rate they are not aware that no less than three volumes have been written under the alluring title: "The natural affections of the saints."

In bringing to a close this very incomplete and very imperfect review of saintly portraits, the writer cannot resist the pleasure of quoting once more the admirable historian and gifted orator to whom he owes so much, Father L. Raimbault: "There is nothing more beautiful than a mother, because there is nothing that resembles God so closely: *'Mater Deus,'* St. Augustine says, *'quia fovet, quia sustinet, etiam quia calcat.'*" Mothers are the queens of life, being raised to the dignity of coworkers with the Author of life.

They are the queens of education; soldiers protect the national flag, bankers guard the public wealth, but mothers have been intrusted with the most precious treasure of this world, after the Blessed Eucharist: the souls of the children. They are the queens of sacrifice; the Bible, the history of the Church militant, are replete with records of how their tears were copiously shed, how their blood was generously given. Everywhere in the history of souls and in the history of nations, they assume the suppliant attitude of victims, and more than once they appear, in the light of supernatural glory, in the triumphant attitude of saviours.

THE LIGHTS OF WORCESTER TOWN.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

FIVE great hills with groves and towers
Stand like a wall round Worcester Town,
Fair are they all days and hours,
Most of all when the night comes down:
Tents of beauty if winter snows them,
Or an they wear rich autumn's gown,
Frescoes if dawn or noontime shows them,
Fairest of all when the night comes down.

Up the hillsides, down the lowlands,
Jewelled in light all Worcester glows,
Magical set like fairy showlands,
Arbors of lily or banks of rose:

Some like ghosts with footsteps stealthy
Glimmer on hills where Spencer goes,
Others in windows warm and healthy,
They of the lily, these of the rose.

Down in Blackstone's courseway flowing,
Held in the eyes of pond and stream,
Tier on tier are mill lamps showing
Arches of light as a land of dream.
Swinging of looms is pictured by them,
Traffic of folk in a golden gleam,
Spindle and shuttle and men that ply them,
Tapestries weave they fair as a dream.

Out from deep, dark hills come flashing
Trailing lights when the trains go by,
Eastward, westward they are dashing,
Speeding as meteors cross the sky.
Beacons aloft on tower and steeple
Signal and answer a watching eye,
Ribbons of light see town and people,
Miniature comets across the sky.

Five great hills all marked with highways
Stand like a wall round Worcester Town,
Lights that glow in halls and byways,
Magical look when the night comes down:
Jewels and gold of the lights are gleaming
Hems of the sable, sheen of a crown,
Rose light or lily as garden seeming
Fairy parterres the night brings down.

THE RED PIPE.

BY "OLIVER."

PEOL had been promising for some time to test my geological knowledge—for I had the untimely habit of straying off in search of specimens of stone, often when my absence put him to considerable inconvenience. I expected him, then, to produce at some inopportune moment, when the *furor geologicus* was not on me, a specimen of drift of some sort—crystallized granite, gneiss, mica schist, or quartz from the northern streams—the more distant and obscure the locality the more likely would he be to consider his find rare or even valuable. I was not exactly prepared, therefore, when from the depths of a red bandanna handkerchief he brought forward a most unusually antique pipe of red stone.

At first I took it for a candlestick—the bowl and stand lent themselves easily to this idea. A short cylindrical urn, spool-shaped, rising from the centre of a flat and slightly curved base, there being also a fair-sized edging or lip, served for the moment to nonplus me. Still the bowl was itself too large for an ordinary candle, and a closer inspection showed an opening in the elongated base through which the aboriginal pipe-stalk reached the tobacco. Moreover the odor of tobacco clung closely to the bowl, which was in turn well burned inside. As this ancient artifact lay on the table before me, it recalled the current description of Ericsson's *Monitor*—"a cheese box on a raft"—and I was thereby enabled the more readily to solve Peol's problem.

He was steadily regarding me with a shrewd and quizzical gaze. Here was a traditional instrument of his tribe, dating as I knew from the age of the mound builders, brought in from a great distance—what wonder that he expected me to fall down in my reading of it. The material of this sacred artifact was greasy to the touch—yet this might have been due to the contact of many hands. That it was stone, and not baked clay, was evident. It showed the marks of the chipping instrument with which it was first fashioned. I tried it with my knife, and found that it cut like hard wood, without injury to the blade.

"Your *Monitor* pipe, Peol," I began—for a glimmer of inspiration had reached me, and I was quite willing to impress the old chief with the variety of knowledge—"is made of compact steatite, or soapstone; in other words, of catlinite, or what if it came from China would be called agalmatolite. Age and the heat of use have long ago driven out the first moisture, so that it is harder now than when it was first made, but there is magnesia in it yet."

I expected the Indian to be overpowered by these words of thundering sound and my geological knowledge generally, but his inscrutable eyes gave no hint of his thoughts. I continued : "Of course I can give you other names for the material of your pipe. Perhaps if I call it plain pipe stone, you will understand better."

He laughed openly at me—an unusual laugh with him—and I felt that he was laughing at my ignorance. I had not impressed him after all.

"You may be able to read the stones on the shores of Baskahegan," he said, "but human flesh when turned to stone is not an A-B-C book. This pipe was made long ago, before my fathers came out of the west and into the land of fir trees, of the stone to which all the Indians were turned who were drowned in the great freshet. From far and near, when the waters threatened them, they fled to the ridge of rocks which somewhere in the west rises out of the level ground like the blade of a knife. But the rock was not high enough, and so they were all drowned. Then the Great Spirit flashed his thunders over them, and they were turned to soft stone. Steal him! Well, you know too much. All tribes free to dig that stone, because the flesh of all is in it."

Peol had misunderstood my science. Still there was a story behind all this. So tacitly accepting his correction, I asked for more information.

"It's a very long story," he began. "Long ago when my people came from the salt water of the other ocean, which they crossed on rafts of logs"—here he pointed to the west—"when our hunters killed the big animal called mylo[1]—you find him in Boston Museum—long before white man's time, they lived out beyond the great lakes. Hunting was good, and life easy, so that they increased until they became what the ancient word called *mamouni*, or as thick as the hairs of the head, and the land could not hold them. Then a portion of them, seeking adventure and the salt sea, which their fathers loved, pushed onward down a great river[2] until they came to the ocean. But the greater bulk of the people remained in their ancient seats. Years went by, and they had many battles with other tribes, who envied them their rich hunting grounds ; and then they grew *mamouni* again, and disputed among themselves, for the country was not large enough to hold them all. There were two great parties among them, championed by two leading chiefs, and it looked as if it might be war. Then arose among them a wise medicine man, who announced that the Great Spirit wished to talk with his people out on the sacred ground where the flesh of all Indians lay turned to stone, and whence they took their sacred pipes. On that ground or near it no warring

[1]The Mylodon. [2]The Saint Lawrence.

was allowed, and Indians faltered and hid their weapons as they drew near it.

"And so the two chiefs, with their soothsayers and picked warriors, stood in the presence of the sacred rocks, and from a distance presented their offerings to the two old women that guarded the ground. Then from their caves beneath the rock the old women came forth into full sight, while fire and light shone about them, so that our people fell on their faces with the fright of it. The venerable figures each carried in her hand a pipe of peace, fashioned so much alike that no man could tell one from the other, except that on the underside one bore the mark of an eagle's claw, and the other that of a bear."

Immediately I picked up the ancient talisman and sought its emblem. Sure enough, it bore on the bottom of the base or stand the minute impress of a bear's paw.

Peol, indifferent to my act, continued: "Then calling each of the two contending chiefs by name, they gave to each a pipe. 'You will smoke these pipes here and now on this sacred ground,' they ordered, 'as a sign of peace between you, and that you accept our words. The chief who has received the claw of the bear will then lead his people down into *Shinaki,* the land of fir trees, until he reaches the salt sea. There he will find his kinfolk who have gone before, already a great tribe, and he will make peace with them, and they shall be his allies in war. The chief of the eagle's claw will remain, himself and his people, in their ancient hunting grounds. When the memory of this day and of your kinship, one to another, shall have grown dim with the burden of years and separation, then will you meet and smoke the one pipe, but woe to the tribe that shall have lost its pipe in the meanwhile; and happy the lot of the eagle who on that day joins himself with the bear.'

"And then they were gone in the flash of the flame which came from the thunderbird, which had its nest on the mountain. The rival chiefs smoked together the two pipes on the sacred ground, and bound themselves to the holy pact.

"Thus it came about that the clan of the bear separated itself from its brother clan of the eagle, and pushing boldly into the east, skirted the great inland waters until a great river brought them to the sea. At the sight of the rolling mountains of green waters, part of the tribe threw themselves down on their faces—for the ancient memories possessed them; but part took no pleasure in the sight of the sea, having lost, in the years, the attraction of it. Those therefore who loved the sea made their homes near it; while those who preferred the fresh water lakes and streams went further inland; and so we have to-day the Malicetes on the Ouigoudi and the Etchemin—

or Quoddies—by the sea. These pioneer clans soon met their common kinfolk, the Micmacs, and renewed blood relation with them; but the Micmacs, being themselves salt-water Indians, liked the Quoddies best.

Warning me that the story was long, and that we should need refreshment before it was through, Peol set the coffee-pot near the embers, and then lighted his pipe. My gaze rested on the ancient artifact whose history he was unravelling. However much I might dissent from its preternatural origin, there could be no doubt of its antiquity. Its years began with the age of the mound builders—of that there could hardly be dispute. Its story was not yet told. Did these divinely separated tribes ever come together again to fulfill prophecy?

Peol resumed: "The rest of the story is a long one, and happened since the white man came. In fact, a white man brought it about. You will remember better than I the name of the long-faced Frenchman, dry and dour of aspect, who first carried our Abenaki and Micmac canoemen with him through forest, and over lakes and down the Great River, to the country where moss hangs from the trees like a beard, and the earth is red or yellow as you like it, with no solid spot to camp on when you reach the sea."

The Indian paused to await my reply. "Yes," I answered, "De la Salle, you mean. He took your people down with him to the mouth of the Mississippi."

"La Salle, yes, that's the name. We called him sometimes 'Long Face,' but oftenest *Tish-an-an-a-gouah*—'Go-back-and-sit-down.' He was so set in his way—so sure that his way was best—that when our chiefs ventured to offer him advice, he invariably rejected with the contemptuous order: 'Tish-an-an-a-gouah!' speech which we use only to our dogs.

"Several of my family were with him on that trip; among them Talistoga, then a young man, grandson of Guesca by her Iroquois husband, Waghinethe. We went with his father, who was hereditary sorcerer in succession to our great Iroquois medicine man. Since the expedition was to pass through the great unknown west out of which our people came, it was decided to allow this sacred pipe to accompany it in care of Azoa and his son Talistoga. Prophecy might be on the way to fulfillment. For our pipe had remained in the family of the first great chief, to whom the sacred old woman had given it, through more years than a young popple shakes leaves to the ground in the fall.

"You may be sure that Talistoga and the other stalwart young men who were to accompany their fathers on the expedition, were too much occupied in mind with the forthcoming wonders and adven-

tures of their journey, to give thought to the stories of the old people. He paid but little attention to the sacred pipe, therefore, except when it went round; being altogether occupied with his new firelock musket or fusil, his knives of flashing steel, and his outfit of powder and lead. So that the elders took him and the other young men apart, and recounted to them the history of the pipe as I have told it to you, and taught Talistoga to smoke it with shut eyes, and the others to read in the smoke clouds what should happen. Talistoga was nearest of blood to the pipe, but his father, Azoa, being half Iroquois, was not considered fit—although a great medicine man, as I have said—to read the secrets of the holy instrument. But Azoa always thought this interdiction a hardship, since he was best part Abenaki, his mother being Guesca.

"It was agreeable to have so many Frenchmen in the company, besides some Micmacs; but the Abenaki depended on themselves—on their knives and medicine to carry them through. It was well they did so in view of the use La Salle made of them when the expedition reached the great unknown wilderness. There they were sent out, not only as hunters to get game, but as scouts to precede the main body and report on the country ahead. Some time was spent in constructing a fort near the great falls, and then in building a ship with which to navigate in safety the immense inland seas. It was then that our people first taught the white man what they could do with an axe: the Abenaki are still the best axemen in America."

"Aye, and the best men on running logs," I could not forbear interjecting.

Peol gave me a gratified nod, and continued: "From what our scouts could learn from the Hurons, a great warlike tribe beset the farthest stretches of the lakes, where the hills gave way to level reaches of grass and plains. They were a tribe of mounted Indians, using horses more than canoes—but canoes as well, for they lived on a river—so that even their women rode horseback. Their food was good eating, being the flesh of some great animal which they hunted on horses.

"At last the expedition sailed westward over the great inland seas. Talistoga would sit for hours in the bow of the new ship watching the unbroken stretch of water, and wondering what lay to his right hand and what to his left; but his father and the older men held their breath, and waited for the sight of the land from which their people had first come. From time to time, when the melancholic French leader was below in his cabin, Azoa consulted the spirits, but always received the same answer, 'You have your medicine pipe.' Still he delayed doing so, being wrathful that he was not permitted to penetrate its mysteries.

"At length some of the others insisted that the pipe be consulted, and that Talistoga be chosen to smoke it while the others should read the smoke. The night was calm, with not a breeze stirring. The vessel rolled quietly to the swells, and the moon overhead made the sails look whiter and more ghostly. Few of the Frenchmen were on deck, and the Micmacs had already gone to their quarters. Then our Abenaki hunters gathered silently in the bow beneath the shadow of a great sail; the pipe was produced and given to the young man to light. Scarcely had he drawn his first whiff of smoke when he felt the pipe tremble in his mouth, as if his teeth could not hold it, and then he shut his eyes—as he had been bid—while the smoke blew easily from his mouth. The watchers, intent on possible manifestation, saw the smoke wreaths rise to a certain height above his head, and then spread out and bank up into fantastic forms. To their keen eyes every circling ring of smoke appeared to take its place mechanically, and with its airy fellows arrange and rearrange the foreground of a picture. There was an Indian encampment on a hill, with a river running at its foot, and level ground spreading out interminably; while through all the picture roved figures of men, some on foot, others on horseback, and their horses ran wild through the cloudlets. Over and over again the scene was repeated until not a warrior but knew it by heart. Talistoga alone did not look out at the smoke he was making. Suddenly he felt that he was called to look up, and, as he did so with hesitating glance, he started backward with momentary astonishment. The cloudlets were held before him in a thin wall of smoke, through which he imagined he saw woods and single trees, and then quickly there appeared a girl on horseback, hurrying and yet checking her horse.

"The vision was so distinct that he saw the gold bands on her arms, the graceful sway of her body, the sweep of her tunic over her knees, and the saddle-cloth which covered her horse. But her face he did not see, only the poise of her head, and the wealth of hair that was tied at the back of her head. Then he shut his eyes to the vision, in order to look out afresh. This time he opened them, fearing the vision had gone. It took him a moment to realize that a face of the sweetest beauty was gazing down at him from the smoke wreaths. He saw the pearls in the small ears, and the wimpling of her hair over her forehead; but her eyes held him. Whether it was anger or wonder that showed in them he could not read, but behind whatever her emotion was he saw limpid depths of coyness and maiden modesty. Her lips appeared to move in speech—and then she was gone, while the rugged faces of his friends blinked at him in the moonlight.

"They crowded round him now, with many a quick and smoth-

ered question, to know what he had seen. His fixed and rapt attitude while the vision lasted was not lost on them. Whether he would have yielded to their insistence and related his vision to them, I very much doubt, but a diversion of such a nature at this moment came to his relief as effectually drove the thought of his vision from their minds.

"The gaunt form of La Salle stood suddenly in the midst of them, a deep frown on his face, and anger shooting from his black eyes.

"'Where are they?' he demanded in his quick, sharp voice. 'Don't dare tell me they are not here, for I saw them. Where are those two women?'

"To the Abenaki his words were enigmatic. They hesitated, and he took their hesitation for guilt. He began at once to search for the hidden women, and called to his officers to join him. But their request was useless, as our people well knew, for even they were assured of his good intentions when he laid his hand on the spot where the women sat. At once they endowed the wrathful commander with superhuman powers, since to their minds he had seen the two Old Women so closely connected with the magic pipe—and yet they had not seen them.

"But Azoa, who had some of his mother's birchbark temper, although not taking part in the enchantment, flared up at the Frenchman, and in his anger gave utterance to a gross insult. Happily La Salle did not heed his words, being intent on the search. Still Azoa knew better in his heart, for the severe Frenchman suffered no women near the expedition at any time; yet he might not have been so hasty in his judgment.

"The Micmacs, being aroused by the search, and learning the story of the night's enchantment, at once endowed our warriors with a sort of mysterious character, so that during the rest of the journey they consulted us in everything, seeing that we were now closing in on the land of our forefathers. The land of their forefathers, also, but their memories had not been kept alive like ours by this pipe, and they had long since parted with the finer edge of their traditions.

"So, neither to his own friends nor to the Micmacs—with whom he was a prime favorite on account of his size and strength—did Talistoga tell the details of his vision; he kept them rather in his own heart, to think on them, and to picture over and over to himself the wonderful beauty of the girl, and puzzle his mind as to what her lips whispered. Every morning he looked ahead past the sharp bow of the ship, wondered where she lived and when he would meet her. His friends believed he was still in a dream, and said that the Old Women had bewitched him.

"The little company of adventurers had yet a stranger experience awaiting them. The weather for a few days had been dull and hot; there was a sluggishness in the air which was disconcerting, and made a man breathe with difficulty and perspire doing nothing. The commander was in a nervous worry while it lasted, and made many useless expeditions from cabin to rail in his effort to interpret the weather. They were still out of sight of land, and no man knew what was ahead. The next night, after the excitement aroused by La Salle's vision of the Old Women, was dark and murky; a great black pall had settled down over the lake, through which the moon could not penetrate. There was no wind—nothing but a gentle ground swell—but the air was tense and still hard to breathe. Suddenly a groan went up in chorus from a group of sailors, and they threw themselves on their knees in wild prayer; for there, on the masthead, burned a large ball of the purest light; a steady, silent light it was, shining up there in the darkness; a man could see every cord and rope between him and it. It shone like a great eyeball at the masthead.

"The Micmacs howled like affrighted beasts, and cast themselves in among us, as if we could save them who were ourselves stricken with deadly fear; the steersman fled from the rudder, and the vessel yawed and fell crossways of the swell; the sails flapped, and the sailors, crossing themselves, prayed loudly.

"La Salle was at once on the deck to inquire into the tumult. An officer pointed to the mysterious light on the mast, and the commander blessed himself. Then with a roar of anger he was amongst us, prepared, if his officer had not dissuaded him, to lay about him with the flat of his sword. He charged us at once with a second devilish incantation, in order to bring misfortune to his ship. Then, driven to desperation by the cries of the sailors and the loose movements of the ship, he boldly threw himself into the rigging, carrying his sword in his teeth, and scrambled upward to give battle to the demon on the topmast. The spirit did not await his labored ascent, but floated away noiselessly like a great white owl on a summer's evening. La Salle returned to the deck and, ignoring us altogether, harangued his men in his own tongue. Abenaki and Micmac wondered at his boldness and the power of his medicine.

"But the French murmured among themselves, and old François, the hunter, said that the ship was haunted because she had been built and launched from a graveyard of the Hurons—she could have no good luck. Still La Salle's intrepidity helped him with his men, and gave him still greater prestige with our people.

"At length after an interval of two days, during which they were greatly aided by a strong wind that followed the appearance of the strange light, they sighted land ahead on both sides, and in a little

while they raised the mouth of a river that flowed out of the lake. La Salle, after a long consultation with old François, the hunter—whom he had brought with him from Niagara—ordered the helmsman to enter the river. They found that its current ran southerly; at which the French commander was well pleased, since it agreed with the advice given to him by the old man.

"On both sides stretched great level barrens of sand, with here and there willow gardens in the lower lands; ahead of them, but much more to the south, they could distinguish higher ground and a blinking spread of woods against the noonday horizon. Would the river take them through that delectable woodland? For our Indians, accustomed to the wholesome hilly country of the east, where the mountain ridges run like the knuckles of your hand, had no love for barren, level plains without bush or tree to hide a man when he is scouting.

"Much to their satisfaction, therefore, they discovered after a second day's sailing that the river was leading them in a roundabout way to the wooded country. No living being was in sight at any time, except perhaps a diving muskrat along the shore. Talistoga, who was continually on the alert, thought he sighted smoke many miles to the right of their course, but no one else saw it. And yet not a fish hawk could alight on a willow spray that he did not see, so earnest and watchful was his expectation of meeting her of whom by this time he had come to call his Smoke Girl.

"He met her sooner than he expected, and in a manner different from anything he could have dreamed. The ship had at last reached the wooded country, through which the river ran placidly, and with an ever varying succession of mirrored pictures of the accompanying forest. The wind had died out, or was held in check by the deep lea, when word was passed to our men to prepare their canoes to land and scout. Old François said that they were now approaching the encampment of the powerful tribe, of which they had heard so much before they left Niagara.

"The vessel was brought to temporary anchor, and the canoes of the scouting party were lowered overboard. For the first time in weary days the men could stretch their limbs on dry land and feel its goodness. Azoa, who had command of the party, decided to drop down in canoes, with flanking scouts on both banks, to forestall ambush. There was the glint of open daylight ahead that bespoke the end of the woodland.

"Talistoga, as fortune would have it, was detailed among the scouts to follow the left side of the stream. The woods were different from those of the east. Here was hickory and wild cherry, great oaks, sycamores, and other trees which he could not recognize. The deeper he penetrated into this cleanly forest the better he liked it, and its straight avenues attracted him so pleasantly that in a short while he

had strayed altogether away from the river and from his companions. The ground was gradually rising, and he could see that ahead of him it came to a hill. The light flooded through up there in a way that showed no further forest to obscure it. So, pushing forward with the purpose of scouting from the hilltop, he soon had the privilege of looking out upon a country that was mixed hill and plain, while beyond in the distance, on a hillside, he glimpsed a large encampment. The river ran around the base of the bluff on which the village was situated, and the tepees or tents ran straggling down to the plain, over which they overflowed. He could see horses grazing on the levels, and ever and anon his eye caught the sheen of some bright moving color. Between him and the encampment a broken country, part woods and ridges, part plains, intervened.

"Knowing that his father would locate the village without trouble, he set out to descend further into the valley that now faced him. He had gone some distance, and was about to retrace his steps, satisfied with his work, when as he turned to make sure of the lay of the river by the sun, he suddenly looked down on the back of a lodge, within a sheltered bench or valley of the hillside. It was a good-sized structure, built with many poles to support, and covered with unaccustomed skins. Thoughtlessly, led by his curiosity, he threw himself into the little valley, when suddenly it came to him that this was some mystic lodge or temple, erected by young men in this secluded spot to hold their spirit offerings while they sought adventure elsewhere. It was the custom of all the tribes; he himself, if he were not on this supreme adventure with the white men, would by this time have built just such a temple. For, like all young men, he had to prove himself by brave deeds before he would be allowed to go to war or marry.

"He was about to withdraw—knowing the sacred character of the lodge—when curiosity to compare the interior of this lodge with the fashion of those at home prevailed over his discretion, and he entered, pushing aside the heavy door hanging of skin. A regular line of propitiatory articles ranged along one side—buffalo heads (although he could only guess to what animal they belonged), blankets, kettles of pottery, shells, and other trifling articles, but no scalps. From the absence of the scalp string he inferred that the young warriors had not yet returned, or had not been altogether successful. He next sought the most revered article of such a mystic lodge at home in his own country, the sacred pipe, without which it was forbidden to make medicine. He hardly expected to find anything at all so ancient as their own sacred pipe. Judge then of his astonishment when he saw resting on the top of a block of wood, almost in the centre of the lodge, a pipe which to his eyes was the exact counterpart of their own. It was, of course, disguised more or less in feathers of various colors that fringed the base, but in the color

and make of the stone, in its size and unusual shape, it was twin-brother to the magic pipe of his people.

"He picked it up reverently, all the while marveling at the resemblance, and examined it. On the underside it bore an eagle's claw! All the ancient words of his race flashed over his mind, and he trembled at the thought of his discovery. To assure himself fully he now threw back the door curtain to admit all the light possible, and again he scanned his wonderful find. There was no doubt as to the resemblance, even to the greasy feel, and then there was the claw of an eagle. He was at last in the land of his forefathers; the clan of the eagle had kept their faith; he was of their blood, and they of his; he would smoke their sacred pipe.

"He seated himself on the block, and deliberately lighted the revered instrument. Then he obeyed his home ritual. First he touched the ground with the bowl, then he saluted slowly the four corners of the heavens, and then inhaling the smoke he expelled it through his nostrils reverently. The herbs and tobacco burned with a rank odor, to which he was not accustomed, but the smoke ascended drowsily and without hint or vision. Out of reverence for the holy instrument, he closed his eyes, and smoked on. No living man had now smoked both pipes but he.

"Suddenly his senses were alert to the approach of some quickly moving body, and he opened his eyes. Outside there was a rush like the swooping of an eagle, and then the thud of hoofs striking smoothly on the grass. He looked out from his seat, and the figure of a flying girl on horseback crossed his vision. He saw her with that fullness of sight which is allowed only to those who cultivate the art of seeing. The sun shone on the bracelets of her arms, and the pearl in the ear next him gave a gentle glint; from her knees downward she was clad in leggings of buckskins and moccasins of the same, edged with feathers and worked with stained quills; her arms were bare, but her tunic fitted closely to her neck, and then fell in graceful folds around her person, being held in place by a belt of some green material. All this he saw in the fleeting glance that was given him, but made little of it, and thought of it only afterward; for his mind was on the swift beauty of the girl's face, and the graceful poise of her head. It was the Smoke Girl of his dreams.

"Before he had time to do more than rise, she stood in the door, but her eyes had none of the coy gentleness of the girl of his vision. Instead they were fixed upon him with anger and question. He felt miserably abashed in her presence, and mutely held forth the sacred pipe, as if he would deliver it up to her. There was something awkward in the action that reassured the girl, and to his infinite wonderment she put the pipe to her lips. Both said afterward that they knew not what they did, but acted as if they had been told. The

anger died gently from the girl's face, and in its stead came coyness and a certain visible shrinking modesty. Her eyes found his, and were full of question. She was troubled too—that he could see—but, manlike, he knew not what to say to her.

"At this moment her horse, which all the while stood behind her, put his head upon her shoulder, and with his mobile lips tried to nibble at the curtain of feather around the base of the pipe. Instinctively she passed it back to the young man; the moment it left her hands she seemed to recover from its spell and to put on again her mood of anger. In a moment she was in the saddle, looking sternly at him.

"'My brother must think little of his life thus to enter uninvited the war lodge of the Dakotas,' she said with a bitterness that was not assumed. 'Does he think that because a girl guards the place, he can abuse the sacred pipe? My brother must be a Blackfoot to forget the law of the tribes. The Blackfeet are dogs, and live in holes.'

"Her voice sounded strangely like his sister's at home, and he understood her words as if his sister had spoken to him in anger. She looked so young and slim, and yet so confident and determined. All the time she regarded him fearlessly from her horse, and still he knew that in a second she was ready to be off like a bird. His eyes ranged from her face to her dress, to the grace and girlishness of her figure, to the poise of her head, and then stupidly rested on the dainty saddle cloth of bright colors which extended from her horse's shoulders to his withers. She was surely the daughter of some rich chief.

"'My sister will pardon a stranger,' he spoke, looking to her, 'who is not a Blackfoot, but a son of her own race come into the land of his forefathers, not knowing its customs or where he stands. In his country, down by the green sea, it is no sacrilege to enter a war lodge and smoke the sacred pipe if one be of the blood. The temples of the Abenaki belong to the Great Spirit, and he has the right to share his own property with the needy. I am not tired, that I should want refreshing, and I am not needy, and yet I smoked your pipe because I sought my sister's face in its clouds.'

"'Did you find it?' she could not forbear asking, while her horse took a step in his direction. 'Warriors do not usually seek a maiden's face in the smoke of a war pipe.'

"'Yes,' he replied earnestly, 'the face of a maiden came between my eyes and the sun, and the vision blinded me. I can no longer see anybody but her; the hills have lost their beauty, and I heed no longer the call of my father. Once before I saw this vision in the smoke of our sacred pipe, and my sister's face was as wayward and blithe as a fleecy cloud in the heavens; now she is cross and her frown is on me. Whom may I call her?'

"'I am Unanimi,' she answered with simple straightforwardness.

Her gaze searched his face, and she spoke like one who gives information grudgingly. 'My brother speaks in riddles. What would he have me believe?'

"'He would have you believe,' Talistoga quickly replied, 'that he is no Blackfoot and no thief, but the son of a great people who live far from here, down by the green sea; that he saw the face of Unanimi in the smoke of the ancient pipe of his race; and that, while his father and his friends seek the tepees on the hillside yonder, Talistoga has been seeking Unanimi. He has found her and is content.'

"'There may be truth in your words, brother,' she answered after a momentary hesitation, while she backed her pony away from him. 'The stories our mothers tell us have some such meaning; they go with our pipe. I am the guardian of it, and once a day while our young warriors are absent I ride out to see that it is safe. With us a young girl, of the race of our first chief of the pipe, must guard it, and her life is forfeit for its care. She alone of all our women can smoke it—'

"'Smoke it then once again,' he cried impetuously, and he offered her the holy emblem. 'Smoke it, and let the spirit speak to your heart. He will tell you that I do not lie.'

"Again, as if under the compulsion of his earnestness, she put the stalk to her lips, and again the dreamy look returned to her eyes, and the soft beauty of her face came back. She handed him the pipe with a sigh, but this time she did not resume her anger.

"'It must be true, my brother,' she said with gentle willingness; 'but I do not understand. You are there in the smoke, but ever as you have been to me in mystery, with fire and smoke that is not from the burning of kinnikinnick. My life seems to depend on you. Oh, I cannot understand it!'

"And then as if she would flee from the vision, with but little thought of him, she was off with a twitch of the rein. He imagined he heard her say, 'We will meet again among my people.' He followed rider and horse with his eyes, but she did not look back. Her horse's hoofs clattered on the gravel of the cañon below him after both were out of sight, and once through the trees he caught the flare of a bright saddle cloth.

"Slowly, with wonderment and disappointment, he reëntered the lodge, and put the pipe back in its place. He picked up his gun, which he had idly left in a corner when he first entered, and leaving the spot began to swing himself from bush to bush up the steep hillside. He felt hurt and sore—it was all so disappointing.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

New Books.

THE TWO AMERICAS. By General Rafael Reyes, ex-President of the Republic of Colombia. Translated by Leopold Grahame. With Thirty-one Illustrations from Photographs. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.

Few men are so well able to speak of conditions in Latin America as the eminent Catholic explorer and statesman, General Rafael Reyes, the ex-President of Colombia. He has a great deal to say about "the many factors that operate as a bar to the friendly relations that should obtain between Latin America and the United States." The first reason is the popular misconception in the United States of the real significance and objects of the Monroe Doctrine, which in many quarters is looked upon as a kind of international police regulation to be administered by the authorities in Washington for the better preservation of law and order in Latin America. "On the contrary," says General Reyes, "Monroe's declaration in 1823 was designed as a measure of protection for, and not as an instrument of attack upon, the integrity of the then recently-established Spanish republics; and, from its initial adoption down to its latter-day reaffirmation, it was intended and has been declared to be governed by the sole purpose of guarding the weaker States against the undue aggression of any of the countries of the other hemisphere."

In Chapter V. we have the Colombian side of the beginnings of the Republic of Panama. We have read Mr. Roosevelt's presentation of our government's side of the case in his recently-published *Autobiography,* and we must admit that we were not at all impressed by his defence of our high-handed and unjust backing of the Panama revolution. General Reyes tells us that he was in command of a military force fully capable of putting down the rebellion, but that he was prevented from landing his troops by American cruisers. Within two days of the declaration of its independence, the Republic of Panama was recognized by the United States, and within two weeks a treaty was made with that Republic, guaranteeing its independence and providing for the construction of the Canal in that territory.

This volume will do a great deal towards correcting the false views of many people in the United States concerning their neigh-

bors in the South, and help them to appreciate the resources, culture, patriotism, commercial and industrial progress, and religious beliefs of the great Latin Republics. The volume is beautifully illustrated.

LATIN AMERICA. By William R. Shepherd. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.

Professor Shepherd has written for the Home University Library an excellent account of the twenty republics of Latin America. He writes this book to correct the unfair and erroneous notions which are only too prevalent among us concerning our Southern neighbors. Institutions and culture, he tells us, are made the touchstone that determines appreciation. As exemplified in the colonial period, they will reveal the kind of equipment with which the republics started on their career. As exemplified by one state or another since that time, they will indicate the extent to which any given republic has advanced to the forefront of nations that have a direct share in the general progress of mankind, or has lagged behind them.

Part I. treats of the Colonies: The expansion of Spain and Portugal, government, the Church, and economic conditions. Part II. treats of the Republics: Independence, national development, industry, commerce, education, science, literature, resources, political and financial conditions.

Mr. Shepherd's book is remarkably free from the prejudice which characterizes most Protestant books on Latin America. He praises the higher clergy of colonial days as men of character and ability. He says:

> Theirs was no slight task to advance the cause of the Church as the great moral guide of society, to correct misbehavior on the part of officials, civil and ecclesiastical, and to protect the natives against oppression, without encouraging them to resist the enforcement of Spanish authority or incurring the ill will of the Colonists.....The missionaries were true pioneers, and their zealous activity contributed in large measure to the widening of the area of Spanish control.....Many of the lower clergy were intense in their devotion to the faith, enduring disease, privation, violence and death, and counting it a singular joy to win the martyr's crown.....It is safe to assume that none of their contemporaries in the sixteenth century would have behaved any better in America than the Spaniards did, if they had been exposed to similar temptations.

Mr. Shepherd's account of the Jesuit reductions of Paraguay is rather meager and superficial. We fail to understand how the Indians "paid for whatever they received in the sacrifice of their liberty, their individuality and their initiative." He is also inaccurate in speaking of the general ignorance of the early missionaries and the so-called "superficial character of much of their religious instruction." We can, however, pardon a few inaccuracies, inasmuch as the whole tone of the professor's book is eminently fair.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT, ITS ESSENCE, ITS PERMANENCE, AND ITS PERILS. By William Howard Taft. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $1.15 net.

Ex-President Taft has published the eight lectures which he delivered as Kent Professor of Law at Yale University on popular government under the Federal Constitution, and two addresses which he gave before the American Bar Association meeting at Montreal last September on "The Selection and Tenure of Judges and the Social Importance of Proper Standards for Admission to the Bar." They are sane, conservative discussions of the proposed changes from our present republican form of government to a more direct, democratic government, which he thinks utterly subversive of all that is best in our institutions. He insists upon the small proportion of the people constituting the voting and governing part of our nation; he discusses the weak points of the initiative, referendum, and recall; he treats of the Pure Food Act, the Child Labor Law, and the Income Tax; he advocates respect for the independence and integrity of the judges and the courts; and he pleads for an efficient army and navy. A professor of Mr. Taft's ability and experience in the affairs of State, is a valuable asset in the teaching body of a great American University.

THE IDOL-BREAKER. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

From Charles Rann Kennedy the reader has grown to expect high and purposeful and suggestive (if not always conclusive!) work—work full of militant idealism and half-prophetic invective. In this the *Idol-Breaker* is no disappointment. Its theme is freedom; its scene the smithy of a tiny provincial settlement; its people a blacksmith, a woman of the highroad, a wastrel, and the conventional villagers.

One does not suppose that Mr. Kennedy intends the present

work for more than a "closet drama." Its dialogue is, at best, tense and poetic, but also cryptic to a degree; and while the play adheres uncompromisingly to the triple "unities" of Greek drama, there is—objectively speaking—almost no plot and scarcely any action. None the less, in the words of Naomi, the Strange Woman, "A man may move a lot in one short hour, and him never shifting a foot."

Those who enjoy a semi-symbolic discussion of life and human liberty, with some elemental sparks of poetry struck from the grim forge of Little Boswell's smithy, will read the *Idol-Breaker* with deep interest. The work is big rather than beautiful, and it would be easy to read a vague socialism into many of the lines. But there is no denying that it stimulates thought, and that the conflict between true and false freedom—the freedom that breaks and hates, and the freedom that loves and builds—throughout the fourth act, is masterfully conceived and sustained.

MONKSBRIDGE. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

Of all the wonderful heroines of romance, Sylvia, the calculating, ambitious, all-knowing, seventeen-year-old heroine of the Victorian village, Monksbridge, is the most wonderful. She carries all the burdens of her family on her back with the greatest unconcern, and by the cleverest manœuvring manages to marry the vapid nonentity Lord Monksbridge. The book is more a series of character sketches than a novel, and they are drawn with the biting humor that made us laugh so heartily over the author's *Gracechurch.*

What a motley company of impossible aristocrats, English churchmen, and village gossips! Mr. Auld-Baillie, who "hated nuns in all Evangelical charity, and longed to befriend them by abolishing them root and branch, and, in the *interim,* by inspecting them." The poor but pretentious Miss Belvoir, who though gaunt, lean, and austerely clad and housed, still "had the grand manner, which set off her distinguished, if bilious, complexion." The tall Lady Llantwddwy, "who walked with a short run and a half turn, as if she was never quite sure where she meant to go;" a plain, awkward woman, but one who was evidently "somebody." The empty-headed Anglican bishop "with two good legs, having their fair proportions confessed in gaiters," and "with a smile that expressed universal peace and good will to all her Majesty's subjects except Roman Catholics." The old-fashioned Warden, who is per-

suaded that "the genius of England was practical, *i e.,* unsupernatural, and that the religion that would serve her turn must be practical, *i. e.,* respectable and Erastian, a State Department like the Foreign Office."

Sylvia's brother, Perkin, becomes a Catholic, because he realizes the dishonesty of accepting his school's scholarships founded in Catholic times, and now appropriated by an alien religion. The village gossip over this conversion is humorous in the extreme. Of course Sylvia cannot secure for her brother a bishopric, now that he has proved himself such a fool.

VICES IN VIRTUES AND OTHER VAGARIES. By the Author of *The Life of a Prig.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20 net.

"It is said by those who know," writes this genial author, "that there are several ways of reviewing a book. One way is to begin by reading the book—an unusual way; but still a way. A second way is to read other books." He might have heaped a little more abuse upon that much abused race of reviewers by denouncing them for the reviews they never wrote. For some publishers and some authors to-day have a habit of writing their own reviews, so as to be freed from the stupidity, malice or knowledge of some of the reviewing tribe.

There are lots of good things in these airy nothings, or, as our author styles them, vagaries. Speaking of gardening: "As to its pleasures, pure or impure, a garden too often entails nine months of trouble, expense, and anxiety, preceding three months of irritation, disappointment and anger..... Where was the first sin committed? In a garden."..... Apropos of the ungentlemanliness of ladies, he writes: "The writer has known a case, obviously unique, of a lady who asked the advice of several men, assuring each that she would be guided by his advice alone, until she found one who had advised her to do what, from the first, she had made up her mind to do; and with this laudable object, that, in the case of failure, she might be able to lay the whole of the blame upon him."

Did you ever hear of the vice of unselfishness? "A very terrible sinner is the delicate philanthropist who endangers his life and causes his wife many hours of anxiety by unselfishly exposing himself to discomfort, over-fatigue, and mental worry in works of charity, or for the social benefit of his fellow-creatures." It may possibly amuse him to die for a "cause," but thereby he gives no

pleasure to those to whom he is dear. We will say no more about this delightful book, for we intend to be guilty of the "vice of finishing."

FROM THE SEPULCHRE TO THE THRONE. By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75 net.

This volume aims at providing a book of spiritual readings, or a series of meditations, on the Risen Life of our Lord. Madame Cecilia has brought the sacred scenes of the Gospel story before her readers in a most vivid way, enabling them to see the events as they probably occurred, while at the same time refraining from indulging in pure conjecture. In some of the chapters she has drawn a few paragraphs from her *Catholic Scripture Manuals,* since the same facts had to be recorded.

She promises us another volume shortly on the Holy Spirit and the Progress of the Church. The "Summaries for Mediation" which close each chapter, will prove helpful to those who use the volume for their daily meditation. The preludes and colloquies are merely suggestive, but may prove useful when the mind has to be forced into a given groove.

STORIES FROM THE FIELD AFAR. Prepared and Edited by The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y. 60 cents postpaid.

We recommend these short stories most highly to our readers, especially as we are sadly behind our Catholic brethren abroad in books of this kind. It will certainly foster vocations to the foreign mission field, make new friends for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, and, we trust, make some of the foreign missionaries forget their excessive modesty, and give to the world some of their experience. Father Walsh is doing an apostolic work, and every Catholic should encourage him with his prayers and his alms.

ITALIAN YESTERDAYS. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Volume II. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $6.00 net.

"I have sometimes thought," says Mrs. Fraser, "that we modern people scarcely know how rich we are, how many and how choice the treasures that history has devised to us, and which, for the most part, lie unclaimed in her storehouses. And I have hoped, in opening some of them, to induce others to seek out for themselves,

and make their own, some of the wonderful tales of love and valor which shine at us from the pages, not only of the old books, but from those which the writers of our own day have so wisely and lovingly compiled for us."

Her delightfully written volumes are full of personal reminiscences, stories from the lives of the Saints—St. Peter, St. Cecilia, St. Gregory the Great—sketches of Rome, Venice, Verona, short biographies of Queen Joan of Naples, Murat, Pius IX., etc. The two volumes are the last word of the bookmaker's art.

OLD TESTAMENT STORIES. By Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

Father Martindale tells us that these stories from the Old Testament have been written because many of the books, similar in purpose, now in circulation, are unsatisfactory for various reasons. He has arranged them in order that the guiding Spirit in this history might be recognized, and that the convergence of type and hope and incident towards Him Who was to come should be made clear. Such a volume ought to foster a passionate love for the simplicity, freshness, grandeur, and richness, which characterize the writings of the Old Testament. Too often in the past we have seen in the hands of our children books of the kind, which were Protestant to the very core. The illustrations in color are excellent.

THE NEW ROMAN BREVIARY. Four volumes. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. $11.25.

By command of the Holy Father, the Congregation of Rites has designated this Pustet edition of the Breviary as the typical one to which all others must conform. In the letter of approbation of the Sacred Congregation prefixed to each volume, it is stated that this edition will remain unchanged for some time to come, that is, until the recension of the text, hymns, lessons, and homilies is completed. As this revision will take a "very long time," it is consoling to a hopeful priest to feel that no further changes will be made till then.

All the changes in the Office since the *Motu Proprio* of 1911, including the most recent ones which have not yet been published, are embodied in this volume. The *responsiones de tempore* are printed in full after every lesson, and also the fourth, fifth and sixth of the second nocturne. Prime and compline are given in full for every day in the week, as are also the hymns of the other

hours. The turning of pages is thus reduced to the minimum. This edition contains only the feasts of the Universal Church, the offices *pro aliquibus locis,* as well as those hitherto proper to the United States, being omitted. We note the absence therefore of many offices now in the American Ordo—the Friday Lenten offices, St. Gabriel, St. Raphael, the Expectation of the B.V.M., and others. We are glad to see that the feast of St. John Baptist is restored to its ancient date, June 24th.

The present edition is presented in the usual Pustet style—it is well printed and bound, and is of convenient size and weight.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ DOGMATICÆ. By Christian Pesch, S.J. Volumes II., III., and IV. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.60 a volume, net.

All ecclesiastical students will be grateful to Father Pesch for giving them the substance of his great work on Dogmatic Theology in this excellent compendium of four volumes. We recommend it highly to seminary professors as a textbook that is satisfactory from every point of view. The subject matter is well divided; the theses clearly stated and briefly proved; the style simple; the authorities cited ample and to the point.

THEOLOGICAL SYMBOLICS. By Charles A. Briggs, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Dr. Briggs gives a very fair and accurate account of the creeds of the various Protestant Churches, but while he tries to be fair in dealing with Catholic doctrine, his Protestant prejudice forbids his grasping the divine constitution of the Church, or her true teachings on grace, the sacraments, and the like.

Occasionally we read such nonsense as the following: "The great scholastics of the Middle Ages emphasized the doctrine of the Church, the ministry and sacraments; and elaborated them into minute details, which sometimes led far away from Christ in the emphasis upon the external authority of the hierarchy, and the objective use of the sacred institutions of the Church."..... The reformation "succeeded because of the birth of certain great principles, which not only removed evils, but solved essential problems of Christian life and thought."....."It was not the official religion and doctrine of the Church *(sic)* that the reformers at first attacked, so much as the popular, traditional, and common teaching of the Church." "The monastic ideal of religion had become in the

sixteenth century the ideal for the entire ministry and also for Christendom as a whole." "The great work of reform was to throw off the Papal tyranny, the monastic rule, the scholastic theology, and the canon law," etc. Dr. Briggs is honest enough, however, to admit that the polemic against the decree of Papal Infallibility by Old Catholics and Protestants overshot the mark, and that the case of Honorius cannot rightly be adduced to disprove the dogma. Anyone who reads this book can see why Dr. Briggs never became a Catholic.

THE STUDENT'S GRADUS. An aid to Latin Versification. By Leo T. Butler, S.J. Woodstock, Maryland: Woodstock College.

The compiler of this excellent student's Gradus makes no claim to originality, either in the purpose or in the contents of his work. He has merely made use of Noel's edition of Father Vanière's *Magnum Dictionarium Poeticum,* retrenching what was superfluous, and making a few changes which he thought necessary and useful for the student of the present day. He has omitted all words outside the scope of the high school and college course, such as rare geographical terms, names of obscure personages, and uncommon words rarely met with in the classical authors. Participles have been omitted, except as synonyms of adjectives, since they will be found with the verb from which they are derived. Epithets for the most part have been left out, since the young student's propensity to fill out his line at any cost has made them an occasion of abuse.

"So long as we retain Latin as the best type for a thorough study of language, and as an instrument for the development of the powers of thought-reception and thought-expression, we may count," says Father Macksey in his preface, "on the retention of Latin verse work in the class-room, in spite of sporadic discontent therewith. If so, the value of the present work is obvious."

THE SHEARS OF DELILAH; STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE. By Virginia Terhune Van de Water. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

Following with dexterous fingers the tangled threads of selfishness, irritability, misunderstanding, mental shortsightedness, and moral feebleness the writer of these tales disengages the causes of many a typical domestic tragedy. A kind of morbid interest at-

taches to the succeeding phases of decay in the case of a love that has begun with fair promise of immortality, and so these stories do not weary. Besides they are reasonably true to fact—this we must admit, no matter how ugly they make us look. So long as men and women go seeking happiness in unrestrained surrender to the emotional demands of an undisciplined character, so long will affection prove itself inconstant, so long will lovers' meetings end in journeys to the courts. Unrelieved by a single ray of religious faith, or a single effort to secure divine aid, and scarcely by one lucky accident, the shadows in these pages go gradually deepening into gloom—just as they do, too frequently, in the real lives of self-centred, hypersensitive, ungenerous men and women who take up the matrimonial burden without ever having given a thought to the discipline which is its indispensable preparation.

To some readers, we hope, the stories will hold up an accusing mirror, revealing the sure consequence of commonly neglected faults; the grim cynic is probably the only one whose interest in the volume will be wholly pleasurable.

ADVANCED AMERICAN HISTORY. By S. E. Forman. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

According to Mr. Forman, the three greatest achievements of the American people have been these: they have transformed a continent from a low condition of barbarism to a high state of civilization; they have developed a commercial and industrial system of vast proportions; and they have evolved the greatest democracy the world has yet seen. His purpose in this high school textbook is to present fully and clearly these three aspects of our growth, and he has succeeded admirably. He realizes well the limitations of his readers, and consequently does not overload their minds with too much data, but still he has omitted nothing essential. He begins with a glance at Europe in the fifteenth century, pictures aboriginal America; describes well the first explorations, and the coming of the English, the French, and the Dutch; gives a fair account of the Revolution; the beginnings of the United States; its development; the movements of its population; the different political parties; its commercial development, and the beginnings and end of slavery.

We notice that he says nothing of the religious motives that inspired Columbus; nothing of the Protestant intolerance of the Colonists which alienated Canada; nothing of the anti-Catholic

spirit of the Know-Nothing party of the fifties; nothing of the polygamy of the Mormons, which has been carried on despite the laws of the United States. On the whole, however, it is one of the best historical textbooks that has come under our notice in many years.

THE BACKWARD CHILD. A Study of the Psychology and Treatment of Backwardness. By Barbara Spofford Morgan. With an Introduction by Elizabeth E. Farrell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

For the past ten years there has been quite an effort made in the public schools to deal with the problem of the mentally deficient or backward child. According to Miss Farrell, the Superintendent of Ungraded Classes in the New York Public Schools, teachers and school superintendents foolishly looked for the almost total elimination of the problem of retardation, once the physical defects of the children had been corrected. Now, wonderful to relate, the "new" *(sic)* discovery has been made that "the remedy lies in the individual differences in the mental make-up of school children." What Miss Farrell fails to state, however, is the failure which pedagogical experts to-day declare has resulted from the public school treatment of the mentally defective child. Most of the youngsters that are the bane of the modern teacher in the defective classes of city schools, should without question be cared for by specialists in institutions, and the ordinary cases be treated by individual instead of class instruction.

THE NUN: HER CHARACTER AND WORK. By Étienne Lelong. Translated from the French by Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

These conferences were given by Monsignor Lelong, Bishop of Nevers, to the Sisters of Charity of Nevers, to whom he was particularly devoted. They are known the world over because they had the honor of receiving into their congregation Bernadette Soubirous of Lourdes. This volume reveals a master of the spiritual life, a skilled director of souls, thoroughly conversant with the peculiar difficulties and grave obligations inherent to religious life, whatever be its exterior form. The translation, as might be expected, is excellently done.

THE compiler of *Thoughts from Augustine Birrell* has added another to the Angelus Series, entitled *Maxims from the Writings of Monsignor Benson* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents net), which includes a thought more or less appropriate for every day in the year from the writings of Father Benson.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

El Breviario y Las Nuevas Rubricas. By Juan B. Ferreres, S. J. (Madrid: Razon y Fe. 3 pesetas.) Father Ferreres has written an historical and liturgical commentary on the decrees of Pius X. concerning the new rubrics of the Roman Breviary. He pays special attention to the Spanish breviaries of Tarragona, Barcelona Lerida, Vich, and Urgel.

Paysages d'Italie. Vol. I.—*De Florence à Naples.* Vol. II.—*De Milan à Rome.* By André Maurel. (Paris: Hachette et Cie. 3 *frs.* 50 each.) These volumes are not dry-as-dust guide books, but the impressions of a great lover of Italy, who makes her past live in a few lines, and opens up to us in a most charming way the wealth of her artistic treasures. Vol. I. takes us through Volterra, Siena, Montepulciano, Chiusi, Subiaco, and Terracina; Vol. II. through Cremona, Imola, Faenza, Cortona, and Caprarola. The reader may stay at home and know his Italy better by reading these travelogues of M. Maurel, than by traveling under the uninspiring guidance of the prosaic Baedeker.

L'Inquisition et l'Hérésie. By Abbé Léon Garzend. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.) The Abbé Garzend has written a volume of over five hundred pages to prove that there was in the days of the Inquisition two notions of heresy: the strict theological idea, which corresponds to our notion of heresy to-day; and the disciplinary idea, which was peculiar to the tribunals of the Inquisition, and comprised many other things besides heresy, properly so-called. His minute study shows earnestness and labor, but we do not think he has proved his point, or that he has in any way changed the status of the Galileo case from the viewpoint of apologetics.

L'Idée Revolutionnaire et les Utopies Modernes. By M. Tamisier, S.J. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 3 *frs.*) After a preliminary chapter on the anti-religious character of the French Revolution, Father Tamisier traces the pernicious effects of 1789 with regard to the secularization of the State and the schools, divorce, feminism, socialism, and the attacks on the religious congregations. It is a vigorous and able refutation of the principles that govern irreligious modern France.

Histoire Politique du Dix-Neuvième Siècle. Vol. II. By Paul Feyel. (Paris: Bloud et Gay. 12 *frs.*) This is a political history of the world in the nineteenth century, intended for children of high school grade. It is an excellent textbook, well divided, eminently fair and objective in treatment, and provided with a thorough index, and numerous illustrations.

L'Enigma della Vita e I Nuovi—Orizzonti della Biologia. By Agostino Gemelli, O.M. Two volumes. (Firenze: Libreria Editrice Fiorentina. Lire 12.) Father Gemelli, the scholarly professor of experimental psychology at the University of Turin, has published a second edition of his well-known treatise on biology, *The Enigma of Life.* This second edition has been so amplified as to constitute practically a new work, and the objections of his critics have been thoroughly answered. It deserves an English translation.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Reactionary Movement in China. By Albert Perrot, S.J. Although according to the provisional Constitution complete liberty of conscience was to reign in China, and all religions to be equal before the law, the conservative party have pushed the claims of Confucius with success. The great master's title to reverence is merely that he sums up and represents antiquity and tradition. The President is himself religiously indifferent, and has not the scholar's reverence for Confucius, but he has yielded to insistent demands, and restored the sacrifices to heaven and to the revered sage. Of these, the former is least offensive to Catholics, as more nearly capable, though not really so, of a spiritual interpretation. The latter, according to an official interpretation, need not be religious acts because "Confucianism is not a religion, but a system of morality." However, the cult of Confucius is not welcome to "young China;" the country will not return to its centuries of isolation. A curious fact is that the decrees make no mention of the ex-Emperor, though the act of abdication had reserved to him ritual functions; he seems to be put among the class of simple citizens. He has made no objection; perhaps he thinks that the Chinese Republic is not eternal.—*Études,* May 20.

The Religious Movement in Spain. By F. Girerd. Although the state of religion in Spain is not so encouraging as in other European countries, there are some indications that, even intellectually, the Religious are not idle. The Jesuits publish the *Razon y Fe;* the Augustinians, *España y América;* the Dominicans, *Ciencia Tomista;* the Capuchins, *Revista de Estudios franciscanos.* The level of studies, in the universities and among the clergy, is, however, rather low. Original investigations are rare; the libraries poorly furnished; and there is little curiosity as to what scholars beyond the Pyrenees are doing. Further, there is hardly any attempt made to make Spanish studies or reviews known abroad. One Dominican, Father Marin Sola, now in this country, has however, published a work of wide scope. His attempt is to prove the homogeneity of Catholic doctrine, to do away with the distinction between ecclesiastical and divine faith. Such an unhappy distinction

he attributes to Suarez, and considers that it gives occasion to many of the attacks by modernists.

Another live topic, discussed by Monsignor Pelaez, Archbishop-elect of Tarragona, is that of the industries conducted by religious orders. The latter are criticized now for their labor, as formerly for their idleness, and they are excessively taxed, although their profits go to the poor. If such industries interfere with competition, how much interference would have arisen if the Religious had remained in the world and worked for their own interests?—*Revue du Clergé Français,* June 1.

The Tablet (May 30): *Is There a Yellow Peril?* Five hundred million whites are attempting to control nine-tenths of the earth's surface, leaving but one-tenth to four hundred and fifty millions of the yellow races. The hope of the white races is in a united Europe.——The speech in full of Cardinal Gasquet on his call to the Cardinalate. An enthusiastic reception was accorded him in the Trastavere, where his official residence is.——A full discussion of the new and admirable educational law in Belgium. Special attention is given the rights of parents, and the value of the voluntary schools is recognized; the salaries of teachers are fixed, with an increase for good service.

(June 6): Summaries are given of the centenary celebrations at the Irish Jesuit college of Clongowes, and the English Benedictine college at Downside.

The Month (June): In this jubilee number, Rev. Sydney F. Smith continues his study of *The Gospel Without the Resurrection,* and Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge that of *The Campaign of Slander Against Catholic South America.*——Rev. J. H. Pollen quotes some appreciations of Cardinal Gasquet as an historian, with a partial list of his works.——The claim of some Baconians that Shakespeare's illegible scrawl is proof that he could not have written the plays, leads the Rev. Herbert Thurston to examine the six examples of Shakespeare's handwriting usually given. He concludes that they are genuine autographs, and are in no way inconsistent with the belief that the actor in early and middle life wielded his pen with perfect facility. We possess also the manuscripts of one scene of a play, *Sir Thomas More,* which from internal evidence would seem to be from Shakespeare's pen, and the handwriting bears out this opinion.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (June): The Rev. W. B. O'Dowd summarizes the argument for "the apostolicity of the Church in Tertullian's treatise *On Prescription.*" His argument was not new, having been used by Clement, Ignatius, and especially Irenæus, but it was by Tertullian invested with brilliancy of language and juristic cogency. It refuted the heretics of his time by showing that their doctrines are not in accord with orthodox tradition; that they cannot trace their churches to the Apostles or to a co-worker with the Apostles; and that they cannot appeal to the Scriptures, because these are part of the property inherited from Christ by the Church. In this treatise, however, Tertullian does not show any special intuition of the importance of the Roman See as the centre of ecclesiastical unity, and his conception of the unity of the Church does not seem to rise higher than a number of Christian communities. His test of unity was apostolicity.——Rev. D. O'Keeffe, in *Thoughts on Social Reform,* praises a recent work on *The Real Democracy,* by Messrs. Mann, Sievers, and Cox, who appeal for an "associative state," wherein every individual shall posesss private property.——Rev. E. Foran, O.S.A., presents *Historical Notes on the Augustinian Abbey of Adare,* founded in the early fourteenth century, and seized by Elizabeth in 1567.—— The Bishops of the province of Canterbury met on April 29th, and by a majority of twenty-five passed three resolutions, moved by the Bishop of London. The first declared that the Bishops are determined "to maintain unimpaired the Catholic Faith in the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation," as contained in the three creeds which Anglicans use, and that "the historical facts stated in those creeds are an essential part of the faith of the Church;" the second denied the right of any minister to deny these facts, yet laid stress on "the need of considerateness in dealing with that which is tentative and provisional in the thought and work of earnest and reverent students;" the third maintained the necessity of episcopal ordination in the case of the whole Anglican communion. But these resolutions, as many are already saying, are but the opinions of twenty-five members of the Church of England; the *Church Times* says that "there are some who will think that the words of Dr. Sanday alone weigh more than the words of the whole episcopate." If scholarship be the test, this is undoubtedly true. His pamphlet is a gain for the Broad Church party. The *Church Times* reproaches him for his conflict with the episcopacy, but fifty years ago this High Church organ was decidedly in the same antagonistic frame of

mind. The Low Church people have made a great mistake, as they should have joined their old enemies the Ritualists. To any pious Evangelical it is better to wear vestments than to deny the Apostles' Creed, and unless they desire their Church to go the way of German Evangelicalism, they should strive to check the growth of the Broad Church party, if need be by union with Rome.

Le Correspondant (May 20): André Chéradame presents a very complete study of the recent developments in Roumania.——De Lauzac de Laborie reviews the relations between the Duke d'Aumale and his teacher, Cuvillier Fleury.——Count F. de la Laude de Calan contributes some personal reminiscences of the siege of Paris and the Commune in 1870.——Dr. d'Anfredville de la Salle, apropos of the centenary of the treaty whereby France recovered Senegal on the west coast of Africa, writes of an unsuccessful official agricultural effort made there from 1816 to 1830.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (June 1): Raoul Plus begins a study of the evidences, literary, philosophical, and religious, that souls are coming, more than in former days, to welcome the Catholic doctrine of God's indwelling in man through grace. He instances briefly the mystical writings of Vallery-Rodot, Jammes, Pégny, Claudel, Lœwengard, the spirit of most former members of *Le Sillon,* and the programme of the Catholic Association of French Youths.——Dr. R. Van der Elst contrasts a criticism of the miracles of Lourdes by Dr. Bonjour with defences of these miracles by Dr. Vourch and Count de Beaucorps.——J. D. Folghera, O.P., takes up Bishop Gore's letter, and asks *What Anglicanism Is?*——Georges Michelet reviews recent books by Professor Leuba on the psychology of religious phenomena; Monsignor Farges and M. Maritain on Bergson; and P. Richard, M. Petitot, and P. Gény on scholastic philosophy and the way to teach it.

Revue du Clergé Français (June 1): P. Pisani praises the second and concluding volume of the *Life* of Monsignor d'Hulst by Monsignor Baudrillart, giving some interesting details concerning the political career and the religious spirit of him who has been called "the leading priest in France."——The address by Paul Bourget on the occasion of receiving Émile Boutroux into the French Academy, is reproduced in full.——O. Habert reviews some valu-

able works on Mohammedanism. The interpretations by P. Schmidt in his new work on primitive revelation, M. Habert considers as the product of a too exuberant imagination.

Études (May 20): In reply to a recent work by Dom Festugière, O.S.B., René Compaing aims to show that there is no incompatibility between the spirit of the liturgy and that of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius.——Louis Chervoillot discusses the exact details of the conversion of Alessandro Manzoni, and summarizes his romance, *I Promessi Sposi*.——Jean Marie Dario reviews a new scientific work on the atomic theory by Professor Perrin. Approving the theory, the author would do away with atoms as eternal and indivisible elements, and make each the centre of unimaginable activities.——Joseph Boubée describes some of the Catholic churches in Amsterdam, Holland, and also a pamphlet published by a Jansenist society, advocating frequent Communion.——Apropos of the elections, Henri du Passage pays tribute to the "original and interesting sketches" by Hilaire Belloc in THE CATHOLIC WORLD on *The Church and French Democracy*. He fears, however, that Mr. Belloc is too hopeful, and that too many unchristian ideas are sheltered under the word "democracy" in France for the Church to come to terms with it.

(June 5): Armand de Vassal begins a literary study of St. Teresa's writings, apropos of the centenaries of her birth and beatification (1515 and 1614).——Louis de Monadon selects some flowers from *The Garden of the Poets*, Paul Bonté, Gaston David, Pierre Aguétant, the Countess de Magallon, Madame de Prétot, Paul Harel, and René Salomé.——Lucien Choupin presents all the recent decrees of the Holy See as to the confessions of Religious.——Pierre de la Devèze describes the immense work to be done in Madagascar, and the great difficulties to be overcome. Only three- tenths of the island have ever been in the least evangelized; out of a total population of 3,170,000 natives, there are 257,000 baptized Catholics, nine-tenths of whom practise their religion faithfully. All these figures are probably too low. Eighteen natives are now studying for the priesthood, and there are twenty-one nuns, besides the novices.

Recent Events.

France.

The telegraphic news received from France last month was so much more inaccurate than usual that the account of the constitution of the new House of Deputies was far removed from the facts. Instead of there being only seventy-four Collective Socialists in the newly-elected House of Deputies, under the leadership of M. Jaurès, there are no fewer than one hundred and two. This is a gain of thirty-four, and makes them the largest group with the exception of the United Radicals. The last-named number one hundred and sixty-two, which represents an increase of six. After the United Radicals come the Republicans of the Left with eighty-five members, a gain of eight. The combined Radical-Socialist group lost fourteen seats, and numbers in the present Assembly eighty-three. The Progressists come next with sixty-two, a loss of sixteen. Then follow the Liberals, who number thirty-eight, a loss of one, and the Conservatives, thirty-five in number, a gain of eight. Last of all come members of groups of Independent Socialists, thirty-three in number, fewer by nine than similar groups in the last Chamber.

The classification just given must not, however, be looked upon as the sole and only possible classification. French political groups are almost as unstable as soap-bubbles. In the present case, with the single exception of the one hundred and two Collective Socialists, about which there is complete agreement, the Deputies are classified in different ways under various points of view. M. Caillaux, for example, gives his name to the Socialist Radicals, and there is said to have been a close alliance between his followers and those of M. Jaurès. These two groups, along with certain Socialists who follow M. Augagneur, and of others who follow no leader at all, are strong enough to form a *bloc,* numbering two hundred and sixty-six, against not merely the Right, but also against the moderate Radicals and the Centre—the parties which have had control since the fall of M. Caillaux's Ministry in January, 1902, up to that of M. Barthou's last December. The newly-formed *bloc* does not, it is true, constitute an absolute majority in the House, but its formation is a clear indication that advanced Radicalism will inspire the immediate

policy of France, that is to say, if any definite policy can be evolved out of so many confused elements. For with the one exception of the maintenance of the lay system of education, there seems to be no point upon which there is complete agreement.

The Collective Socialists are bitterly opposed to Proportional Representation, of which the Socialist Radicals and the Right are advocates. In this case the allies of the Socialists are the Right. The Three Years' Service Law is supported by the greater part of the Socialist Radicals, but bitterly opposed by the Collective Socialists. Upon the income tax there is a more complete agreement, but divergences exist as to the methods of taxation which are to be adopted in view of the vast financial deficit, in which the reckless expenditure of past government and the army law have involved the country. This may lead to a split between the Socialists pure and simple and the Radical Socialists. M. Jaurès is said to be a man of principle, however bad his principles may be, and, therefore, is not likely to enter into any compromise which would involve the sacrifice of them. The one thing that seems certain is that the policy of appeasement advocated by M. Briand has met with no success, and, therefore, should questions arise affecting the Church, little hope can be entertained of a favorable settlement.

M. Doumergue decided to resign before the meeting of the new Assembly. Although the political morality of France does not forbid the "making" of elections by the government in power, it stops short of allowing the makers of the election themselves to profit by the result. Accordingly M. Doumergue, being satisfied with his success in giving to the new House a more Radical tendency than that of its predecessor, himself resigned office. The President following constitutional precedents, much opposed though they were to his personal predilections, called upon a Socialist Radical, M. René Viviani, to form a new Ministry. After considerable difficulty he succeeded in forming a Cabinet, but on its first meeting its members were found to be in hopeless disagreement about the Three Years' Service Law. M. Viviani therefore resigned before meeting the Assembly. The President then had recourse to one of the elder statesmen of France—M. Ribot, a member of one of the Moderate Republican groups, the Republican Union. He succeeded in forming a Cabinet, which included such well-proved statesmen as M. Bourgeois and M. Delcassé. It lived only one day, having failed to secure a vote of confidence upon the question of the terms in which the necessary loan was to be issued. Thereupon M. Viviani was

summoned a second time, and has formed a Ministry—the forty-ninth in the course of the forty-three years of the Third Republic. M. Viviani, although he has openly gloried in having extinguished the lights in the firmament, is yet credited with being, in comparison with M. Jaurès, a constructive statesman. "M. Jaurès is destroying the past; M. Viviani is laying the foundation of the future," is a saying attributed to a distinguished French writer. As a constructive Socialist he inaugurated the old-age pension scheme, and has opposed every attempt to arrest the growth of trade unionism, as being a step on the road to dangerous reaction. He has served in three Cabinets—those of M. Clemenceau, and M. Briand, and in the one which has just resigned he was Minister of Instruction.

As to the critical question at the present moment—the Three Years' Service Law—M. Viviani when a private member voted against its enactment, but afterwards took office in a government pledged to the loyal maintenance of its letter and spirit. It is generally said that the majority of the Chamber is bound to this support as the result of the recent election. The French electorate is heart and soul on this side. Foreign relations, too, are involved, for the Tsar is said to have given a clear intimation of his reliance upon its maintenance, and Great Britain has received like assurances. The President, M. Poincaré, after the resignation of M. Doumergue, took an opportunity of publicly declaring that he intends to safeguard the Three Years' Service Law as a measure necessary for the national defence. For the defence of France's independence, rights, and honor she must have, he declared, trained, instructed, and exercised troops, since history teaches that nations that slumber in apparent security wake too often to humiliation and defeat. M. Jaurès has publicly described this declaration of the President as brutal, and the making of it during the political crisis as frankly unconstitutional. So among the other difficulties of the situation, an attack upon the President is within the range of the possibilities, the Socialists having vowed hostility to any and all who will not work for a speedy return to Two Years' Service. M. Viviani's first Cabinet broke up from want of agreement about this question. His second Cabinet has been formed on the acceptance of the Three Years' Service, with a proviso to the effect that it will submit at an early date bills on the military training of youths and the reorganization of the reserves. Only when these are carried into effect will it take steps to lower military ex-

penditure. This may be either a compromise or an evasion. It remains to be seen whether it will be accepted either by M. Jaurès or by the defenders of the existent law.

The condition of the village churches continues to excite much attention. As was mentioned last month, M. Maurice Barrès has written a book on the subject. Now M. Peladan, an artist, has founded a society to protect the churches which are falling into decay in many districts. The object of the Society, which is called "The Stone Cross," in reference to the cross which surmounts country spires, is to seek the practical help of artists and architects.

Relations with Germany have been affected in some degree by the determination of the new administration in Alsace-Lorraine to restrict, as far as possible, the residence in the Reichsland of French citizens. A number of Frenchmen have been warned that their authorization to continue dwelling in the annexed provinces will be withdrawn at the end of the present year, although hitherto these authorizations have been renewed as a matter of course every twelve months. Herr von Dallwitz, the new Statthalter, is credited with the intention of Germanizing Alsace-Lorraine, but it is not yet clear whether he will go to such extremes as to make this expulsion general. It is not clear in fact whether it would be legal, and it is certain that it will rouse a storm of indignation.

Another incident has aroused a certain degree of ill-feeling. M. Clément Bayard, the well-known constructor of aëroplanes, while on a business visit to Germany was arrested at Cologne, and kept in prison for thirty-four hours. The arrest seems to have been due to the spy-mania which is so widespread in Europe, and is viewed with much regret by the German press, but it does not seem likely to have any serious consequences.

Between France and Italy there has sprung up during the past two years no small degree of coolness, a coolness which has had somewhat serious consequences. The Manouba incident which took place during the war between Italy and Turkey, led to a change in the previous good relations. France displayed so great a want of discretion and judgment in this matter as to alienate the sympathies of the Italians, and to lead to the gradual abandonment by Italy of the spirit which had informed her Mediterranean policy since 1902. The consequence has been that Italy instead of acting in harmony with France and Great Britain in questions affecting their mutual interests in the Mediterranean, has thrown herself into the arms of the Triple Alliance, and in particular of Austria-Hun-

gary, and, it is thought, has entered into a naval convention with the last-named Power.

While, so far as outside interference is concerned, France has been in undisturbed possession of Morocco since the treaty with Germany in 1912, it is only by degrees that the occupation of the country has been effected. Advances have been made every year both from the east and from the west. A few weeks ago there was an interval of some thirty miles between the occupied districts. By an advance on Taza, which has just been made from both sides, the interval has been bridged over, and it is now possible to build a railway in French territory from the shores of the Atlantic to the eastern boundary of Tunis. There is still, however, a large extent of Morocco territory, amounting to about a quarter of the country, in which the tribes of Moors are still their own masters. It is not, however, expected that there will be much difficulty in bringing them under control. An army of 80,000 men has, up to the present time, been kept in Morocco in order to maintain order, and something like eighty millions have been spent. But hopes are entertained that the number of soldiers may soon be reduced, and that by the development of commerce repayment of cost made.

Germany.

After several adjournments the first session of the Reichstag which was elected in January, 1912, has been closed. It is not known when the next session will be opened. There has, in fact, been some talk of a dissolution, for the government is said to be much displeased with the conduct of various parties. A proposal which it made for the increase of the salaries of officials was defeated by an alliance of the Centre and the Social Democrats. This intractability it was that led to the closing of the Session, and to the talk of dissolution. At the last meeting the Socialists manifested their own intractability by refusing to rise, and maintaining a grim silence when all the other members responded to the President's call for three cheers for his Imperial Majesty. The Reichstag has not done much during the past two years and a half, except to vote the ordinary supplies and the enormous increase of armaments—an army bill and a navy bill in 1912, and the great army bill of 1913, the passing of which led to the Three Years' Service Bill, which is the chief cause of French anxieties. Although the number of recruits for which the army bill of 1913 called was very large, the

Empire has found no difficulty in raising them; in fact, so great was the supply that 38,000 men perfectly fit for service could not be taken, while of the 30,000 officers required, all but 3,000 have already been found. Within five days after the new law came into effect, all the new units were ready and perfectly equipped for war. This is considered a triumph of organization. The "levy" on capital which was rendered necessary to pay for this increase in armaments, has not proved so successful as some of the authorities anticipated, about three hundred millions being the amount realized. As their contribution to this levy, the family and firm of Krupp have had to contribute something over two millions, of which Frau Bertha Krupp and her husband alone pay one million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The discussion about the threatening attitude of Russia which figured so largely some two months ago, has found an echo in a new discussion which has arisen as to who began the former. The German press blames that of Russia, and accuses it of carrying on the agitation for some months before any notice of it was taken in Germany. The peculiar relations known to exist between the German government and the German press, give to its utterances an importance which is not attached to the press of other countries. On this occasion, however, as appears from the statement made to the Reichstag by the Foreign Secretary, the government was in no way responsible for the pronouncements of the newspapers. While blaming a part of the Russian press for fostering an anti-German movement, and an almost systematic campaign against Germany, he warned the press of his own country that it had been playing with fire, and protested against any further press campaign. Foreign countries he said judged Germany unfairly. Every pronouncement by a retired German officer who happened to rattle his sword, every utterance at the meeting of a national league, where waves of national enthusiasm rose high, was registered abroad, thereby giving cause for anxiety and complaint. Germany, the Foreign Secretary declared, had "good reason to suppose" that the Russian government was determined to maintain friendly relations. With France negotiations as to technical and financial matters were being carried on, by which possibilities of friction would be removed. With Great Britain, also, negotiations were going on in a most friendly spirit. This friendly spirit pervades at the present time all the relations between the two countries. A squadron of the British fleet has been invited

to pay a visit to Kiel on the occasion of the annual Regatta, an invitation which has been cordially accepted. In fact it was said that the First Lord of the British Admiralty would himself be present—a thing never heard of before. This rumor, however, seems to be unfounded, but shows, however, the spirit of friendliness at present existing. The British shipping interests are, however, disquieted by the projected direct service to New Zealand which a German line is entering upon, as this will involve a loss of nearly a hundred thousand tons of cargo per annum.

The Navy League has been holding its fourteenth annual meeting. Considerable importance is to be attached to its proceedings both on account of their influence in the past, and because the Emperor highly approves of them. After the last meeting he sent a telegram expressing his approval in the following terms: "May rich success continue to be vouchsafed to the labors of the German Navy League—labors of willing sacrifice for the Fatherland." At the recent meeting the President, among other things, demanded that even the Reserve formations of the Navy should be manned with crews of double their present strength, and that the construction of capital ships should be at the rate of three ships a year. The ability of Great Britain to bear taxation was one of the subjects of discussion. It was stated that Germany now had far greater reserves of taxation; that taxes in that country could not be raised above their present level. England paid one hundred and fifty millions a year more taxes than Germany, while her population was twenty millions less. The national wealth of Germany was declared to be fifty millions of marks more than that of Great Britain.

The Bishop of Hildesheim, Dr. Adolf Bertram, has been translated to Breslau, as the successor of the late Cardinal Kopp. The new bishop is said to be a friend of the mixed trade unions, of which the late Cardinal was an opponent.

Austria-Hungary.

An appearance of quiet reigns throughout the Dual Monarchy, but elements of discontent are always smouldering. The constitution of Bohemia is still suspended, while that of Austria may be looked upon as in a like condition, for the government is being carried on by virtue of the emergency clause which it contains; in fact the terms of that clause have been stretched to their utmost limit. The Austrian Cabinet, with Count Stürgkh at the head, is having

a prolonged life, having entered upon office in the beginning of November, 1911.

In Hungary neither the violence offered to the Opposition in the House of Representatives nor the corruption which has been brought home to some of its members, have received their due punishment, as Count Stephen Tisza and his Ministry still retain office. By the death of Francis Kossuth, the eldest son of the celebrated patriot, Count Tisza has lost one of his most active opponents. It was he who was chiefly instrumental in the fall of the first Tisza Cabinet. From 1906 to 1910 he held office in the Coalition Cabinet, which succeeded that of Count Tisza, the record of which is said to be one of self-stultification. Everything which it denounced when out of office, it carried into effect when in office, and every promise it had made it broke in the most flagrant manner, especially that of universal suffrage. For all that, he might have attained a certain eminence were it not that his name involved a satire upon his actions, no one having contributed more than he to the weakening of the Kossuthist tradition. There are, however, those who think that this is rather a gain for Hungary.

The Foreign Secretary has recently re-affirmed the firm adherence of Austria-Hungary to the Triple Alliance, although he finds defects in a too rigid adherence to the balance of power and recognizes with relief a certain relaxation of tension between the two great groups in Europe. A good deal of uncertainty exists whether relations with Italy have changed for the better or the worse. On one hand it is thought that a naval convention has been entered into for the control of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. On the other, although Austria-Hungary and Italy are acting together in the Albanian imbroglio, it is well known that behind the outward appearance there is secret rivalry, while at Trieste and Venice manifestations of ill-will between the two nationalities have shown themselves. At Venice an Austrian flag was solemnly burnt by students amid howls and hisses. Between the governments of the two countries the relations are undoubtedly cordial, but among the people of Italy there is an undercurrent of dissatisfaction on account of the treatment of their fellow-countrymen living in Austrian territory.

The small-minded meanness characteristic of the absolutism which is not yet extinct in Austria, has been shown in the confiscation of a work on *The Hapsburg Monarchy,* written by a former correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna. The reason for this con-

fiscation is believed to be a passage which deals with the Emperor Francis Joseph, in a way which it is not in the eyes of the Public Prosecutor sufficiently adulatory. Although His Majesty is so badly served by officials, everyone rejoices at his restoration to health, and hopes that his reign may last for many years.

Russia.

Temperance reform is not proceeding without opposition in Russia. Although last Easter was the soberest ever known, sales of vodka having been prohibited in the large cities for the first three days, many works and factories could not re-open because their hands had struck as a protest against these restrictive measures. Distillers, too, are greatly alarmed, being filled with apprehension at the disastrous effects the government's action will have on agriculture. In many cases the effect of the enforced closing of the liquor shops has been an unprecedented rise in drunkenness. The government, however, is not faltering in its purpose: even though the restrictions which it has adopted will diminish the revenue. Fresh taxation will be proposed to meet this deficiency. A remarkable feature of this movement is that the initiative has come from above —from the Tsar himself—although the Duma and the mass of people it represents, notwithstanding the exceptions just referred to, are more or less cordially coöperating. Temperance reform is not the sole object of the Tsar's care for his people. Several other matters affecting their social and economic welfare are the objects of his solicitude. Among these is a great scheme of land development, which is being carried out under the auspices of the Minister of Agriculture. Ten thousand farming specialists are helping the farmers to a better method of agriculture.

Several events indicate the existence of deep-seated unrest. In the Duma there have been several scenes, and much dissatisfaction has been manifested at the action of the Ministers. Republicanism has been openly advocated by members of the representative House, and immunity for such claims demanded—an immunity which the government refused to grant. Thereupon a bill was introduced to secure this right, which received the support of an overwhelming majority.

Socialist members of the House have been using their parliamentary privilege to propagate ideas looked upon in Russia as revolutionary; fifteen were suspended on this account by a vote of the

Duma. This led to wide strikes of workingmen. Their agitation has recently assumed a character and proportions which cause anxiety to the more moderate members of the Ministry. Owing to the determination of the government not to recognize trade unions, workingmen have taken refuge in underground organizations. The men are ruled by a secret committee with a rod of iron; not long ago this committee went so far as to make use of wholesale poisoning of women workers in order to secure submission to its decrees. No one dares to dispute its orders, for vengeance is swiftly meted out upon the recalcitrants, and follows them even if they return to their villages. The control this committee exercises is extended to the smallest details, even of work done for the government. The police are kept in the dark. So far its activity has been confined to social and economic questions, but it is feared that it will develop into an attempt at revolution.

An old characteristic of Russian government is showing itself again. Ministers have often been in the habit of pursuing each one his own policy, paying no respect either to the opinions of fellow members, or to the expressed will of the Tsar himself. For persistent disregard of representative and local government institutions, and for defiance of the Tsar's manifestoes, the Minister of the Interior was recently censured by the Duma. This disregard is described as undermining the welfare and safety of the State. The same Minister is held responsible for the enormous increase in strikes, and for thwarting the efforts made by the Minister of Commerce and Industry to encourage that influx of foreign capital which is so necessary for industrial development. The Minister of the Interior has, by placing what are described as absurd and vexatious restrictions on joint stock companies with regard to Jews, prevented the investment of more than one hundred millions in Russian industrial enterprises. The statutes of more than three hundred new companies have been pigeon-holed in his office in defiance of the Tsar's Rescript to the Minister of Finance.

Eight months ago the entire High Court of Viborg in Finland, consisting of sixteen judges, was sent to prison in Russia for opposing the enforcement of the Russian law of 1912 concerning the rights of Russians. After having served their full term, they have been released, and on their return to their homes received an enthusiastic welcome. Flowers were strewn in their path, addresses were delivered, the crowd meanwhile cheering. For this unlawful cheering a score of persons was arrested.

The Foreign Minister has recently made a statement about the foreign policy of the Empire. This he declared was based upon the unshakable alliance with France and the friendship with England. This friendship he prefers to a formal alliance resting, as it does, upon common aims, without which a formal alliance would have little value. With Germany Russia continues to seek the maintenance of the old friendly relations. If they had been clouded of late it was due to the indiscreet conduct of the press both German and Russian. Even for Austria-Hungary friendly sentiments were expressed, although the animosity manifested for Russia by certain sections of the population in Galicia was regretted. Notwithstanding, however, these expressions of friendship, Russia is going to rely upon her own strength, and has, therefore, brought forward a naval programme which will involve the expenditure within the next five years of no less a sum than three thousand seven hundred and sixty millions. This shows the degree of confidence which the members of the European family of nations have for one another.

Italy.

For several months apprehension of labor disturbances has been felt in Italy. The Syndicalist movement is well organized, especially among the railway men. As the railways, with few exceptions, are owned by the State, their employees are in the position of State servants, and this makes their demand for higher wages amounting, as it does, to an increase of ten million dollars in their annual salaries, a serious question for the whole country. One of the causes of the fall of Signor Giolitti's Ministry was the threat made by the railway men of a general strike. In consequence of certain concessions made by the Ministry of Signòr Salandra, the agitation calmed down for a time, but a renewal took place at Easter, and it was feared that the employees of postal and telegraphic services would join. Even the public school teachers and the custodians of museums and public monuments made similar threats, as well as the workers in the State tobacco factories. The truth is that the mania for State employment has filled the civil service to such a degree that three men are employed to do the work of one. The only way business so conducted can be carried on is by giving very small salaries. This in its turn has excited the discontent which is so prevalent. Wholesale elimination of the useless would be the remedy, but no Minister, depending as he does on the votes of these

employees, has hitherto had the courage to adopt it. To what extent the recent widespread disturbances are due to the economic unrest, information has not yet been received. They owed their immediate origin to the government suppression by force of anti-militarist demonstration, which had been organized in Ancona and elsewhere. These developed into an anti-dynastic movement, which at one time seemed to be serious. The energetic action of the government seems to have resulted in a complete suppression; at all events for the time being.

For the conquest of Tripoli the Italians have now to pay the price by an addition to succession duties, and by taxes on promissory notes, motor cycles, mineral waters, revolver licences and even theatres, as well as by an increased excise on spirits and certain brands of tobacco.

The conferences held between the Foreign Ministers of Italy and Austria-Hungary excited little attention in the Italian press, especially because the grievances felt by Italians living in the Dual Monarchy were not mentioned in the official *Communiqué.* These grievances have been brought prominently before the public notice by the disturbance which took place at Trieste between Italians and Slovenes, and by the public burning of an Austrian flag by students at Venice. In fact several anti-Austrian demonstrations have taken place in various towns of Italy as a consequence of the disturbances at Trieste. In this as well as in the attitude towards France, there seems to be a considerable difference between the professions of the government and the feelings of the people.

The Balkans.

So uncertain is the situation in Albania, varying as it does from day to day, that it would be fruitless to attempt to chronicle every incident, especially since what is taking place is only what was expected. No element of anarchy is wanting. The Albanian tribes have from primeval ages maintained their independence, but have as a rule used that independence to become the instrument of the vilest of despots. Nine-tenths are descendants of apostates from Christianity, and are now unwilling that a Christian should rule over them. The Protestant Prince was furnished with a Catholic bodyguard which, *miserabile dictu,* fled at the first onslaught of the enraged Moslems. The flight of the Prince to an Italian ship did not increase the respect of the Albanian warriors, although

within half an hour his courage returned, and he has since retrieved his reputation in some degree by bravery in the field. The most influential of his opponents, Essad Pasha, has been banished.

The International Commission of Control is doing its best to maintain Prince William in power, efforts which are being seconded by the Dutch commanders of the gendarmerie. Austria Hungary and Italy are close at hand, and have in fact given assistance by landing sailors. In this background are the Great Powers of Europe.

One thing, and one only, may be looked upon as settled. Owing largely to the loyalty of Greece to her engagements, an agreement was reached in the middle of May between the Albanian government and the provisional government that had been formed in Epirus. This agreement was largely due to the mediation of the International Commission of Control. It gives to the Orthodox religion the same privileges as it possesses in Turkey. It allows the Greek and Albanian languages to be taught in the schools, in fact makes Greek obligatory. The local gendarmerie is to be composed of Greeks and Albanians in proportion to the population. Two of the governors are to be Christian, and in other respects security is offered for the Greeks against oppression.

The resumption of war between Greece and Turkey seems possible. Turkey has been buying a small fleet of Dreadnoughts, the only object of which is to make an attack on Greece. This has excited a desire on the part of many Greeks to enter upon a preventive war, before the actual delivery of the ships gives superiority to her enemy.

With Our Readers.

THE Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has received the following letter from one who is intimately acquainted with present conditions in Mexico:

"Mexico at this moment occupies the centre of the stage; and the press is working overtime giving out authentic details of the revolutionary movements, which within a few hours are just as authentically denied. That anarchy reigns supreme all over this unfortunate country is an undeniable fact, and how or when order is to be restored is a problem of no easy solution. Some few facts which I have not seen published in any of our great dailies may perhaps prove interesting. In the first place wheresoever the Constitutionalists have entered a city in triumph, one of their first acts has invariably been to close the churches and religious schools, and to throw the priests into prison. Many of the priests have been able to escape to the United States, and others are in hiding, while not a few of my poor friends are confined in the penitentiary.

"Now from such proceedings it is but logical to deduce that the revolutionaries consider the Church their enemy, nay more, their chief enemy; and such an accusation or assumption is both ludicrous and absurd. The clergy in Mexico does not dabble in politics: they have absolutely no civil rights, and since the year 1857 have been barely tolerated in the land. The churches are all government property; the bishop and priests have the temporary use of them; and *all* church property, as is well known, was confiscated by the great (?) Juarez in 1857.

"Men living so precariously are generally prudent enough to keep out of all controversy with the powers that be; and if perchance there should be an imprudent individual who might have expressed himself in favor of one side rather than another, this would involve the foolishness of the individual, but not of the whole body. Why then are the clergy considered the enemies of the revolution? Obviously because the leaders of the movement deem it necessary to detach the people from the priests; and notwithstanding the falsehoods and calumnies which have been published in sectarian papers against the Church and the clergy, the fact remains that at least ninety-five per cent of the population is essentially and cordially Catholic to-day: this I affirm on the authority of several archbishops and bishops in whose acquaintance and friendship I very much rejoice. Our enemies and calumniators accuse us of exploiting the people, selling the sacra-

ments, and doing many other things a clergyman ought not to do. The priest demands a fee for a baptism, a marriage or a funeral, *when it can be conveniently paid:* this I believe is a universal custom in every country in the world, just as the lawyer or doctor gets his fee for the labor he has performed, and to such a proceeding no reasonable man ought to object. But why have we not more schools under the control of the Church? And why did we not have schools while the Church was enjoying unlimited freedom?

"To the latter question I answer that in Mexico there were as many schools as in France or any other country during that time; and the unrest and discontent that eventually pervaded the country are to be attributed to the accursed events of 1792 in France, news of which soon crossed the ocean and culminated in the rising of 1810 under the leadership of Hidalgo, of whom the less we say the better, if we would keep our pages clean. From 1810 till 1874 there was continuous civil war, the country was plunged into misery and disorder, and consequently schools were not in much demand. To the first question I answer: the Church is doing the best she can with the scanty resources at her disposal to keep some schools open; but she is handicapped by the government, which insists upon the attendance at the public schools of all children whom they can reach; and in the latter schools God and religion are absolutely tabooed. The little ones are taught that their worst enemies are the priests, that there is no future life, and that they need only worship the fatherland. Of such individuals brought up in the national schools or in no schools whatever, is composed the army of the Constitutionalists, who are doing so much mischief and committing such atrocities in poor Mexico to-day. And the atrocities to which I allude are beyond a doubt inspired by a senseless, diabolical hatred of the Catholic Church, a hatred fomented by the calumnies of sectarian missionaries, male and female, who have invaded the country, and by the Masonic lodges. The proof of this assertion is that the prisons are full of our priests, our churches are closed and desecrated, our sacred vessels profaned and stolen, and our houses ransacked and looted. The schools conducted by the Marist Brothers, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and other Religious are condemned *as being inferior to the national schools,* and not up to the requirements of modern pedagogy! and in most cases the establishments are closed after undergoing a general and generous looting of the premises. When the followers of Carranza took the small town of Salinas Victoria a few months ago, one of their first acts was to enter the church, break open the tabernacle, throw the Blessed Sacrament to the dogs, appropriate the ciborium, monstrance, and chalice, and then shoot to pieces the statues of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and other saints in that beautiful little church.

"What is done in one place is but too frequently repeated in another. This is the work of the men who have been educated in the national schools, with the valuable assistance of the Americans, English, Scots, French, Italians, and Turks who have flocked to the standard of the unspeakable Villa, allured by the prospect of loot and lust. All these men loudly profess a passionate love of liberty for themselves, and for all those who think and act as they do: for all others intolerance and persecution are the order of the day. I need not refer particularly to the brutal immorality that everywhere prevails: suffice it to say that the Apaches of Paris have worthy rivals in the unfortunate land of Montezuma.

"And yet our rulers in the United States have done all in their power to help to victory these savage hordes! With all their pedagogical proficiency, they have most certainly been led astray and hoodwinked and deceived by the polished, godless clique of rebels who have made Washington their home for many months. We on our side are fervently praying for the restoration of peace, for the confounding of God's enemies, for the reopening of our churches, for the resuming of business in our stores and factories, and for the privilege of being able to return safely to the happy humble homes we had established in that beautiful country."

IF the commencement addresses, as published in the daily press at this time of the year, were as vigorously definite in statement as they are lofty in language, much helpful light would undoubtedly be given to those who are "about to enter upon the battle of life." For the most part these addresses will be found to be, when sifted well, generalities glittering with heavily-weighted moral adornment, and designed to fit the occasion. They are as seemingly fair as a summer afternoon and they pass just as quickly.

It is an encouraging sign, however, to see that some of them are protests against the commercialism that for so long has been eating away the consciences of men, and that many embody a real serious appeal for the spiritual value of life. It is well that young men are urged "to have a conscience, sensitive to the eternal difference between right and wrong," and "to cherish life as a sacred thing coming from God and to God again returning." It is refreshing to hear the head of a Presbyterian university tell his students "to have some positive religious conviction." And if to the following could be given the vigor of definite truth, it would be of supreme value: "Believe in something greater than yourselves, and be not ashamed to preserve some shrine amidst the secret places of your being, some holy of holies,

where you keep perpetually burning a divine fire on the altar of your soul."

* * * *

THE more worthy of the speeches in their appeal to personal responsibility, personal worth and the supreme dignity of conscience, might fittingly be used as companion protests to the timely condemnation uttered by the Honorable Thomas W. Churchill, President of the Board of Education of the City of New York, against the Carnegie Foundation. Mr. Churchill said:

"In 1904 Mr. Andrew Carnegie set aside his college pension fund and formed his committee to administer it. At a salary of $15,000.00 a year a president of the committee was appointed, offices were secured, and the sign painted on the door, 'Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.'

"What had previously been announced and hailed as a provision for the old age of college professors, now appears as a corporation to buy control of the management of such colleges as are willing to sell their birthright.

"What had been advertised as an institution for the reward of teachers who had lived from hand to mouth that they might instruct the youth of the country, now presents itself as a junta which declares college teaching and college management should be carried on according to the pattern prescribed by it. Unless you conform you get none of this money.

"'Drop your denominationalism,' says the Carnegie Foundation, 'and we'll advance you the money to retire your professors.' One cannot but blush with indignation that any body of men in this generation and in this country would so brazenly employ the tremendous power of great wealth as to permit it to buy the abandonment of religion.

"The spirit of education as preached by the committee for the bossing of teaching, is that only those youths chosen according to the measuring stick of the Carnegie Foundation should sit at the college table.

"By reason of imperfection of our labor laws a lucky ironmaster skims from the work of thousands of artisans the cream of their wages, until they amass for him a fortune that puts to shame the possessions of Crœsus.

"A proposition that was hailed as a work of generous philanthropy has developed into a piece of disgraceful bribery, debauching professors, bribing religious institutions, and threatening colleges with a reign of uniformity, rigidity, and classification. Let this menace to the freedom of teaching be undone. Let the Carnegie Foundation be dissolved, and its revenues converted into a pension service, beyond the power of a private committee."

ALTHOUGH not without serious flaws, the new compensation law of New York State, which goes into effect on July 1st, is a most encouraging step towards securing for the injured laborer and his family a just compensation for the loss both suffer. It is the most radical of all compensation laws yet passed in the United States, and it is estimated that it will cost the employers of labor in New York two and a half times as much as those of Massachusetts, and once and a half those of Wisconsin, in both of which States compensation laws have been passed which by some were considered radical enough.

* * * *

UNDER the new law the burden of proof rests with the employer. He has the burden of showing that the injury sustained must be laid to the employee's blame. All hazardous employments are included under the law, which catalogues them under forty-two groups. Domestic service, agriculture, and employments not conducted for pecuniary gain are excluded.

Every employer subject to the law is liable for compensation of employees injured or killed in the course of their employment, without regard to fault as a cause, except where the injury is caused by willful intention, or where it results from the intoxication of the employee.

* * * *

TO summarize some of the disability benefits: no compensation shall be paid for the first fourteen days after the accident. The employer shall promptly provide medical and surgical aid during the first sixty days. Compensation shall be based on the average weekly wage. Permanent total disability will entitle the employee to a compensation of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of weekly wages for life. Temporary total disability to sixty-six and two-thirds of weekly wages during continuance; total not to exceed $3,500.00.

In case of death caused by injury during employment the surviving wife will receive thirty per cent of the average weekly wages during her entire widowhood. If there are also surviving children, each will receive ten per cent of average weekly wages until the eighteenth year of age—the total shall not exceed sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of wages. In case of surviving children only, each will receive ten per cent.

If the whole of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of wages has not been used in compensation, the remainder may be used for the support of grandchildren or brothers and sisters under eighteen years of age.

* * * *

THE employer is obliged to notify the Commission of every injury to his employees within ten days after the occurrence. Failure to do so renders the employer liable to a fine of $500.00. The Commis-

sion has the power to fix all claims. An appeal may be taken from the decision of the Commission to the Supreme Court. The Commission also has the power to order how the compensation shall be paid. No agreement on the part of an employee to waive his rights to compensation will be valid.

The law has made certain the security for compensation by directing that all employers shall be insured. The employer may give satisfactory proof to the Commission of his financial ability to compensate in case of accident; and in such case the Commission may require a deposit of securities. It will be seen that the law is stringent and radical.

* * * *

ALMOST serious defect which one sees at first glance is that it places a premium on bachelors, for the employers, who engage men for hazardous occupations, such as steel construction, will take only single men. In fact in every business, enumerated under the forty-two groups, the married man seeking employment will be seriously handicapped. We believe that in this respect the law will be changed in the very near future.

THE charming simplicity, the easy dignity and the quiet vigor of Abbot Gasquet, won the hearts of all who met him during his recent visit to this country. One of the foremost historians of his time, the Abbot President of the English Benedictines; a statesman of experience; the director of a Commission to restore the original text of the Vulgate—none of these honors or achievements had lessened his gracious humility. Indeed, over all his gifts, one recognized the supreme gift of a deep spirituality that possessed and ruled the man himself. In his humility, his learning, his love of peace and his spiritual strength, Cardinal Gasquet is a true son of the great St. Benedict. The congratulations that have come to him from all sources, and from persons in every walk of life, from Catholics and non-Catholics, on the occasion of his promotion to the Sacred College, are a world-wide testimony to his worth.

* * * *

AS one recalls the great work Cardinal Gasquet has done for the Church, and the achievements that have won the admiring praise of even hostile critics, he cannot but be struck by the characteristic utterance in the conclusion of the Cardinal's address, immediately after the great honor was conferred upon him. Cardinal Gasquet spoke of the characteristics of our age—restlessness and religious doubt and impatience with authority. "The mission of God's Church," he continued, "is changeless amid all changes. The Church stands

for peace and security and individual rights. It alone can secure the due observance of law and order necessary for the safety of society."

Then Cardinal Gasquet concluded: "Christ walks upon the waters and stills the storm to-day as He has done for nineteen centuries; and the fact that the supreme authority of the Vicar of Christ has raised me, one of no account, to help him in his almost superhuman task is, or should be to us all, a token that God's purposes are not as those of the world: that He uses measures and men without regard to human calculations; that the wisdom of men is no match for the foolishness of the Gospel; and that the instruments of His and His Vicar's choice, lowly as they may be, can, with His blessing, effect that purpose, because they carry out His adorable will. In all things, even in me, may God be glorified."

* * * *

THE present campaign of bigotry, of misrepresentation and of insult against the Catholic Church, recalls the great work Abbot Gasquet did for the Church in England. He silenced once for all what through centuries of misrepresentation had become a tradition of English Protestantism—that the monasteries and convents in the time of Henry VIII. deserved to be suppressed and destroyed; that the monks and nuns who lived therein richly deserved the fate that befell them. "Cardinal Gasquet," writes Dr. William Barry, "has completely shattered this misunderstanding; but it survives in popular books." It survives in books popular in certain places in this country also; and in certain very yellow anti-Catholic journals. The distribution of pamphlets and tracts that give true history, will do much to enlighten that portion of the popular mind that still sits in darkness.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Narrow Way. By Rev. P. Geiermann, C.SS.R. 60 cents. *Half Hours with God.* By Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. 35 cents net. *Saturdays with Mary.* Compiled by a client of Mary. 35 cents net. *Ballads of Childhood.* By M. Earls, S.J. $1.10 net. *Constitutions of the Friends of Jesus and Mary.* By Rev. P. Geiermann, C.SS.R. 15 cents. *Altar Flowers, and How to Grow Them.* By H. Jones. 90 cents net. *Sweet Sacrament Divine.* By Very Rev. C. Cox, O.M.I. 35 cents net. *Roma—Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome.* By Rev. A. Kuhn, O.S.B. Part IV. 35 cents. *Perilous Seas.* By E. G. Robin. $1.25 net.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:
Breviarium Romanum. Editio Typica. Ratisbonæ et Romæ. Neo-Eboraci. $11.25. *The Theory and Practice of the Catechism.* By Dr. M. Gatterer, S.J., and Dr. F. Krus, S.J. $1.25 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Irish Literary and Musical Studies. By A. P. Graves, M.A. $1.75 net. *Life Histories of African Game Animals.* By T. Roosevelt and E. Heller. 2 vols. $10.00 net. *American and English Studies.* By W. Reid. 2 vols. $4.00 net. *The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848.* By G. L. Rives. 2 vols. $8.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
The Church in Rome in the First Century. By G. Edmundson, M.A. $2.50 net. *Through an American Sisterhood to Rome.* By A. H. Bennett. $1.35 net. *The Waters of Twilight.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. $1.20 net. *Lourdes.* By J. Jörgensen. 90 cents net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:
The Period of Discovery. By J. V. McKee, M.A., and L. S. Roemer. 50 cents net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Familiar Spanish Travels. By W. D. Howells. $2.00 net.

MCBRIDE, NAST & Co., New York:
The Real Mexico. By H. Hamilton Fyfe. $1.25 net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:
Fred. Carmody, Pitcher. By Hugh F. Blunt. 85 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Shadow of Peter. By H. E. Hall, M.A. 70 cents.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
What Shall I Be? By Rev. F. Cassilly, S.J.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Age of Erasmus. By P. S. Allen, M.A.

J. HAVENS RICHARDS, S.J., Canisius College, Buffalo:
Introduction to Catholic Reading. By J. H. Richards, S.J. (Pamphlet.)

SHERMAN, FRENCH & Co., Boston:
Candle Flame. (A Play.) By Katharine Howard.

GINN & Co., Boston:
American Literature. By Wm. J. Long. $1.35.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge:
The Spiritual Message of Dante. By Rt. Rev. W. B. Carpenter.

DR. GEORGE MCALEER, Worcester, Mass.:
Ireland's Contribution to the Progress of Other European Countries. By G. McAleer, M.D. *Gathered Waiflets.* By G. McAleer, M.D.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1913.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Heart of the Antarctic. By Sir H. Shackleton. $1.50 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Holy Mass. Vol. II. By Rev. H. Lucas, S.J. 30 cents net. *Private First Communion Instructions.* By Rev. J. Nist. 60 cents net. *Francis Thompson, the Preston-Born Poet.* By J. Thompson. 90 cents net. *An Elizabethan Cardinal, William Allen.* By M. Haile. $6.00 net. *The Life of Gemma Galgani.* By Father Germanus. $1.80 net. *Enchiridion Patristicum.* By M. J. Rouët de Journel, S.J. $2.60 net. *Her Only Love.* (A Drama.) By Rev. P. Kaenders. 25 cents net. *The Triumphs Over Death.* By Ven. R. Southwell. 30 cents net. *The Life of St. Columbia.* By F. A. Forbes. 30 cents net. *St. Catherine of Siena.* By F. A. Forbes. 30 cents net.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
Priestly Practice. By A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C. $1.00.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
La Vie intime du Catholique. Par J. V. Bainvel. 1 *fr.* 25. *De Vera Religione et Apologetica.* Par J. V. Bainvel.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:
Retraite d'Enfants. Par Abbé H. Morice. 3 *frs.* *Allocutions et Sermons de Circonstance.* Par Mgr. J. Loth. 3 *frs.*

RAZON Y FE, Madrid:
El Breviario y las Nuevas Rúbricas según la Novisima Reforma Decretada Por Pio X. Por J. B. Ferreres, S.J. Tomus I. and II. 3 pesetas.

THE

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN DENMARK.

BY C. M. WAAGE.

ON January 21st of the present year, Rt. Rev. Johannes von Euch, the Catholic Bishop of Copenhagen, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday. Born in Westphalia, Germany, on January 21, 1834, he was sent in 1860 to Copenhagen as assistant to the only Catholic priest there, Rev. Hermann Grüder. From that day until the present he has faithfully watched his flock in that northern land, sharing the political and social vicissitudes of his adopted country, and, in spite of adverse circumstances, has established a flourishing Catholic diocese in a domain where, but a few years prior to his advent, the Catholic religion was not even tolerated.

The man who has accomplished such a task is well worthy of notice, but for the full appreciation of his life and work a retrospective view of religious conditions in Denmark, prior to the arrival of Father von Euch, will be both interesting and necessary.

Rev. J. B. Metzler, S.J., who has written a biographical sketch of Bishop von Euch, states that Denmark was a Catholic country for seven hundred years before the Reformation found a foothold. This statement is open to controversy. It is true that as early as 850, or thereabouts, Ansgar, who has been called the Apostle of Denmark, was made Bishop of Hamburg, and thus virtually became the Supreme Vicar of Denmark, but his mission was neither of large extent, nor of lasting effect, and about one hundred years later Gorm the Old, King of Denmark, died a pronounced heathen. Christianity was undoubtedly known in Denmark at that period and in the period that followed, but it was by no means established. It was

the age of sea rovers. Some were pirates and vikings, others were merchants, bringing a variety of articles home from the southlands, and it is reasonable to suppose that many of them coming in contact with Christian nations in those days, may have adopted their religion, apart from any missionary services exerted in Denmark itself. The history of Ireland is proof of this assertion, for it is well established that many Danes fought for Irish kings in the intestine wars of a country which was then Christianized. Many of them became Christians, and no doubt frequently carried with them the new faith to the mother country.

But for centuries Christianity in Denmark remained a vague issue at best. The years in which it fought its first battles for recognition, were not congenial to marked religious inspiration. During many of these years great disturbances passed over the Catholic Church, which made themselves felt in distant lands; moreover, the Danes were not of a disposition to accept unhesitatingly a religion which taught submission and humility as some of its first principles. The German Emperor, Otto, invaded Denmark at the close of the tenth century, accompanied by Bishop Poppo, and in a decisive battle forced the Danish king to assume the Christian religion for himself and his people. Naturally such a conversion was of little avail, and the worshippers of Odin were loath to accept a faith stamped by the submission of a conquered chief.

Very gradually, however, the Christian religion overcame the Odinic system. Monasteries were built in various places, churches multiplied, and it is stated that about the year 1300 they numbered as many as fifteen hundred. Yet it is questionable whether such a condition could have obtained, but for the fact that the bishops were prominent as warriors no less than as clerics.

In 1104 the country was separated from the See of Hamburg, and seven dioceses were established, with the Archbishop of Lund in Sweden as their Primate. By this time the country was decidedly Catholic, but the majority of the bishops were better fitted for the sword and helmet than for the crozier and miter. The most renowned of these men was Archbishop Absalon, who died in 1201. As a statesman and warrior he rendered his country great services, and the world is indebted to him for prevailing upon Saxo Grammaticus to write the famous *Chronicles of the Danish Realm,* which ranks among the classics of Norse history. In this work the writer, himself a cleric, reveals much religious devotion and piety, and speaks of his masters, the Archbishop and King Walde-

mar the First, as men of great spiritual as well as material prowess.

Waldemar the Second in the thirteenth century waged war on his pagan neighbors, prompted by the same spirit as the Crusaders. During these wars, at the battle of Volmark, 1219, legend relates that the Danish flag fell from heaven upon the almost vanquished troops, and, inspiring them with renewed courage, carried them on to victory. This flag, a white cross in a blood red field, has been ever since the national banner of the Danes, and is the oldest national flag in existence. When sung in Danish poetry it is always described as heaven-descended.

This may in truth be termed the most brilliant period in the history of Catholic Denmark. After King Waldemar the Second (also called the Victorious), the country degenerated through internal strife, and the clergy appear to have had no influence upon the affairs of the nation. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the house of Oldenburg ascended the Danish throne in the person of Christian I. His successor, Christian II., in 1520 made the first attempt to overthrow the hierarchy, and in 1539 introduced a new liturgy and consecrated Lutheran bishops.

From that time the Catholic Church ceased to exercise any sway in the country, and in 1613 a royal rescript forbade Catholic priests to perform any religious functions under penalty of death. A subsequent law threatened converts with confiscation of their property and banishment. This law prevailed until June, 1849, when the last of the line of Oldenburg, Frederick VII., granted the country a new constitution, with absolute freedom of religious worship.

During the intervening years the Catholic religion was virtually an unknown quantity in Denmark. The representatives of foreign Catholic countries insisted upon and obtained leave to maintain a chapel in Copenhagen. Another chapel was allowed in the fortification of Fredericia in Jutland for the benefit of foreign-hired troops. Thus the practice of the Catholic religion was confined to foreigners, and in the course of time became an object of suspicion and disparagement with the Danes, rather than of positive hatred.

The first man to take up the task of rebuilding a Catholic community in Denmark was Father Zurstrassen, a German priest, who became pastor of Copenhagen. He died after a few years sojourn there, and was succeeded in 1852 by Father Grüder, a man of rare gifts, who much endeared himself to the Catholic population of Copenhagen, which slowly increased under

his pastorate. To him Father von Euch was sent as assistant in 1860, shortly after his ordination. The Catholic population in Copenhagen then numbered but seven hundred and fifty souls.

The young priest was a man of singular attainments. His brilliant mind, his power of acquiring and retaining knowledge, his studious habits so shortened the years of his schooling, that when he attained to the dignity of deacon at Paderborn in the year 1857, he found himself too young to proceed for ordination to the priesthood. He was not ordained, therefore, until January 8, 1860, and a few months later was sent to Copenhagen as one of the priests of St. Ansgar's Church.

With characteristic zeal the young priest, being ignorant of the Danish tongue, at once set to work to acquire the language. In this very act he laid the foundation of the success which attended him in after years, and of the great popularity he achieved. For years there had been a bitter feud between Denmark and Germany, which culminated in 1864 in a war most disastrous to Denmark. Before that Father von Euch had acquired the language so well that he was entrusted with the management of the *Scandinavian Church Journal,* a weekly Catholic paper. The *Journal* was said to be on the point of failure, but his energy and efficiency brought it through the crisis.

Father von Euch remained four years at St. Ansgar's Church, administering the sacraments in Copenhagen or making journeys into the country on missions. During these first years of his priestly activity he had great opportunities for developing his spiritual power, and of becoming well acquainted with the people to whom he ministered. His personal sentiments during this period are summed up in a sentence he wrote a dear friend, the Countess Stolberg-Stolberg: "The word mission has a singular sound to me. It goes to the heart. It carries with it *Grace,* within and without—abundant and ever-increasing *Grace.*"

After his four years sojourn in the capital, Father von Euch was called to Fredericia as vicar of the Church of St. Canute. In an area covering nine thousand seven hundred and fifty square miles, he was to be the only Catholic priest, but he soon proved himself able to meet the emergency. His first attention was given to the little town, where the few Catholics who formed the congregation were foreigners. He made it his endeavor to establish a Danish congregation, and so well did he succeed that in the two decades, during which he presided over the Church of Holy Canute,

as it is called, he personally brought into the fold of Holy Church two hundred and seven adults and one hundred and twenty children, four of whom became priests, three joined a teaching brotherhood, and five became Sisters of Charity.

In the first year of his pastorate, Father von Euch built a tower to his church. Notwithstanding the proclamation of religious liberty, the idea prevailed with the common people that the Catholics were not allowed to add spires or belfries to their churches, nor to ring bells for their services. To disabuse them of this idea, Father von Euch installed two bells in the new tower. So on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1865, for the first time in nearly three hundred years, the Catholic people of a Danish city were called to church by bells joyously pealing forth the praises of God.

There is an old saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword," but mightier than any weapon, be it for attack or defence, is personality. With this great quality his Maker had richly endowed the young priest. His splendid personality carried Father von Euch on to victory. He won the hearts of those who refused to join his flock, as well as the affection of his own people; he was able to secure assistance where other men might have expected resistance. The appearance of the Sisters in Fredericia caused no small excitement, for the people realized that the Catholic religion was surely returning to the country which had trampled it under foot. And when the great work of these gentle women began to make itself felt, whether from the school or from the hospital—ever for the relief or uplift of humanity—those who had been suspicious and scornful became serious, and soon good will and admiration were the predominant sentiments felt for Father von Euch and his assistants in their noble work.

Far from confining himself to the little town or its immediate vicinity, the energetic priest covered, as far as he could, the whole area of the peninsula of Jutland, and thence crossed to the island of Fünen, where in the ancient city of Odense the Church of St. Canute stood still as a monument to the most glorious period of Catholic Denmark, although now converted into a Lutheran church. The work he accomplished in these parts, constituting two-thirds of the entire country, cannot be measured by mere words. The cities he visited are names unknown to the average American reader. In 1869, when the Danish mission was raised to an Apostolic Prefecture, and Father Grüder became Monsignor Grüder, Father von Euch was foremost in a movement which resulted in the establish-

ment of four new missions. In many places churches and chapels sprung up, and holy Mass was celebrated anew after centuries of suppression. In some places foreigners, Catholics whose children had been baptized in the Lutheran Church, welcomed the priest as a long-lost friend. In others Catholics had to be discovered. In one city nineteen were found, in another two, the consolation and comfort of their Church having been unknown to them for years past. To these places the priest returned from time to time, and in every one of them there stands to-day a church or a chapel, with at least a regular visit from a priest.

In December, 1884, Monsignor Grüder died, after thirty-two years of devoted service to his congregation in Copenhagen. Father von Euch had just been called to Osnabrück, Germany, to head the Cathedral Chapter there, and was busy preparing for his departure when his superior died. Immediately pressure was brought to bear upon Cardinal Simeoni, then Prefect of the Propaganda, to have Father von Euch returned to Denmark to continue the labors of the late Prefect, and, as a result, Monsignor von Euch shortly after took up his residence in Copenhagen as the head of the prefecture. In recognition of the advancement of the Catholic Church in Denmark, Pope Leo XIII. in 1892 raised Monsignor von Euch to the dignity of a bishop, and he was ordained in the Cathedral of Osnabrück as the first Danish bishop for many centuries.

During his prefecture and episcopate, Catholic affairs in Denmark improved and extended their activities beyond all reasonable expectation. The vast experience of his younger years stood him in good stead, and he used to the full his great oratorical power. He stands in the front rank as a speaker, and on his frequent visits abroad at the great conventions pleaded the cause of Catholicism in Denmark so eloquently as to win generous help from many of the faithful in other lands, and even from non-Catholics, particularly in Germany.

Space does not allow us to follow step by step the labors of this man, whose work was so full of difficulties, yet so fruitful. A few statistics will show the progress of Catholicity in Denmark, due principally to his indefatigable efforts. In 1860 Denmark had a population of 1,608,362, with 1,240 Catholics. In 1910 the population was 2,588,919, with 7,870 Catholics, not including a large number of Polish laborers, who have lately immigrated to Denmark. At the present ratio about two hundred conversions take place an-

nually, and it is worthy of notice that the nobility is well represented among them, also professional men, artists, and literary men. Among the latter should be noted the convert, Johannes Jörgensen, one of the leading authors of the country, whose facile pen has, since his conversion, championed the cause of Mother Church with marked vigor. When Father von Euch came to Denmark in 1860, there were only two congregations, with a church for each (Copenhagen and Fredericia). At the death of Monsignor Grüdur, Denmark had eight congregations, composed chiefly of converts, with sixteen houses of worship. And when, in 1910, Bishop von Euch celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest, there were twenty-four mission stations in the country, with thirty-six churches and chapels, some of which are very beautiful.

In the same year there were in Denmark seventy-one priests, secular and religious. Some of the secular clergy have been prominent in civic as well as ecclesiastical life. Notable among them are the Rev. Clemens Stolp, a German, who built entirely at his own cost a fine church and school in the city of Kolding; the Rev. B. Hansen, D.D., of Nestved, who was elected several times to a seat in the city council, and the Rev. J. L. V. Hansen, who translated the New Testament.

Among the orders represented are the Jesuits, Franciscans, Lazarists, Marists, Redemptorists, and others. The Jesuits take the lead as teachers and writers on religious-scientific subjects. One of their number, Rev. Amandus Breitung, through his writings and his brilliant discourses, has gained universal popularity in academical circles, both as a theologian and a scientist.

Seven orders of Sisters are working in Denmark, the Sisters of St. Joseph predominating. The work of the orders is greatly appreciated by the clergy and laity in general, and has contributed much to create a kindly feeling towards Catholics in circles where they were formerly shunned. In schools and hospitals and as visitors to the poor and sick, the Sisters demonstrate in their everyday life the great commands of our Saviour, and exercise a benign influence in the community where they toil. In the boys' schools the teaching Brothers assist the Fathers with great zeal, and help to make Catholic education a success in Denmark.

This, so to speak, is the staff with which Bishop von Euch has surrounded himself for the purpose of carrying out his noble work. Out of his efforts have sprung innumerable institutions, societies, and organizations. Catholic hospitals occupy a prominent

place in Denmark; there are also homes for infants and for orphans. One institution gives to young girls of the poorer classes a two years training in everything pertaining to the work of a housewife, such as cleaning, mending, cooking, washing. Sodalities and young people's associations abound, and guilds have been organized —in short, where on his arrival there was but the merest beginning of a Catholic community, to-day the Catholic element, though yet in its infancy, has become a national feature, and although subjected to the same enmity by which in this age Holy Church is assailed from certain quarters in every country, yet it is constantly gaining fresh recognition as a power for good and for the betterment of humanity.

Bishop von Euch throughout his administration has laid particular stress upon the value of the Catholic press as an adjunct to his work. From the first we saw him occupying a portion of his time as editor of a paper; nor has he ever ceased to give special attention to Catholic publications and reading matter for his flock. His people have not only the privilege of a weekly and a monthly paper, but through his efforts they enjoy the benefits of twenty-two public Catholic libraries. Moreover, he has established a diocesan library of no less than sixteen thousand volumes, almost entirely collected by himself, embodying many valuable works in different languages, principally in Danish, German, French, and Italian.

During his many years sojourn in Denmark, Bishop von Euch has become very prominent in the community. His imposing figure, his courteous bearing, his dignified presence, his great learning, and his burning eloquence have made him popular with all classes and all creeds. On the occasion of his jubilee one of the leading daily journals of Copenhagen wrote of him:

> Bishop von Euch gives a fine impression of the high dignity of a Catholic priest, when standing before the glittering altar of St. Ansgar's Church, crozier in hand, mitered and vested. As the supreme pastor of his flock, he has come in contact with large portions of the Danish people, and during his many years of labor in this country, he has gained the profound respect of all through his dignified bearing, his great intellect, and rare foresight. He is a man of exceeding knowledge, and the Danish *Kulturgeist* has found in him an appreciative admirer and champion. Bishop von Euch has accomplished a great work for the community, whose venerable head he is.....During the fifty years he has labored in Den-

mark, he has not only been a strong and efficient guide for his own people, but he has gained the love and appreciation of everybody else for his great work in the cause of humanity. Whatever opinion one may hold about the Church over which he presides, one thing must be admitted: Bishop von Euch has exhibited an unfaltering love for the country and the nation whither he was sent to labor..

In the eventide of such a man there can be no gathering gloom, but rather a glorious sunset. When eternity's morning shall break upon him, he will surely be of those to whom the greeting shall be extended: "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

No longer of Him be it said,
"He hath no place to lay His head."

In every land a constant lamp
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendor shining through Its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me,
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin,
The King of Glory enters in.

ST. AUGUSTINE, THE STUDENT OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY HUGH POPE, O.P.

THE story of St. Augustine's life is, at least, in its outlines, familiar to all. Briefly: he was born at Tagaste in Numidia, A. D. 354; in early life he fell into the prevailing heresy of the Manichees; but when he had reached his twenty-eighth year he saw the futility of their views and passed over to Neo-Platonism. In 385 he went to Milan as professor of rhetoric in that city. There he came under the influence of St. Ambrose, and to his mother's, St. Monica's, joy, he, in 387, abjured his errors and was baptized, being then in his thirty-third year. His mother died almost immediately, when they were on their way to Africa. Augustine returned home alone, and for a few years lived at Tagaste. In 391 he went to Hippo on a visit, and there the Bishop, Valerius, induced him to accept the priesthood. Four years later he associated Augustine with himself in the episcopate.

Augustine's life as a Christian may be divided into three periods, according to the three great heresies which he combated. His first antagonists were his former friends the Manichees; the battle with them concerned the origin of evil. His next foes were the Donatists of Africa; this dispute turned wholly upon the nature of the Church. His last combat—it endured till the day of his death—was against the Pelagians, as to the true meaning of grace.

The weapon with which the Saint fought was always the Bible. This was the arsenal from which he drew, and in its study for the purpose of arriving at truth his life was spent. The attainment of truth was the absorbing passion of Augustine's soul. This truth he sought and found in the Scriptures: "Lo the Scriptures are in the hands of all! There we learn Christ; there we learn the Church. If you hold to Christ why do you not hold to the Church herself? If you believe in the Christ Whom you read of but cannot see, and if you believe in Him because the Scriptures are true, then why do you deny the Church which you can both see and read of?"[1] Shortly after ordination, when Valerius in-

[1] *Ep.* CV., 17.

sisted on making him preach, Augustine writes to him in piteous terms: "I ought to study carefully the remedies God has provided in His Scriptures; I need by prayer and reading to gain fit strength for my soul, that so it may be prepared for this perilous task. I did not do this before because I had not the time. For I was ordained just at the vacations when we were planning how best we could learn the Sacred Scriptures, and were arranging for some leisure for this purpose. Indeed, to tell the truth, I knew not at the time how ill prepared I was for this present task, which now fills me with anxiety and threatens to crush me." He then begs the Bishop to grant him a little time, "perhaps even till Easter," that so he may study Holy Scripture for the profit of those committed to his care.[2]

When in earlier days St. Ambrose had proposed to him to study the Bible, Augustine made the attempt but found it distasteful.[3] But now in his Catholic life the Bible became his absorbing passion.[4] It is wonderful to think of a man of Augustine's philosophical and literary tastes—he tells us he had been accustomed to read half a book of Virgil a day[5]—giving himself up wholly to the study of those Scriptures which he had once reputed as barbarous! Nor was the study of them an easy task for him, even with his prodigious learning. He knew little Greek, so he says,[6] though he shows repeatedly that he had an excellent working knowledge of it;[7] he knew no Hebrew.[8] Nothing daunted by these deficiencies, he gradually gained by assiduous study and meditation a knowledge of the letter and the spirit of Holy Scripture which is absolutely unrivalled. He endeavored, too, to supply for his deficiencies by wide reading, and by repeated appeals for assistance from those who were skilled in Biblical lore. Thus it seems certain that he had read Origen's works.[9] He corresponded frequently with St. Jerome, for whose

[2] *Ep.* XXI., 3, 4, written at the opening of 391 A. D.

[3] *Conf.* IX., v.; *cp. ibid.*, III., iv.; VI., v., 7, 8; VII., xx., 26; VII., xxi., 27.

[4] *De Doct. Christ.*, II., ix.; *Ep.* CXXXVII., iii., xviii., and *Sermon* CCCXXXIX., iv., on the beauty of a life devoted to Biblical study and teaching.

[5] *De Ordine*, I., viii., 26.

[6] *De Trin.*, III., i., and *Contra Petilanum*, II., 91; but *cp.* his discussion of the Greek text in his *Tract. in Joannem*, III., 8; LXXXIII., 2; XCVI., 4, etc.; also *Ep.* CIV., 6, *(inter Epp. S. Hier.); De Civ. Dei*, XV., xiii.

[7] *Cf.* under note 4.

[8] *Ep.* CI., iv.

[9] His words in *De Consensu Evangel.*, II., xxix., are almost verbatim to those of Origen, VI., xviii., in *Joannem;* similarly in his *Tract.* XI., iii., in *Joannem*, St. Augustine gives an interpretation of the expression *credere in Nomine*, which is that of Origen, X., xxviii., in *Joannem.*

learning he expresses the profoundest admiration.[10] He even proposed to send students to work under his direction.[11]

But this assiduous study of Holy Scripture was not an end in itself. It was but a means. The end in view was the salvation of souls. For the Bible was the Word of God,[12] and was entrusted to the Church as containing God's revelation of Himself;[13] the Church was to expound it;[14] false interpretations of it only served to beget heresies.[15] Still *the Bible was not necessary.* It was necessitated by sin, he says;[16] its real object is to feed our faith, our hope, our charity;[17] "A man who is built up upon faith, hope, and charity, and who holds firmly to these, needs not the Scriptures save to instruct others."[18] The Scriptures are lamps lit in the world for our guidance to the next world,[19] but "lamps will not be necessary when that Last Day comes. Then the *Prophets* will not be read to us, we shall not open the *Apostle,* we shall need no testimony

[10] *De Civ. Dei.* XVIII., xliii.; *Ep.* LXXIII., v.; Augustine had read St. Jerome's *Liber Quæstionum Hebraicarum in Genesim, cf.* his *Qu.* XXVI. in *Genesim, cp.* the notes in Vallarsi's edition of the *Opera S. Hier.* (Migne, II., col. 1007). So, too, *Retract.* II., xxxii., St. Augustine remarks that his own notes on the *Ep. of St. James* are poor, because when he wrote them he had not a good translation from the Greek.

[11] *Ep.* LXXXIII., v.

[12] *Enarr.* II. in Ps. XC., *Sermon* II., i.; *Enarr.* in Ps. CXLIX., v.; *Enarr.* in Ps. CXLIV., xvii.; *Confess.* VII., xx.; XIII., xxix.; *Contra Adversarium Legis,* II., xiii.

[13] *Ep.* XCIII., xxviii. "None of us seek the Church in our own righteousness, but in the Divine Scriptures: and, in accordance with the Promise, she is easily seen;" again, *Ep.* CV., xiv., "In the Scriptures we learn of Christ; in the Scriptures we learn of His Church. We all have these Scriptures in our hands; why, then, do we not all alike hold to the Christ and the Church which are set forth in them?" *Cp. Ep.* CXXIX., ii., and see *De Unitate Ecclesiæ,* XLVIII., "What I want is the Church itself. Where is that Church which, by hearing the words of Christ and doing them, builds upon a rock?"

[14] "The Church is our Mother, and her breasts are the Two Testaments of the Divine Scriptures." *Tract. in Ep. Joannis,* III., i.; *cp. De Moribus Ecclesiæ,* I., lxi., lxii; *De Vera Religione,* VII., xii.; and note his beautiful words on love of Holy Mother Church, *De Quarta Feria,* IX. All are familiar with His famous declaration: "I would not believe the Gospel unless the authority of the Catholic Church moved me thereto.....if you, then, hold by the Gospel, I hold by those at whose preaching I have believed the Gospel." *Contra Ep. Manichæi,* I., vi.

[15] "For neither are heresies, nor those perverse doctrines which ensnare men's souls and cast them into the pit, begotten save when the good Scriptures are understood amiss, or when what is not well understood in them is boldly and rashly asserted." *Tract.* XVIII., i., in *Joannem.* And again: "There is no Scripture which cannot be easily distorted by those who do not understand it. Wherefore Divine Providence permits many heretics, professing divers errors, to arise; that so, when they spring upon us questions which we cannot answer, we may be induced to shake off our sloth and wish that we knew the Divine Scriptures." *De Genesi Contra Manichæos,* I., ii.

[16] *De Genesi Contra Manichæos,* II., v.

[17] *De Trinitate,* VIII., vi.; *De Doct. Christ.,* I., xxxv.; *cp.* II., vii.; *Enarr.* in Ps. CXL., i., ii.

[18] *De Doct. Christ.,* I., xxxix.

[19] *Enarr.* in Ps. CXVIII., *Sermon* XXIII., i.

of John's. Then will all the Scriptures be taken away, lit for us as they were in the night of this world to serve us as lamps."[20]

But since the Scriptures are thus the Church's instrument, committed to her as the means for instructing mankind, and so bringing them to eternal life, it behooves God's minister to know them thoroughly. And first of all he must know what is and what is not Holy Scripture; he must, in other words, make sure that he has the complete *Canon of Scripture.* Thus in his treatise *De Doctrina Christiana,* which is little else than a manual of Scripture study, St. Augustine is careful to give the entire canon of Scripture.[21] He prefaces his list with the warning: "He, then, will be a careful student of the Divine Scriptures who shall have first of all read them in their entirety and obtained a knowledge of them all, at least by reading them, if not as yet by understanding them. I refer, of course, to those only which are canonical. For the other Books will be more securely read by a person who is already instructed in the faith.....As regards, however, the canonical Scriptures, let a man follow the authority of the many Catholic churches, among which are rightly reckoned those which merited to be Apostolic Sees, and to be the recipients of the Epistles. A student, then, will observe this rule touching the Scriptures which are canonical, namely, that he prefers those which are received by all the Catholic churches to those which some of these latter do not receive. And as concerns those Books which are not received by all the churches, he will prefer those which are received by the greater number, and by the more important of the churches, to those which are received by the fewer and less important churches.[22] The canon he proceeds to give is identical with that laid down in the Council held at Carthage in 419, at which St. Augustine was present,[23] and also with the Florentine and Tridentine Canon. How often this question touching the true contents of the canon came up for discussion in those days may be gathered from the fact that the same canon was laid down in the Council of Hippo in 398, also in that of Carthage, 397. So, too, at the close of the year 401, St. Augustine had occasion to write to Quintianus: "Do not cause scandal in the church by reading to your people Scriptures which the ecclesiastical canons do not admit; for it is by means of such books that heretics

[20] *Tract. in Joannem,* XXXV., ix.
[21] *De Doct. Christ.,* II., viii., 12, 13.
[22] *De Doct. Christ.,* II., viii., 12.
[23] Mansi, *Concilia,* III., col. 827. The treatise *De Doct. Christ.* was commenced in the year 397, but only finished in 426, four years before the Saint's death. *Cf. Retractationes* II., iv.

—and particularly the Manichæans—are wont to disturb inexperienced minds....You fail to remember that the Council decided which were the canonical Scriptures to be read to God's people. Read again, then, the Acts of the Council, and commit to memory what you there read."[24]

Moreover, a student must know the languages of Scripture.[25] His own deficiency in this respect was a perpetual source of grief to St. Augustine, and he was often sorely perplexed by the divergent testimonies of the versions. Unfortunately he held that the Septuagint version was inspired;[26] and its disagreement with the Hebrew, as witnessed to by St. Jerome's translations, was a further source of perplexity to him.[27] The Latin text, too, was a maze of contradictions.[28] Hence the anxiety he expresses in the *De Doctrina Christiana*,[29] that students should get a first-hand acquaintance with Biblical languages.

But the great principle with St. Augustine was that of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. They are written by God's pen: "I seized with eagerness the venerable pen of Thy Spirit, and especially the Apostle Paul....."[30] By the Scriptures God speaks to us: "O Man! what My Scripture saith, I say!"[31] "The Mediator between God and man, Christ Jesus,.....first of all by His Prophets, then by Himself, afterwards by His Apostles, spoke as much as seemed good to Him, and also fashioned the Scriptures which are termed canonical, and which are of the highest authority. In them we put our faith touching those things of which we cannot afford to be ignorant, and yet which we are not of ourselves sufficient to learn."[32] Once more: "Letters have come to us from our Fatherland: we will read them to you.....," and he proceeds to quote various passages from Holy Writ.[33] Or again: "We could have believed when He simply spoke. But He did not desire to be believed at His mere word; He wished His Scriptures to be held to; much as though you were to say to a man when you promised him something: Do not believe my word, I will write it to you. For since generations come and generations go, and the centuries pass while we mortal men give place to and succeed one another,

[24] *Ep.* LXIV., iii. [25] *De Doct. Christ.*, II., xiv.-xvi.

[26] *De Civ. Dei*, XV., iii. *Cp.* XV., xi.; XVIII., xlii., xliii. This view led St. Augustine into the most curious exegesis; see especially the last passage referred to from the *De Civ. Dei*. See also *Quæstiones in Josue*, VI., xix.; also *Quæstiones in Genesim*, I., clxix.

[27] *Ep.* LXXI., vi., *ad Hier.*; also *Ep.* LXXXII., xxxiv., xxxv., *ad Hier.*

[28] *Ibid.* [29] II., xi. xvi. [30] *Conf.* VII., xxi., 27. [31] *Ibid.* XIII., xxix., 44.

[32] *De Civ. Dei*, XI., iii. [33] *Enarr.* in Ps. CXLIX., v.

God's writings had to remain; it was, as it were, God's handwriting which all who pass by might read."[34] And since inspired—nay penned by God—Scripture cannot err. "I have learned," he writes to St. Jerome, in words which are now classical: "to treat only those Books of Scripture which are termed canonical, with such awe and respect as most firmly to believe that none of the authors of these Books have committed any error in writing. And if I stumble upon anything in their writings which appears opposed to the truth, I hesitate not to say that either my copy is defective, or that the translator has not understood what was said, or that I myself have altogether failed to grasp it. But other books I so read that—no matter what the holiness or learning of their authors—I do not believe what they say, simply because those authors so thought, but only in so far as they are able to convince me—either through the above-mentioned Canonical Books or by valid reasoning—that what they say is not alien from the truth."[35] And on another occasion he writes to St. Jerome: "If we once admit in high-placed authorities any officious lie, there will remain no single thing in these Books which—according as to one person it seems hard to practise, to another difficult to believe—may not, according to the same pernicious rule, be referred to the officious intention of the author who intends to deceive us."[36] His reason for demanding such absolute veracity from the Sacred Authors is that "the Spirit Who was in the writer.....so judged."[37] Again, when preaching to his people on the apparent discrepancies of the narratives of the Resurrection, he says: "Such is the authority of the Holy Gospels that, since it was One Spirit that spoke in them, that must be true which each one said."[38] Yet with all this Augustine holds no mechanical view of inspiration: "I dare to say it, brethren, perhaps not even John himself told us things as they were, but as he was able to tell them. For it is a man who is speaking of God; an inspired man indeed, but still a man. Because he was inspired, he said somewhat; had he not been inspired, he would have said naught. But because he was an inspired man he told us not all that was to be told, though he told us what a man could."[39] A little further on he puts his finger on what the later scholastics were to point to as the very essence of inspiration: "When *we lift up our eyes to* the Scriptures, let us—since these

[34] *Enarr.* in Ps. CXLIV., xvii.
[35] *Ep.* LXXXII., iii., and note especially *Contra Faustum*, XI., v.
[36] *Ep.* XXVIII., iii.
[37] *De Genesi ad Litteram*, V., viii.
[38] *Sermon* CCXXXV., i.
[39] *Tract. in Joannem*, I., i.

Scriptures were delivered to us through the ministry of men—*lift up our eyes to the mountains whence help shall come to us.* Since they were men who wrote the Scriptures, they were, therefore, not *light* of themselves; but *He was the True Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world.*"[40]

Principles like these gave him great breadth of view. Thus when St. John says,[41] "*they had rowed therefore about twenty-five or thirty furlongs,*" St. Augustine remarks: "We must not pass over this number of furlongs. Not for nothing did he say: *'When they had rowed twenty-five or thirty furlongs, then Jesus came to them.'* Twenty-five would have done, thirty would have done, more especially since his words are those of one who *estimates,* not of one who *affirms.*"[42]

From all this follows that irrefragable authority of Holy Scripture, on which he is never weary of insisting.[43] But at the same time it is an authority which depends on that of the Church. Thus he says to Faustus the Manichæan: "The excellence of the Books of the Old and New Testaments which are of canonical authority, is quite different from that of the works of later writers; for from the time of the Apostles it has been confirmed by the succession of bishops and by the churches which have sprung from the Apostles, thus these Books are placed, as it were, on a throne on high, for the use of every faithful and pious mind."[44]

The difficulties of the Bible compelled him to formulate certain rules for his own guidance. These rules are to be found in the treatise *De Doctrina Christiana.* And since he added the Fourth Book, and also chapters twenty-five to thirty-seven of the Third Book, in 426,[45] these rules are of the greater value, in that they represent his mature mind on the subject. Of this work he says: "The first three Books help us to understand Holy Scripture; the Fourth Book tells us how we are to set forth what we have learned from it."[46] It would take us beyond our allotted space were we to attempt to give here all the rules laid down by the Saint in his various writings. But briefly we may say that his first rule was that we must *believe* what the Bible says. Thus in preaching on *The Trial of Abraham* he says: "The first thing is to believe that what you read so happened, lest, by removing the historical foundation, you be trying to build in the air."[47] Again, preaching on the

[40] *Ibid.* I., vi. [41] John vi. 19. [42] *Tract. in Joannem,* XXV., vi.
[43] *Confess.* VI., v., 8; XII., xxvi., 36; XIII., xv., 16.
[44] *Contra Faustum,* XI., v. [45] *Retract.* II., iv., 1.
[46] *Ibid.* [47] *Sermon* II., vii.

words: "*He came to it* (the fig-tree) *and found nothing on it,*"[48] he says: "What the Evangelist wrote, let us say; and when we have said it, let us understand it. But that we may understand it, let us first believe. *'For unless ye believe ye shall not understand,'* as the Prophet says."[49] And his second principle is: to make sure that we have the true text. Thus in addition to the two *Epistles* to St. Jerome already referred to,[50] where he speaks so strongly on the subject of textual discrepancies, note how he regards the text of Scripture as sacrosanct: "In the Greek copies we read *right cheek,*[51] and greater trust is to be reposed in these copies. But many Latin copies have *cheek* only, and omit the word *right.*"[52] And again: "If the word *good* is wanting in the Greek copies (from the phrase *'all* good *things therefore, whatsoever you would that men should do to you,'* where St. Augustine's Latin translations had the word *good* inserted),[53] they must be corrected. But who would dare do this?"[54]

And the third principle is: the multiplicity of meanings which rightly belong to many passages of Holy Scripture: "From one and the same passage of Scripture, not one but two or more meanings can be deduced—even though we perceive not what he meant who penned it; and there is no danger in this, provided such interpretations can be shown to harmonize with the truth set forth in other passages of Holy Writ."[55] He endeavored to classify these various meanings by dividing them into four groups: "The whole of the Scripture which is termed the Old Testament.....is delivered in a fourfold manner, viz., according to history, ætiology, analogy, and allegory. Deride me not because I make use of Greek terms! .....'According to history,' then, is Scripture delivered to us when we are taught what is written or what was done; also what was not done but is only written as though it were done. 'According to ætiology,' when we are shown for what cause a thing is said or done. 'According to analogy,' when we are shown that the two Testaments, the Old and the New, are not opposed to each other. And 'according to allegory,' when we are taught that what is written is not to be taken according to the letter, but to be understood figur-

[48] Matt. xxi. 19.

[49] Is. vii. 9, according to the LXX. text; St. Augustine is very fond of this text, *e. g., Tract.* XV., and XIX., xv., in *Joannem.*

[50] *Epp.* XXVIII. and LXXXII.

[51] Matt. v. 39.

[52] *De Sermone Domini in Monte,* I., xix., 58.

[53] Matt. vii. 12.

[54] *De Sermone Domini in Monte,* II., xxii., 74.

[55] *De Doct. Christ.,* III., xxvii., 38.

atively."[56] He proceeds to show that "our Lord Jesus Christ and His Apostles made use of all these methods."[57]

Another great principle was the unity of Holy Scripture; thus he says: "One and the same Scripture, then—and one and the same Commandment, too—when repressing slaves who yearn for the good things of earth, is called the Old Testament; when it raises on high the minds of men who are burning with desire of the good things of eternity, is called the New Testament."[58] And the reason ever insisted on in proof of this oneness of the two Testaments is: "Read all the Books of the Prophets, and if you fail to understand Christ therein, what could you find more insipid or foolish? But if throughout their pages you understand Christ, then not only does what you read appeal to your taste, it inebriates you!"[59] And a little further on: "From the Lord indeed comes the Scripture, but it has no savor save you understand Christ therein!"[60]

St. Augustine's main principles in the interpretation of Scripture may be found summarized in the *Seven Rules* of Tychonius, a Donatist. These rules are given and analyzed in the treatise *De Doctrina Christiana,* III., xxii.-xxxvii. The first is: *Of Christ and His Body,* namely, that Christ and His Church form one Person. The second: *Of Christ and His divided Body,* namely, that good and bad are to be found in the Church. The third: *Of the Promises and the Law,* or, as St. Augustine points out, more correctly: *Of the Spirit and the Letter.* How completely destructive of the principles of the Donatists themselves these rules are, is sarcastically remarked by St. Augustine.[61] The fourth: *Of Species and Genus,* or *Of the Part and the Whole;* by this rule is meant that in Scripture many things are said of an individual, a person, a town, a country, etc.,[62] which can only rightly be understood of a much wider whole, *e. g.,* things are said of Solomon which are rightly to be understood of Christ or His Church. The fifth: *Of the Times,* viz., of the mystic numbers occurring in Scripture; thus the Transfiguration is referred to by St. Luke eight days after the preceding event,[63] whereas St. Matthew and St. Mark assign it to the sixth day after the preceding event.[64] Under this rule will fall the mystic numbers, three, seven, ten,

[56] *De Utilitate Credendi,* V.
[57] *Ibid.,* VI.
[58] *Expositio Epistolæ ad Galatas,* No. LVIII.
[59] *Tract.* IX., iii., in *Joannem.*
[60] *Tract.* IX., v., in *Joannem,* and see especially *Contra Faustum,* XXII., xciv.; *Enarr.* in Ps. CXLIII., ii., and *De Moribus Ecclesiæ,* XVI., xxvi.
[61] *De Doct. Christ.,* III., xlii.
[62] *Sermon* LXXI., x.
[63] Luke ix. 28.
[64] Matt. xvii. 1; Mark ix. 1.

twelve, etc., which are so frequently used in the Sacred Narrative. The sixth rule is entitled *Recapitulations,* under which heading are embraced those places where the chronological order of events is disregarded, apparently of set purpose, or where the past is used for the future, as in the Prophets.[65] The seventh: *Of the Devil and his Body, i. e.,* of the kingdom of evil as presented in Holy Scripture.

These rules are amplified by St. Augustine. He is never weary, for instance, of insisting on the principle that many things in Scripture have to be taken in an allegorical sense;[66] that things are figuratively expressed,[67] and above all, that Revelation is set forth in progressive fashion in the pages of the Bible. "If all novelty were profane," he says, "it would not have been the Lord Who said: 'A new commandment I give you;' nor would the Testament have been termed the *New* Testament; nor would we sing throughout the world the *New* Song!"[68]

Yet with all his study of the Bible St. Augustine ever felt that he but "skimmed the surface" of the Scriptures. Thus he writes in 408 or 409 to Paulinus and Therasia: "After all, we do not touch upon these Divine Words; we do not treat of them!"[69] The very difficulties of the Bible fascinated him. "Heresies come and go," he writes to Volusianus about the year 412, "they pass like the empires of old; but as for Christ and His Scriptures: What mind that yearns for eternity and that feels the shortness of this present life, can contend against the light, against the overwhelming evidence *(culmen)* of this Divine Authority?"[70] And a little further on: "But Holy Scripture, while accessible to everybody, can only be penetrated by exceeding few. What it clearly contains, that it says to us; it talks with us like a familiar friend, and it speaks without disguise to the heart—whether of the learned or the unlearned. And even those things which it hides under the veil of mystery, it does not set them forth in lofty eloquence, so that the slow and unskilled mind dare not approach—like a poor man fearing to come nigh to a rich man—but, in simple speech, it invites all alike; and when they come Holy Scripture not only feeds them with her manifest teachings, but even exercises them with her hidden truths, for she is true, alike in what is clear as in what is hidden."[71]

[65] *Sermon* XXII., ii.; XXVII., v.
[66] *Sermon* XXXIII., vi.; *De Vera Religione,* L., xcix.; *Sermon* LXXIII., ii.
[67] *De Civ. Dei,* XVI., ii., 3; *Contra Faustum,* XXII., xciv.
[68] *Tract.* XCVII., iv., in *Joannem.*
[69] *Ep.* XCV., iv.
[70] *Ep.* CXXXVII., xvi.
[71] *Ep.* CXXXVII., xviii.

In his early days as a priest Augustine had, as we have seen, begged of his bishop a little time in which to study Holy Scripture. The years of anxious toil slipped away one by one, and still he pored over the Sacred Page. Not long after his consecration, the bishops assembled at the two Councils of Numidia and Carthage desired him to devote himself to Biblical study.[72] He had, therefore, bargained with his flock that they should leave him free from temporal cares for five days in the week, but the compact had not been observed.[73]

In 426 he reminded his people of this when endeavoring to persuade them to accept his nomination of a coadjutor. "Let me now at length," he said to them, "if God shall grant me a little longer time of life, devote that little space, not to sloth nor idleness, but to His Holy Scriptures, wherein, as far as He allows and gives me strength, I may exercise myself."[74]

And so the long life of study, of preaching, teaching, and writing drew to a close. Truly a man of the Bible! The Bible is God's revelation to man: we must then study it. But it is replete with difficulties: we must then have a guide. And that divinely-instituted guide is Holy Church. If we close our eyes to those two principles we can never understand St. Augustine's passionate love of Holy Scripture, neither can we enter into the spirit in which he interpreted it.

[72] *Ep.* CCXIII., v. [73] *Ibid.*
[74] *Ep.* CCXIII., vi. See also Mansi, *Concilia,* IV., col. 540.

THE PLACE OF FEAR.

BY VINCENT MCNABB, O.P.

A WISE man has set it down as his philosophy of life that the beginning of wisdom is a noble fear—the fear of God. It is even more undeniable that only on a foundation of fear can certain heights of heroism be raised. The true hero, like the true saint, is not a man who lacks fear, but who conquers it. Even his heroism, like all his achievements in life, is a conquest; and that most difficult of all—over himself. Yet his victory does not destroy, but bridles fear, which remains forever within him a fierce steed champing the bit.

Some natures are almost incapable of fear. They face death without the quivering of a lip, or the loosening of a limb. Where others cower and shrink, they stand and almost exult. On the battlefield they never hesitate, but take their place in the deadliest spot as unconcernedly as they would lead their partner in a dance. On land or sea where there is need of some desperate undertaking, they are amongst the few who are at once ready to take their life gaily in their hands.

Yet their fearlessness, if not a fault, is almost a failing. It is based not on any conquered fear, but on something like a missing sense. Theirs is the fearlessness of little witless children, who, whilst the storm rages, will play and frolic in the alleyways of a ship, when the men of the sea are doubly lashed to their post of duty by hemp and fear. These fearless ones know not what it is for fear to beat down the gates of the heart, and freeze every pulse of blood within the veins. They have never borne in their very bodies, and in spite of their will, a fear which is as real as the pains of a bruise or the heats of a fever.

Others have had their whole life colored with dread. Every day at its dawning has been an offered, and timidly accepted, battle with death's nearest kinsman, fear. Every day at its close has had to record a battle lost or a battle won. Yet if at the day's close a *Te Deum* is sung, it is with a lowly eye upon the undecided battle of to-morrow; and if no *Te Deum* but a dirge closes the

day's defeat, the tears of sorrow are dried by the thought that the victory of to-morrow may wipe away to-day's.

Life with its unceasing struggle with principalities and powers, and its fateful ethical battles, would be almost unbearable were it not for the lesser victories of the soul. Ethics are the substance of life; and etiquette, the lesser ethics, its sweetness. Yet it sometimes happens that some souls to whom the ethical life is a pitched campaign, have little room for the lesser sweetening victories of etiquette. A battlefield is not the most favorable spot for life's amenities.

In the same way it sometimes happens that life's lesser victories are ungained by the great souls to whom the substance of life is a long, stubborn campaign against themselves. These men are heroes to those who know all, and cowards to those who know but a part. But when the soul, in whom fear is native and unsleeping, accepts the lesser challenges of life, the victories won give them a sweetness which is victory's most engaging quality. These men are the flower of heroes—the knights not only *sans peur,* but *sans reproche;* who to the splendid heroism of the battlefield have added the sober heroism of the home and the city gates.

It has been said that as all philosophy is the philosophy of death, so is all fear the fear of death. But it has been better said that all fear should be the fear of sin. For this reason it happens that those often fear death least whose sins should make them fear it most; and those fear it most whose sinlessness of life should rob death of its sting. David wrote a psalm whose essence is the phrase, "My sin is ever against me." The whole psalm might appear to some of us as a singularly craven production; the work of a wretched god-worshipper, whose chief emotion was fear. Had we no historical account of its writer, internal criticism might suppose him to be a miserable fanatic devoid of manliness. Yet the writer was the Shepherd King David, his country's liberator, and one of the most warlike and engaging characters of history. There were very few forces in the world able to cast fear into this warrior heart. Yet he feared God, nobly as a warrior should, with a fear begotten of love.

It is part of the necessary psychology of nations to understand their songs, and still more their psalms and prayers. The careless thinker might easily suppose that the solemn minors of a people's poetry and liturgy betokened a sorrowful and gloomy national characteristic. Almost every national treasury of song is the con-

tradiction of this inexpert psychology. One striking example is the literature of the thirteenth century, which has given us the *Dies Iræ*. Another hymn or song of the century is the *Salve Regina*. What will internal criticism judge when confronted with such tenderness shot with terror, as is found in the stanza?

To Thee do we cry poor banished children of Eve;
To Thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.

Yet it is not commonly remembered that this strange blend of sweetness and fear was often a war song; and a war song of the men who went with Richard the Lion-Hearted and St. Louis into the mysterious East against the victorious Mohammedans. It was the song not of cowards but of heroes. Richard the Lion-Hearted bewailing his sins that had prevented him from walking the streets of the Holy City, is a noble type of manhood, which the mere name of the hero should prevent us from associating with cowardice.

The beginning of all heroism is then a noble fear of sin. The other fears with which mankind is full, can be curbed and even driven out by this master fear. Hardly any follower of Christ has written so much on fear as has St. Peter, whose weakness was to have been overbold. Most of the philosophy of his fall and resurrection is summed up in his consummate phrase, "*Be not afraid of their fear,* and be not troubled." He would have us remember that just as a man may believe in faith and love his love, so may he be afraid of fear. He even suggests that the most perilous of all fears is thus to be afraid wrongly of being afraid. "*Non timeo timere*"—"I do not fear to fear"—might almost be the motto of the new Peter.

No man can choose not to fear. He can choose only between two fears—a fear which is the way of death, and a fear which is a hero's gateway through a thousand deaths unto life.

FRANCIS THOMPSON, POET AND MYSTIC.

BY JOSEPH L. O'BRIEN, M.A.

N 1893, a modest, little volume, bearing the title *Poems,* by Francis Thompson, was placed upon the book marts of London. There was little in its coming to attract attention. The author was unknown, the edition small, and despite favorable notices in the leading reviews, the book met with very little success. However, it did produce somewhat of a sensation in the critical world, and won many warm admirers among the arbiters of literary taste. The far-sighted began to speak of a new poet of great power and promise. In 1895, Thompson's *Sister Songs* was published, and in 1897, *New Poems.* Like his first publication, neither of these books was well received by the book-buying world, but again the critics felt constrained to analyze, sift, extol, and damn the genius of the poet. For something in his poetry grasped them, and whether they liked it or not (and there were many who did not), they were not able to lay it aside after a cursory reading with commonplace words of praise or blame.

Twenty years after the publication of that first volume of *Poems,* a definite edition[1] of Thompson's work was put forth, but Thompson was no longer the unknown. Gradually he came to his own, and now occupies the place in English literature which his earliest friends felt would one day be his. Time proved the keenness of their insight, and rewarded their confidence. For to-day Thompson is the one poet of his period who is placed, unreservedly, in company with the masters of English poetry.

> I hang 'mid men my needless head,
> And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:
> The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
> Time shall reap, but after the reaper
> The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper.

In these lines Thompson proclaims the future success of his

[1] *The Works of Francis Thompson.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

poetry—a prophecy which, even now, has been completely fulfilled. For the world is only too anxious to glean from the works of its great poets—the world which ofttimes seems to have no time nor place for poets themselves. And Thompson was a great poet. In his legacy to posterity, every element which goes to make up great poetry is found in abundance. And so the world gleans and is glad.

In Thompson's poetry we have the luxury of musical verse and the glory of bright imagery. His poems are masterpieces of verbal harmony. His ear was ever attuned to the word which would best preserve the vigor of his thought, and at the same time express it most felicitously. He had the instinct of a philologist for the exact meaning of words. Under his pen obsolete words take on a new life, new words are hit off, red-hot, on the anvil of his inspiration, and common words are clothed with a new and charming beauty. At times his verses rush on with breathless speed, sacrificing lesser melodies, ultimately to gain a superb harmony. Now they vibrate like the blast of many golden-mouthed trumpets; now they peal like a mighty organ; now they throb like a harp; now they wail like a violin. At times they gain a symphony effect and give an amazing exhibition of the power of mere words, which have come down

Grimy and rough-cast still from Babel's bricklayers.

As an example, we offer the opening lines of *The Hound of Heaven.*

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

His figurative language is apt, brilliant and daring. Nothing is too great to withstand the all-embracing power of his imagination.

> The angels a-play on its fields of Summer (their wild wings rustled his guides' cymars)
> Looked up from disport at the passing comer, as they pelted each other with handfuls of stars.

Nothing is too small to escape the penetrating vision of his eye. He is equally at home with the sun and the moon and the stars; he plays with the earth and twines her tresses about him; he laughs in the eyes of morning, and laments with death-stricken day. He bathes in the colors of the sunset, and clangs the cymbals of the fiery occident. He treads on the hem of the sweeping garments of night, and weaves the fabric of his dreams of the silver beams of the moon. He revels in the perfumes and tints of the flowers, and wins their secrets with a loving familiarity. Then he forsakes the visible world, and delves into the intricate, inner nature of man. He lays bare the soul, reaching out toward the Infinite, and voices the secret aspirations which well up in the heart of every man.

Plato says that "words form the body of a composition, and thought forms the soul." And so, if there was nothing more to Thompson's poetry than the music of words and the wizardy of figure, while it would still boast of some beauty, it would be the beauty of a corpse—a cold, lifeless thing. As the soul of man is the animating principle, so it is the soul of poetry—thought—which makes it a living thing. Thus, the nobler and more sublime the thought expressed, the nobler and more sublime will be the poem.

Thompson's thought, at all times, is preëminently Catholic. In an age whose dominant note is a sort of a mystic-materialism, Thompson's poems float across the mind of the Christian reader like a refreshing breeze laden with the perfume of newly-mown fields. His Muse is under the saving influence of revealed religion, and she glories in her heritage. Built upon the solid-rock foundations of Christian truth, his poems rise to stately proportions, rich in the trappings of consummate art. In his own magnificent appreciation of the unfortunate Shelley, Thompson laments that "during the last two centuries the Church has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry." But later on he tells us "that there is a change of late years: the wanderer is being called back to her father's house, but we would have the call yet louder, we would have the

proffered welcome more unstinted." How much Thompson contributed by the mastery of his poems to reclaim the exile, the future alone can tell. But this the present does know and proclaim: the religious tone of his poetry is its crowning glory. When treating of religious subjects he soars to the highest points of his inspiration. The woof and web of his greatest poems is woven of a spiritual fabric. In him we have the distinctive marks of the truly great poets—and we have one mark which is missing in many of them—an open, fearless and confident profession of the greatness and glory of God.

Thompson is essentially a contemplative and subjective poet. And this is the root of the so-called obscurity of much of his poetry. His was a constant struggle to express the Infinite. He was occupied with the soul of things.

> How praise the woman, who but know her spirit.

One may master his Latinisms, his archaisms, and his inversions, one may analyze his poetry as much as one pleases, yet they will remain sealed books, unless one is ready to follow the poet into the inner castle of the soul—to withdraw for a time from this world of men and things. Thompson existed in this world of ours—but he lived in another with his mistress, poetry. For her sake he was content to be judged a fool—as the world judges. For her sake he went down into the valley of renunciation as willingly as St. Francis of Assisi went down for his mistress, divine poverty, or Blessed Henry Suso for his, divine wisdom. As a man, Thompson was a failure. But out of his failure as a man was born his success as a poet. For poetry he sacrificed all, home and friends, and even the good opinion of the world. Submerged, an outcast of the London underworld, penniless, homeless, a derelict on the ocean of life, his soul dwelt with his mistress in the land of Luthany, in the palaces of immortal song, and in his heart of hearts he was cheered by echoes of celestial music. Poetry weaned him from the world, only to bring him nearer to God. He saw "through the lamp, Beauty, the Light, God."

> But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
> Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
> Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
> Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

From poetry he learned the lesson of true Christian mysticism —to pass, *ab exterioribus ad interiora, ab interioribus ad superiora,* from the world to the soul, from the soul to God.

"By this, O Singer, know we if thou see.
When men shall say to thee: Lo! Christ is here,
When men shall say to thee: Lo! Christ is there,
Believe them: yea, and this—then art thou seer,
When all thy crying clear
Is but: Lo here! lo there!—ah me, lo everywhere!"

Thompson looked upon his vocation as a poet as a sacred calling, a sort of anointed priesthood working for the honor and glory of God. "To be the poet of the return to nature is somewhat," he writes, "but I would be the poet of the return to God." He rose from nature up to nature's God.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
* * * *
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth;

although he had sought rest on nature's bosom and thought for a time, he had found it.

"Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies,

but he soon learned

All things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!

In such lines from *The Hound of Heaven,* and in many others scattered throughout his poems, Thompson is indeed the "poet of the return to God." Like another Isaias he thunders out his message to the modern world, and if the world will not listen to priests, it may perchance listen to a poet, and pause long enough to realize the existence of God.

Out of Thompson's mysticism springs his delicate sense of the harmony of creation. United with the Absolute, he perceives, under the thousands of different forms which go to make up nature, God, the Guiding Principle of all.

All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkèd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.

Or again—

That I do think my tread,
Stirring the blossoms in the meadow-grass,
Flickers the unwithering stars.

When he writes

From sky to sod,
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God,

he was reaching out to that height of illumination won by St. Francis of Assisi or St. Teresa, when they spoke most intimately of things divine.

Thompson's friend and admirer, the poet Coventry Patmore, said of him, "He is of all men I have known the most naturally Catholic." The truth of this tribute is easily proven from Thompson's poems—poems saturated with the spirit of Catholicism. The nearer Thompson drew to his Father, God, the more he reflects the grandeur of his Mother, the Church. The mysteries of the Catholic religion are the inexhaustible source from which he drew

his most fiery inspiration, and the Church's liturgy is the storehouse from which he drew many of his most telling figures.

Resurrection, the corner-stone of the Catholic faith, is the constant recurring theme throughout his poems. Man's journey on earth is not a passage from life to death, but rather a passage from death to life.

> Hark to the *Jubilate* of the bird
> For them that found the dying way to life!

The cycles of the year prove to the poet, not the death of things, but the re-birth. Spring with its promise of future harvest, or autumn with its threat of sterility and death, are, for him, only symbols of a life which knows no death.

> For all the past, read true, is prophecy,
> And all the firsts are hauntings of some Last,
> And all the springs are flash-lights of one Spring.
>
> * * * * *
>
> All dies, and all is born;
> But each resurgent morn, behold, more near the Perfect Morn.

This same thought is more fully developed in the lines:

> .....death hath in itself the germ of birth.
> It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
> The falling rain that bears the greenery,
> The fern-plants moulder when the ferns arise.
> For there is nothing lives but something dies,
> And there is nothing dies but something lives.
> Till skies be fugitives,
> Till Time, the hidden root of change, updries,
> Are Birth and Death inseparable on earth;
> For they are twain yet one, and Death is Birth.

The morning sun in the glory of its splendor, climbing to the zenith of its power, is to Thompson a symbol of God, the Creator,

> .....nurse at once and sire!
> Thou genitor that all things nourishest!
> The earth was suckled at thy shining breast,

and in the evening, as it fades away and leaves the world to darkness, it becomes a symbol of the God-man, dying on Calvary.

Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation,
Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
Thou art of Him a type memorial.
Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
Upon thy Western rood;
And His stained brow did vail like thine to night,
Yet lift once more Its light.
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.

In *Orient Ode,* the course of the sun brings to the poet's mind the beautiful service of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the sun is a symbol of the sacramental Christ, before Whom the faithful bow down at Exposition. The figure is one of the grandest ever conceived by any poet, and its execution is one of the finest pieces of Thompson's work. What fervent Catholic can read the following lines without an almost overpowering emotion!

Lo, in the sanctuaried East,
Day, a dedicated priest
In all his robes pontifical exprest,
Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orbèd sacrament confest
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn;
And when the grave procession's ceased,
The earth with due illustrious rite
Blessed,—ere the frail fingers featly
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,
His sacerdotal stoles unvest—
Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast,
The sun in august exposition meetly
Within the flaming monstrance of the West.

O salutaris hostia,
Quæ cœli pandis ostium!

In all of his major poems, Thompson is mystic and symbolist. Mystic because he sought and found union with the Absolute—symbolist because all things became symbols of the things he saw in God. His limitations and shortcomings are the limitations and shortcomings of language as a means of expression. Words are poor instru-

ments to express the thoughts and reflections of a soul tuned to the pitch of the Infinite. For adequate expression a seer, such as Thompson, would need

That high speech which angels' tongues turn gold.

Thompson will never be a popular poet. He will never attract those who are too firmly anchored to the things of this world. Ordinary readers will be content with ordinary poets, of which there is no dearth. But to those of a finer and gentler spirit who are tempted to follow the darting of his swallow-like fancy into the far skies of exalted imagery and supernal thought, Thompson's poetry will be welcome. And they will lay him aside with a feeling of great satisfaction and earnest thanksgiving, that our literature has been enriched by the songs of a poet so Catholic, so inspiring, so mystically sweet.

The third volume of this complete edition of Thompson's works is made up of selections from his prose writings. For many years he was a contributor to London literary magazines, especially the *Academy* and the *Athenæum,* and the selections are, for the most part, critiques on famous men of letters written for these journals. Thompson's prose is characteristic, but other than his famous essay on *Shelley,* it in no way approaches the artistic level of his poetry. " Prose " in Thompson's own words, " is clay;" poetry " the white, molten metal," an opinion which reflects his dissatisfaction with all prose in general, and with his own prose in particular. By journalism he gained bread, mayhap, but by poetry he won fame. The closing years of his life appear to have been heavy on his hands, because the wells of his poetic inspiration were all run dry. Most of his prose was written because he could no longer write poetry. Yet Thompson's admirers are glad to have this volume of his prose, inasmuch as it throws many interesting sidelights on himself. In writing of other poets he discovers to us hidden chambers of his own soul. Two pieces of fancy, *Mœstitiæ Encomium* and *Finis Coronat Opus,* strongly reminiscent of Poe, contain some brilliant passages. Throughout the volume epigrams and paradoxes are scattered in abundance, which, like glowing lines of his poetry, have a Thompsonian way of fastening themselves upon the reader. In a word, Thompson's prose lacks the verility of his poetry. It has a tendency toward floridness, which may be dazzling, but which carried too far is dangerous. And Thompson did not altogether avoid the danger.

THE RED PIPE.

BY "OLIVER."

TALISTOGA lingered a moment in his ascent to look back at the lodge, now full of memories to him, when the sharp sound of hoofs on the gravel came again familiarly to him, and the glint of red cloth through the trees. The next moment the girl's horse came in sight racing wildly, Unanimi swaying dangerously in her saddle; while behind them lumbered an immense bear, whose angry woofs he could already hear. The parti-colored trappings streamed out behind the pony, alarming him still more; but they also served, he could see, to delay and annoy the bear, blowing into his face and once almost winding around his head. The girl held to her seat most wonderfully, seeing that her saddle girths had been loosened, and the saddle balanced from side to side.

"Talistoga took in the situation at once. He had never before seen a bear of such size or color, nor one so devilishly intent on mischief. On they came, the horse neighing piteously in terror, and the bear gaining now that the uprise of the hill helped his short forelegs. The young man instinctively slid down to a lower level, and then resting his gun on the bough of a tree, he kept the bear covered until it should come closer for good shooting. It would not do to miss, for the girl's life was in great danger.

"She looked wildly from side to side, all the time sending forth quick cries after the manner of women, and searching the hillside with her eyes. Suddenly from among the trees there burst forth a jet of flame and the bark of quick thunder; her horse, put to the utmost terror by this new danger, bounded wildly in the air, lashing out at bear and flying saddle cloth, and then with a cry that was almost human fled into the open lodge. The girl losing her balance rolled forward to the ground, and lay there motionless.

"Talistoga had waited for the wild procession to reach him before he fired. Then with careful aim he turned the large muzzle of his musket full on the broad breast of the bear, and fired. The fierce animal was in the act of standing upright, in order to sweep rider and horse to the ground, when he received the charge of slugs and hand-made leaden bullets full in the breast, where Talistoga wished them to lodge. It bent its head as if to examine what had struck it, and then suddenly collapsed headforemost to the ground. Bear and girl lay not ten feet apart. A convulsive twitch of its great

forearms, and it lay still, its breast blown wide open so that its heart was exposed.

"Talistoga, seeing that the bear was dead, ran at once from his covert to the aid of the girl. She was recovering by this time, and her eyes rested on him with wonderment between her gasps for breath. In the interview she had not seen his gun, nor could she have known its use had she seen it. The sudden release from dreadful danger was too great for her mind to take in and believe her rescuer human. The fire and thunder, followed by the fall of the bear, all of which she had glimpsed as she went over the horse's back, impressed her confused senses with the belief that the young man was a preternatural being, and so she fainted again. This second weak spell did not last long, however, and when she opened her eyes, she was able to regard him with a more constant gaze.

"'My brother's words were true,' she murmured, flushing as if she now owed him an apology. 'He is of another country, as I might have known by his dress; but his speech is the speech of the Dakotas, and so his blood must be ours. I fear to look upon him'—and her eyes blinked—'for he may be the messenger of the Great Spirit sent to save a wayward girl from death.'

"By this time she had managed to reach her knees. Before he had thought of her intention, she caught his hand and placed it meekly on her head. 'My mother's daughter accepts the message of our sacred pipe. Long ago, when first she was commissioned to guard it, she saw the face of Talistoga in its clouds when she smoked it; and so she lived in hopes of meeting him one day. She is a chief's daughter, and many would marry her, but she waited, and now he has come.'

"Talistoga stroked her hair—not knowing what better to do—and raised her to her feet. He was about to speak, when the rush of horses and horsemen interrupted him, and the next moment he was looking into the faces of many young warriors. Their horses plunged and shied wildly from the dead bear, but not a man lost his seat or removed his eyes from the girl and her rescuer. They were—with one or two exceptions—all young men, and were painted for the warpath. Knives of flint and awkward hatchets of stone hung at their girdles; and shields of leather, quaintly painted, with bows and arrows in sheafs, joggled from their saddles. He noted that the youngest warriors did not carry hatchets, but the more easily used pogamoggans, or skull-crackers. What riveted Talistoga's attention most, however, were the scalps which each man proudly carried pendent from his arm. He could see that they were returning triumphant from some raid among their enemies; and that, were it not for this unlooked-for interruption, they would now be singing and dancing exultantly around their war lodge.

"In the middle of this silent survey Unanimi's pony neighed

faintly from the interior. The girl, shaking the dust from her robes and rubbing her arms where the bruises showed, turned to the expectant circle of silent horsemen, and related the story of her encounter with the bear. She said nothing of the previous meeting with the young man, or of their smoking the sacred pipe together, much less of her finding him within the lodge, but adroitly limited her adventure to the narrowness of her escape, and the wonderful way in which the stranger—already able to speak her tongue—had rescued her from death. She limped as she walked over to her brother, who was one of the warriors, and rested herself against his knee.

"Talistoga, marveling how the girl could tell her story so fully and yet conceal so much of it—being rather blunt himself and straightforward, as he had been taught—had then in turn to tell how he had wandered by accident on their lodge while out scouting in a strange country, for he himself came from the land of fir trees many, many sleeps away. He took little pride in the exploit by which he redeemed his young sister of the Dakotas from death. No animal could live in the presence of his fire-gun when he wished to kill. His sister had been badly frightened, and perhaps hurt. Would someone bring her horse?

"Wonder and astonishment were openly depicted on the countenances of the warriors as they listened to these details. To them the great bear of the mountains was ever an object of terror, to be attacked only in force and from safe positions; yet here was this strange young man who made no boast of killing the fierce animal in its wildest rage. Moreover, if the story were true—and the dead bear, disembowelled, lay there to prove it—he carried with him a wonderful instrument which threw out fire and killed by its smoke. So they dismounted to a man, and crowded round him to examine the marvel at closer range. Talistoga held up his gun and showed it to them; and they touched and caressed his shining knife and steel hatchet, as articles with the use of which they were better acquainted. But Unanimi, who stood by, noted that the stranger was head and shoulders above the tallest of her tribe, and she was not displeased thereat.

"In the middle of this examination, while exclamations of wonder and astonishment were passing from mouth to mouth, a loud cry from the interior of the lodge turned every head in that direction. A young warrior came rushing out, bearing in his outspread palms the sacred pipe, now shivered into fragments. The pony had trampled and bruised it into the earth; it was still warm from his feet. Talistoga saw that the pipe was broken beyond repair: the bowl and base were in two pieces, and the feathers were crushed and soiled.

"A painful silence fell upon the group, which but a moment before had been all life and wonderment; with one accord every eye

turned to the girl in sorrow and question. There was something patient yet ominous in their glances, some danger to Unanimi which Talistoga could not at once fathom. So he moved closer to her; and tried to read their faces.

"The warrior bearing the remains of the broken pipe advanced into the ring, which was now silently made to receive him. Talistoga's outfit no longer interested them. The girl retained her self-possession, although Talistoga could see her tremble and blench.

"'My sister sees the pipe of our fathers, how it is broken and desecrated. We know it is not our sister's fault, yet what shall we say to the Seven Chiefs and the old people when we bring it back to them in pieces?' The speaker was a middle-aged warrior, one of the few mature men among them; and he spoke in sorrow, slowly.

"'I can say nothing but what you already know. If my pony has brought me death, so let it be. I leave the decision with our chiefs.' And she bowed her head against the face of her pony who had sought her out.

"'The Great Spirit can ask no such sacrifice,' Talistoga exclaimed, unable to bear the sight of the girl in grief. 'This daughter of the Dakotas is innocent. She has already almost given her life for your pipe. It has had its day, and now it has been destroyed because the spirits need it no longer. Think you that this young girl met the bear and came near being killed; that her horse in his agony threw her sorely to the ground, and then ignorantly stamped your holy instrument under foot, having through fear sought safety in your lodge; and that I, a stranger, should be on the spot, having come a thousand miles, to save her; unless the Great Spirit had decreed its destruction? Moreover, I have slain in her defence the animal which we Abenaki hold in great reverence because its claw is the talisman of our tribe. The girl is innocent—do these things happen by chance?'

"'My brother speaks well,' the elderly warrior replied, 'but the question must be decided by our chiefs and old people. The safety of our tribe is bound up with the safety of the pipe. I fear to speak.'

"'Brothers I go with you to see that no harm befalls the girl.'

"They accepted his offer without further question, and immediate preparations were made for their departure. The offending pony was again saddled; the girl collected into her bedraggled saddle cloth the parts of the sacred pipe, and Talistoga held her trembling pony while she mounted. In a short while a silent procession of horsemen, with the girl in their midst, filed down the incline in the direction of the home encampment. Talistoga alone walked on foot, holding the bridle rein of the girl's horse. It was a gloomy procession, for there was not a heedless youth in it who did not realize that a crisis had come to his tribe through the loss of its sacred talisman.

They were also moved with anxiety for the fate of the girl, and Talistoga took it as a favorable sign that they were all willing to champion her innocence.

"Still the girl herself was downcast; not so much, he knew, for her own sake as for the loss of an object so dear to her, and so closely woven with the history of her family.

"'It is fate,' she said, as he tried to comfort her. 'It is fate, and we must bide by it.'

"'The Abenaki do not fear fate,' he answered gruffly. 'They fight.' He stalked stolidly onward by the side of her pony, indifferent to the reawakening interest of the young men, his companions.

"At any other time, the return of young warriors from their first war path, covered with blood and bearing the scalps of their enemies, would have drawn an exultant welcome from the younger members of the tribe—from mothers also and sweethearts—but no such noisy outcry greeted them. The usual herds of horses, each herd under its own leader, frolicked across their road as they entered the outskirts of the encampment, and old women could be seen here and there grinding corn; but life seemed to have departed, with its bustle and activities. Talistoga shrewdly guessed that the village had gone to the waterside to view the wonders of La Salle's ship. And so it turned out to be. Azoa and his scouts had reached the encampment while Talistoga was viewing it from the hill, or pleading his case with Unanimi.

"With noticeable ceremony the cavalcade accompanied the girl to the door of her father's lodge, and there left her with her brother. It was somehow made plain to Talistoga that she was a prisoner of her tribe until the elders should pass on her case.

"He in turn was fain obliged to leave her with her brother. His parting salute was as ceremonious as any that went before. 'My sister lives,' he said, and then he quietly added: 'Let her not forget that the Abenaki go in canoes, and that the run of the water is towards the land of the fir trees.' The girl bent her head, and silently left him.

"Thenceforth for days there was deep grief within the borders of the Dakotas. From his camping place on the deck of the ship Talistoga made daily adventures through the village, with the hope of meeting Unanimi, but her brother informed him at last that until she had been pronounced guiltless of all neglect of the sacred pipe, even her relatives could have but little converse with her.

"La Salle chafed at the delay; he wished to begin trading at once with the Dakotas, but they refused with short words. They wanted hatchets and knives and firearms like that of the young Abenaki, and their women wanted colored stuffs and shining beads, but their hearts were sad and they could not chaffer.

"The Frenchman, when he learned the story, called Talistoga, and taking him apart said to him, 'My son, they tell me that you would take to wife the young woman now about to be tried for the loss of the pipe of the Dakotas. She loves you, and you saved her life. You did well. If death hover over her from the judgment of her own people, be the son of a chief, and steal her to safety. Old François returns, soon to the slakes and beaver-dams of the Hurons. My son and his wife can go with him, and I will add the Abenaki who do not care to go down the Great River. Be silent.'

"And that day Talistoga helped the old hunter to lute and make ready his canoe. The young Abenaki who were homesick, also prepared their canoes, outfitting with provisions and spare paddles.

"The great council that was called to deliberate over the fate of the girl, and the future of the tribe, sat in circles on the flat prairie at the foot of the hill. All the Seven Chiefs of the Dakotas were present—an inmost half-circle—and old dames, too feeble to move quickly, at which both Abenaki and Micmac wondered, for they did not admit women to their council fires. Yet Unanimi's father, who was the greatest of the Seven Chiefs, took no part in the trial of his daughter—as was fitting—but sat near her where she stood alone before the judges. He was the war chief of the tribe, and behind him were banked the best fighters. Report said that they would not suffer harm to come to the girl. Many of the people were on horseback, and their horses ranged in circles outside the rows of sitters. Young women were there on horseback also, a pretty moving picture with their yellow tunics and glowing trappings. La Salle looked on from the space allotted by courtesy to himself and his retinue of French and Indians; while Talistoga, being a witness, stood to hand near the girl's father.

"The remains of the sacred pipe were deposited on a colored mat between the chiefs and the small fire that blazed so indifferently in the sunlight. Near the broken instrument—as if still charged with the care of it—stood Unanimi, graceful but unsmiling. An aged chief was spokesman of the judges.

"'My daughter sees the broken pipe of our fathers,' he began. 'It was in her care—how comes it to be in pieces like a dry stick that has been trod on?'

"'My father knows the story,' she answered respectfully. 'A great bear, a frightened horse, a race for life up the hillside, with the breath of the awful beast on my moccasin, and then his daughter knew nothing except, as she went down her horse threw her; she knew that the young man from the gray sea had killed the bear. Her pony knew no better, being overtaken with fear, and so he fled to the sacred inclosure. There in his terror and trampling he overset and

destroyed the reverend pipe, which Unanimi would have guarded with her life.'

"A murmur of sympathy surged through the rounds of the listeners. After due silence the old chief resumed: 'Was my daughter on her way to or from the mystic lodge when she met the bear?' It was a simple question, but somehow Talistoga was troubled at it.

"'She was on her way back from the care of the pipe, when the bear beset her path, and came near dragging her from her seat.'

"'Why then did not my daughter race her pony homeward? Was not his nose pointed to the prairie? Had she run home this calamity would not have come upon her people. What does my daughter say?'

"'The great beast was on the side of the path ahead of me,' she replied quickly. 'He held out his great arms at us, and my horse vaulted backwards at the sight, almost throwing me to the ground. The bear caught my saddle cloth with his claws, and my saddle loosened. See this,' and she shook the torn blanket open before them.

"This time she was greeted with a ripple of sympathy that sounded much like a cheer. The horsemen on the outskirts pushed in closer.

"'My daughter speaks well,' the old man said in a kindly voice; 'she could do no better.'

"He appeared to be satisfied with the girl's defence, and turned to discuss it with his fellow judges. Then there stood up in an outer circle a warrior, whom Talistoga from that moment cordially disliked.

"'Will the young woman tell us,' he asked, 'how she left the door of the war lodge in the secret valley. Did the buffalo skin still cover it?'

"'I cannot tell Kicking Horse whether the buffalo robe hung over the door or not when I left. My pony was restless,' Unanimi truthfully replied. She gave a quick look around at Talistoga, while she pretended to be turning towards her interrogator.

"Kicking Horse's glance followed hers. 'Did Unanimi meet the strange young warrior before she left the lodge to return home?' he asked with slow meaning.

"Again the girl, without hesitation, answered. 'I have met him often in my dreams, ever since I was a young girl, and was first allowed to consult the sacred pipe.'

"A wave of interest passed over the assembly, and there was a rumble of exclamation and comment. The revelations of the sacred pipe were awesome and truthful. Talistoga wondered at the girl's ability. She had intelligently prepared the way for himself to tell what he, in turn, had learned of her from the pipe of his nation. They would thus openly bid for the approval of their union.

"The ancient chief now announced that the judges were satisfied with the answers of the girl, and would now examine the young bear-killer from the sea. Unanimi therefore took her seat by her father, who put his arm on her shoulder, and Talistoga took her place as witness. A burst of admiration greeted him, and the Micmacs gave a war cry that frightened the horses.

"'My young brother comes from the rising sun,' the old man began, 'and report says that he goes with the white chief to view the Nimaesi-Sipu, or Great River. Rumor also says that he is of the same blood as the Dakotas, of those who long ago went down to *Shinaki,* the land of fir trees. We will ask him more about this later; now we would know what he saw when our daughter, who is very dear to us, fled from the bear.'

"'I saw a horse mad with fright race towards me on the path that led to your tepees,' Talistoga's voice rumbled, 'and on its back my sister of the Dakotas, shaken backwards and sideways by the jumping of her saddle; and at the hip of the flying horse such a bear as we never see down by the salt water. It was uphill, and the animal gained on the frightened pony, but the red saddle cloth flouted the bear in the face and delayed him. Then the gray beast stood up to drag the girl off her horse, and I killed him. The horse ungratefully kicked and lashed out with its hind feet, and threw my sister wickedly to the ground. I thought she was dead.'

"The judges nodded one to another, as if this statement agreed with the facts.

"'Can my brother tell whether the door of the lodge was open, that the horse should enter?'

"The girl's fate was bound up in his answer. He was not skilled in equivocations, and then the sooner it was over with the better. 'The buffalo robe was thrown aside,' he answered slowly, while he looked coolly into the faces of the judges. He could hear Unanimi sigh at his discretion, and he saw Kicking Horse listen attently. He continued, 'I forgot to draw back the cover when I came out of the lodge.'

"The words were simple, to cause such an effect as followed them. The judges jumped to their feet in their annoyance, and numbers of the onlookers did likewise. Everywhere there was movement and protest, as if some unheard of liberty had been taken. The aged warrior waved his hand for silence; and Talistoga continued, 'I found your sacred pipe within, and'—his words were slow—'I smoked it.'

"The entire assembly rose like a man to their feet, and the horsemen pressed in still closer. A cry of anger went out, and the Micmacs unslung their guns. But Unanimi's father shook abroad his arms, and bade them listen to the young stranger's story. With his warriors

he sat down, and the crowd imitated him. The judges listened with menacing faces, but Talistoga heeded not their frowns. 'I smoked your pipe,' he cried in a voice that sounded around and through all the ranks, 'because it was sister pipe to that of the Abenaki; and the eagle's claw on it told me that I had found the land of my forefathers, that my blood was their blood, and their blood was mine.' A great silence fell upon the people. 'As a young man of the Lenni-Lenape on his first adventures, I had a right to smoke your pipe, as any of your sons has the right to smoke ours,' and he pointed to the group of the Abenaki.

"But the old judge was not to be diverted. 'Did my young brother know that it was death for a stranger to enter the mystic lodge, not to speak of smoking our holy pipe?' he asked coldly.

"'In the country of the Abenaki, when young men build their secret lodges, the stranger and traveler is permitted to enter and refresh himself. As to the pipe, I knew not your laws; still as descendant of the chief to whom the Sacred Old Women gave one of those twin instruments of medicine, I was entitled to smoke yours, and in its smoke behold my future. It is the ancient law of the Lenni-Lenape. Will my aged father say no?'

"'What did the young warior see in the smoke?' the old chief asked, ignoring the question.

"'He saw the Dakota girl, Unanimi,' he could afford to conceal the truth where it affected her, and the sight was good for him.'

"The examination ended here. Both the girl and Talistoga, under her leadership, had skillfully avoided revealing their first meeting; while the coincidences of their visions held the minds of the judges away from the thought of it. He had established a sort of revealed right to the maid, and she had confirmed it.

"Still he now lay under the charge of smoking the forbidden pipe of the Dakotas. He must next prove that he was of their blood and race.

"The old judge stood up. 'The chiefs will give their decision in all this matter of the pony and the bear,' he announced, 'when they have heard the young man prove his claim to the ancient blood of the Lenni-Lenape. Only this proof can clear him of the sacrilege of desecrating our holy pipe, and through the thoughtless horse of destroying it. The young man can call his friends who are of his tribe. We would hear their great chief.'

"Then Azoa and his men entered the circle, and stood in view of the Dakotas. They carried their guns with them, and their axes and knives shone in the sun. No badling was among them, but every man had been chosen for his strength. Behind them came the giant Micmacs, who were also of the blood of the mysterious people of the pipes; they came in fighting trim, for the Micmacs dearly loved a

scrimmage, and this discussion affected them only through their care for Talistoga. Behind them some of the French followed, and stood in line within the circle.

"'It is a goodly sight,' the aged warrior began, 'to look upon such men as our plains cannot produce. The land of firs must be a rich land and home of great wariors. Will our brothers tell us what truth there is in the story of their young man? But first we would see the sacred pipe of the Abenaki.'

"Azoa at once produced the emblem. It carried no feathers on it sides—for such was not our custom—but was plain as you see it. He handed it forward to the old chief. The latter examined it slowly, particularly the mark of the bear's paw on the bottom, and then turned it over to the other judges. It passed from hand to hand, and there was much nodding of heads. Unanimi's father joined the half-circle, and he, too, examined it. The bowl was compared with that of their own, since it was still intact. In the end the spokesman returned it to our chief.

"Then, standing in the open where he had freedom to talk—for Azoa was a great orator—he gave the history of the pipe as I have already related it to you. So strong, he assured them, was the sentiment at home among his people towards their unknown relatives of the west, that they did not hesitate to permit the sacred emblem to undergo the dangers of the present expedition. The words of prophecy had to be fulfilled, and they entertained the hope that the pipe would fulfill them. He related their experience aboard of ship, when the spirits ordered them to be guided by the pipe; the foreglimpse which was given them of this present encampment while they were still far distant on the fresh water; the mysterious appearance of the Sacred Old Women to a man not of their race, but a great sorcerer; and finally the mysterious ball of light which followed their ship in mid-sea. He appealed to the Micmacs present, and even to the white men, as disinterested witnesses.

"And then he turned to the mysterious prophecy of the Old Women. It implied that one of the two clans, of the same blood, should lose its pipe, and he evidenced the fact that this loss had occurred when the second and supplanting pipe was at their doors—occurred, too, without fault of anyone, much less of the gentle girl who was charged with its custody. It was accident, but fate working through accident. The usefulness of their pipe—he said so with all respect—was finished: it was now time for the reunion of the two long-separated tribes. The land of fir trees, *Shinaki,* was a wide land, with hunting grounds for all. It bred valiant warriors as they could see, and as the white chief had shown by choosing them, of all the tribes of the northland, to accompany him on his dangerous enterprise.

"With regard to Talistoga, his son, since the day the young man

saw the face of the Dakota girl in the sacred smoke, he had been a changed young man, and thought only of meeting her. There could be no question of his right to smoke the ancient pipes of the Lenni-Lenape. Azoa and his company then withdrew—all except Talistoga, who was on trial—outside of the circle, and the father of Unanimi went with them; while the judges deliberated on what they had heard. Several older warriors joined in the debate. It was sharp and animated for a short while, and then all were silent while the ancient spokesman delivered their decision.

"'We have decided,' he spoke, 'that Unanimi, daughter of our war chief, is blameless for the loss of our pipe. She was dead on the grass from fear and shock. But her horse which sought refuge within the lodge while all the woods was open to him—her horse must die. The young man is of our ancient blood, and we are proud of him; he had the right to smoke our pipe, but he should not have left the doorway open. He will therefore pay to the father of our daughter Unanimi, when he makes his marriage presents, a fitting price for the loss of the horse. For we take it to be evident that the spirits have kept these two young people for each other, so that in them the two tribes should be united. Their children will be true sons and daughters of the Lenni-Lenape. And perhaps thus prophecy will be altogether satisfied and fulfilled, and we who have occupied these hunting grounds and roamed these prairies more years than there are leaves on the holly, perhaps the spirits will not ask us to go into the land of mountains and fir trees forever. We take our relatives, the Abenaki, to our hearts, and with them our elder brothers the Micmacs. We will smoke their pipe with them, and together we shall be one reunited people.'

"Thus the old chief gave the decision, and it pleased all but Kicking Horse and a few other young men, who had long cast eyes at Unanimi. And yet, there was sorrow and misgiving in the hearts of the older Dakotas, and forebodings from the loss of their emblem. Some, it was whispered, wanted our pipe instead. Others held that the Old Women Spirits wished the tribes to live together, and for this reason they were willing to accompany our people down the Nimæsi-Sipu, and afterwards go into the land of fire with them. And this many of them did.

"But Talistoga did not go out to the Great River that time—he did so afterward with La Salle on his second trip. He married Unanimi instead. They did not wait for La Salle's ship, which was also to return as far as Niagara; but with old François and a goodly party of Abenaki and Micmac young men, who have likewise chosen wives from among the daughters of the Dakotas, were willing to return to their own country, they set out in their own canoes, and in safety reached the hills of their own tribes.

"It was well with Talistoga and his party that they did not await the loading of the ship with furs. It sank—or was lost—on its way to Niagara across the lakes, and no man knows to this day where it lies. Well, too, would it have been for the Dakotas had they listened to the ancient word, and sought good fortune with their relatives of the Abenaki. Some time after the departure of our expedition from among them, the Iroquois descended on them in great numbers, armed with the guns which the Dutch sold them, and slaughtered almost the entire tribe. When our people returned from their adventure down the Great River, they found only ruined tepees and scalped corpses withering in the long buffalo grass. A wide trail showed where the enemy had departed with the women prisoners.

"The Dakotas who were of the expedition threw themselves on their faces at the foot of their sacred hill, and their cry went up on the winds for their slaughtered kindred; while we buried the dead and gathered together for the survivors whatever of value the Iroquois had left. And because of the heart-broken remnant of a great people, La Salle called the fort he built on that hill the fort of Broken Hearts.

"And thus it came to pass that we brought with us from the West, one way or the other, those whom we found there who were our bloodkin, and gave them homes and wives and hunting grounds of their own near the town of Norridgewock in Maine over here. Nadoga, my ancestor, of whom I spoke in the story of the *Maid of Seraghtoga,* was the blood of these ancient Lenni-Lenape; in fact in him ran the blood of both clans, for he was the grandson of Unanimi and Talistoga. Unanimi—the Girl of the Smoke Cloud, as our people ever called her—first brought amongst us the custom of the sacred moccasin, which is put on the feet of the child when he is born. In the foot of the new moccasin a hole is cut, so that should death come and ask him to travel, he can say that he cannot go because his moccasin is worn out. She was gentle, too, and kindly, and our maidens learned good ways from her. Yet she never could forget her home by the prairies, and especially did she mourn the want of a horse."

The old chief picked up the ancient emblem of his race, so mysterious in its history, and regarded it with reverential gaze. It was the bond of his relationship with the ancient people who in the age of the mammoth and mastodon came out of the west and northwest, and afterwards, following some instinct of migration, pushed onward to the lands by the eastern sea. He held it up for me again to look at it.

"But we never parted with the Red Pipe, nor did we ever commit it to the care of woman or maid. Sometimes we smoke it, but never without our kin of Norridgewock. And some old man, like myself, is deputed to tell its story as I have told it to you."

Peol turned an inquiring eye upon me; plainly he wanted to hear my opinion of his tale.

"Your pipe is of steatite, Peol," I said in reply—and alas! I took no thought of shame for my plodding mind—"and its glory may well be true in some of its outlines. I should like to look into its smoke, and live its memories over again. Please light it for me, and suffer me to smoke it like La Salle. Perhaps some of its mystic spirit may flow over me, and fit me for the duty of perpetuating those quaint traditions of your race."

And so I smoked the Indian mixture of tobacco and dried leaves from the bowl of the Red Pipe—but I had the grace to keep to myself the fact that my thoughts wandered rather to La Salle and his abortive heroism.

Peol gathered the pipe and its fresh stem of elderberry back into his bandanna handkerchief, and with the taciturnity of his race set the coffee before me.

[THE END.]

BEFORE THE ROOD:[1]

UNTO CHRIST'S HOLY FEET.

BY CHARLES J. POWERS, C.S.P.

SWEET Jesus hail! All hail to Thee!
Salvation's Spring! O save Thou me,
Who living fain would die for Thee,
Who dying died upon the Tree,
Yet liveth everlastingly.

In hope I came to seek Thee here.
And lo! in faith I see Thee near;
A blessed presence shining fair.
And O, how shall my soul declare
Thine ever gracious clemency?

Ye riven Feet! Deem me not bold,
If in these arms I ye enfold,
And clasp the rending nails I see.
Ah, would this piercing were in me
For my so blameful errantry.

[1]Suggested by the *Salve Mundi Salutare* of St. Bernard: The *Rhythmica Oratio ad unum quodlibet membrorum Christi patientis et a cruce pendentis.*

What meed of thanks, Lord, shall they give,
Who, deadly wounded, through Thee live;
Who, broken, through Thee are made whole;
Who, poor, are so enriched in soul
By Thine exceeding charity?

Sweet Jesus, pity me forlorn!
All spent, all bruised, all sadly torn!
Into me, clay, breathe Thou again,
The spirit erst Thou gavest men.
O heal me with Thy medicine!

Within these wounds, O let me lave
A wounded soul—Thou died'st to save.
My hope of weal I fix in Thee
Who, lifted on the bitter Tree,
In dying gave me life again.

Ye ruddy wounds! Ye fissures deep!
Writ in my heart your witness keep,
Until love's fire that glowed in ye,
Hath burned away the dross in me,
And made me all Christ Jesus' own.

O dearest Jesus! God most kind!
May I, most guilty, pardon find,
While at Thy nailèd Feet, I lie.
O hear a contrite culprit's cry!
O heed a suppliant's ceaseless moan!

Fast by Thy Feet, full low I bow
Before the Rood, and tarry now.
Good Jesus! From the Rood I wot,
Thy tender mercy spurneth not,
But draweth ever nearer me.

Beloved, look upon me, see!
Mine inmost soul doth turn to Thee.
The while I wait beneath the Tree.
O say, I pray Thee, say to me,
"Lo all have I forgiven thee."

COMPLETING THE REFORMATION.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

II.

HOW did it come about, in the sixteenth century, that reason fell so low in estimation, waning suddenly from a star of the first magnitude to one scarcely to be regarded as of the second? There were many influences that combined to produce this result, and we shall endeavor to trace their interplay, so as to clear the background of our subject, before proceeding to unfold it further.

Reason was the faculty that had *socialized* Christian truth in the centuries preceding. Working upon the *revealed concepts* which Scripture and tradition furnished, it had discerned the *sociability* existing between all branches of truth, whether human or divine, and had built up a body of divinity as world-wide in its synthetic sweep, and as solidary in its continuity as the organic life and intercommunion of the Church itself. "The doctrine of the State set forth by St. Thomas," says Windelband, "subordinates the one to the other in a system of thought, and in so doing completes the most deeply and widely reaching union of the ancient and Christian conceptions of the world that has ever been attempted."[1] This synthesis proved distasteful and irksome to the aristocratic element of society in the sixteenth century. For many years Germany had been honeycombed with a series of revolts, in consequence of which the princedom felt its power slipping, its control slackening. Social and religious unrest filled the land, and it was the policy of those who sought to retain their hold on power, to fasten the whole blame for the existing situation upon the Church. The religious motive had thus a social one behind it, which must not be overlooked.

This social motive was aristocratic, not democratic, individualism. Luther, before the peasants actually revolted, had addressed them, in no measured terms, on their individual rights and privileges as Christian men—he was a peasant's son himself. But he changed this note of encouragement to one of savage denunciation—in a

[1] *A History of Philosophy*, English Translation, 1898, p. 327.

way that indicated what had really been his attitude of mind all along—when the peasantry rose up to measure their strength against the princes in the field. He ordered the nobles to shoot down without mercy the whole ravening, thieving pack, and hounded them on to this dire step by the pagan cry that a prince who butchered stood a better chance of heaven than one who idly said his prayers. He so loved the princedom that he regarded its secular authority as possessing the function of the episcopate. He persuaded the Landgrave, Philip, not to publish the democratic constitution, which the latter had drawn up for the Lutheran churches within his borders. This was the same Philip to whom he accorded the scandalous permission to have two wives. Evidently it was not intended by Luther that the princely prerogatives should suffer diminution whatever else did in the struggle. Church or commons, what mattered either so long as the governing aristocracy was preserved intact. There was therefore a string to this so-called "evangelical" movement. Its close alliance with the secular authority and interests has struck all historians, though some try to distract attention from the significance of the fact by pretending it was an accident, and part of a plan. But no amount of literary disingenuousness can transfer the facts recited from the preface of the movement to its appendix, or remove the bar sinister which they trace across the Reformation's shield. Purity of purpose is conspicuously absent from the outset. Whatever may have been the grievances against religion shimmering on the surface of the situation, and finding vent in all things else—deep down below, the Reformation was a politico-religious movement, that needs a hyphen to express the duality of its character, the two-mindedness of its aim.

It is impossible not to see a relation of cause and effect between the political and the religious happenings of this period. A movement, political at bottom, was afoot to displace authority in the Church, to shift the centre of allegiance. The State, the episcopate, the presbyterate, the Bible, one's own conscience, one's private feelings—anything, in fine, but the staff of the White Shepherd of Christendom who had succeeded to the post of Peter, in the government of the universal flock. The civil reins of authority were to be tightened, the ecclesiastical relaxed. The individualism, as we have seen, was of the aristocratic not of the democratic kind. It savored not of the peasantry, or of the "common" man, though interested parties have labored hard to give it all the semblance of a purely popular movement. "God and myself, the king and my-

self, with no Church between me and my heavenly Lord, with no priesthood, no protective guild, between me and my earthly master" —such is the theme of the whole theme, upon which variations are constantly played. The aristocracy was for the king when there was no parliament, and for the parliament when there was no king. It knew how to play both and sold its pretence of an unchanging purpose to which it always had an eye, though it knew a way to Canossa now and then, as king Henry, as Luther did to the peasants before the revolt, as Englishmen did, when they counted the commons to kill the king, or counted the king to crush the commons.

Look well to your gates of Zion,
Your privileges, pride, and state.
The gentry are dead, but reigning,
And its heirs are growing fast.

Reminiscent and expressive of the undertone in the Reformation movement are the lines:

Exite mare Babylon. Recurrat arena Lutherus.
Libitina maneat, et funiformis Bucina.

It was for the profit of the aristocracy, and for the good of the community, that Luther preached, and the great revolt against organized religion began. Good sense was there to throw up the pillars of the State, while those of the Church were being brought crumbling. Egocentrism, long a-brewing, had at last come to life—an unruly, disingenuous, wayward, aristocratic child, that was to put its parents, and the world generally, to much serious trouble in the future, especially in the social order of events, where unregulated, individual individualism has created an economic problem for civil governments, that is now pressing the nations of the Western world hard and insistently for solution. Socialism has thrown itself across the path of aristocratic individualism. It is veritable Frankenstein.

To men so minded as were the leaders of what is called the "Reform," reason presented itself, naturally, as the central object of attack. It stood in the way of their ambitions, it was a thorn in their designs. The great Christian synthesis had to be broken, the scholastic unity rent, and as that had summarily to be put to the credit of Christian truth, if aristocratic individualism were to gain headway, and retain the power it needed for displaying its

forces of disruption. Christianity, to be brought in line with such a purpose, had to be recast in more flexible molds, and rewritten from a subjective point of view, which would haughtily ignore all the objective, social values *and restraints* inherent in its doctrines. The very soul of the movement, in its incipiency, was to de-socialize the Church, in order to over-socialize the State. Reason—the great commoner!—was the first victim demanded for the sacrifice. The spirit of destruction, once it was abroad in the land, could not very well miss singling out for slaughter the constructive power of human reason. There was no blood upon the doorposts then, as of old, to guarantee immunity. Besides, it stood, just a little behind faith, as the strenuous asserter of that *supernatural law of solidarity,* which was not afraid to remind kings and subjects of their proper places in the scheme of things when they overstepped the bounds. And it was effaced from the statute books of the Christian religion, to let vague ethics, and an ineffective sentiment of human brotherhood, take the place of the *positive* law of God. Was it not Luther who asserted the divine right of kings, and bound religion over, hand and foot, to the secular power? Verily, he put his trust in princes!

It is usual with historians of a certain type to pass lightly over the political affiliations of the Reformation movement, and to describe it in glowing terms as the revolt of the moral conscience, single-handed, against the encroachments of religious collectivism. But this explanation is too simple altogether, too palliating and exclusive. Social, political, and religious forces in history cannot be separated in any such summary, clear-cut manner, and one of them singled out, to draw attention away from the rest, by giving it all the false splendor that comes of isolation. Individualism there was, and a plentiful sprinkling of it, assuredly, but it was not the purely moral, highly spiritual, unadulterated thing, so clean of heart and skirt, so single-eyed in purpose, as is pictured for us by the professional whitewashers of history. Even if we grant that Luther's doctrine of "justification by faith alone" was a product of his own inner, personal experience, it still would be far from following that the political undercurrent of the times had nothing to do with the particular direction his religious reflections took. The immediate acceptance of this doctrine of his, on such slim grounds as he offered in its support, is proof enough, if proof were needed, that the political feeling of the day had found a theological voice, and rallied to it, regardless of its intrinsic

worth or worthlessness religiously. The man had not made the occasion, the occasion had made the man.

The fact that politics dictated Luther's idea of justification is implied in the way he, and others along with him, sought a standing for it in the Scriptures. So eager was he to establish his one-sided and exclusive proposition, that he went the length of claiming—no one would do so now!—that, in the first five chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul is actually *defining* justification, whereas, in the eyes of all scholarship, Catholic and Protestant alike, he is merely *clearing the ground* for a definition, paving the way, as it were, by refuting in advance the Pharisaic theory that salvation could be *earned* through a due performance of the works of the Law. In the passage which Luther quoted, St. Paul is not formulating a definition of justification, he is pinching the arrogant Pharisees with an *argumentum ad hominem,* the purport of which is to show that works not performed through faith in Christ are unavailing to salvation. Would Luther, think you, have pounced upon this exclusion of *some* works from faith, as proof of the absolute exclusion of *all* works therefrom, if the idea of de-socializing the concept of Christianity, and of making it individualistic, in the sense explained, had not already entered his mind, from other sources than the reading of the Scriptures, or reflection on his own private experiences? Was not the wish, in other words, here father to the thought? Men do not throw scholarship to the winds, like that, and mistake rebuttal for definition, unless they have more than spiritual and religious designs in view. And would this lamest kind of exegesis have been so readily and so widely accepted, think you, if there was nothing in the political ambition and temper of the times to suggest and welcome its expression?

It irks one to see otherwise critical folk appealing to that supposedly heaven-born thing—intuition!—to account for the origin of Luther's doctrine that faith alone justifies. One would never suspect that this doctrine had anything of earth about it, but rather that the heavens suddenly opened, and there shone a great light—so soft and unctuous are the references to "that which no man thought of before." A little distrust of this feeling of trust would prove a wholesome, as well as critical, variation. Intuitions are the result of previous preparation, they have their *human* psychology, like all things else. And it is our failure to inquire into the previous conditions and circumstances which made possible their uprush into consciousness, that leads us innocently to entertain a celes-

tial theory of their origin. How men do glorify the mystics, when they are afraid to trust reason! "When all else fails," says the proverb, "welcome haws!"

If the reformers were really looking for St. Paul's thought, and not endeavoring to discover their own, reflected back from the pages of Holy Writ, they would have read a little further on, and not have stopped so contentedly in the vestibule of his thesis. For further on, and elsewhere also, comes the definition of justification as a real inward process of renewal, quite different from the forensic theory of a judge declaring our sins no longer imputed or subject to punishment. Obviously this Lutheran doctrine was framed with a view to undermining the sacramental power of the Church to remit sin. And this destructive purpose proved so absorbing, that Luther did not see the low conception of God on which his doctrine rested.

To conceive of God as more anxious to save men from punishment than from sin, and as throwing a cloak of divine forgetfulness over our evil natures, without troubling further to heal them of their infirmities, is a view unworthy of the Moral Governor of the universe, and of the moral conscience of mankind as well. It left the individual related to the tragedy and sacrifice of Calvary, as to something that had absolved him from punishment, while still leaving him steeped in his sins; as to something once and for all, over and settled, whatever he might do. It put the kingdom of God completely outside him, while professing to establish it within. It reduced Christianity to a sort of ell, built on to the house of corrupt human nature. It made faith a natural sentiment, a feeling of fellowship, an act of confidence, that God had provided a Substitute for us in the wars, thereby relieving his aristocratic children of all "work" and anxiety in the winning of their salvation. An act of loving trust would see to it all, and Church and clergy could go a-begging, if they insisted that more than this was necessary, or that a revealed supernatural law had prescribed a definite way and means for all! Salvation is a private affair—we are all a royal priesthood, and a privileged race, that needs no intermediaries, and this aristocratic sentiment is the sum and substance of the Christian religion. Who, by *thinking,* or indulging reason—that pagan light!—could add a cubit to such a towering stature? Are we not a race apart—we Christians—and what have we to do with those who sit in darkness, beyond sharing our aristocratic temper of mind and view with them? Send missionaries to the heathen? Perish the thought, said Luther and Melanchthon. It is evident,

therefore, why reason waned as feeling waxed. It was part of the movement to de-socialize Christianity, that it should, and did.

But, apart from the fact that reason stood in the way of aristocratic individualism, there was another cause that contributed to its disparagement, and helped to bring it further into disrepute. This was the traditional doctrine of original sin, so overdrawn and pessimistically interpreted by the reformers, that one would think the world at large a sorry scheme of things, past all recalling from its inborn ways of evil. St. Augustine—we are now beginning a somewhat lengthy historical excursion—had powerfully reasserted this doctrine against the heresiarch, Pelagius, in the great controversy that raged at the beginning of the fifth century, the question in dispute being simply and solely this: whether the actual man of the present is the same in powers and equipment as the one whom God originally created and fitted out for his course in history. Pelagius contended that he was. St. Augustine promptly rebuked this contention, showing the world of difference that lay between original man and actual. There had ensued, he pointed out, in consequence of original sin, "a darkening of the intellect," a "weakening of the will," and a "corruption of man's whole nature," changing him for the worse in body and soul.

These expressions were not so terrifically pessimistic, however as they sounded, for St. Augustine was speaking of man *historically,* comparing him as he is with what he was. The great genius of Western Christendom never spoke or wrote professedly on this subject, from any other point of view than the historical. He never, for instance, raised, much less attempted to decide or solve, the deeper analytical problem, whether man's constitutional powers of intellect and will had suffered intrinsic injury and impairment in consequence of the Fall. It was the historical *fact* of man's deterioration, not the philosophical *analysis* of it, that chiefly concerned him in his duel with Pelagius; and it is in no wise to be set down to his discredit, that he did not turn aside from history to philosophy, for the additional insight which the latter line of inquiry affords, into what really happened to man's nature and powers when he fell. One problem was enough for a lifetime against such shifting adversaries as were those to whom he was forced to give battle with the sword of the spirit.

The philosophical analysis of the problem, which St. Augustine had left untouched, because his attention was completely monopolized by the historical phase of the subject, did not come for eight

hundred years. In the thirteenth century, the schoolmen, especially St. Thomas, saw the unconsidered problem, and set themselves at once to solve it. This they did by comparing fallen man not only with *original,* as St. Augustine had done, but also with *possible;* contrasting man as he was, and as he is, with what he *might have* been, if created on a purely natural plane of existence, and endowed only with the powers and destiny which his human nature, considered in itself, analytically and objectively demanded. The comparative concept which the schoolmen thus constructed let in a flood of light on many problems. It enabled one to see clearly what it was that Christ had really *added* to the thought and life of the ancient world; what it was that man might claim as justly due him; and how insignificant this cold and rightful portion of his would have been in comparison with that actually bestowed upon him, over and above the stinting measure of justice.

This comparative concept of a purely natural man led to a much clearer and more distinct appreciation of the "glad tidings" of the Gospel, by bringing out into salient relief the supernatural character of man's final destiny. The facial vision of God was seen to be no human birthright or due, but a generously superadded divine favor. In admitting man directly to the enjoyment of His own infinite life, in the world to come, God had lifted His highest earthly creature from the natural plane of strangerhood to the ennobling diginity of friendship, and had re-empowered him to be more than human in the destiny he was to reach, in the course he was to run. The intellect thus saw, and the heart was made to feel, the magnitude of the divine bounty. An enthusiasm that knew no bounds spread over the thirteenth century in a rising wave, as it had swept over the first centuries of the Christian era. A profound sense of the heinousness of sin, but a profound sense, also, of the *inwardness* of the remedy—grace!—which was no mere passive feeling of *trust,* but a *reconstitution* of man's very being, nature, and powers —took a balancing hold on attention. Optimism invaded school and cloister, lining all the clouds of life with silver, and tipping them with gold. Gratitude expressed itself in art, music, poetry, architecture, and philosophy. The doctrine of grace, as an undeserved divine gift, was grasped in all its bearings, and the word "gratuitous" went into the school-manuals of the day as a short-hand formula for expressing the believed and felt beneficent goodness of God. The intellect had done its work well, of a surety, when it succeeded in marking off and determining so clearly the sum of

man's unrequitable indebtedness to his Maker. What wonder that the hearts of the faithful, both simple and learned, were set on fire with charity!—with that charity from on high which the Victim of Love—not the Victim of automatic justice, mind you, later conjured up by the reformers, to the scandal of the moral conscience of mankind—had kindled in the hearts of those whose blessed privilege it was to hear *Him* speak, Who spake as no man did before!

We are not wandering from the point, but approaching it slowly over the winding avenue of history. Well, the consequence of this fine bit of intelligent analysis which the schoolmen made, was the admission of the fact that man had survived the Fall, uninjured in his natural powers of intellect and will. He lost none of his intrinsic belongings. He fell to the level of normal human nature, not beneath it. To all appearances he had the same constitutional powers after his fall that normal natural man would have possessed, if God had called the latter into being, and had not, at the same time, showered upon him, over and above what was his constitutional due, the higher supernatural life and principles of action, known as grace and the virtues respectively. These inestimable gifts, privileges, and powers, which were the source of the supernatural, as distinct from the natural, life of the soul, were all lost through sin. Fallen man was, therefore, a *deprived,* not a *depraved* creature; it would take accumulated actual sin to make him the latter. His degradation was accordingly relative, not absolute; privative, not positive; extrinsic, not intrinsic; a case rather of disinheritance than one of positive heredity. Privation of sanctifying grace, not depravity of nature—such was the solution of the problem of original sin, as the schoolmen worked it out. Man still retained the *image* of God in his intellect and will, though he had lost the *likeness* to his Maker which grace generously added to his natural constitution and powers in the days of primeval innocence. He had consequently forfeited none of his inherent attributes of manhood. Of none of his natural belongings had he been despoiled. He suffered no impairment of the powers that went to make him man.

With this development of theological thought in the Middle Ages, with this gradual progress in the understanding of original sin as privative rather than positive, Luther was out of sympathy temperamentally and by training. For him evil was not made up of ills and sins in the plural, removable in detail. "The Ger-

manic races," says Professor James, quoting Milsand, "have tended rather to think of sin in the singular, and with a capital S, as of something ineradicably ingrained in our natural subjectivity, and never to be removed by any superficial piecemeal operations."[2] Both Luther and Kant were of this persuasion. Anything like religious optimism was as abhorrent to the former, as Leibnitzian exaggeration to the latter. Luther characterized the privation theory of original sin as downright insanity (delirium), and then proceeded to give the world a view which he himself considered sane. He piled together the phrases of St. Augustine, and the canons of the early councils, concerning the corruption of human nature; making no allowance for the historical point of view which controlled these utterances no less than their range of application; and failing utterly to see that the dogma of Christian faith, which proclaims man's nature corrupt, his intellect darkened and his will weakened, expresses no philosophical theory on the matter, but simply and solely makes a positive declaration of fact. Out of this muddled medley of documents, none of which meant what was read into them, he deduced the theory of total depravity, and flung it in the face of the despised scholastic optimists, of his own and previous times. Calvin did the same, but managed much better to keep his temper while so doing, not mistaking heat for light. The result was the eclipse of reason partial, if not total, and a contempt of its powers not warranted either in logic or in fact.

The total depravity theory, we may here be permitted to state in a side-remark, is now obsolete. After infesting Protestant theology for well-nigh three hundred years, its hold has been recently slackened, and gradually shaken off, by the counter-movements of "mind cure," "Christian science," and "new thought," where the optimism is as extravagantly roseate as the pessimism which it displaced was forbiddingly dire and dark. Even the growth of the missionary spirit among modern Protestant bodies indicates a radical departure from the aristocratic exclusiveness of Luther and Melanchthon, who saw no reason for preaching the Gospel to the *unpredestined* races of heathendom. The Catholic looks on with unfeigned wonder at this optimistic reaction now leavening Protestant thought, and may well rejoice that his own theology is not obliged to double back on its course in any such inglorious fashion. And now let us catch up again the thread of our momentarily interrupted theme.

[2] *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 134.

One overdrawn conclusion—and total depravity was surely such!—naturally led to others in keeping with it, and proved a fertile source of still further one-sided views. Worst of all, perhaps, for the consequences which lurked within it and soon resulted from it, was Luther's conception of the mind as essentially passive and inert, capable rather of being acted upon than of acting. (The devil was, surely, not fastidious in his choice of brides, if this were the object of his wooing!) It is indeed true that salvation is primarily a matter not of our own initiative, but of God's and grace. This fact, however, is far from implying, as Luther imagined it did, that *human effort* has no place in the working out and winning of salvation. It is no derogation to the merits of Christ to admit that it has—in the subordinate sense of real, vital, and active coöperation. God respects His creation, and if He made men intelligent, active causes, it is a sure sign that He does not wish them to be mere passive recipients of His power, waiting for the Spirit to move their sodden and stagnant souls, as the angel moved the curing waters of the pool of Bethsaida. The work of salvation is a work of God and man together, of neither apart. Divine and human activity are both unitedly concerned. And the inevitable result of Luther's exclusive insistence on God's part in the process was a lapse into that false mystic quietism which scorned personal effort as of the devil, and hailed passivity as from on high. The faith that "throws itself passively upon God," which is the kind that Luther prized, had no rational principle of control within it, as its votaries soon discovered from the extravagant, oftentimes silly practices to which it naturally led. No wonder that Kant, disgusted at the mystic aberrations into which pietism in his time had degenerated, should endeavor to check their recrudescence by insisting that religious emotion should be criticized, and not blindly followed.

Conversions had to be *sudden,* to fit Luther's passivity theory; they could not be slow, deliberate, and by way of reasonable conviction; and so the higher type of man's return to right relationship with God was denied a place in the scheme of salvation. Religious thought thus became more and more narrow and exclusive, pruning off whatever fell not well within the lines of the sentimentalist theory of faith—too small a net, at bottom and at best, to catch within its meshes the rich abundance of the historical Christian religion. All of which, when we look into it, goes clearly to show how prejudice, whether of heart or of theory, can eliminate without qualm or quaver whatever suits its purpose ill to

consider—mistaking elimination for reform, and reduction for amelioration. With the mind's entire activity regarded as paralyzed; with reason retaining no more than a flickering spark of its native light, there was no room in such a theory of the mind's disabling for an intellectual act of faith, there being nothing really left to fall back upon for cultivation but the service of the heart. The latter accordingly increased as the service of the intellect diminished.

This reduction of the essence of the Christian religion to "feeling," suggested in turn a sharp *distinction* between "knowing" and "believing," which soon became, in spite of the *empirical* fact of the mind's unity and continuity, an absolute and complete *separation*. The religious anti-intellectualists were driven by their principles and purpose to this desperate alternative. They had to separate faith from knowledge to hold their ground, and this arbitrary step was taken, in defiance of psychology, as the sole means of defending their original position. Separatism—that fallacy of fallacies!—thus came into modern philosophy as the legacy bequeathed it by Lutheran and Reformation apologetics—a dubious heirloom, surely, to be accepted by those who profess to do their thinking, independently altogether of their religious views. Protestantism was compelled from the start to seek refuge in a moat-surrounded castle, and to lift the drawbridge, lest reason cross over, and rout it from its fancied stronghold of security. Something of this pristine attitude hangs about all philosophy since. From Luther to James, as we shall see, this *dissecting* of the human mind continues, until it looks as if *anatomists* rather than psychologists had risen up among us.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON: NOVELIST.

BY HELENA CONCANNON.

II.

THESE novels are shot through and through with pain, since pain, no less than love or death, is indispensable to life. In one sense, every one of them is an attempt to solve the "problem of pain," and that undoubtedly gives them their high philosophic value. For this is the "problem that stands in the heart of every attempt to solve the riddle of the universe—the question as to why pain is, or seems to be, the inseparable accompaniment of life."[1] How would Monsignor Benson have us solve it? First, by recognizing that we must approach it not with our intellect alone, but with the whole of our being. "For pain is one of those vast, fundamental facts that must be scrutinized by the whole of man—his heart, and his will, and his experience, as well as by his head, or not at all." Then he bids us look upon Christ hanging upon the Cross. He Who has made the Law of Suffering knows something about it, which makes Him willing to submit to it. What is that "something?" Alas! we do not know as yet—but there are moments when we dimly perceive it.

When we sit with Isabel by the prison bed where the racked body of Anthony lies,[2] a little glimpse of the secret is revealed to us: "As she knelt and watched him, her thoughts circled continually in little flights; to the walled garden of the Dower House in sunshine, and Anthony running across it in his brown suit, with the wall flowers behind him, against the old red brick and ivy, and the tall chestnut rising behind; to the wind-swept hills, with the thistles and the golden rod, and the hazel thickets, and Anthony on his pony, sunburnt and voluble, hawk on wrist, with a light in his eyes; to the warm panelled hall in winter, with the tapers on the round table, and Anthony flat on his face, with his feet in the air before the hearth, that glowed and roared up the wide chimney behind, and his chin in his hand and a book before him, or, farther back even still, to Anthony's little room at the top

[1] *The Friendship of Christ: Christ in the Sufferer.*
[2] *By What Authority?* Part III., chap. xv.

of the house; his clothes on a chair, and the boy himself sitting up in bed, with his arms around his knees, as she came in to wish him good night, and talk to him a minute or two. And every time the circling thought came home, and settled again in sight of that still straight figure lying on the mattress, against the discolored bricks, with the light of the taper glimmering on his thin face and brown hair and beard, and every time her heart consented that this was best of all."

So, too, our hearts consent that "this is best of all"—better than hawking with Marjorie, or even riding the brown moors as a Knight Errant of Christ—when we see Robin stand on the gallows tree[3] (beneath him the smoking cauldron, and the quartering instruments that shall do their work on his body), and raise his hand in absolution over his father. (So wonderful, and noble, and great a thing is pain that the author thinks it right to give us, in this book, insight into its very heart. And so in *Come Rack! Come Rope!* we are present even at the torturing of Robin.) How can pain be evil when we see it raise commonplace Theo Bannister to an inconceivable dignity, or throw its august mantle over Ralph Torridon? So we are led through the books, one by one, to see that the real tragedy in *An Average Man* has overtaken Percy Brandreth-Smith, and has consummated itself on his wedding day with a peer's daughter, and that Mr. Main returning to his snarling wife, with his firm's notice of dismissal in his pocket, has found the better part.....So "our hearts consenting" see that the problem is not insoluble, see that "in the Figure of Christ hanging on the Cross it has been worked out and 'placarded' (to use St. Paul's phrase) before our eyes, see that in the sufferings of humanity are being filled up those things that are wanting in the sufferings of Christ."

There are a great many other things in these books besides death, and love, and pain. There is, for instance, an astonishing series of historical tableaux. If we will look on some of those in which Elizabeth figures, there will be borne in on us, by subtle suggestions, the knowledge that, in each, she stands for something more than Elizabeth. It is young Protestantism, wanton and merry, warm and seductive, and deadly and cunning, that is pictured in the young Princess, in her white dress, whom Guy Manton and Tom find in the over-heated, over-scented atmosphere of the little oak parlor at Bishop's Hatfield. Her white arms

[3] *Come Rack! Come Rope!* Part III., chaps. iii., ix.

emerge, young, slender and rounded from her hanging sleeves, the clear pallor in her cheeks is a little flushed, her warm auburn hair a little tumbled from her romp with Tom; "her small, red, upturned mouth is smiling as with some secret pleasure."

It is as the incarnate genius of "the laughing, brutal, wanton English nation," that she reveals herself to Anthony and Isabel, as she passes them by in her great, gilt carriage with its six horses tossing plumed heads, and its gorgeous grooms and footmen. "A figure of extraordinary dignity, sitting upright and stiff like a pagan idol, dressed in a magnificent and fantastic purple robe, with a great double ruff, like a huge collar behind her head; a long taper waist, voluminous skirts spread all over the cushions, embroidered with curious figures and creatures. Over her shoulders, but opened in front so as to show the ropes of pearls and the blaze of jewels on the stomacher, was a purple velvet mantle lined with ermine, with pearls sewn into it here and there. Set far back on her head, over a pile of reddish-yellow hair drawn tightly back from the forehead, was a hat with curled brims, elaborately embroidered, with the jewelled outline of a little crown in front, and a high feather topping all. And her face—a long, oval, pale and transparent in complexion, with a sharp chin, and a high forehead; high arched eyebrows, auburn, but a little darker than her hair; her mouth was small, rising at the corners, with thin curved lips tightly shut; and her eyes, which were clear in color, looked incessantly about her with great liveliness and good-humor."

Queen Mary, too, is a symbolical figure; though she is a real woman, too, for this is the art of a great master. She stands for Catholic England, a little worn and weary, and middle-aged, and unattractive except to the few faithful souls who know her best. Jane Dormer and Mistress Clarentia have found the secret of her appeal in their own selfless love; Dick Kearseley, through his sturdy honesty; Guy Manton, when he has been through the fire of temptation, and come forth from it a victor. But to the others—who have never known her—to Lady Magdalene Dacre, to Jack Norris, to Tom Bradshawe—she is a mistress to be fled from. So England leaves the old faith for the new.

There are two stupendous tableaux of King Henry. In the first, it seems to us, that it is the "incarnate genius" of the "Reformation," we are looking upon—with its enormous animal passions, and its strength, and gorgeous materialism. He comes sweeping down the Thames, to the sound of trumpeter, in his great barge

of state that is all blazing with gold and color—blue and crimson on the prow, the stern canopied with crimson. There he sits with his concubine Anne, amid his courtiers and his councillors: "The man was leaning back, looking gigantic in his puffed sleeves and his wide mantle; one great arm was flung along the back of the tapestried seat, and his large head, capped with purple and feathers, was bending towards the woman who sat beyond. Chris could make out a fringe of reddish hair beneath his ear, and at the back of the flat head between the high collar and the cap. He caught a glimpse, too, of a sedate face beyond, set on a slender neck, with downcast eyes and red lips."

In the second tableau we see the same monstrous figure sunning himself like some carrion beast, in the window of his palace of Placentia.

From his practice in arranging these tableaux, Monsignor Benson has gathered a great skill in "settings." He tells us, himself, moreover, that "he is a strong believer in the significance of rooms;" and so he takes extraordinary pains with his furnishings—whether it be of Annie Hamilton's virginal boudoir ("just a trifle too expensively simple"), or Lady Brasted's drawing-room, or Father Dick Yolland's sitting-room, or old Mr. Bannister's library.

As a consequence, the books will be a perfect mine of information for future "Froissart" in the domain of social history. In the time-to-come (which Monsignor Benson has made so vivid for us in his *Lord of the World* and *The Dawn of All*) can we not imagine some Chinese savant, arriving in England, self-commissioned to do for the "stately homes of England (as they stand to-day) what Dr. Alwin Schultze[4] has done so admirably for the battlemented castles of the Middle Ages—reproduce, that is to say, the aristocratic life led in them. When Lord Talgarth's long wicker chair and little table are reposing in some museum, our Chinese social historian will, by the aid of these books, be able to reëstablish them in their proper places "in the little square among the yews in the upper terrace" of the garden at Merefield Court. Then (if he knows his business) he will load the little table with a box of cigars, a spirit bottle of iridescent glass, a syphon, and a tall tumbler (all taken from their actual places in the museum), and imagine in his proper place in the chair—Lord Talgarth, snoring. This will give you an idea of the method.

[4] *Das höfische Leben zur Zeit der Minnesinger.*

In the actual working out, the Chinese readers will be asked to accompany their guide in some mysterious thing called a "tea-train,"[5] to Merefield Court, or Crowston, or Medhurst for an institution of the period called "a week-end." A motor car will be at the "station" to meet them, or if the historian wishes, for the sake of his readers, to be as archaic and local-colorist as possible, a phaëton (an illustration will help him out here) with two black horses and a footman (in inverted commas). After a mile or two along "dust"-covered roads (a note scientific, etymological, social, historical, medical on the ancient plague of "dust") they will find themselves rolling between two gates (beside which a white-pinafored youngster "bobs" to them), and so up the drive through the park to the house. The architecture of the house will have been exhaustively treated of in a previous chapter, so the party will be allowed to hurry through the Corinthian porch, into the great hall—to find a number of people at "tea." If the season be summer, however, it is understood that tea will be served under the cedar on the upper lawn.

"Tea" is a very important meal in Father Benson's social economy, and so our Chinese historian will naturally linger over it. He will explain the significance of the women's dress, the pleasant mingling of indoor and outdoor life, the proximity of tweed and silk—a thousand things.

Now here a pitfall awaits him, unless he is of quite extraordinary circumspection. With a laudable desire to reproduce, as far as possible, for his readers, the "conversation" of the period, he will have read every line of the plays of Oscar Wilde, and Mr. George Bernard Shaw, or the novels perhaps of Mr. E. F. Benson. The consequence will be (unless, as I have said, he be very wary) that he will set his readers listening to a quick fusilade of epigrams exchanged, say, between Lord Talgarth and Mrs. Bannister.

After tea, his "party" will be at liberty to dawdle about, in the oak parlor at Esher, or in the "schoolroom" at Hinton, or Marston Park, or the billiard-room anywhere (note, historico-philosophico-economico-political on "games"), until the bell rings announcing that it is time to get into the quaint dress of the period, for dinner.

Our historian will have gone to all necessary trouble to fur-

[5] An excursus on the social significance of "tea," and a note on "train" will be found necessary.

nish forth a bedroom "of the period" with furniture carefully selected from museums. A quaint open arrangement in the wall will require some explanation. It is a "fireplace," for in those days to which they have slipped back (under his inspired erudition) heat was made "in sight," "while they wait," from the raw material, so to speak—an interesting primitive arrangement.

The dinner itself will be in a dining-room (of which there is a reconstruction in the museum which they have already seen)—walls hung with portraits, thick turkey carpet, black marble mantlepiece, long, heavy sideboard, long table set out with damask napery, silver, cutlery, glass, flowers. For the menu it will be necessary perhaps to have recourse to one of the old "cookery books" stored on their own particular shelf, for Monsignor Benson does not usually describe meals, except "tea," when he lingers genially over buttered toast and cucumber sandwiches (in their respective seasons), or lunch, for which he usually provides mutton. Other meals, too, he will describe; if they be at all characteristic or symbolical—as, for instance, Father Mahon's[6] one o'clock dinner—"roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, apple dumplings, and a single glass of port wine."

After dinner our historian will allow his readers to sit, for an hour or two with the ladies, in the "drawing-room." Here they will have an experience of which perhaps they may have read before, or know traditionally: they will see the "piano" played "by hand." When the ladies have gone to their rooms, the visitors will be conducted by their guide to the solemn session in the smoking-room, and follow the majestic ritual of the place as described in *The Conventionalists*. Old Mr. Bannister (in a velvet jacket) will preside in his pontifical chair, with a whiskey bottle, and a syphon, on a small table beside him, and the guests will dispose themselves, according to precedence, in a semi-circle around the fire. About four minutes after Mr. Bannister has laid aside the stump of his cigar, whiskey will be dispensed. Then just as the clock strikes eleven, will be uttered the formula: "How about turning in?"

Then next morning they will present themselves for breakfast in the solemn dining-room, and be gratified by the vision on the sideboard, of cold partridge, and "various silver dishes of excellently cooked food." A huge vessel called an "urn" will send up steam, like incense fumes, around the priestess of the function—the mistress of the house—Mrs. Bannister, Lady Brasted, or Lady

[6] *The Necromancers.*

Beatrice. At this meal the disposal of the day is arranged. But is there any need to go on?

I have already spoken of the gallery of women portraits to be found in these books, and lingered a little before the full-length pictures of the heroines. Let us walk in the gallery a little longer. First, there are the two beautiful old miniatures of Lady Maxwell, and her sister Mistress Margaret Torridon, in *By What Authority?* Are they not quite charming with their beautiful, withered old faces, their high-bred air, their gray silks and their lace? There is that strange woman Lady Torridon—as Sphinx-like as Leonardi's enigmatic woman—in *The King's Achievement.* There is placid Alice Babington (who can be "grande dame," too, when she pleases) in *Come Rack! Come Rope!* The *Châtelaines* in the modern books are finely differentiated. There is Mrs. Bannister of *The Conventionalists,* best described, it appears, by negatives—"a kind of least common multiple of the female nature," to whom the author finds it necessary to give "a pair of slightly protruding front teeth," to enable us to distinguish her from all other women of her kind. There is Lady Beatrice, stately and beautiful and distinguished looking, a perfect mother of Medds—except of this poor, strange, unaccountable Val. Then there is Mrs. Hamilton, with her "pose" of naturalness, and simplicity, and unconventionality—which works itself into her daughter Lady Brasted. The "young girl" in the novels shows herself in three types: the ordinary, like Mary Medd, and Mabel Marridon (and Helen Brandreth-Smith, too, in spite of her middle-class "new art"); the complex artistic-natured like Gertie Marjoribanks, and Gladys Farham; the deliberate "ingénue" like Annie Hamilton. There are hardly any children—except a somewhat symbolical baby in *A Winnowing,* and the two pig-tailed little girls of Jack Kirby, and the slum children of Mrs. Barrington in *None Other Gods,* and little James Maxwell in *The King's Achievement.*

I have also heard a careful reader comment, with some wonder, on the almost total absence of Jesuits[1]—"Father Badminton" partaking too much of the nature of Mrs. Gamp's immortal friend, Mrs. Harris.

But if Jesuits are conspicuous by their absence, there are other priests in plenty, and all very life-like and well differentiated. There are Anthony and Robin in the Elizabethan novels,

[1] He must have forgotten the superb figure of Father Campion in *By What Authority?* and *Come Rack! Come Rope!*

under whose priesthood we find the same splendid boyhood which we found so delightful in their hawking days; there is Chris Torridon, whom we see grow to his full length in the gymnasium of the Cross.[8] In the modern novels, there is, first of all, Monsignor Richard Yolland, stout, with sandy hair (inclined to bristle after the manner of "an intelligent Irish terrier," to which his friends compare him), snub-nosed, blue-eyed, freckled-faced, honest, and sturdy, and shrewd, with the kindest heart, and the straightest nature in all the world. There is the little brown chaplain, Father Baynton. There is Father Maples (in *The Sentimentalists*) whose soul dearly loves a lord. There is Father Maple, the musician-priest in *The Coward,* the only one in all Val's world who understands his malady and can cure it. For Father Maple, like Father Thorpe,[9] and Father Mahon, is a "Father in God," and it is this quality in him which helps him more than "the cultivated discrete air of him, or his music, or his kindly bright eyes," to get into touch with Val's sick soul, and bring it into the light. He has been trained in his seminary "to understand motive and intention and to interpret events by those things"—not merely "to console and say soothing things." He is expressing for a sick soul a lesson which Monsignor Benson evidently thinks of the highest benefit for a sick generation: the lesson of the cultivation of the will. This boy, with the coward's brand upon him, misunderstood by his own, driven to despair by the pseudo-science of the day, finds in the priests the knowledge that can diagnose his malady and cure it. What is the malady? An imagination over-fed and a will starved. The cure is in starving the imagination, and feeding, and strengthening the will.

"The first thing you've got to do is to understand yourself, to see that you've got those two things pulling at you—imagination and will. And the second thing you've got to do is to try and live by your will, and not by your imagination, in quite small things I mean. Muscles become strong by doing small things—using small dumb-bells—over and over again—not by using huge dumb-bells once or twice. And the way the will becomes strong is the same, doing small things you've made up your mind to do, however much you don't want to do them at the time. I mean really small things—getting up in the morning, going to bed.....Make a rule of life, by which you live—a rule about how you spend the day. And keep it; and go on keeping it. Don't dwell on what you would

[8] *The King's Achievement.* [9] *Papers of a Pariah: A Father in God.*

do if such and such a thing happened—as to whether you'd be brave or not. That's simply fatal; because it's encouraging and inciting the imagination. On the contrary, starve the imagination and feed the will."

I am afraid that Monsignor Benson is not quite as kind to his parsons as to his priests. He disclaims responsibility for the views of his friend, the broken-down actor, in *Papers of a Pariah,* but I am not quite sure that any of the parsons in the novels are much of an improvement on Mr. Marjoribanks or the rector in that entertaining book. In *An Average Man,* I fear me, he has yielded to the temptation of introducing the comic element in the unconscious person of Mr. Bennett—with his "Gadsby in C," and his use of "one" for "I," if the grammar at all permitted it, and his "bright" sermons, and his "hearty" services, and his tolerable bass, and his taste in harvest decorations. Mr. Stirling in *The Sentimentalists* is a duller reproduction of the type. Mr. Arbuthnot in *The Coward* merely fills in the landscape; Mr. Rymer in *The Necromancers* is equally negligible. In Mr. Parham-Carter was he laughing at his own young ideas?

In that most beautiful book, *The Friendship of Christ,* our author has spoken words of wonderful truth and beauty about the "princely passion" of friendship. He has introduced this "motif" into his books with great success. It gives us the human comfort we need to be able to follow to the end the bitter passion of Frank Guiseley, to know that Jack Kirby is with him—his friend. Love of father, and brother, love of women, these things have been burnt up in the fierce purgative fire—but the love of the friend has remained. And when Frank, too, like his Lord, utters his "seven last words," the name of his friend is first heard amongst them. So, too, in *The Sentimentalists* it helps us to bear the terrible cruelty of the "cleansing" of Christ, to think of Dick, his friend.

But there is one friendship, which has colored these books, more than anything else—the Friendship of Christ. In his *Confessions of a Convert,* Father Benson has told us how having caught a glimpse of the spiritual world through the music and ritual of St. Paul's, his eyes were strengthened by a remarkable book *(John Inglesant)* to see moving in its glory the Person of our Lord. It was the beginning of a romantic passion for Him, of which he is never tired of speaking—putting it, one believes, among the experiences of his characters, that he may think again and again of his own. This love for Christ is the centre of Isabel Norris' life as of

Marjorie Manners', of Mistress Margaret Torridon's, as of poor Percy Brandreth-Smith's, when, at the words of the Friar-Preacher, Father Hilary, "the love of God, which is Christ Jesus our Lord" revealed itself to him: "If he had been questioned clearly at this point he would have said that the Person of Christ had become real to him, as suddenly as if a picture had come alive. The preacher had told him nothing of the matter that he did not know before; but it appeared to him as if all he had known had been but a mask. Now the mask was dropped. This new person had qualities he had not previously dreamed of. He was no longer the pained meek Person he had thought Him.....He was huge and virile and infinitely tender. He was everything that was worth anything. He was the Heart of all color, the Melody of all music, the Perfection of all shape, the Essence of all sweetness."

Some of His "friends" love Him in His Church—Mary, the Queen, for instance, or that other royal Mary, whom we see in the prison at Chartley,[10] "exquisite in her pale beauty, and yet more exquisite in her pain," lying like a fallen flower, pale as a lily, beaten down at last by the waves and storms that had gone over her—more beautiful in her downfall and disgrace, a thousand times, than when she had come first to Holyrood, or danced in the Courts of France." The thesis is briefly stated in a conversation with Algy Bannister, in *The Conventionalists*. "I set before him that the Church is actually the Body of Christ, assumed into union with His Person, experiencing therefore what He experienced on earth, and sharing in His prerogative of Infallibility, Indefectibility, and all that flowed from them" (including the power of inspiring a passionate personal Love). It is worked out in the volume of religious essays called *Christ in the Church*.

It is a favorite method of Monsignor Benson to take some idea which has interested him, when he has met it in the course of his speculations, and work it out in a separate book. For instance the average man is a recent discovery of his. He has written a book about his religion;[11] he has evolved a tragedy from his failure to "take his chance," he has shown him in the Papal Chair.[12]

Another "thesis" with which Monsignor Benson has been much occupied, is the problem of the justification of religious persecution. He has first faced it in the *Queen's Tragedy*. He has

[10] *Come Rack! Come Rope!* [11] *The Religion of a Plain Man.*
[12] *The Dawn of All.*

looked deep into the heart and soul of Queen Mary, and found nothing but the tranquil conviction that the fires of Smithfield, wherein Latimer, and Ridley, and Cranmer died in horrible torments, burned for the glory of God and the safety of God's world. He placards his solution in *The Dawn of All,* and fingers it in *Papers of a Pariah.*

There are many other theses in these novels, for the author knowing that the novel is the way to the souls of the men and women of to-day, uses the "*genre*" boldly in the service of God. *The Necromancers* is designed to bring home to Catholics —perhaps more than to anyone else—the real and very serious dangers of Spiritism. *The Coward* is addressed to a whole generation of neurotics. *A Winnowing* is sonorous with the proclamation of the stern doctrine of the "Vocation." In *Lord of the World* he aims at showing whither the lines of "modern thought" are leading, by following them out to their logical development. *The Dawn of All* shows what (he conceives) would happen if "ancient thought" were prolonged instead. Not one of the books but has had for inspiration the desire to serve God and the neighbor. The whole output represents an enormous and beneficent apostolate. And this is, when all is duly considered, the last and best word to be said about Monsignor Benson as a novelist: "There is God in it all."

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

THE Abbé Renaudin has written an excellent historico-dogmatic treatise to prove that the doctrine of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is a dogma that may and ought to be defined. We have thought it good to summarize this volume for our readers, at times correcting the author's statements in accord with the more critical estimates of modern liturgical specialists, and adding a few details about the Feast of the Assumption which he himself has not mentioned.

In his preface, the Abbé modestly disclaims all over-dogmatism, declaring "that in the last resort the Church alone has a right to settle such a question. As she has not yet spoken, I will merely suggest different hypotheses, clearly indicating those which I prefer." To quote St. Augustine: "We are speaking tentatively rather than giving a hasty judgment."[2]

After a thorough discussion of the conditions required for dogmatic definitions, and the reasons that prompt their final utterance, the Abbé discusses in turn the doctrinal character of the Assumption, its proof in history and the Sacred Scriptures, its status as a dogma of divine apostolic tradition, and the movement in Italy, France, and Spain in favor of its definition.

The term Assumption in Catholic theology connotes three distinct things, viz., the death of the Blessed Virgin; her resurrection soon after death; and her entrance, body and soul, into heaven. In Christian antiquity, the terms used to signify the Feast of the Assumption—*dormitio* (sleeping), *pausatio* (pause), *transitus* (passing to eternity), *depositio* (placing in the grave)—emphasized particularly the fact of the Blessed Virgin's death, although by metonymy they also designated her resurrection and assumption. The words in themselves prove nothing against the doctrine, for as late as the fifteenth century, when no one questioned the Assumption, ecclesiastical writers were still using the term *dormitio*. We

[1] *La Doctrine de l'Assomption de la T. S. Vierge—Sa Définabilité comme Dogme de Foi Divine Catholique.* By D. Paul Renaudin. Paris: Pierre Téqui.

[2] *Quærendo dicimus, non sententiam præcipitamus,* Sermon XCIII., *De Scripturis,* ch. iv.

must remember too that in primitive Christianity the word *assumptio* was frequently used to designate the death of the saints, especially of the martyrs, as we may read in the *Hieronymian Martyrology*. At the present time, the word *assumptio*[3] is used exclusively to designate the Blessed Virgin's entrance into heaven, body and soul. It is employed in direct contrast to the active term *ascensio,* which signifies our Lord's bodily entrance into heaven of His own Divine Power. His Mother's assumption was due solely to the power of Almighty God.

It is universally held to-day that the Blessed Virgin died before she was assumed into heaven. St. Epiphanius (+403) is the only one of the early Fathers who is uncertain on this point, for he says: "I say not that she did not die, yet I am not certain that she did die."[4] A few theologians, moreover, in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, held that she did not die because of her Immaculate Conception, but they had little or no following.

When and where the Blessed Virgin died are matters of mere conjecture. The dates assigned for her death—A. D. 41-48—rest on no sure historical foundation. Both Ephesus and Jerusalem claim to be her place of burial. The scholars, who declare for Ephesus, point to the fact that our Lord from the cross confided his mother to St. John, and rely on a false rendering of a very obscure text of the Synodal letter of the Council of Ephesus in 431. In very recent times, Monsignor Timoni, Archbishop of Smyrna, and others quote confidently the rather doubtful discovery of the house of the Blessed Virgin unearthed at Panaghai Capouli, near Ephesus. The scholars, who declare for Jerusalem, rely upon a number of apocryphal writings which are valuable for their antiquity and their unanimity, the accounts of ancient pilgrimages such as the itinerary of Antoninus of Piacenza, and some other testimonies of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries The Jerusalem tradition is twofold, some authorities favoring Gethsemani on the Mount of Olives, and others the house of the Cenacle in Jerusalem itself.

It is only in the second half of the sixth century, that we meet with the first authentic and unquestioned documents, treating of the doctrine of the Assumption. It is true that there are a great number of apocryphal writings of the first five centuries that mention both the doctrine and the feast, but scholars to-day are unanimous in declaring these references interpolations of a later date, or

[3] Mark xvi. 19; Acts i. 2, 11, 22.

[4] *Adv. Hær.*, 78.

pseudo-writings of periods as late as the twelfth century, full of imaginary and legendary details. The chief of these apocrypha are as follows:

Prior to the Council of Ephesus: *The Gospel of the Twelve Apostles; The Death of the Virgin,* by Leucius, a pseudo-companion of the Apostles; and a Syriac work, *The Obsequies of the Holy Virgin,* fragments of which have been published by Dr. Wright in 1865.

After the Council of Ephesus: A Coptic text, published by Zœgo in his *Catalogus Codicum Copticorum;* the Gospels of the pseudo-Gamaliel and St. Bartholomew; the *De Transitu Mariæ Virginis* of the fifth century, attributed to St. Melito of Sardis (+194); the fifth century accounts attributed to St. John *(De Obitu Sanctæ Dominæ),* to St. Joseph of Arimathea, and to St. Dionysius the Areopagite *(De Divinis Nominibus);* the interpolation in the *Chronicle of Eusebius,* which is not found in the oldest manuscripts; the recently-discovered letter of St. Dionysius to Bishop Titus, which Nirschl has rather arbitrarily dated 363 A. D.; a sermon of St. Jerome, probably of the twelfth century, although Archbishop Hincmar defended its authenticity against a monk of Corbie; a sermon of St. Augustine *(De Assumptione)* of the twelfth century, and a treatise on the Assumption, which is probably the work of Fulbert of Chartres (+1029).

The principal authority for the details of the Blessed Virgin's death is St. John Damascene (+*circ.* 760), who tells us that he relies on the authority of a certain unknown writer, Euthymius. Pulcheria, the wife of the Emperor Marcion (450-457), had erected a Church of Our Lady in a suburb of Constantinople known as Blachernæ. Wishing to bury the body of the Blessed Virgin there, she wrote Bishop Juvenal of Jerusalem to that effect, but he informed her that the body of the Mother of God was not to be found in his episcopal city. She had indeed been buried in the Garden of Gethsemani, in the presence of all the Apostles save St. Thomas. He arrived three days after the burial, and wishing to venerate the body of the Blessed Virgin, had the tomb opened. The tomb was found empty, save for the linen grave clothes, which emitted a fragrant perfume. Whereupon the Apostles concluded that the Lord had taken up her body with Him into heaven.[5] All scholars regard this account as purely legendary, especially as Bishop Juvenal was an adept at forgery. His literary dishonesty

[5] P. L. xcvi., col. 690.

was most bitterly denounced by Pope Leo I. in a letter to Maximus of Antioch.[6]

Rationalistic critics like Renan[7] have often asserted that the Catholic belief in the Assumption depended entirely upon these apocryphal and legendary writings. This is not the fact. The Church has never drawn her teaching from such impure sources. On the contrary, she has utterly ignored and distrusted them, forbidding, in the so-called Decree of Gelasius, the faithful even to read the most important of them all, the *De Transitu Mariæ* of the pseudo-Melito. Moreover, although she inserted in the office of the fourth day within the Octave of the Assumption, the account of St. John Damascene, which reproduced, as the text declared, "an ancient and very trustworthy tradition," she very carefully suppressed the words *very trustworthy,* so as not to vouch for the legendary details connected with the doctrine.

There are two views among Catholic scholars regarding the value and use of these apocryphal writings. Some maintain that they may be cited as an historical proof of the Church's belief at the time of their composition, and that, though we may set aside the legendary details, we are to accept the fact of the Assumption as a doctrine handed down by the Church's oral tradition. Others hold that it is better to ignore their testimony altogether, until we become more certain of their origin, and date of composition. At any rate, the Church is, in her belief, perfectly independent of these apocryphal documents, and could see them all disappear with the greatest equanimity. For as Dom Renaudin says: "It is not probable that the opinion of an author, more or less trustworthy, originating in the fifth century, could have suddenly spread throughout the East and West, in such a way as to be accepted by Churches widely separated from one another, and to have caused in so many different cities the immediate institution of a solemn feast. Such an agreement could not have been the result of chance. It must have come about through the universal persuasion among the Christian people that the doctrine of the Assumption was officially taught as the authentic teaching of an apostolic oral tradition."[8]

Someone might object that it seems strange the Fathers of the first five centuries are silent about the doctrine of the Assumption. But as St. Augustine said in his treatise on Baptism:[9] "There are

[6] P. L. liv., col. 1,044.
[7] *Origines du Christianisme,* vol. vi., p. 513.
[8] *De la Définition Dogmatique de l'Assomption.* Angers, 1900, p. 21.
[9] V. 23; P. L. xliii., col. 192.

many things that the Universal Church maintains, and that we reasonably believe were preached by the Apostles, although they never have been put in writing." In matters of tradition and belief, prescription in the Church has the force of law, and the providential rule of doctrinal development permits of a teaching that was implicitly held at one age, being explicitly set forth in the Church's preaching, liturgy, and written testimony of a later age. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception is another instance in point, for there are no explicit testimonies for it in the first few centuries. It became prominent about the same time as the doctrine of the Assumption, *i. e.*, in the sixth century.

Moreover, we may readily conjecture some reasons for the silence of the early Fathers. Perhaps they feared that certain heretics might cite this doctrine in proof of their errors. The Valentinians, for instance, might have used it to confirm their heretical notions about the body of the Saviour, which they thought was formed of a celestial and impassable substance. Perhaps, again, they may have kept the cultus of the Blessed Virgin in the background, because of the people's proneness to idolatry at that time. Besides in those days of bitter persecution and bitter controversy on the most essential dogmas of the faith, it is easy to see how a subsidiary doctrine like the Assumption might rarely have been mentioned. From what we shall see later on of the clear teaching of the sixth century onwards, we are right in concluding that the only satisfactory explanation of the origin of this doctrine, is the firm conviction of the Church of its being a doctrine handed down by oral tradition from the Apostles.

From the very first days of Christianity there was an instinctive feeling among Christians that prompted them to celebrate the days on which the martyrs suffered. Later on the custom spread with regard to other classes of saints, such as virgins, confessors, and the like. The Church naturally met this popular feeling by making these anniversaries public solemnities, or feasts. It would seem natural for the faithful to celebrate in some way the death of the Mother of God, especially after the Council of Ephesus. As most of the ancient feasts originated either at the tomb of a martyr, or at some of the holy places in Palestine, it may be conjectured that the feast of the Assumption arose near the tomb of the Blessed Virgin at Gethsemani.

One of the earliest feasts we know of "in memory of the Holy and Ever Virgin Mary, Mother of God," was kept at Antioch

about the year 380. It commemorates the death of the Blessed Virgin, but says nothing of her Assumption.[10] In a life of St. Theodosius (+529), a monk who lived near Jerusalem in the sixth century, there is mention of a solemn feast of the Blessed Virgin, which Baumer conjectures to have been a Feast of the Assumption.[11] He places the date as 507, but gives no reasons for his hypothesis.

The Emperor Maurice (582-602), the friend and contemporary of St. Gregory the Great, is said to have ordered the Feast of the Assumption to be solemnly kept throughout the Empire on the fifteenth of August. Although this fact comes to us on the authority of a Greek historian of the fourteenth century, Nicephorus Callisti (+1341), it is generally accepted as authentic by modern liturgists and historians. He certainly had access to many documents that are now lost.

St. Modestus, Patriarch of Jerusalem (+634), is one of the oldest unquestioned testimonies that come to us from the East. He wrote a panegyric on the Assumption, which, while full of legendary details, bears clear witness to the existence of the feast as early as the seventh century.[12]

According to Kellner,[13] the feast in the East was certainly older than the sixth century, "for not only the heretical sects, which separated from the Church in the fifth century, such as the Monophysites and the Nestorians, preserved this festival at the time of their separation, but most ancient national Churches, such as the Armenians and the Ethiopians, have it in their calendars."[14]

In the West the most ancient writer to speak of the Assumption is St. Gregory of Tours (+593).[15] He writes: "The Lord had the most holy body (of the Virgin) taken into heaven, where, reunited to her soul, it now enjoys with the elect, happiness without end.....Mary, the glorious Mother of Christ, was taken up into heaven by the Lord, whilst the angelic choirs sang hymns of joy." In another passage,[16] he tells us that a feast of the Blessed Virgin was solemnly celebrated with a vigil about the middle of the eleventh month, *i. e.*, January. Many believe the feast referred to is the Feast

[10] Baumstark, *Römische Quartalschrift*, 1897, p. 55.

[11] *Histoire du Bréviaire*, vol. i., p. 267.

[12] P. G. lxxxvi., cols. 3,277-3,312.

[13] *Heortology*, p. 237.

[14] The belief in the Assumption was solemnly professed by the Armenian Bishops at the Council of Sis in 1342 (Mansi, 25, 1,185), and by the Greeks at the Council of Jerusalem in 1672.

[15] *De Gloria Mart.*, i., 109; P. L. xxxi., col. 708.

[16] *Ibid.*, 713.

of the Assumption, but others think he alludes to the Feast of the Maternity. The first clear mention of the feast in the West is in the Canons of Bishop Sonnatius of Rheims, which were composed about the year 630.[17] Le Blant[18] has called attention to an inscription of the year 676, which clearly speaks of the feast celebrated on August 15th. Other seventh century witnesses of the feast are the Gothic Missal,[19] the Gallican Missal,[20] and the Bobbio Missal, which was used by Irish missionaries in Gaul.

We have no information whatever regarding the introduction of the Feast of the Assumption into Rome. We know that the oldest feast of our Lady celebrated there was on January 1st, the Octave of our Saviour's birth. It was first kept at Santa Maria Maggiore, and later at Santa Maria ad Martyres. All other feasts of our Lady were probably of Byzantine origin. Under Sergius I. (687-701), the Feast of the Assumption, was with the Feasts of the Nativity and the Annunciation, one of the chief Roman solemnities. The Liber Pontificalis speaks of it,[21] without implying in any way that it was of recent institution, so that some scholars have inferred that it went back to the days of Pope Gregory the Great (590-604). Duchesne denies this emphatically, saying: "It is certain that the Feasts of the Nativity and the *Dormitio* of the Blessed Virgin were not in existence in the time of St. Gregory. Not only does he never make mention of them, but the same is true of all the documents bearing on the Roman usage prior to, or considered prior to, the sixth century, such as the Calendar of Carthage, the Leonian Sacramentary, etc. But what is still more conclusive, these festivals were still unknown to the Anglo-Saxon Church at the beginning of the eighth century."[22]

About 847, Leo IV. ordered that the Feast of the Assumption should be celebrated with a vigil and octave in the basilica of St. Lawrence without the walls. We do not hear of it again for a century. In 858, Pope Nicholas I., in his response to the Bulgarians, mentions the fast on the vigil of the Assumption as "an ancient custom."

Duchesne believes that this feast is a Byzantine importation, which passed from Rome to Gaul, as soon as they adopted the Roman liturgy. Kellner questions this, saying: "In the Gothic-Gallican Missal of the seventh or eighth century, edited by Mabillon,

[17] P. L. lxxx., col. 446. [18] *Inscriptions Crêt. de la Gaule,* vol. i., p. 181.
[19] No. 317 in Queen Christina's Collection at the Vatican Library.
[20] No. 493 in the Palatine Collection at the Vatican.
[21] Edit. Duchesne, vol. i., p. 376. [22] Duchesne, *Christian Worship,* p. 272.

the festival is placed on January 18th and not on August 15th, as is also the case in the Lectionary of Luxeuil of the seventh century. This circumstance points to the conclusion that, independently of Byzantine influence, it was observed already at an earlier date in other parts of the Church as well, and came into existence spontaneously, so to speak."[23]

There is a great deal of uncertainty about the date on which the Feast of the Assumption was celebrated. The primitive date in the West seems to have been January 18th, for that is the day mentioned in Gregory of Tours, the Lectionary of Luxeuil, the Bobbio Missal, and in many of the ancient calendars and martyrologies. Baumer says that the monks in Egypt and Arabia kept this date, and that the monks of Gaul adopted it with many other usages of Egypt. In the Greek Church, some observed the feast in January with the monks of Egypt, and some in August with the monks of Palestine. The Emperor Maurice most likely made the observance uniform in the seventh century. One martyrology of the West[24] speaks of January 22d, and the Coptic Church placed the feast on January 16th (21 Tybi).

In the eighth and ninth centuries, we find the feast mentioned by the Council of Salsburg in 799, in the Council of Mayence in 813, in the rule of St. Chrodegang, Bishop of Mayence, and in the laws of Herard, Archbishop of Tours. In the East, we have three homilies each of St. Andrew, Archbishop of Crete (+720), St. Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople (+733), and of St. John Damascene (+760). It is also mentioned by Cosmas, Bishop of Majuma in Palestine (+781), St. Theodore Studites (+826), and St. Joseph the Hymnographer (+833). From this time the witnesses become more numerous. A complete list of the chief writers who speak either of the doctrine or Feast of the Assumption from the tenth century onwards will be found in Chapter III. of the Abbé Renaudin's treatise.[25]

It is true that at the end of the eighth and during part of the ninth century, there were some writers who either questioned the fact of the Assumption, or declared, in view of the apocryphal accounts of it, that " piety and honesty both demanded a confession of ignorance " on the part of the true Catholic scholar. For example, a pseudo-letter of St. Jerome to Paula and Eustochium of the eighth century, written probably by Abbot Autbert of St. Vincent, warns the faithful against the apocryphal *De Transitu Virginis,*

[23] *Heortology*, p. 238. [24] *Martyr. Luccense of Fiorentini.* [25] Pages 87-94.

and urges them "not to take its doubtful assertions for certain truth." The writer then adds: "Many of us doubt whether she was assumed together with her body, or whether she departed this life, having separated from her body. How, when or by whom her most sacred body was taken away, where it was conveyed, or whether she rose again, we do not know."[26]

The supposed authority of St. Jerome misled a number of mediæval theologians, who professed their utter ignorance of the fact of the Assumption. Among them we may mention the martyrologies of Ado and Usuard (858 and 860), the Capitularies of Charlemagne, the writings of the pseudo-Augustine and Idelphonsus. But, as the Abbé Renaudin asserts, "these are only rare discordant voices in the general concert of homage rendered to the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin by the Popes, the liturgies of the East and West, the teaching of the Fathers, the preaching of the Bishops, and the firm conviction of the faithful everywhere."

Since the ninth century, the doctrine has rarely been questioned. In August, 1497, the Dominican, Jean Morcelle, while preaching in St. Benedict's Church of Paris, made a number of statements contrary to the accepted teaching on the Assumption. He was forced at once by the Sorbonne to retract. At the Cathedral of Paris, Usuard's martyrology, which ignored the Assumption, was read until 1540, when a homily explicitly setting forth the doctrine was substituted. A century later (1668), Canon Claude Joly managed to have the old martyrology restored, and at once a bitter controversy arose, in which the orthodox doctrine was ably defended against him by two other doctors of the University, Jacques Gaudin and Nicolas Billiard. Some of the Jansenists denied the Assumption, for in one of their books on the Rosary we read: "We must keep silence about the Assumption, and not honor the Blessed Virgin by rashness and lying."[27] The French historian Tillemont said that he was opposed to the doctrine of the Assumption "according to the principles of history, and not according to the principles of theology," a false distinction condemned in the modernism of the twentieth century. Nöel Alexander also questioned this doctrine, but when called to account for it by his superiors, he asserted that he had simply meant to teach "that the Assumption was not a dogma defined by the Church."[28]

The last controversy on the doctrine dates from the end of the

[26] P. L. xxx., col. 122.
[27] *La Solide Devotion du Rosaire.*
[28] *Hist. Eccles.* II., ch. ii., art. 3, sec. 1.

eighteenth century. Dr. Marant, a professor of history at Louvain, denied, in the name of historical criticism, the fact of the Assumption, and when accused of rashness by some of the other professors, wrote a work against it, which was refuted by the Abbés Salmon, Van den Bavière, and Van den Driesch (1787, 1788). All these controversies in the long run were beneficial, as they resulted in theologians carefully distinguishing the solid from the faulty arguments frequently brought forward by over zealous but not over learned disputants. For example, it is generally admitted to-day that the two texts often cited in the past to prove the Assumption—Luke i. 28 and Genesis iii. 15—are by no means rigorous proofs, although once the doctrine is otherwise proved, they might give some intimation of the true teaching. The Abbé Renaudin devotes some thirty pages to the Scriptural proofs of the doctrine, but we were not impressed with this part of his work. It is true that he sets forth accurately the typical sense of the Sacred Scriptures, and its use and interpretation by our Lord;[29] St. Paul,[30] and the other Apostles.[31] But he fails to grasp that the use of such types as the Ark of Noah, the Ark of the Covenant, the Burning Bush, the Spouse of the Canticle of Canticles, etc., with reference to the Assumption of our Lady is merely oratorical coloring, and in no sense dogmatic proof.

In a most important chapter, entitled "The Divine-Apostolic Tradition," the Abbé Renaudin shows conclusively that the Assumption is a doctrine that could only have originated by a special revelation of our Lord to the Apostles. "How did they know this doctrine?" he asks, and then he suggests five possible hypotheses:

1. They inferred the Assumption from the fact that they did not find the Blessed Virgin's body in the tomb (St. John Damascene);

2. They saw her body miraculously carried up to heaven by the ministry of angels;

3. They saw her going up to heaven as once they had seen the Lord;

4. They perceived her body in heaven, as St. Stephen once saw the heavens opened; or

5. God revealed this prerogative of His Mother by a special revelation.

[29] Matt. xvii. 12; xxi. 42; Mark xii. 10; Luke xx. 17; John iii. 14; xiii. 18, and xv. 25.

[30] 1 Cor. xv. 45; Rom. v. 14; Gal. iv. 22; Col. ii. 16.

[31] 1 Peter iii. 20, 21; John xix. 36.

He concludes in favor of the last hypothesis, declaring that only on this supposition can we account for the wide and general acceptance of this doctrine by the faithful, and its clear presentation to us to-day by the Church's ordinary magisterium.

He tells us in detail of the various *supplica* that have been forwarded to Rome in late years in favor of the definition of the doctrine of the Assumption as a dogma of faith, though he is very careful to state that at present "the doctrine is only certain, and cannot be denied without the greatest rashness." The ordinary magisterium has not as yet given any pronouncement regarding its origin, and has not as yet presented it to the faithful as a part of the deposit of the faith. He hopes with many a devout soul that some day it will be promulgated by the Church as a dogma of the faith, as in 1854 the Immaculate Conception was by Pope Pius IX.

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ST. PAUL AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST.[1]

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY.

I. INTRODUCTION.

IT is in the main to the First Epistle to the Corinthians that we must turn for what the Apostle has to tell us on this great subject; but in a paper like the present, which must be confined to a brief outline of the leading features, it is necessary to enter a preliminary protest as to the nature of the evidence. St. Paul never wrote an epistle without a definite purpose, and he never set forth doctrine in an epistle without a practical reason. Like the rest of the Apostles, it was upon his oral teaching that he mainly relied. He delivered his full teaching to his converts in person; afterwards he did not write except to meet a real need. In the case of the Corinthians he wrote because things had gone wrong. Even then he confines himself to what is barely necessary for his purpose: he supplies the dogmatic motive for greater reverence, he gives one or two practical directions, and so he breaks off: "anything else I shall arrange when I come."[2] What would we not give for more? But Divine Providence designed to show us that, like the Corinthians, we must look primarily to the Living Voice for our guidance.

II. RITUAL.

To begin, then, with what may be called the question of ritual. Our first difficulty concerns the relation of the Eucharist to the taking of ordinary food. Our Lord had instituted the Blessed Sacrament at the end of supper. We gather from the Acts that the first Christians in Jerusalem attended the temple services with their fellow-Jews, and only in the evening sat down to a common meal, perhaps divided into "house-churches," and only after their usual supper partook of the Holy Eucharist.[3] After that time,

[1] Being a paper read at the Catholic Congress at Cardiff, July 10-13, 1914. It is largely based on the author's edition of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, in the Westminster Version, to which the reader may be referred for further explanations.

[2] 1 Cor. xi. 34.

[3] Acts ii. 42-46.

apart from the present passage, there does not appear to be any clear case of a connection of the Blessed Eucharist with an ordinary meal. Naturally, therefore, we examine the passage before us closely to see what is the precise connection between the two which it implies. Now St. Paul appears to object to the ordinary meal preceding the Holy Eucharist. His words are these (I translate literally from the Greek): "When you meet together, it is not possible to eat the Lord's Supper; for at the eating each taketh his own supper first, and one is hungry, while another is overdrinking himself. Have you not then homes for eating and drinking? Or do you despise the Church of God, and put those who lack to shame?"[4] From the fact that St. Paul blames those who take their own supper first, and asks them whether they cannot eat and drink at home, it seems right to conclude that he wished to exclude all ordinary eating and drinking altogether. And this is confirmed by what he says at the end: "If any one is hungry, let him eat at home, lest it be unto judgment that you come together."[5] It may be, then, that the custom of first taking an ordinary meal was still in use at Jerusalem, but that St. Paul had thought it unwise to allow it among the Gentile churches, and was now repressing its introduction, perhaps, from the Mother Church. In any case he may have had much to do with the severance of the Eucharist and the ordinary meal. Nevertheless we may notice that the conjunction of the Holy Eucharist with the evening repast, the food of the soul after the food of the body, may have served to bring out its sacramental function of nutrition.

To come now to speak of the more immediate ritual of the Eucharist. The faithful in a large city such as Corinth seem to have been divided into house-churches, that is to say, they would meet in the larger private houses, and presumably there would be one priest for each house-church. Each larger city had its college of priests. Originally the faithful at Jerusalem probably reclined on couches both for their supper and for the Eucharist that followed, as our Lord Himself seems to have done; but if the Pauline churches never took this repast along with the Eucharist, it is possible that they stood for the latter from the first. The bread was doubtless ordinary bread; our Lord seems to have used it—though this is a big question into which we may not enter—and they would probably find it difficult to get any other. Besides, for the first six centuries or so the whole Church was using nothing else. Probably one loaf

[4] 1 Cor. xi. 20-22. [5] 1 Cor. xi. 34.

was broken for all, and there was one cup, but larger than now, and presumably with a rather larger proportion of water than is now usual, for Jews and Greeks and Romans all took much water with their wine, which appears to have been stronger than ours. Nothing seems to have been left over; reservation does not seem to be absolutely primitive. It was in the middle of a prayer, the later *anaphora,* that the celebrant would introduce the narrative containing the words of institution, and at the conclusion of the prayer communion would be given under both kinds, possibly followed by the kiss of peace.

If, as seems rather more likely, there was in these earliest times only one regular meeting of Christians daily, for the evening Eucharist, after the day's work was done, then much else must certainly have taken place at this meeting, which we cannot stop to describe. Before the Eucharist there would be reading from Holy Scripture, as in the Mass to-day; and afterwards the *charismata,* or extraordinary spiritual gifts, would be exercised, chief among them prophecy and speaking with tongues. The latter was probably a repetition of the gift of Pentecost, symbolizing the world-wide mission of the Church. St. Paul felt it necessary to lay down stringent rules for the exercise of these gifts. The collection of alms on the first day of the week[6] is one of the slight indications of the new significance of that day.

III. THE REAL PRESENCE.

There was much, therefore, in the externals that might take us by surprise, even apart from the absence of vestments, large churches, and the like; but with the doctrine, of course, it is otherwise. The Real Presence is clearly presupposed. St. Paul, as has been said, does not touch on doctrine except with a practical purpose; he is not teaching the Corinthians the Real Presence as something new, but is using it as a motive for reverence, just as in the Epistle to the Philippians his very precise formulation of Christ's Godhead is merely part of an exhortation to humility. To be mentioned as motives, these dogmas must have been already well known to St. Paul's Christians. "This is My Body:"[7] if these words did not mean what they said, they would not supply the necessary motive. "This chalice is the New Testament in My Blood." Obviously the New Testament is not a material liquid; obviously,

[6] 1 Cor. xvi. 2. [7] 1 Cor. xi. 24.

therefore, the meaning is, 'In this cup is My Blood, which is to seal and ratify the New Testament, just as Moses[8] with sacrificial blood sealed and ratified the Old." St. Paul himself goes on to press home the motive which he has used, declaring that whoso shall eat the Bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord.[9] And a little earlier he had said, "The chalice of blessing which we bless, is it not (literally) communion of the Blood of Christ?"[10] that is, communion with Him and also with each other, union with Him and with each other, through the drinking of His Blood. And so of His Body; "the Bread which we break, is it not communion of (or union in) the Body of Christ? Though many we are one bread, one body; for we all partake of the one Bread." Here once more it is implied that we indeed partake of the Body and Blood of Christ, and it is precisely because the Bread is His Body that It is everywhere and in all receivers one and the same.

IV. THE SACRIFICE.

And his words are scarcely less clear about the sacrifice offered in the Eucharist than about the Real Presence. It seems very likely that the right reading in his version of the consecration of the bread—at all events a reading with which we must reckon—is simply, "This is My Body, in your behalf;" that is perhaps the nearest approach that we can make in English to the very short Greek form. As a matter of fact, this latter very likely supposes a longer form as familiar to his Christians; but let us leave this possibility out of account. How is Christ's Body "in your behalf?" To understand this, we had better proceed at once to consider the consecration of the chalice: "This chalice is the New Testament (or covenant) in My Blood." In these words all commentators find an allusion to Exodus xxiv. 7, 8, where Moses divides the blood of the victims into two parts, sprinkling half on the altar and half on the people, saying, "Behold the blood of the covenant which the Lord hath made with you." Our Lord consciously alludes to this scene and to these words: He Himself is the Victim Whose Blood is the Blood of the New Covenant. He died but once, yet the life-giving stream of His sacrificial Blood never ceases to flow. It is His very death, as St. Paul tells us, which is proclaimed or set forth. It is the sacrifice of Calvary, therefore,

[8] Exod. xxiv. 8. [9] 1 Cor. xi. 27. [10] 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

which is represented in an unbloody manner. And it is in this sense, then, that the Lord's Body is "in our behalf." The Holy Eucharist is the constant renewal of the great propitiatory sacrifice.

A little earlier in the Epistle, St. Paul had already made it clear that he regarded the Eucharist as a sacrifice, by comparing it both with the sacrifices of the Old Law and of heathendom. Thus he says: "You cannot drink the chalice of the Lord and the chalice of devils; you cannot partake of the table of the Lord and of the table of devils."[11] He is warning the Christians against idolatry, and there is no possible doubt that in speaking of "the chalice of devils" and "the table of devils" he is referring to the pagan sacrifice; hence from the close parallel which he draws between the Holy Eucharist and these, we conclude that he regards the Holy Eucharist as a sacrifice too. And this conclusion is put beyond doubt when we realize that this phrase, "the table of the Lord," and the earlier sentence, "(What they sacrifice) they sacrifice to demons and not to God," are taken from the first chapter of the prophet Malachy, verses seven and twelve. Between these two verses stands the great prophecy of the sacrifice of the Gentiles, already a standard text even in the second century. Almighty God no more takes pleasure in the offering of the Jews: "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense and a pure oblation shall be offered to My name, for My name shall be great among the Gentiles." It is inconceivable that St. Paul had not this prophecy in his mind when he was quoting words just before and just after it, and was likening the Holy Eucharist to the sacrifices of Jew and pagan; it strongly confirms the conclusion drawn from the rest of his language on the subject.

V. THE PLACE OF THE EUCHARIST IN ST. PAUL'S THOUGHT.

Finally we may consider what place the Holy Eucharist held in St. Paul's whole thought. The dominating idea of St. Paul is our corporate union with Christ in His mystical Body: He is the Head; we, who compose the Church, are the members. From the waters of Baptism the Christian rises in glory like Christ from the tomb; the old man, the man of sin, the flesh has all been crucified, and now he shares the glory of the risen Lord, glorious limb of a glorious Head. From Him he receives his life, that Christ-life

[11] 1 Cor. x. 21.

which raises his soul to a higher plane, and is called sanctifying grace. Now it is the nutrition of this Christ-life that is the function of the Holy Eucharist. "What is the bread?" asks St. John Chrysostom, that greatest of St. Paul's interpreters. "The Body of Christ. And what do they become who receive It? The Body of Christ."[12] That is St. Paul's true thought, and it has been well suggested that it was the Holy Eucharist itself that suggested to him—under Divine Providence—the doctrine of the mystical Body. The Holy Eucharist, therefore, in so far as It is the offering of Calvary renewed, tells us of Christ's crucifixion, and of all it means to us, and of our own necessary crucifixion in and with Him, pending the time when our flesh too shall be glorified: and in so far as it is spiritual nutrition, it sustains the life of the risen Christ within us, of Him Whose members we are. Such is the place which the Holy Eucharist occupies in Pauline theology; it sums up all that is most sublime alike in the teaching and in the practice of the Apostle. And as through this Blessed Sacrament we learn daily better the full significance of the cross, and become more closely one with Christ in this grace and glory, we echo with ever great truth that supreme cry of the great Apostle, "'Tis no longer I that live, 'tis Christ liveth in me."[13]

[12] Chrysostom in 1 Cor.: Hom. xxiv.

[13] Gal. ii. 20.

VOX MYSTICA.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE REV. PHILIP RIVERS PATER, SQUIRE AND PRIEST, 1834–1909.

BY ROGER PATER.

V.

THE ASTROLOGER'S LEGACY.

MAY 26th, St. Philip's feast, is the squire's birthday, and every year he celebrates the day by giving a little dinner party to a few very intimate friends. But, as he says, rather sadly, "I have outlived most of my generation," and, for some years past, the whole number, including the host and a guest or two who may be staying at the Hall, has seldom reached as many as ten.

On the first birthday for which I was present, there were only half a dozen of us in all at the dinner. These were, first, Father Bertrand, an English Dominican Friar, and one of the squire's oldest friends, who usually spent some weeks with him every summer. Second, Sir John Gervase, a local baronet and antiquarian, who, besides being an F. S. A., and one of the greatest living authorities on stained glass, was also one of the few Catholic gentry in the neighborhood of Stanton Rivers. The third was Herr Aufrecht, a German professor, who had come to England to study some manuscripts in the British Museum, and had brought a letter of introduction from a common friend in Munich. Fourth, there was the rector of the next parish, who had been a fellow of one of the colleges at Cambridge for most of his life, but had accepted the living, which was in the gift of his college, a few years previously, and had since become very intimate with the old squire, who, with myself, completed the number.

The mansion of Stanton Rivers is built round a little quadrangle, of which the servants' quarters and kitchen occupy the north side, the dining room being at the north end of the west wing. When we are alone, however, the squire has all meals served in the morning room; a small cheerful apartment on the east

side of the house, with dull, ivory-colored walls, hung with exquisite old French pastels, and furnished entirely with Chippendale furniture, designed expressly for the squire's grandfather by the famous cabinet maker; the original contract and bills for which are preserved in the family archives.

The birthday dinner, however, as befits an "institution" is always served in the dining-room proper, which is approached through the beautiful long apartment, stretching the whole length of the west wing, which the squire has made into the library. The dining-room is large and finely proportioned, and has its original Jacobean decoration, the walls being panelled in dark oak, with a carved cornice and plaster ceiling delicately moulded with a strapwork design, in which the cockle shells of the Rivers' escutcheon are repeated again and again in combination with the leopards' heads of Stanton. The broad, deep fireplace has polished steel "dogs" instead of a grate, and above it is a carved overmantle reaching to the ceiling, and emblazoned with all the quarterings the united families can boast, with their two mottoes, which combine so happily, *Sans Dieu rien* and *Garde ta Foy.*

I think the squire would prefer not to use the dining-room even for his birthday dinner, but he hasn't the heart to sadden Avison, the butler, by suggesting this. Indeed the occasion is Avison's annual opportunity, and he glories in decking out the table with the finest things the house possesses in the way of family plate, glass and china; while Mrs. Parkin the cook, and Saunders the gardener, in their respective capacities, second his efforts with the utmost zeal.

The evening was an exquisite one, and we sat in the library talking and watching the changing effects of the fading lights, as they played on the garden before the windows, until Avison threw open the folding doors and announced that dinner was served. Hitherto I had only seen the room in *déshabillé,* and it was quite a surprise to see how beautiful it now looked. The dark panelling, reflecting the warm sunset glow which came in through the broad mullioned windows, formed a perfect background to the dinner table, with its shaded candles, delicate flowers, and gleams of light from glass and plate; and I felt that Avison's effort was really an artistic triumph. The same thought, I fancy, struck the rest of the guests, for no sooner had Father Bertrand said grace, than Sir John burst out in admiration:

"My dear squire, what exquisite things you do possess! Some

day I shall come and commit a burglary on you. Your glass and silver are a positive temptation."

The host smiled, but I noticed that his eyes were fixed on the centre of the table, and that the eyelids were slightly drawn down, an expression I had learned to recognize as a sign of annoyance, carefully controlled. Following his gaze, I glanced at the table centre, but before I could decide what it was, the German professor, who was sitting next me, broke out in a genial roar.

"Mein Gott, Herr Pater, but what is this?" and he pointed to the exquisite piece of plate in the centre of the table.

"We call it the Cellini fountain, Herr Aufrecht," answered the squire, "though it is certainly not a fountain but a rose-water dish, and I can give you very little evidence that it is really Cellini's work."

"Effidence," exclaimed the German, "it has its own effidence. What more want you? None but Benvenuto could broduce such a one. But how did you come to possess it?"

There was no doubt about the eyelids now, and I feared the other guests would notice their host's annoyance, but the squire controlled his voice perfectly as he answered:

"Oh, it has been in the family for more than three centuries; Sir Hubert Rivers, the ancestor whose portrait hangs at the foot of the stairs, is believed to have brought it back from Italy."

I thought I could guess the cause of his annoyance now, for the ancestor in question had possessed a most unenviable reputation, and, by a strange trick of heredity, the squire's features were practically a reproduction of Sir Hubert's; a fact which was a source of no little secret chagrin to the saintly old priest. Fortunately, at this point, the rector turned the conversation down another channel; Herr Aufrecht did not pursue the subject further; and the squire's eyelids soon regained their normal elevation.

As the meal advanced the German came out as quite a brilliant talker, and the conversational ball was kept up so busily between Father Bertrand, the rector, and himself that the other three of us had little to do but listen and be entertained. A good deal of the talk was above my head, however, and during these periods my attention came back to the great rose-water dish which shone and glittered in the centre of the table.

In the first place I had never seen it before, which struck me as a little odd, for Avison had discovered my enthusiasm for old silver, and so had taken me to the pantry and displayed all the

plate for my benefit. However, I concluded that so valuable a piece was probably put away in the strong room, which would account for its not appearing with the rest.

What puzzled me more was the unusual character of the design, for every curve and line of the beautiful piece seemed purposely arranged to concentrate the attention on a large globe of rock crystal, which formed the centre and summit of the whole. The actual basin, filled with rose water, extended beneath this ball, which was supported by four exquisite silver figures, and the constant play of reflected lights between the water and the crystal was so fascinating that I wondered the idea had never been repeated; yet, so far as my knowledge went, the design was unique.

Seated as I was at the foot of the table, I faced the squire, and after a while I noticed that he too had dropped out of the conversation, and had his gaze fixed on the crystal globe. All at once his eyes dilated and his lips parted quickly, as if in surprise, while his gaze became concentrated with an intensity that startled me. This lasted for fully a minute, and then Avison happened to take away his plate. The distraction evidently broke the spell, whatever it was, for he began to talk again, and, as it seemed to me, kept his eyes carefully away from the crystal during the rest of the meal.

After we had drunk the squire's health, we retired to the library, where Avison brought us coffee, and about ten o'clock Sir John's carriage was announced. He had promised to give the rector a lift home, so the two of them soon departed together, and only the professor and Father Bertrand were left with the squire and myself. I felt a little afraid lest Herr Aufrecht should return to the subject of the Cellini fountain, but to my surprise, as soon as the other two were gone, the squire himself brought up the subject, which I thought he wished to avoid.

"You seemed interested in the rose-water fountain, Herr Aufrecht," he remarked, "would you like to examine it now that the others are gone?"

The German beamed with delight, and accepted the proposal volubly, while the squire rang the bell for Avison, and ordered him to bring the Cellini fountain to the library for Herr Aufrecht to see. The butler looked almost as pleased as the professor, and in a minute the splendid piece of plate was placed on a small table, arranged in the full light of a big shaded lamp.

The professor's flow of talk stopped abruptly as the conversa-

tionalist gave place to the connoisseur. Seating himself beside the little table, he produced a pocket lens, and proceeded to examine every part of the fountain with minute care, turning it slowly round as he did so. For fully five minutes he sat in silence, absorbed in his examination, and I noticed that his attention returned continually to the great crystal globe, supported by the four lovely figures, which formed the summit of the whole. Then he leaned back in his chair and delivered his opinion.

"It is undoubtedly by Cellini," he said, "and yet the *schema* is not like him. I think the patron for whom he labored did compel him thus to fashion it. That great crystal ball at top—no, it is not what Benvenuto would do of himself. Think you not so?" and he turned to the squire with a look of interrogation.

"I will tell you all I know about it in a minute, professor," answered the old priest, "but first please explain to me why you think Cellini was not left free in the design."

"Ach so," replied the German, "it is the crystal globe. He is too obvious, too assertive; how is it you say in English, he 'hit you in the eye.' You haf read the *Memoirs* of Benvenuto?" The squire nodded. "Ach, then you must see it, yourself. Do you not remember the great morse he make, the cope-clasp for Clement VII.? The Pope show to him his great diamond, and demand a model for a clasp with it set therein. The other artists, all of them, did make the diamond the centre of the whole design. But Cellini? No. He put him at the feet of God the Father, so that the lustre of the great gem would set off all the work, but should not dominate the whole, for *ars est celare artem.* Now here," and he laid his hand upon the crystal globe," here it is otherwise. These statuette, they are perfection, in efery way they are worth far more than is the crystal. Yet, the great ball, he crush them, he kill them. You see him first, last, all the time. No, he is there for a purpose, but the purpose is not that of the design, not an artistic purpose, no. I am sure of it, he is there for use."

As he finished speaking, he turned quickly towards the squire, and looked up at him with an air of conviction. I followed his example, and saw the old priest smiling quietly with an expression of admiration and agreement.

"You are perfectly right, professor," he said quietly, "the crystal was put there with a purpose, at least so I firmly believe; and I expect you can tell us also what the purpose was."

"No, no, Herr Pater," answered the other. "If you know

the reason, why make I guesses at it? Better you should tell us all about it, is it not so?"

"Very well," replied the squire, and he seated himself beside the little table. Father Bertrand and myself did the same, and when we were all settled, he turned to the professor and began:

"I mentioned at dinner that this piece of plate was brought from Italy by Sir Hubert Rivers, and, first of all, I must tell you something about him. He was born about the year 1500, and lived to be over ninety years old, so his life practically coincides with the sixteenth century. His father died soon after Hubert came of age, and he thus became a person of some importance while still quite young. He was knighted by Henry VIII. a year or two later, and soon afterwards was sent to Rome in the train of the English ambassador.

"There his brilliant parts attracted attention, and he soon abandoned his diplomatic position, and became a member of the Papal entourage, though without any official position. When the breach between Henry and the Pope took place, he attached himself to the suite of the Imperial Ambassador, thus avoiding any trouble with his own sovereign, who could not afford to quarrel still further with the Emperor, as well as any awkward questions as to his religious opinions.

"Of his life in Rome I can tell you practically nothing, but if tradition be true, he was a typical son of the Renaissance. He played with art, literature, and politics; and he more than played with astrology and the black arts, being, in fact, a member of the famous, or infamous, Academy. You may remember that this institution, which was founded in the fifteenth century by the notorious Pomponio Leto, used to hold its meetings in one of the catacombs. Under Paul II. the members were arrested and tried for heresy, but nothing could be actually proved against them, and afterwards they were supposed by their contemporaries to have reformed. We know now that in reality things went from bad to worse. The study of paganism led them on to the worship of Satan, and, eventually, suspicion was again aroused, and a further investigation ordered.

"Sir Hubert got wind of this in time, however, so he availed himself of his position in the household of the Imperial Ambassador, and quietly retired to Naples. There he lived till he was over eighty, and no one in England ever expected him to return. But he did so, bringing with him a great store of books and manu-

scripts, some pictures, and this piece of plate, and he died and was buried here in the last decade of the sixteenth century.

"His nephew, who came in for the estates on his death, was a devout Catholic, and had been educated at St. Omers. He made short work with Sir Hubert's manuscripts, most of which he burned, as being heretical or worse, but he spared one volume, which contains an inventory of the things brought from Naples. Among the items mentioned is this fountain. In fact it has a whole page to itself, with a little sketch and a note of its attribution to Cellini, besides some other words which I have never been able to make out. But I think it is clear that the crystal was used for evil purposes, and that is why I dislike seeing it on the table. If Avison had asked me, I should have forbidden him to produce it."

"Then I am ver' glad he did not ask you, mein Herr," observed the German, bluntly, "for I should not then have seen him. But this inventory, you speak of, is it permitted that I study it?"

"Certainly, Herr Aufrecht," replied the squire, and walking to one of the bookcases, he unlocked the glass doors and took out a small volume, bound in faded red leather with gilt ornaments.

"This is the book," he said, "I will find you the page with the sketch," and a minute later he handed the volume to the professor. I glanced across and saw a little sketch, unquestionably depicting the piece of plate before us, with some lines of writing beneath; the whole in faded ink, almost the color of rust.

The professor's lens came out again and, with its aid, he read out the description beneath the picture.

"Item. *Vasculum argenteum, crystallo ornatum in quattuor statuas imposito. Opus Benevenuti, aurificis clarissimi. Quo crystallo Romæ in ritibus nostris pontifex noster Pomponius olim uti solebat.*"[1]

"Well that sounds conclusive enough," said Father Bertrand, who had been listening intently, "*Opus Benevenuti, aurificis clarissimi,* could only mean Cellini; and the last sentence certainly sounds very suspicious, though it doesn't give one much to go upon as to the use made of the crystal."

"But there is more yet," broke in Herr Aufrecht, "it is in another script and much fainter." He peered into the page with eyes screwed up, and then exclaimed in surprise, "Why it is Greek!"

[1] "Item. A vessel of silver, adorned with a crystal supported on four statuettes. The work of Benvenuto, most famous of goldsmiths. This crystal our Pontiff Pomponius was wont to use in our rites at Rome in days gone by."

"Indeed," said the squire, with interest, "that accounts for my failure to read it. I'm afraid I forgot all the Greek I ever knew as soon as I left school."

Meanwhile the professor had produced his pocket book, and was jotting down the words as he deciphered them, while Father Bertrand and myself took the opportunity to examine the work on the little plaques which adorned the base of the fountain.

"I haf him all now," announced Herr Aufrecht, triumphantly, after a few minutes. "Listen and I will translate him to you," and after a little hesitation he read out the following:

In the globe all truth is recorded, of the present, the past and the future.
To him that shall gaze it is shown; whosoever shall seek he shall find.
O Lucifer, star of the morn, give ear to the voice of thy servant,
Enter and dwell in my heart, who adore thee as lord and as master.
—*Fabius Britannicus.*

"*Fabius Britannicus,*" exclaimed the squire, as the professor ceased reading, "why those are the words on the base of the pagan altar in the background of Sir Hubert's portrait!"

"I doubt not he was named *Fabius Britannicus* in the Academia," answered the German, "all the members thereof did receive classical names in place of their own."

"It must be that," said the squire, "so he really was a worshipper of Satan. No wonder tradition paints him in such dark colors. But, why—of course," he burst out, "I see it all now, that explains everything."

We all looked up, surprised at his vehemence, but he kept silent, until Father Bertrand said gently, "I think, Philip, you can tell us something more about all this; will you not do so?"

The old man hesitated for a little while and then answered: "Very well, if you wish it, you shall hear the story; but I must ask you to excuse me giving you the name. Although the principal actor in it has been dead many years now, I would rather keep his identity secret.

"While I was still quite a young man, and before I decided to take orders, I made friends in London with a man who was a spiritualist. He was on terms of intimacy with Home, the medium, and he himself possessed considerable gifts in the same direction. He often pressed me to attend some of their séances, which I always refused to do, but our relations remained quite friendly, and at length he came down here on a visit to Stanton Rivers.

"The man was a journalist by profession, a critic and writer on matters artistic, so one evening, although we were quite alone at dinner, I told the butler, Avison's predecessor, to put out the Cellini fountain for him to see. I did not warn him what to expect, as I wanted to get his unbiassed opinion, but the moment he set eyes on it, he burst out in admiration, and, like our friend the professor to-night, he pronounced it to be unquestionably by Benvenuto himself.

"I said it was always believed to be his work, but purposely told him nothing about Sir Hubert, or my suspicions as to the original use of the crystal, and he did not question me about its history. As the meal advanced, however, he became curiously silent and self-absorbed. Sometimes I had to repeat what I was saying two or three times before he grasped the point; and I began to feel uncomfortable and anxious, so that it was a real relief when the butler put the decanters on the table and left us to ourselves.

"My friend was sitting on my right, at the side of the table, so that we could talk to each other more easily, and I noticed that he kept his gaze fixed on the fountain in front of him. After all it was a very natural thing for him to do, and at first I did not connect his silence and distraction with the piece of plate.

"All at once he leaned forward until his eyes were not two feet away from the great crystal globe, into which he gazed with the deepest attention, as if fascinated. It is difficult to convey to you how intense and concentrated his manner became. It was as if he looked right into the heart of the globe, not *at* it, if you understand, but at something inside it, something beneath the surface, and that something of a compelling, absorbing nature which engrossed every fibre of his being in one act of profound attention.

"For a minute or two he sat like this in perfect silence, and I noticed the sweat beginning to stand out on his forehead, while his breath came audibly between his lips, under the strain. Then all at once, I felt I must do something, and without stopping to deliberate I said in a loud tone, 'I command you to tell me what it is you see.'

"As I spoke, a kind of shiver ran through his frame, but his eyes never moved from the crystal ball. Then his lips moved, and after some seconds came a faint whisper, uttered as if with extreme difficulty, and what he said was something like this:

"'There is a low, flat arch, with a kind of slab beneath it,

and a picture at the back. There is a cloth on the slab, and on the cloth a tall, gold cup, and lying in front of it is a thin white disc. By the side is a monster, like a huge toad,' and he shuddered, 'but it is much too big to be a toad. It glistens, and its eyes have a cruel light in them; O it is horrible!' Then all at once the voice leaped to a shrill note, and he spoke very rapidly, as if the scene were changing quicker than he could describe it.

" 'The man in front—the one with a cross on the back of his cloak—is holding a dagger in his hand. He raises and strikes at the white disc. He has pierced it with the dagger. It bleeds! The white cloth beneath it is all red with blood. But the monster—some of the blood has fallen upon it as it spurted out, and the toad is writhing as if in agony. Ah, it leaps down from the slab, it is gone. All present rise up in confusion; there is a tumult. They rush away down the dark passages. Only one remains, the man with the cross on his back. He is lying insensible upon the ground. On the slab still stand the gold cup and white disc with the blood-stained cloth, and the picture behind—' and the voice sank to an audible whisper, as if the speaker were exhausted.

" Almost without thinking, I put a question to him before the sight should fade entirely. 'The picture, what is it like?' But, instead of answering he merely whispered *'Irene, de caldo,'* and fell back as if exhausted in his chair."

There was silence for a few moments.

" And your friend, the spiritualist," began Father Bertrand, " could he tell you nothing more of what he saw? "

" I did not ask him," answered the old priest, " for, when he came to himself, he seemed quite ignorant of what he had told me during his trance. But, some years afterwards, I got some further light on the incident, and that in quite an unexpected way. Just wait a minute, and I will show you what I believe to be the picture he saw at the back of the niche!" And the old man walked to one of the bookcases and selected a large folio volume.

" The picture I am going to show you is an exact copy of one of the frescoes in the catacombs of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, where I came upon it, quite unexpectedly, during my period in Rome as a student; it has been reproduced since by Lanciani in one of his books.[2] Ah, here it is," and he laid the album on the table before us.

There, before us, was a copy of an undeniable catacomb fresco

[2] See Lanciani, *Pagan and Christian Rome,* London, 1895, page 357.

depicting an "agape" or love-feast; a group of figures symbolical both of the Last Supper and the communion of the elect. Above it were the contemporary inscriptions, "IRENE DA CALDA" and "AGAPE MISCE MI," while, round about, were scrawled, in characters evidently much more recent, a number of names: "POMPONIUS, FABIANUS, RUFFUS, LETUS, VOLSCUS, FABIUS," and others, all of them members of the notorious Academy. There they had written them in charcoal, and there they still remain to-day as evidence how the innermost recesses of a Christian catacomb were profaned, and the cultus of Satan practised there, by the neo-pagans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

We sat looking at the picture in silence for a minute or so, and then Herr Aufrecht turned to the Dominican. "Fra Bertrand," he said, "you are Master in *Theologia,* what is your opinion of all this?"

The friar hesitated for a moment before he answered. "Well, Herr Aufrecht," he said at length, "the Church has never ceased to teach the possibility of diabolical possession, and for my part I see no reason why a thing," and he pointed to the crystal, "should not become 'possessed' in much the same way as a person can. But if you ask my opinion on the practical side of the question, I should say that, since Father Philip here cannot legally part with his heirloom, he certainly acts wisely in keeping it always under lock and key."

THE RECENT TRAGEDY IN BOSNIA.

In Memoriam.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND, AND OF HIS WIFE, THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBERG.

BY MARIA LONGWORTH STORER.

EARLY yesterday afternoon a dim rumor came to Marienbad that the Archduke and his wife had been killed in Bosnia. It was Sunday, a day when there are no newspapers, and but little communication with the outside world in this quiet spot. The rumor seemed like a sinister shadow without substance. We went out at once and tried to find authentic news, and at six o'clock came the official bulletin confirming the tragedy. As a crime, it belongs to the category of modern monstrosities, which are the product of materialism and infidelity. These assassins spring into being from such hotbeds of atheism as the *Ecole Laïque* of France, and its offspring *Escuela Moderna* of Ferrer in Spain. They all possess youth and intelligence; they all despise religion and authority. The miscreant who tried to kill the young King of Spain and his bride, and the monsters who both tried and succeeded yesterday in murdering the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, belong to the same type. One of the assassins at Sarajévo, yesterday, is nineteen, and the other scarcely older, and a "student." Their victims are a man and his wife, whose deep love for each other, and devotion to their young children, have made their home a model for every Christian household in Austria.

Everybody knows the story of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's marriage. He has proved since that time that he did not enter into it merely out of the proverbial "Hapsburg obstinacy;" nor was it a mad caprice of passion. It was on both sides distinctly a *love* marriage. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand was captivated, not only by his wife's unusual beauty, but by her brilliant mind, and the Christian zeal and integrity of her character. He made great sacrifices to marry her, which many people deplored on account of his future position. The world in which he lived also judged severely the bride whom he had chosen; not taking at all into account the

fact that she, too, had made *sacrifices* even in marrying above her own rank. The Countess Sophie Chotek could not become an Archduchess, because the Chotek family had never been what is called "mediatized."

I pause here to explain the meaning of the term. In the *Almanach de Gotha* the houses of princes or counts ("Maisons Princières ou Comtales"), who hold their titles from "the State of the Holy Empire," are placed in the Second Part (the Third Part being Dukes and Princes *unmediatized*); and all the families in this Second Part have the privilege to espouse royalty in an equal marriage, where the wife takes the rank of her husband. The Choteks who are *Bömischer Uradel* (which means ancient nobility of Bohemia), do not belong to the list of "mediatized" families. The distinction is a technical one.

No one looking at the question dispassionately can fail to see that for a beautiful and high-spirited young woman, there were many galling slights to be faced in becoming the morganatic wife even of a future Emperor. But it was an ideal marriage, which strengthened the character of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, brought to his wife ample scope for a wide Christian influence, and gave reason for hope that Austria would acquire new vitality and strength under a new leader, when her well-beloved Emperor should have gone to his rest.

All this confidence in good omens was the outlook in Austria two days ago. To-day there is sorrow and mourning. Black banners are streaming everywhere from the houses, and people wander aimlessly about the forest paths and around the vacant music stands, speaking in low voices. The august victims were firm and steadfast in their Catholic faith, strong in their love for each other, and in their death they are united.

* * * *

When we first came to Vienna in December, 1902, the Archduke had been married nearly three years, but his wife had been leading a retired life, busied with the care of two babies, born in 1901 and 1902. The Archduke was at that time kept much in the background, owing to the persistent dislike of some of the upper functionaries of that period. He was prevented from taking the Emperor's place even at unimportant ceremonies, and from appearing at public gatherings. He was little known to the people, and there was prejudice against him (stimulated by the foreign

press, which gave maliciously and designedly false accounts of him), both at home and abroad. My first glimpse of him was in January, 1903, at a Court ball. On that occasion the Archduke Franz Ferdinand seemed sullen and ill-humored. I believe now that much of this taciturnity and bitterness came from resentment at his wife's exclusion.

In promoting the Princess Hohenberg, the Emperor was obliged to go slowly, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of ladies who did not wish to have her precede them. However, her attractive personality and her devotion to her husband and her children ended by overcoming prejudices. Besides, the situation was really abnormal, and had to be mitigated. The Archduke and his wife could have no social entertainments at all in Vienna. In June, 1905, the Princess Hohenberg received the title of "Durchlaucht," and afterwards they began to give small breakfast parties at the beautiful Palais Belveder, where they lived when they were not in the country. It was soon after this promotion that we invited the Archduke and his wife to breakfast at the embassy. The only other guests were Prince and Princess Edouard Liechtenstein and Prince and Princess Lobkonitz. These two ladies had higher rank than the Archduke's wife; and yielded their position to her for the occasion. It was the first time that she had been so honored. She was radiantly beautiful, and the Archduke was like a happy boy out of school.

I saw the Archduke quite often during the four years that we spent in Vienna. I have never seen a happier family. It makes one's heart ache to think of the orphan children in the beautiful castle of Konopischt, with its marvelous flower garden, waiting for the mother and father, who went away less than a week ago, strong in health and happiness, never to come back again. The last time that I saw the Archduke and Duchess of Hohenberg, was at the Emperor's reception at the Hofburg Palace, at the time of the Eucharistic Congress at Vienna, September, 1912. The Emperor was alert, genial, and seemed especially happy that evening. The great procession of the Holy Eucharist was to take place the next day: a hundred and fifty thousand Catholics. It had been organized by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Prince Edouard Liechtenstein. The procession was to march through the streets of Vienna, amid five hundred thousand spectators (which it did in a pouring deluge of rain, without a flaw or an accident to mar its perfect order). That night the Archduke showed himself very

happy, for his beloved wife was also present at the reception, making the tour of the hall with the five or six Archduchesses present. I never saw her again.

Last year I wrote an article for the April number of the *North American Review,* called *The Awakening of Austria.* In it I spoke of the great part which Austria is destined to play in the cause of religion and law and order. Thank God! it still has that enormous task before it, in the face of political trickery and treachery. Whoever may be at the head, it is still the one great Catholic power of Europe. But at the time I wrote, there was every prospect that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand would be one day the Emperor of Austria. I wrote of his strength and firmness, and of his home life, where he was an example of what a Christian husband and father should be. I speak of this, because I wish to transcribe a letter which the Duchess of Hohenberg wrote to me when I sent her the magazine. It is written in English, and gives an idea of her charming personality and simple friendliness.

DEAR MRS. BELLAMY STORER:

It was so very kind of you to send me the last number of the *North American Review,* and I can't tell you enough how very interested I am in the publication sent: being the most true and well-judged opinion for our beloved Austria.

The way you speak of the Archduke makes me quite proud, and I must tell you that you sound my inmost heart feelings.

I am so happy that you were present at the Eucharistic Congress. It was a beautiful sight, and one felt so happy seeing how desirous all nations and subjects were to worship in the Catholic faith!

Hoping that you are very well, and thanking you again most heartily for your remembrance now and for the New Year, I beg you to believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

SOPHIE HOHENBERG.

I write these few pages as a tribute to two people who have been much talked about, and sometimes willfully misrepresented, whose high character and courage deserve admiration, and whose death is a great loss to Austria, and to the whole of Christendom.

Marienbad, June 29, 1914.

New Books.

MORE JOY. By Rt. Rev. P. W. von Keppler, Bishop of Rottenburg. Adapted into English from the edition of 1911, by Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

"There is more optimism," writes Bishop Keppler, "a stronger affirmation of the value of life, in Catholic Christianity, than in all the rest of the world." He fully proves this thesis in a devout book, which breathes on every page the spirit of holy and supernatural joy. Joylessness and despair, he tells us, characterize our present age, and are dominant in the life of the people. Modern culture is mostly material development, and not true culture of the spirit. The overrating of knowledge and intellect at the cost of will and character is making countless multitudes unhappy. Is it not strange that with all our modern progress, the rate of suicide in Europe has been increasing by four hundred per cent during the past fifty years, while the population increased sixty per cent? The good Bishop deplores the factories and machinery of the industrial revolution, the excess of external amusements, the art and literature which diminish joy instead of increasing it, the disappearance of the German folk-song, and the irreligious and unchristian spirit of the age.

There is only one remedy for modern pessimism. "We must go back to Christian faith, back to healthy folk-life, to religious earnestness, to humility and simplicity of heart, to plain, noble, pure habits of thought, to religion, to the Church, to Christ." The world is utterly mistaken in its belief that austere Christian morality, the commandment of self-conquest, temperance, mortification, moderation, fasting, interfere with true happiness. "They are really no more hostile to joy than the gardener is hostile to the rose, when in spring and autumn he cuts and trims the bush."

Art, education, labor, the religious life, the priestly ministry—all must be dominated by the spirit of Christian joy, or else this world of ours will be governed by materialism, greed, discontent, shallowness, and sin. The essential characteristic of a saint is joyfulness, and the author proves this beyond question in a chapter, entitled "A Gallery of Joyful People." All the saints, according to an unknown mediæval mystic, "have within them the source of all bliss and joy; and no sadness can enter into them, for the Eternal Word, the source of bliss and joy to all the angels and saints, penetrates

them as it does the saints of heaven." St. Teresa had no patience with people "who think it is all over with devotion, if they relax themselves ever so little." St. Philip Neri loved to romp and play joyously with children, saying to those who wondered at this patience, "I should be glad even to let them chop wood on my back, if they only kept free from sin." St. Francis de Sales used to say: "A saint who is sorrowful is a sorry saint."

There is a brightness and attractiveness about this volume, that will banish all sadness and melancholy, as the morning sun drives away the gloom of the night. So many German books of value, *v. g.,* Streit's *Atlas Hierarchicus,* Donat's *Freedom of Science,* have been poorly translated of late, that we were more than pleased to meet with so perfect a rendering of the German original. Had Father McSorley omitted the author's name on the title page, we would never have imagined that his work was a translation.

MOTHER MABEL DIGBY. A Biography of the Superior General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, 1835-1911. By Anne Pollen. With a Preface by Cardinal Bourne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

In February, 1853, a troup of musical mountaineers from the Pyrenees came to Montpellier. They traveled from city to city, out of devotion, singing only in the churches. Their chant was peculiar; half the band accompanied the voices of the rest by a humming sound made through closed lips, which produced the effect of a musical instrument. A number of Catholic girls invited Mabel Digby, then a Protestant, to hear the mountaineers sing Benediction in the Cathedral of Montpellier. What follows we will put in the author's own words:

> Mabel sat down at once defiantly amid the kneeling congregation. Her sister Geraldine was at her side.....She remained impassive. The chants ended; the priest slowly removed the monstrance from the throne; the throng bowed low. Mabel, still seated, threw back her head haughtily as if in protest; the bell tinkled as the Blessed Sacrament was now raised in Benediction. In an instant Mabel Digby had slipped from her seat on to her knees, and flung her arms across her breast with a clutch that gripped both shoulders. Her face seemed to be illumined; her tearful eyes were fixed upon the Host until the triple blessing was complete, and was replaced in the tabernacle. Then she sank crouching to the ground, whilst the last short song was intoned. Her head remained bent and

immovable.....For fifteen minutes she did not interrupt this strange trance. Placing her hand upon her sister's arm she said a few moments later: "Geraldine, I am a Catholic. Jesus Christ has looked at me. I shall change no more."

A few years afterwards, despite the opposition of her parents and her own weak health, she entered the Sacred Heart Convent at Marmoutier as a novice. In 1859 she made her vows, and in 1866 she became Superior of the convent. During the Franco-Prussian war she opened a hospital for the wounded soldiers, assisting the surgeons at every operation, and dressing the wounds daily with extraordinary skill. In 1872 she was sent to England as Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton. In a very short time she transformed the formless dwelling into a complete and highly organized monastery, with separate quarters, workrooms, and study rooms for novices and professed. The boarding school annexed was also supplied with all the elaborate requirements demanded in a secondary school after the modern system. In 1874 she inaugurated a training college at Wandsworth, and established new houses at Brighton and in Ireland.

In 1892 Mother Digby left England to succeed Mother de Sartorius as Assistant-General. In 1895 she was elected Superior General. During the next fifteen years she had to fight most bitter persecution at the hands of the French government. The story of her fight against secularization, together with her determination to open a new house and school for everyone closed in France, is the most interesting portion of this charming life.

As Cardinal Bourne says in his preface: "The life of Mother Digby causes to live before our eyes the inner organization of a great Catholic religious society. It depicts for us one who in any position could have taken a leading place. Above all it shows us a noble, courageous woman with all her great natural gifts strengthened and enhanced by the divine gifts of grace which she strove to use with all her energy."

SOME COUNSELS OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. To which is appended the thoughts of Mademoiselle le Gras. (First Superior of the Sisters of Charity.) Translated and selected by E. K. Sanders. London: Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, Ltd. 35 cents net.

This very practical little book should be of use to many persons, and it may be especially recommended to busy people, for every

paragraph, and sometimes even a single sentence, will give food for a day's spiritual reading, and the meditation and resolution which should follow it. Among the subjects treated of are "Humility," "Prayer," the "Spirit of Service," the "Daily Difficulty," and many others. These counsels, while originally addressed to the Companies of Mission Priests and the Sisters of Charity under the direction of St. Vincent de Paul, are equally useful to us at the present day, and as the translator's note reminds us, "their significance does not depend on place, period, or condition, but still has application here and now." In the chapter on "Humility" we read the following:

> During the last few days the subject of my meditation has been the lowliness of the life our Lord chose to lead upon earth. And I have seen that He cared so much that it should be lowly and despised by others, that He made Himself conform to it, even to this point that—though He was the Wisdom of the Eternal Father incarnate—He chose a method of preaching that was far humbler and more familiar than that used by any of His Apostles.....And that He chose to allow His own sermons to be far less effective than those of His Apostles. We see in the Gospels that His Apostles and Disciples were conquered almost one by one, and then with labor and difficulty, but the first of St. Peter's sermons converted five thousand. This, I believe, has given me greater knowledge and understanding of the wonderful humility of the Son of God than any other consideration has ever done.

In the chapter on the "Daily Difficulty" we find this passage on patience, written to one who complains that she can bear trials from outside, but does not expect that her own sisters would vex and annoy her.

> Alas, from whom do we suffer if not from those with whom we live? Is it from people a long way off—from those we have never seen and never shall see? From whom and by whom did our Lord suffer if not by His Apostles, His Disciples, and the people among whom He lived, and who were God's people.....I am well aware that one may have a natural aversion that one cannot help. In the world people often give in to these, but a true Christian ought to struggle against them.

Other passages appealing to every variety of reader might be chosen, but we will conclude with the general recommendation that all who read it will find it helpful, and that their devotion to that great Saint of the poor, St. Vincent de Paul, will be much increased.

LUTHER. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J., Professor at the University of Innsbruck. Authorized translation from the German by E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Vol. III. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.

The six chapters of the third volume of Father Grisar's *Life of Luther* deal with the "Organization and Public Position of the New Church;" the "Divine Mission and its Manifestations;" "Glimpses of a Reformer's Morals;" "Luther and Melanchthon;" "Luther's Relations with Zwingli, Carlstadt, Bugenhagen," and "Attempts at Union in View of the Proposed Council."

In his first chapter, Father Grisar proves conclusively that the modern school of Protestant unbelief, which professes to base itself on the earlier Luther, is utterly unjustified in making him a representative of that form of unbelief tinged with religion which is their own ideal.

> As a matter of fact, Luther, had he been logical, should have arrived at this conclusion, but he preferred to turn aside, and repudiated and embraced the profound contradiction involved in the union of that right of private judgment he had proclaimed with the admission of binding dogmas.....History has to take Luther as he really was; he demanded the fullest freedom to oppose the Church and her respresentatives, who claimed the right to enact laws concerning faith and morals, but he certainly was not disposed to hear of any such freedom, where belief and revelation or the acceptance of God's commandments was concerned.

From 1522 onwards he proclaimed the principle of freedom of interpretation rather more cautiously, and no longer appealed in so unqualified a manner to the universal priesthood and the sovereignty of the congregation in matters of religion. In the beginning of his revolt, Luther had imagined that the new order of things could be brought about amongst his followers merely by his declaiming against outward forms, and that a new church would spring up within the old one, minus a hierarchy and minus all "false" doctrine and holiness-by-works. From the year 1523 onward he held the congregational ideal, *i. e.,* the congregations were to be self-supporting, once the new teaching had been introduced among them. All were to be independent, and capable of choosing their own spiritual overseers. Among these, superintendents were to be selected, and they in turn were to be assisted by lay visitors. Each member of the congregation was to have

the right of judging doctrine and of correcting the preacher, should he err, even before the whole assembly. But Luther soon found this scheme utterly impracticable, and gradually this phantom of a congregationalist church developed into a State Church, *i. e.*, a National Church as a State institution, with a sovereign at its head.

He quickly realized that the gain to be derived from the vast amount of ecclesiastical property, would act as a powerful incentive with the secular princes to induce them to open their lands to his innovations. He considered the seizure of church property the just and natural result of the preaching of the new evangel.

Before 1530 we frequently find Luther speaking strongly against any conflict with the Emperor, but after the Diet of Augsburg, he began to appeal to the national spirit, although he realized that this meant internal dissension and bloodshed. He was very fond of professing, in his war on Pope and Church, to be the champion of the Germans against Rome's oppression. His watchword was "Germany against Italian Tyranny," although as a matter of fact he spoke merely in the name of a fraction of the German nation. The Germans who refused to apostatize considered it a grievous insult that German nationalism should thus be identified with the new heresy.

Answering the question, Was Luther a typical German? Father Grisar writes:

> Specifically German characteristics were certainly not lacking in Luther.....He was inured to fatigue, simple in his appearance and habits, persevering and enduring; in intercourse with his friends he was frank, hearty and unaffected; with them he was sympathetic, amiable and fond of a joke; he did not shrink from telling them the truth even when thereby offence might be given; towards the princes who were well disposed to him and his party he behaved with an easy freedom of manner, not cringingly or with any exaggerated deference. In a sense all these are German traits. But....his perseverance degenerated into obstinacy and defiance, his laborious endurance into a passionate activity which overtaxed his powers, and he became combative and quarrelsome, and found his greatest pleasure in the discomfiture of his opponents; his frankness made way for the coarsest criticism. The anger against the Church which carried him along found expression in the worst sorts of insults, and when his violence had aroused bitter feelings, he believed, or at least alleged, he was merely acting in

> the interests of uprightness and love of truth. Had he preserved his heritage of good German qualities, perfected them, and devoted them to the service of a better cause, he might have become the acknowledged spokesman of all Germans everywhere.

In his second chapter, Father Grisar shows Luther intoxicated by the increase of his followers, and by the unexpected success of his preaching. In the most violent language, Luther frequently laid claim to a divine authorization for his new evangel, although he gave no proofs save his own *ipse dixit.* Father Grisar writes:

> The assumption of an extraordinary call offers an insuperable difficulty.....No extraordinary attestation on the part of heaven is forthcoming, nor any miracle which might have confirmed Luther's doctrine; God's witness on behalf of His messenger by signs of prophecies such as those of Christ, of the Apostles, and of many of the Saints was lacking in Luther's case, and so was that sanctity of life to be expected of a divinely commissioned teacher whose mission it is to bring men to the truth.

Chapter III. discusses Luther's moral character. Father Grisar calls attention to his want of charity; his censoriousness; his pride and arrogance; his utter disdain for obedience; his irascibility; his jealousy; his want of seriousness in treating of the most important questions; his childish and womanish outbursts; his novel conception of sin and penance; his lack of missionary zeal; his coarse and obscene language.

In some sixty odd pages Father Grisar proves *ad nauseam* that in the matter of licentiousness of language, Luther stands out as a giant apart. Many of his utterances are so obscene that the translator is obliged for decency's sake to leave them in the original Latin or German. Father Grisar shows that it is absolutely unjust to defend Luther on the plea that such language was quite the usual thing in Luther's day.

Chapter IV. discusses the character and influence of Melanchthon. Many Catholic contemporaries believe that he did more harm to the Church by his prudence and apparent moderation, than Luther by all his storming. His soft-spoken manner and advocacy of peace, went hand in hand with an intense hatred of everything Catholic, and a most bitter prejudice in favor of the new preaching. His attempts at mediation at the Diet of Augsburg were due to his ignorance, and his prejudice against Catholic

theology. More than once we find him guilty of dissimulation, and even George Ellinger, his latest Protestant biographer, admits that he was a weak and not an entirely upright character.

The final chapters deal with Luther's relations with some of the other reformers, and the attempts at union in view of the proposed council.

THE DEAF; THEIR POSITION IN SOCIETY. By Harry Best. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00 net.

"The object of the present study of the deaf," says the author in his preface, "is to consider primarily the attitude of society or the state in America towards them, the duties it has recognized in respect to them, the status it has created for them, and the extent and forms, as well as the adequacy and correctness, of this treatment." His method of approach is not by the way of medicine, law, education or psychology; but of sociology. As he puts it himself: "We regard the deaf as certain components of the state who demand classification and attention in its machinery of organization."

Part I. discusses "The Position of the Deaf in Society." It treats of their numbers in the United States; their means of communication; the causes of deafness, the methods of prevention and cure; their legal, economic and social status, and the attitude of the public towards them.

Part II. treats of "The Education of the Deaf." After a brief account of the history of their education abroad and in the United States, the author gives a list of private and public schools for the deaf, their cost of maintenance, and their methods of instruction.

It is the most complete manual on the subject that we have in English, and will prove invaluable to the physician, the educator and the social worker.

THE FREEDOM OF SCIENCE. By Joseph Donat, S.J., Professor at the University of Innsbruck. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. $2.50 net.

In this volume Father Donat answers fully the common objection that the Catholic Church is obscurantist, the enemy of freedom of research and of true scientific progress. He treats his theme in five sections, viz., "The Freedom of Science and its Philosophical Basis," "The Freedom of Research and Faith," "The Liberal

Freedom of Research," "The Freedom of Teaching," and "Theology."

Incidentally he answers many an objection, such as the tyranny of the Catholic Church in condemning Galileo, in promulgating the Index, setting forth the *Syllabus,* condemning modernism and the like. The book is scholarly, kindly in tone, thorough, full of apt citations. It is a pity it has been poorly translated.

WHEN GHOST MEETS GHOST. By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.

When hundreds of the present-day novelists are buried in deserved oblivion, William de Morgan will be remembered as a classic of the early twentieth century. One must be possessed of a great deal of patience to read through his lengthy nine hundred page character studies, but if he loves either Dickens or Thackeray, he will read de Morgan, who combines the good qualities of both. The plot tells of the enforced separation of twin sisters, Maisie and Phoebe, for over fifty years, owing to the lying letter of Maisie's convict husband. They are brought together in a most wonderful way, the heroine Gwen playing the part of fairy godmother. The hero Adrian, "a St. Francis behind a mask of Voltaire," is the only character who voices the irreverent agnosticism that comes out now and again in our author's works.

THE AGE OF ERASMUS. Lectures delivered in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. By P. S. Allen, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. $1.50 net.

These lightly-written papers by the editor of the fine edition of Erasmus' letters now in process of publication by the Oxford University Press, will delight all those who are interested in Erasmus and his work. At the same time they are charming sketches of Renaissance personalities, more especially those of Teutonic race. One main idea grows as we read the separate papers, and that is how great a rivalry in ideas and difference in temper gradually arose between the northern advocates of the New Learning and those who lived on the other side of the Alps. This rivalry indeed appears to have been one of the chief causes which led to the religious differences of the Reformation period.

To say the truth, there is not very much direct reference to Erasmus himself, but we are all the more grateful to get what is

much more difficult of attainment, valuable but provokingly short sketches of so many of the persons and places connected with that great man's career. We have interesting sketches of John Wesel, Hegius, who taught Erasmus at the great school at Deventer; Rudolph Langden and Antony Vrye, all of them at one time or another welcome guests of the Cistercian Abbot of Adwert, Henry of Rees. Then follow three chapters on the schools, monasteries, and universities of the time, with delightful notices of various scholars, who gave up everything and devoted themselves entirely to the pursuit of learning. We have a chapter on Erasmus' *New Testament,* and the critical works which followed it, and after that two or three most illuminating papers on contemporary habits of thought and morality. The volume concludes with three essays on *Pilgrimages,* the *Transalpine Renaissance* and the *Bohemian Brethren.*

AMERICA THROUGH THE SPECTACLES OF AN ORIENTAL DIPLOMAT. By Wu Tingfang, LL.D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.60 net.

While Chinese Ambassador to Washington a few years ago, Wu Tingfang, one of the most popular members of the diplomatic corps, was invited everywhere, and his kindly and witty after-dinner talks were much in demand. After a good deal of persuasion, he has been induced to write his impressions of America. He speaks in a gossipy and rather superficial manner of American education, business methods, women, manners, government, freedom, sports, theatres, and the like.

One reads the book with pleasure, but he who thinks will not accept it at its face value.

MAXIMILIAN IN MEXICO. The Story of the French Intervention (1861-1867). By Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.25 net.

A reviewer in the London *Spectator* has declared that "Mr. Martin deserves credit for being an industrious collector of materials, and that he has a liking for such details as please the readers of society papers." His pretentious volume of over four hundred and fifty pages tells in picturesque fashion the attempt of Maximilian to carve out an empire for himself in the Mexico of the sixties. On every page Mr. Martin betrays his prejudices against the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, the Empress Eugénie of France, Pope Pius IX., Cardinal Antonelli, and Archbishop Labas-

tida y Davalos of Mexico. Without the slightest proof, he speaks of the unreasoning jealousy and animosity of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who "witnessed the departure of Maximilian with unconcealed satisfaction." He writes of the Empress Eugénie as a merciless opponent, deaf, like Napoleon III., to all feelings of humanity and a sense of honor. He calls Cardinal Antonelli "a traitor, a thief and a sinister reactionary," who persuaded the obstinate and intolerant Pius IX. to ignore the pleadings of the Empress Charlotte. He styles the able Archbishop of Mexico an unscrupulous and scheming cleric, who "possessed most of those evil qualities which have caused the artifice of priestcraft to stink in the nostrils of honest-minded men." Such utterances prove conclusively that Mr. Martin is not an historian, but a pamphleteer, who writes for an anti-Catholic, prejudiced English public.

Mr. Martin declares that the Monroe Doctrine was in the beginning (1823) a strong factor in the establishment and the enforcement of peace and order among the turbulent Latin States, but that within a few years it became inoperative, because the South American republics soon became able to manage their own affairs. It was not insisted on, he asserts, in 1835, when England and France conjointly established a successful naval blockade along the entire coast of Argentina; in 1841 when England seized the island of Ruaton off the coast of Honduras; nor in 1862 when France landed her troops upon Mexican territory, and kept them there for five years. He denounces the United States for her unjust Mexican War of 1848, which resulted in the acquiring of 875,000 miles of territory. He finds fault with Mr. Seward's opposition to Maximilian, and his sympathy with the "cruel and vindictive" Liberals, General Zaragoza and Diaz.

On his own showing, Maximilian lacked all the qualities of a successful ruler, especially in such a turbulent State as Mexico. He was without military genius, he knew nothing of finance, and he alienated the Church by his compromise with the anticlericals.

THE MASKED WAR. By William J. Burns. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

Many brain-workers take delight in reading detective stories in their hours of ease. Mr. Burns, the best detective in the United States, has written a true detective story that far outstrips the wildest imaginings of a Chesterton or a Conan Doyle. *The Masked War* publishes for the first time the evidence he obtained against

John J. McNamara, James B. McNamara, and the conspirators of the Union of the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, who carried on the dynamite outrages during the years 1905-1910. These criminals caused the death of at least one hundred persons, their last crime being the wrecking of the office of the Los Angeles *Times,* which resulted in the death of twenty-one persons.

It took great courage to run to earth these desperate criminals, for the labor men of the country were convinced of their innocence up to the very time of the McNamara's plea of guilty in the court of Los Angeles. The earnest backing of the President, Mr. Taft, who was animated solely by his love of the public good, encouraged Mr. Burns to see his task through, although he received hundreds of anonymous letters threatening his life. Every true friend of labor ought to read this absorbing volume.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH THEOLOGY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, 1800-1860. By Vernon F. Storr, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

This is an excellent volume to put into the hands of a High Church Anglican, who needs to be impressed with the ultra-Protestant spirit of the Establishment. Canon Storr, the Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, is extreme Broad Church, with no sympathy for the unintellectual Evangelicals or "the forces of ignorance and traditionalism" which rule also among the Tractarians and their descendants. "The Evangelicals," he tells us, "have no philosophy of history or religion. They have no conception of theology as a discipline essentially related to the work of science and philosophy."....."The spirit of historical criticism can come to no terms with authority as the Tractarians conceived it. The results of modern inquiry into the origin of the Church are opposed to the rigid theory of Apostolical Succession, and the oposition will make itself increasingly felt."

His idea of the Christian Church is decidedly vague. "The true Church," he says, "ideally regarded, is humanity indwelt by Christ. Any society, however organized, which accepts the teaching of Christ, and looks to Him for life and inspiration, is entitled to be called part of the Catholic Church." Of course he thinks that the historical method had utterly destroyed all notion of a dictatorial authority in either Pope or Council. "The historical method recognized the principle of authority, but in the form of the authority of an organic reason, whose verdicts are themselves constantly

liable to revision in the light of growing knowledge and experience."

How a man can call himself a Christian and hold that "the only true authority is the authority of the common reason and experience of the race," is utterly beyond us.

DODO'S DAUGHTER. By E. F. Benson. New York: The Century Co. $1.35 net.

The author of *Dodo* in 1893 shocked many a reader. *Dodo's Daughter* may not shock some readers of 1914, simply because they have grown accustomed to the exploitation of immorality. Dodo's daughter is one of those ultra-modern girls, who defy analysis or explanation. She is full of egoism and immorality; she is irreligious and pagan to the core; she is as unreasonable as a spoilt child, and as unreliable as an April day. She is superficially interested in many intellectual and artistic matters, but without depth; she will earnestly pursue any fad of the moment, but will set it aside mercilessly, once it demands the slightest sacrifice.

Nadine at first rejects her true lover, and promises to marry a modern "exquisite," just for a lark. But her heart—did she have one?—is found at last, when she happens to witness her disconsolate lover gallantly rescue a lad from shipwreck. The story aims too evidently at recording the coarse sayings and doings of the English fast set, so that the reader is bored rather than interested. We are weary, too, of the obstetric theme which should be left entirely to medical books. We cannot recommend this story to our readers.

A NEW SCHOOL OF GREGORIAN CHANT. By Rev. Dom Dominic Johner, O.S.B., of Beuron Abbey. Translated from the third German edition by Rev. W. A. Hofler. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. $1.00 net.

This primer of Gregorian chant is not written for the professional musician, but for beginners, to enable them to render the chant in a worthy manner and in a really artistic style; "more especially," as the author says in his introduction, "to train them for the highly important duties in connection with the liturgy, and to enkindle their enthusiasm for it."

The aim of Part I. is to teach the correct rendering of the chant. In this edition exercises have been inserted after the rules,

to afford an opportunity of immediate practice of what has been studied. The chapter on Psalmody has been completely rewritten, and due attention has been paid to the latest decisions regarding monosyllables and Hebrew words. Part II. is intended to give both teacher and more advanced pupils an insight into the more artistic side of the chant. It gives a short history of plain chant, sets forth clearly the theory of the modes, explains the notation of the neums, and adds a few words on the rendering of the chant and the proper kind of organ accompaniment. The book is beautifully printed and well arranged.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY. By Monsignor Demimuid. Translated by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. The Saints Series. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

Monsignor Demimuid has written an excellent life of Blessed Margaret Mary, and the origin of the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The first "Great Revelation" was on December 27, 1673. It was a time when the greatest corruption prevailed in the highest circles in France, and when the faith was most bitterly attacked by Jansenism, well described as "Protestantism ashamed of itself." No more efficacious and suitable remedy could have been found for these two evils than the Sacred Heart Devotion.

THE VOCATION OF WOMAN. By Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The writer of this book has had rather unusual opportunities for contact with different types of women. Her girlhood, after school days, was spent in London studios among those who were learning or practising various vocations, and later, when working in the east and south of London, among others whose interests were of social or philanthropic character. A home circle in an old-fashioned country town provided yet another outlook on life, by no means the least instructive, and, after marriage, travel in many parts of the world led to a wide acquaintance among people chiefly interested in politics and world affairs.

Her opposition to the woman suffrage movement in recent years brought her in conflict with feminism, and led to the study on which the present book is founded. She has endeavored to find out the reason of the discontent that as a sex feeling, she believes, is really confined to the educated woman.

We are glad to find her denounce the immoral views of many

modern feminists on marriage, divorce, race suicide, and their utter lack of reticence in discussing the pathology of sex questions. She says: "As a sacrament, administered in the most solemn way, and typifying the union of Christ and His Church, Christian marriage has undoubtedly proved the most binding form of union that the world has seen. But indissolubly connected with it has been that principle, now threatened in all religious communities save the Roman Catholic, that those whom God has joined together man cannot put asunder." . . . . . "The growing tendency to relax the stringency of the marriage tie constitutes not only a serious menace to the social position of woman, but a spiritual retrogression."

We do not approve of all the statements in this suggestive volume, but we commend her main thesis, which stands for reform and not for revolution in the political and economic status of women.

BACK TO HOLY CHURCH. By Dr. Albert Von Ruville. Translated by G. Schoetensack. Edited by Monsignor R. H. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 60 cents.

We call attention to this new edition of Dr. Von Ruville's *Back to Holy Church,* which caused such a stir in Germany at its appearance in 1911. As the author says in his preface, it is "a simple word picture of the image under which the Catholic Church represents herself to me through experience, observation, and study." It is an excellent book to put in the hands of an earnest inquirer into Catholic claims.

THROUGH OTHER EYES. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Amy McLaren has written a wholesome, old-fashioned love story. Maisie, the irresponsible and spoiled squire's daughter, is saved at the end from marrying the villain "with the cracky laugh, who would have dissected the morals of his friends as callously as he would the antiquity of the chair he was sitting in." Sunshine is the angel of the tale, who makes the heroine realize her bitterness of speech, her hostility to her step-mother who was yearning for a little affection, and her love for "Johnie," the brave and the true. It is a good book to read of a hot summer's day, when the brain is not equal to a problem novel.

BACK HOME is the title given to an "old-fashioned poem" of about fifty little pages, written by Charles Phillips, editor of the San Francisco *Monitor.* (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

64 cents postpaid.) Besides this poem in blank verse, we find between the covers of this slender book, three rhymed poems much inferior in merit. But *Back Home* is composed with spirit, and abounds in goodness. It shows a fertile imagination, and withal the poetic gift of transfiguring homely objects and familiar scenes by the rare magic of genuine fancy and elevated diction. *The Tack* of Cowper is another sample of this. It cannot give, however, the all-round satisfaction of a poem conceived and cast upon a Catholic page in the midst of a Catholic atmosphere. Not that *Back Home* is a religious poem, or that it craftily insinuates spiritual advice, or fails in open sympathy with every human interest; far from it, for in one breath it mingles rosary beads, Shakespeare, small boys, and heaven:

> And if, sometimes,
> I told my rosary beads with thoughts far off
> In English lanes or on the bright Rialto,
> 'Twas but a child's rejoicing discovery
> Of fairy worlds that He prayed heaven to open.

Piety need be no hindrance to poetic feeling, nor an emotional son who thrills at the thought of mother be wanting in the *obsequium rationabile.*

> And in our hearts we carry
> The greatest heritage that man may claim—
> Sonship to a great mother, a good father!

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

L'Objet Intégral de l'Apologétique. By E. A. Poulpiquet, O.P. (Paris: Bloud et Cie. 3 *frs.*) The Abbé Poulpiquet assures us that he has no intention of writing a manual of apologetics. His purpose is to describe, according to the principles of St. Thomas, the proper scope and the proper method of apologetics. He declares that the science of apologetics to-day is in bad repute in scientific circles, because many apologists have no clear idea of its object, identifying it with fundamental theology, philosophy, and Sacred Scripture, and, again, because many philosophers are reckless in their presentation of proofs without value, guilty in their not grasping the real force of an opponent's objections, and in their use of faulty logic. The volume is divided into two parts, "Extrinsic Apologetics," which treats of the idea of credibility, its motives, and the evidence of a divine revelation; and "Intrinsic Apologetics," which discusses its necessity, method and objective worth. We recommend this book highly to all students of philosophy, for it is well thought out, dignified in tone, and eminently fair.

Le Droit Ecclésiastique Matrimonial des Calvinistes Français. (Librairie de la Société du Recueil Sirey. Larose et Tenin.) M. Faurey, in his introduction, discusses briefly but accurately the laws of the Catholic Church on betrothal

and marriage. He then traces the origin of the Protestant legislation on the subject to Luther and Calvin, who were the first to deny the sacramental character of the marriage bond. Most of the volume deals with the legislation of the French Protestant synods on marriage, its impediments, divorce and the like. The synodal legislation of the French Calvinists differed from the Catholic laws in three things, viz., it abolished certain impediments, such as public honesty and spiritual relationship, and lessened the number of the prohibited degrees of consanguinity and affinity; it absolutely forbade all mixed marriages; and it allowed divorces for adultery and abandonment. In his closing chapter the author asserts that Protestantism in allowing divorce, has gone directly against the teaching of the Gospel. He quotes with approval the words of Paul Bourget in the opening chapter of his novel *Un Divorce,* "Divorce is condemned by both reason and history." He also cites other Catholic witnesses on the indissolubility of the marriage tie, such as de Bonald, Fonsegrive, Canon Janvier, and others.

Allocutions et Sermons de Circonstance. By Monsignor Julien Loth. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.*) The Abbé Loth was for some twenty years Professor of Sacred Eloquence at the Seminary of Rouen, France. His brother intends to publish a number of the sermons he preached during the fifty years of his ministry in Normandy. The first volume of the series proves that he was well advised in printing these excellent discourses.

Rétraite d'Enfants. By Abbé Henri Morice. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.*) These thirty-five instructions, suitable for a children's retreat for First Communion, will be read with interest by parish priests who have to give these retreats annually, and are on the lookout for new material. They are interesting, devout, and full of good stories.

Studi Sull' Estetica. By Romualdo Bizzari. (Florence: Libreria Editrice Fiorentina. 4.50 *lire.*) This is an excellent manual of æsthetics, the author refuting at length the theories of Croce, Trabalza, Taine and others. It deserves an English translation.

La Maison. By Henry Bordeaux. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie). Henry Bordeaux has called the novel of to-day the first of all the literary arts, because "it comprises autobiography, metaphysics, realism, and poetry." We have in his latest book, the life of François Rambert, blessed with a perfect father and mother, but cursed with an unbelieving grandfather, who gradually "emancipates" him, by winning him away from all that is good and true in Catholic French traditions. We have philosophy, for we witness the influence of bad example upon a young soul, just awakening to self-love, the spirit of independence, pride and sensuality. We have realism in François' puppy love for the gypsy girl Nazzarena, his initiation at the Café des Navigatéurs, and the well-drawn characters of Tem Bessette and Mimi Pachoux. We have poetry in the picturing of Bordeaux's one theme, the home, in all the beauty of its loyalty, faith, sacrifice, and love. The home is triumphant at last, and François is won back at the deathbed of his sturdy and devout father. *La Maison* repeats *Les Roquevillard* and *Les Yeux qui s'Ouvrent,* but the style is more lively and clear cut. Bordeaux is one of the best novelists of contemporary France.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Anglican Minimum. A notable result of the Kikuyu controversy is the "open letter" addressed to his clergy by the Bishop of Oxford. He admits the present lamentable conditions, recognizes the three divergent schools of Low, Broad, and High Churchmen, and proposes his view of the irreducible minimum of faith and organization which should be, at least, clearly defined. But even as regards enforcing such a minimum, there is no body or person whose authority all Anglicans agree in accepting; and could Bishop Gore find such a one, these proposals would be found to be merely a High Church programme.

The Bishop of London has praised this letter, while Dr. Sanday of Oxford, formerly a conservative scholar, has published a reply in which he denies the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection. The *Times* and the *Guardian* timidly hope that the Canon will in time change his views, but a correspondent to the *Guardian* points out that he need not do so in order to agree with Bishop Gore. For the latter in a lecture delivered in 1902 in Birmingham said: "The evidence of our Lord's Birth of a Virgin was no part of the original Apostolic testimony, and still to-day this question is not a ground on which belief is asked."—*The Tablet.*

John Ayscough and the Women of Fiction. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, in a lecture on the above subject, spoke of the women in Shakespeare, less worldly, self-indulgent, self-seeking than his men. Dickens and Thackeray, too, though their heroines were sometimes rather "geese," maintained an exalted reverence for goodness in women. The heroines of Scott he did not care for, but spoke highly of Browning's Pompilia, not considering the character, however, as inspired by Mrs. Browning. Meredith's women he was inclined to rank higher than those of any other novelist; Hardy's, like their creator, melancholy; "Maggie Tulliver" very lovable; Jane Austen's heroines immortal, but those of Charlotte Brontë little better than a nuisance. The heroine of modern fiction, he thinks, is ponderous on her feet, repulsive in her manners; she has developed problems in sociology, renounced the Ten Commandments, and, if not the victim of some dreadful disease, she is generally divorced at any early age.

For Catholic women the highest ideals are the saints; there are no fashions in sanctity. If the modern world does not recognize the saints, it is for Catholic women to emulate them in those things that make for sanctity. When they remember how the position of man depends upon woman, they will see there are few things more imperative than such work as belongs to the Catholic Women's League.—*The Tablet.*

Welsh Disestablishment. The bill disestablishing the Anglican Church in Wales has passed the House of Commons by a majority of seventy-seven. Thus lands and moneys to the extent of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, for which the Church of England can show a Parliamentary and prescriptive title of three hundred years, are to be taken from her solely to gratify Nonconformist dislike. The Nonconformists have not, however, dared to claim this money for themselves. It is not to be restored to the Catholic Church from whom it was originally taken. But it is to be expended upon art galleries and local museums.—*The Tablet.*

How Japan Educates Women. By J. S. Japan is awake to the need of right education for its girls, and within the last fifteen years the importance of this matter has occupied the earnest attention of the Imperial advisers. The Higher Normal School for Women was founded in 1874. In 1900 a Woman's University was opened amid great difficulties; but it has succeeded remarkably well. The ideal is to have the students study for the sake of the knowledge to be acquired.—*The Month,* July.

Crashaw, Shelley, and Thompson. By George O'Neill, S.J. This is the tercentenary of Richard Crashaw. A devout Anglican, a student at Cambridge, he was disgusted at the desecration of images which was part of the "Reformation." An exile in France, he was received into the Church. He took Minor Orders in Rome, and died at Loretto at the age of thirty-seven. There is a striking similarity between this life and the lives of Shelley and Thompson. As to their literary work, Crashaw excels as a mystic, Shelley as a poet, while Thompson blends both poetry and mysticism. Crashaw is the greatest English religious poet. The most beautiful things possible to be said of Shelley have been said by Thompson in his famous essay. Thompson had the advantage over Crashaw of living in an age of well-established and highly-refined critical

standards; his poetry is not so much mystical as priestly; he was given as a great gift to our materialistic age.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* July.

Islam in India. By Rev. Peter Dahmen. Over one-fifth of the total population of India, or nearly seventy millions, are Moslems. Compared with the Hindus of the same race, they are of sturdier frame and greater energy; their healthier concept of life makes them value life more than the Hindu. Islam has produced force of character and self-respect in its converts, and has contributed to develop the moral sense; further, it has rendered India a great service by raising the social level of millions of helots. The Brahmanical law forbids crossing the sea; the whole maritime trade, therefore, has passed into the hands of the Arabs, and as a result of their foreign relations, Mahommedan art and architecture far surpasses anything Hinduism has to offer. Finally, Islam is a unifying principle in the country, while Hinduism is not one religion, but a conglomerate of beliefs impossible to define.—*The Irish Theological Quarterly,* July.

Faith in the Resurrection. By A. Durand. A study of the appearances of Christ after His Resurrection. The Resurrection of Christ is the central fact of history. Our faith in this dogma of the Church is the same as the faith of the Apostles. Few facts in ancient history are so well established, since in the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, we have the testimony of eyewitnesses. The Resurrection was the divine seal placed definitely upon the Person of Christ and His mission. Primitive Christian art is inspired in large measure by the Resurrection. The art of the catacombs, properly interpreted, shows that it was inspired in great part by the Resurrection.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* June 16.

The Church and Charity Under the Old Régime. By J. Guiraud. An examination of the administration of public charity in the later Middle Ages. The sixteenth century marks a profound revolution in the history of charity. Modern civilization tends to make charity a public service administered by the State. In most countries of Europe, the goods of the Church have been taken over by the State, and the management of church charity is, in a measure, under State control. In the Middle Ages the Church

exercised exclusive control over official charity. The bishops and the clergy were the great public almoners. The people looked to them for assistance in times of public calamity. The hospitals were under the management of the bishops. Hygiene and scientific prescriptions were well cared for, considering the scientific knowledge of the time. The article is the first of a series.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* June 16.

Strikes and the Natural Law. By Henri du Passage. Revolutionary syndicalists, like George Sorel, who hope for the complete overthrow of our present system of society and the substitution of a single class, the producers, are heartily in sympathy with strikes. They discuss a universal strike, not as if it were really practicable, but as one of those ideals which attract the masses. The doctrine favored by the central Union of Catholic Workingmen's Associations in Berlin practically abolishes strikes, and admits their ligitimate character only after an appeal has been made to the State to settle the difficulty, and this appeal has failed. But strikes at times are really lawful, and, until arbitration becomes more common, they may be necessary. They ought to respect whatever contracts exist between employer and employee, unless the employer has rendered these null by his injustice.—*Études.*

Germany and the Missions. By G. G. Lapeyre and E. Moura. A thorough study of German activity (Catholic and Protestant) in the mission field. There are 1,187 German Protestant missionaries, 18 physicians, 342 sisters, and 9,027 native missionaries and catechists. They count 640,630 Christians and 55,952 catechumens, 3,613 schools, and 60 seminaries. The funds at their disposal reach nearly $3,000,000.00 a year. German Catholics give about $1,500,000.00 a year.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* June 15.

The Balkans and Europe. By André Chéradame. The curious situation exists that the Balkan States have transformed their relations in spite of Europe. Although England has the strongest navy, Russia the most numerous army, France the most easily accessible funds, the Triple Entente had little influence during the struggle, because all these three nations found themselves, at the same time, very much occupied at home. Austria-Hungary likewise was pre-occupied with preserving the German hegemony in Austria, and the Magyar in Hungary, and thus caused a weakness in the

Triple Alliance. Germany could have acted, but feared to precipitate a general European war. The general failure of European diplomacy also allowed the Balkans to take their own course. If the Servians had lost the battle of the Bregalnitza, and if the Roumanians had not rendered the Bulgarians powerless, Servia would have been destroyed, the Austro-German policy would have won a complete triumph, and the Triple-Entente suffered a complete defeat. —*Le Correspondant,* May 10.

The Tablet (May 16): In *A Tribute to Catholic Scholarship,* Mr. Harold Wiener, in the April number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra,* writing on *The Pentateuchal Text, the Divine Appellations, and the Documentary Theory,* pays tribute to a related article by Father Hugh Pope, O.P., in *The Irish Theological Quarterly,* October, 1913. He shows that the materials now being collected for the new edition of the Vulgate, furnish new proof of the difference between the Hebrew of the Vulgate and the Massoretic text.——In the same number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* Father Pope has a statement of *The Doctrine of the Catholic Church Touching Indulgences.* ——In connection with the centenary of the restoration of the Society of Jesus, Father Bernard Vaughan has contributed to the *Nineteenth Century and After* an article, entitled *The Jesuits in Fact and Fiction.*——Mr. Wilfrid Ward has accepted the invitation of Yale University to give the Bromley lectures in 1915.

Le Correspondant (May 10): Léandre Vaillat, in connection with a French exhibit of English and Irish decorative art, describes the pre-Raphaelite school of painters.——Edgar de Geoffroy, a naval engineer, recounts the great quantities of petroleum now used, its increased price, and the precautions nations, except France, are taking to insure having enough of it in case of war.——Fortunat Strowski reviews the character of Montesquieu, as seen from the new edition of his letters published by François Gébelin. Many of the letters are worthless; few add anything to Montesquieu's glory as a writer, or to our knowledge of his times, but naturally they reveal the man, in morals none too admirable.

(June 10): Marcel Dubois describes the evolution of the study of geography in France during the past forty years, and the renewed emphasis now put upon its human interest, the influence of environment on man's character and history.——The life and plays of François Ponsard, author of *Lucrèce, l'Honneur et l'ar-*

gent, and *Le Lion amoureux,* are briefly described, apropos to the centenary of his faith, by Fortunat Strowski.——René Brancour, of the Conservatory of Music, discusses the marvelous change in the opera wrought by Gluck, and traces his influence upon important modern compositions.——A new *Life* of M. Ollier, founder of the Seminary and Society of Saint Sulpice, attracts the praise of Abbé Augustine Sicard.

(June 25): *The Problem of the Triple-Entente,* according to Prince Kotchoubey, is how Russia can secure an outlet for her increasing population, and retain the friendship of France.—— Henri Bremond writes a sympathetic critique of *Walter Scott as the Preserver of Romanticism.*——Henry Laporte sketches the history of French governmental borrowing from Philip the Fair to the present day.——*The Fate of the New Hebrides,* thinks an anonymous writer, must some day be determined by war. Missionary influences especially complicate the situation.——Max Doumic gives the latest progress in providing *Cheap Houses for Workmen.*

Études (May 5): Joseph Burnichon publishes part of the introduction to his forthcoming history of the apostolate of the Jesuits in France since 1814, when they were reëstablished. Though several times despoiled and expelled because of political antagonisms, they have accomplished a marvelous pastoral, educational, and spiritual work.——Joseph Boubée catalogues the poets who, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the classic age of Spanish literature, celebrated the praises of the Blessed Virgin. Besides Lope da Vega and Calderon, the most famous is Fray Luis de León (1527-1591). French translations of some of these poems are given.——Writings of Royer-Collard and Cournot, who died in 1845 and 1877 respectively, philosophers once deservedly popular, but now nearly forgotten, have recently been republished, and are here summarized by Lucien Roure.——Charles Auzias-Turenne describes the activities of societies founded to meet young girls at railway stations, in order to protect and shelter them. A list of such societies in various countries, and a rather full record of the two main French organizations, the Protestant Union, founded in 1877 and the Catholic Protection founded in 1897, are given. The earliest instance of such work is that of the Company of the Blessed Sacrament, founded at Paris in 1655, whose members met the stage coaches.——A new edition of the works of Thomas à Kempis, says

Joseph Brucker, has just been issued by Dr. Michael Joseph Pohl, who defends, by new documents, à Kempis' right to be called the author of the *Imitation*.

Revue du Clergé Français (May 15): A. Lemonnyer attempts a reconstruction of the youth of St. Paul, based on the Saint's references in his Epistles, and the historical descriptions of ancient Jewish-Roman life given by Ramsay and Böhlig.——E. Vacandard presents all the opinions of critics regarding the authenticity and historic value of an ancient *Life* of St. Genevieve, apropos of a recent study on this subject by Godefroid Kurth.——A new volume on the churches of France of M. A. Brouquelet, evokes praise from F. Martin, who gives a complete description of the chapel of Pontlevoy.——A study of the material conditions, room, lighting, decorations, maps, blackboards, etc., which help to make a catechism class interesting, is presented by L. Hénin.——Charles Calippe describes the ravages of alcoholism and the measures taken against it; legal measures, particularly, in Sweden and Norway; school instruction and clubs in Belgium.——How a courageous woman, Madame Daniélou, has established a successful normal school at Neuilly in order to replace to some degree the schools of the exiled nuns, is the subject of a eulogy by the Count d'Haussonville.

Études Franciscaines (July): P. Edouard describes many of the cures wrought by Father Bernard-Marie de Castrogiovanni, an eighteenth century precursor in Malta of the Abbé Kneipp, and something of the opposition which his fresh air and ice-water remedies encountered from the conservative physicians.——An anonymous article describes a visit to the convent of Agréda in Spain, where the Venerable Mary of Jesus rose to so great sanctity in the seventeenth century, and where her body is still preserved.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (May 15): Monsignor Baudrillart announces the Abbés Bainvel and Verdier as successors to Abbés Guibert and Lesêtre, late editors of the *Revue*.——P. Theodore Mainage continues his conferences on the psychology of conversion, answering the objection that conversion is but a result of nervous disorder.

Recent Events.

France.

The first half of the month of June saw the fall of two governments and the beginning of a third. On M. Doumergue's resignation, M. Viviani's attempt to form a Cabinet was defeated at the last moment by the refusal of two Extreme Radicals who had accepted portfolios to agree to the formula which defined the attitude of the new Cabinet to the Three Years' Service Law. This formula declared it to be the determination of the government to apply the law voted by Parliament with regularity and loyalty. The intention, however, was expressed of examining bills dealing with the military training of the young, and the better utilization of the reserves. When these bills had been voted, and had become operative, and when experience had shown their efficacy, the question of a reduction of military burdens would then be considered, if the international position permitted. This formula the two Extreme Radicals, as representatives not only of some eighty members of the same denomination, but also of the Collective Socialists, refused to accept, unless it were so modified as to promise the return to two years' service without any reference to international circumstances.

M. Viviani thereupon, without any appearance before the Chamber, placed his resignation in the hands of the President. It was at once accepted, and M. Ribot, when called upon, was able in the course of a single day to form a Cabinet, which included some of the most distinguished politicians of the time. Towards the crucial question of the Three Years' Service his attitude was unequivocal: the maintenance of this law was declared to be a necessity of France's position as a great power; it would therefore be applied without faltering, although consideration would be given to bills for the military training of youths and the organization of reserves. All the members of the new Ministry belonged to the more moderate of the Republican groups. Its avowed intention was to rely solely for support upon a Republican majority, renouncing any purpose seeking the support of the Right. It also avowed its determination to maintain the secularist character of State education. One of its most ardent supporters was in fact made the Minister of Instruction. Not a single Socialist Radical was included within its ranks.

From the moment of its formation, the group of what is called Callautin Radicals, so named from M. Joseph Caillaux, together

with the Socialist followers of M. Jaurès and the Independent Radicals led by M. Augagneur, numbering all together three hundred and one, banded together in a determination to destroy the new Ministry. All these looked upon it as a paradox that the general election, which had deepened the Radical complexion of the Chamber, should bring into power a moderate such as M. Ribot, who had voted against the separation of Church and State.

The opponents of M. Ribot, on his first appearance at the head of the Ministry, succeeded in carrying a motion that the Chamber could not give its confidence to a Ministry incapable of realizing the union of the groups of the Left. M. Ribot at once resigned, and within twenty-four hours of its formation, his government came to an end, being distinguished in at least one respect, that of the forty-eight Cabinets since the establishment of the Third Republic, it had existed for the shortest period.

On M. Ribot's resignation, M. Viviani was called upon a second time, and within less than twenty-four hours was able to form a new government, the one which is still in existence at the time these lines are written. In making his second attempt M. Viviani went first to M. Combes, as a Radical of the purest purity. He met, however, with a decided refusal, M. Combes being in favor of an immediate return to two years' service. The formula as to three years' service formerly proposed by M. Viviani, has been only slightly modified. It leaves the present law in full force until measures have been taken to organize the reserves, and to give military training to the youth of the country, and only then "if a change in external circumstances permits." In spite of the vehement opposition of M. Jaurès, the Chamber, by a vote of three hundred and sixty-two against one hundred and thirty-nine, passed an order of the day, which expressed its confidence in the government's pursuing a policy of reform based on the union of Republicans, and supported by a Republican majority. Three years' service, therefore, remains in force, although upon a committee recently appointed, its defenders and opponents were equal in numbers.

Behind the Cabinet crisis through which France has just been passing, there was hidden another, more serious in character, which might have involved the President. He is looked upon by the Socialist Radicals, and especially by M. Clemenceau, as *mal élu;* and one motive for the defeat of M. Ribot was the hope that M. Poincaré would refuse to choose a ministry from the ranks of avowed personal opponents, and be thereby forced to give in his own resigna-

tion. He, however, was too wise to fall into this trap. In fact, French Presidents have established the custom of not consulting their own personal predilections, following consciously or unconsciously the example of the Kings of England. Hence the people of France are coming more and more into the enjoyment of the advantages of self-government, unless, perchance, they are betrayed by their own representatives.

The measure for Electoral Reform which has for so long a time been discussed, has for its object the giving even to minorities a way of making the wishes of all classes of the people better heard. This measure is being urged on by M. Viviani's government, and receives the support of M. Jaurès and of the Extreme Right. The government is so purely Republican, however, that it has declared it will not proceed with the measure unless it is supported by an exclusively Republican majority. This has proved too much even for M. Jaurès, and has led him to declare that the days of M. Viviani's Ministry are numbered.

The troubles of France are not confined to what is strictly political. For a long time what may almost be called a financial crisis has existed, of which many attempts have been made to find a solution, but all have so far failed. The present government, however, has been able without difficulty to carry its proposed remedy through both the Chamber and the Senate. The deficit is to be met in part by a loan for one hundred and sixty-one millions of dollars. This loan which was issued at ninety-one, and is to bear interest at three and one-half per cent, was on the day of issue subscribed forty-one times over, thereby showing how great is the amount of money in the possession of the French people. An authority in finance estimates France's holdings of foreign securities at six thousand five hundred millions of dollars, while, with the exception of the Russian State Bank, the Bank of France possesses the largest stock of gold in the world. Notwithstanding this success, financial authorities in France declare that the loan just issued is inadequate to meet the necessities of the State; in fact, that a loan of five hundred millions will have to be asked for—so large is the deficit, and so great is the expenditure involved in the increase of the time of service! The government has succeeded also in at last passing the Budget, which ought to have been passed before the last general election. In it have been incorporated certain income tax provisions to be paid on dividends, but the long-debated Income Tax Bill still remains in suspense.

Statistics for the last year show no decrease in the decline of the birth-rate. The number of births last year was 745,539, against 750,651 in the year before. In less than forty years the birth-rate has diminished by 200,000 a year. In 1912 the excess of births over deaths was only 15 per 10,000, while in the same year in Belgium it was 158; in Italy 140; in Hungary 150; in Germany 127; in Austria 107, and in England 105. The number of divorces has increased by about 500. There were 15,076 last year, or 761 per million of the population. The Commission appointed some years ago to report upon this disquieting decrease of the rate of birth, has so far been unable to find any remedy, unless the proposal recently made to import 50,000 natives of Algeria and Morocco to work in the industrial regions of northern and eastern France is due to its suggestion.

Germany.

The session of the Reichstag having closed, German politicians are having a rest. Many civilities have been exchanged with Great Britain, manifesting the growth of a better feeling between the two countries. A party of Berlin merchants have been paying a visit to England. In the course of this visit, Herr Dernburg, not long ago the German Secretary of State for the Colonies, made a speech, in which he generously acknowledged the debt which Germans owed to England. It was the English, he said, who, when Germany became strong enough to acquire oversea possessions, gave Germany the best help. Whenever he was in a difficulty, the study of British methods enabled him to find a solution. The central authorities in London, and the statesmen in Africa and elsewhere, had always shown him the greatest kindness, and had manifested an interest that was always friendly, placing at his disposal the experience which long years of colonial service had enabled them to gain. Herr Dernburg bore testimony to the fact that at length the political relations between the two countries had attained that normal state which permitted both to regard events without mistrust.

The visit of a squadron of the British Navy to Kiel in order to be present at the Regatta, may be taken as another indication of the improvement in the relations between the two countries. The Emperor, who is a British Admiral, went on board one of the warships and was warmly received. The Germans vied one with another to give the best of welcomes to the fleet. A single untoward incident, however, took place. Lord Brassey, one of the Em-

peror's personal friends, was arrested, on the morning of the day on which he was to dine with His Majesty, by officious police, for rowing in the neighborhood of a fortification. He was, however, detained for only a few minutes, and the incident is of no importance, except in so far as it shows how unwearied is the vigilance of the Prussian police.

The better understanding between Germany and Great Britain has proved no obstacle to a demand for a further increase of the navy. The new demand is not for a larger number of ships, but for a fresh and large increase of *personnel*. No new navy bill, it is said, will be introduced; the enlargement being sanctioned by provisions already enacted. The reason adduced for the step about to be taken is that a stronger representation of Germany abroad is rendered necessary by the concentration of European interest in the Eastern Mediterranean, and the problems which have arisen in the Pacific and elsewhere.

Austria-Hungary.

The murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and of his consort was a tragedy characterized by even more horror and a deeper pathos than any one of the many of a similar character that have preceded it. All who are in any way qualified from personal knowledge to speak of his late Imperial Highness, testify to his simplicity of character, manliness, and ability, and to his conscientious realization of the difficulty of the task which he had been called upon to undertake, as well as of a determination to prepare himself for the fulfillment of it.

Even greater perhaps is the sympathy which is felt for the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. The list of the trials through which he has had to pass is a long one. The crushing defeats of Magenta and Sadowa, the loss of rich provinces consequent thereon, as well as the forfeiture of his hereditary position in Germany; the many harassing internal troubles, of which there seems to be no end among the many and conflicting nationalities which make up the Dual Monarchy, are instances of what Francis Joseph has suffered as a sovereign. The sorrows of his domestic life have been even greater. The execution of his brother Maximilian consequent upon his attempt to establish an empire in Mexico; the mysterious death of his only son and heir, Prince Rudolph; the murder of his consort Elizabeth, "a woman who never hurt a soul, and who did good all her life," were, one would think, enough to fill up the measure

of his sorrows. But, as he exclaimed, it seems as if he was to be spared nothing; in his eighty-fourth year he has had to undergo the loss of the one whom he had so long been training to take his place. Well has he verified the words his mother wrote of him when he was yet untried, "God has given him the qualities needed to meet all turns of fate."

The murder must be looked upon as a consequence of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. This annexation was a bitter disappointment to the Serbs both in Servia and elsewhere. The Archduke is considered to have been the chief promotor of this action, and he has consequently fallen a victim to Serbian vengeance, and this, although, as at all events is generally believed, he had in view the placing of the Slavs on a level with the Hungarians by the revival of the kingdom of Bohemia. About this, however, as well as about other objects of his policy, a great deal is said which is by no means certain. About one thing, however, there seems no doubt: he was by no means a friend of the Magyars.

Italy.

The accounts of the strikes which took place in the beginning of June, failed to reveal the gravity of the situation. The Italian is one of the governments that thinks by suppressing facts to gain some advantage. Doubtless it may succeed for a time, but the advantage is so small as hardly to be worth the trouble. The truth in this case has soon leaked out. The movement began at Ancona on June 7th, on the occasion of the Festival of the "Statuto," the day on which is commemorated the granting of a Constitution to Piedmont. The celebration of this festival, the Anarchists, who are numerous in Ancona and throughout the cities of the Romagna, determined to prevent. From this centre the disturbances spread with great rapidity throughout the neighborhood of Ferrara, Bologna, and Modena, and afterwards to Rome. Outbreaks took place in Milan and Turin on the north, and at Naples and Bari in the south. It was, however, in the Romagna and the Marches that they reached their fullest development. For some days this portion of the kingdom was in the hands of the disaffected. Murder, arson, violent assaults, and pillage were committed, and with impunity, for the military and the police were rendered impotent by the unwillingness of the government to take harsh measures. At several places little republics were established, the agitators having sent round the report that the house of Savoy had been overturned, and that the Premier

had fled to Tripoli. Self-elected committees issued orders, churches and public buildings were burned, and at one place the firemen refused to quench a fire because it was political.

The movement, however, does not appear to have been spontaneous, but to have been organized by the Socialists. A leading part was taken by Malatesta, the chief Anarchist leader. He has declared that this is merely an episode in an undertaking of which the future will reveal greater developments, and which will lead to the establishment of a social republic. For this end, Socialists, Syndicalists, and Anarchists will combine their forces, and as they seem, at the present time, to be the only parties in Italy which have a defined policy upon which their heart is set, there is reason to apprehend graver trouble in the future. And indeed it seems probable that a general railway strike is imminent.

The war with Tripoli had the effect of bringing the whole country into close union, but now that it is over, and the burdens which it has entailed are being felt, the discontent which existed before the war, of which the Socialists are the chief representatives, is showing itself again. A thing which contributes to the power of the agitators, is the fact that law in Italy has for so long been associated with foreign domination, that large numbers of the people, who by no means sympathize with the objects of the agitators, have lost the habit of rendering a hearty support to their own public servants in enforcing their own law. Even the government hesitates to act with the necessary severity, for fear of losing the support which is necessary for its existence. Although the recent movement soon came to an end, this was due as much to the promoters of it as to the government, for the strike was declared, as is common on the continent, for a determined period, in this case of forty-eight hours.

Municipal elections which have been held in various cities, show an awakening of the public mind to the dangers of the situation. The more moderate parties are seeing the necessity of using their strength for the defence of their rights, and have risen up in their defence. This has led to the defeat of Nathan's attempt again to become the Syndic of Rome.

Spain.

Spain is enjoying a period of unwonted political tranquillity. The Ministry of Moderate Conservatives, of which Señor Dato is at the head, has now existed since last October, with so little

opposition, and, perhaps it may be said, with so little achievement, as to attract no attention from the foreign press. At the general election which took place in March, the government was supported by a fair majority. In the month of May the Minister for Marine introduced into the Chamber a bill providing for an annual credit of about seven millions of dollars, to be spread over nine years, to be devoted to naval construction. Between 1915 and 1917 two battleships as well as two cruisers, with three submarines, are to be built. Docks are to be made at the naval bases. The last Budget, introduced in May, showed a deficit of something like twenty millions of dollars. The Finance Minister received great credit for his frank admission of the fact. France would not be involved so seriously financially as she is at the present time had it not been for the action of a succession of Finance Ministers in disguising the real state of the case.

It cannot be said, however, that Morocco is flourishing in the zone which has fallen to the lot of Spain. In this respect a great contrast is offered to what has been achieved in the part of Morocco of which France has become the possessor. The French zone is largely occupied and pacified, although the recent advance is meeting with opposition. Foreigners and natives alike are satisfied with the progress that has been made under the administration of the protectorate. Life and property are now secure in a way never known before. Roads are piercing the country in every direction, and other large public works are on the point of being commenced. The Spanish zone, on the contrary, has been and still is the scene of warfare. The Riff, except for a small strip, remains unconquered. Open warfare exists in the districts round Tetuan, Tetuan itself being practically besieged. The roads have to be kept open and patrolled by troops, necessitating the employment of forty thousand soldiers. Socialists in Spain are threatening a strike as a protest against the continuance of the war. It was hoped a short time ago that France and Spain would agree to work together, and to harmonize their methods. The proposal was in fact made, but seems not to have been adopted.

Portugal.

A change in the Ministry has taken place in Portugal, the causes of which are either too obscure to be intelligible to outsiders, or too trifling to be worth mentioning, for no information is given by the press which records the fact. The new Ministry which was

formed without any difficulty, has the same Premier, Senhor Machado, and consists in fact of the same members with two exceptions, the result having been to eliminate the three Democratic members of the last administration.

The Portuguese government is accused of having entered upon the new and strange *rôle* of defending the Catholic religion. This at least is the charge brought against it by its critics, a charge, however, which it denies. In the Portuguese Congo a Protestant missionary was arrested and kept in prison on the trumped up charge of causing disorder, but in reality, as his friends allege, at the instigation of the clergy. The British government has intervened, and an investigation is being made.

Since the advent of the Republic a great revival of interest has taken place in her colonies. Although Portugal is itself a small country, it still possesses a great empire. Sometime ago a willingness existed to sell these foreign possessions, but at the present time so much are they valued, that no government which should propose such a step would exist for a single day. Attempts are now being made to improve their administration, and measures have also been taken to develop trade. Under these circumstances the rumors which have been circulated that Germany and Great Britain are negotiating with each other for a division between themselves of the African colonies of Portugal, have naturally aroused Portuguese sensibilities. There does not, however, appear to be any solid foundation for these rumors.

The fact that, according to the last estimate, the revenue will surpass the expenditure by some three millions and a half, shows a better state of the national finances than has existed for a long time. A widespread skepticism, however, exists as to the trustworthiness of Portuguese official statements.

The Balkans.

Albania remains in as unsettled a state as ever, and every effort made to restore order seems to add to the confusion. Prince William is still at Durazzo, but it cannot be said that he is the master of the situation, and there are rumors that his belongings have already been sent back to his home in Germany. The rebels demand his abdication, and wish to have a Moslem prince to rule over them —at least nominally. These rebels are not only in revolt against the authority placed over them by Europe, but have already begun to quarrel among themselves. A proposal has been made that the

charge of Albania should be taken over by the International Commission of Control, a body of men whom our late Minister at Athens pronounces to be unfitted by training and character to form a government. This Minister has given great scandal in the Chancelleries of the Old World by letting it be openly known what the New World thinks of some of their doings, and of their modes of operation. A reviewer of Miss Durham's *The Struggle for Skutari,* in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times,* speaks of "the organized mendacity of governments, the highly paid prevarication of diplomatists, the interested inaccuracies of historical professors, the unfounded assertions of royal personages, and 'inspired' articles paid for at advertisement rates [as having] all helped to deceive a public, as a rule, too uncritical to observe that many of these misstatements were mutually contradictory, and too ignorant of Balkan geography to detect at once what was plainly fantastic." Mr. Williams, by the statements which he has made, aims at throwing light upon certain dark transactions.

The war between Turkey and Greece which a few weeks ago seemed on the point of breaking out, has been at least postponed. The real reason for this postponement is most probably to be found in the fact that our government consented to sell two warships to Greece. This made Greece so strong that it became imprudent for Turkey to begin hostilities, nay, even, it has had the effect of making Turkey willing to remove the grievances which rendered the war likely. These consisted in the fact that the Greek residents in the Ottoman Empire, not merely visitors and traders, but the Greeks who are Ottoman subjects, were being driven from their homes to make room for the Turkish refugees from Macedonia. These proceedings have now been stopped by the Turkish government, and in some cases at least the confiscated possessions and homes restored to their lawful owners.

Persia.

For a long time no reference has been made to the affairs of Persia, for the reason that that ancient nation seemed to be gradually approaching its end, but in a way so quiet and calm as to furnish nothing worthy of special notice. Of late, however, several occurrences have taken place, which seem to indicate that a crisis is at hand. In one respect some degree of improvement has taken place. The gendarmerie under the command of Swedish officers has been able to restore something like order in the districts which

for a long time have been given over to rapine and brigandage. There has also been some little improvement of the financial situation, but this has now disappeared and the treasury is again bankrupt. But all the while Russia has been tightening her hold upon the Northern Province of Azerbaijan. Not content with holding many towns and villages by her soldiers, Russian Consuls have now begun to collect the taxes from Russian subjects and protected persons dwelling in Persian territory, whose numbers are always on the increase. These taxes include not merely the land tax, but indirect taxes, such as excise and transport tolls. This system has been extended as far as Ispahan, and the question is being asked, what does Persian sovereignty amount to when Russia is allowed to act in this way within Persian territory? No less than one-third of the land and resources of Azerbaijan have passed under Russian control.

If Russia has practically made the north of Persia Russian, she has acted openly. Great Britain seems to have taken a more insidious, but not a less real, method of securing for herself the more southern part of the country. The British Admiralty has bought a controlling interest in a large number of oil wells for the supply of the British navy. This will necessitate for the protection of these wells in the event of disturbances, the use of British forces in what by the agreement with Russia of 1907 was made the neutral zone. British statesmen disclaim any purpose of interfering with either Persian or Russian rights, and undoubtedly with sincerity; but the logic of facts is stronger than the logic of words. Russia has reason to complain that there has been an evasion of the terms of the Anglo-Russian Convention.

It is feared, however, by those who are least desirous of the partition of Persia between Russia and Great Britain, that such a course is being rendered inevitable by the recent series of events. A preferable course would be if Great Britain were to set herself to a serious endeavor to strengthen and help Persia to secure good government, the elements necessary for securing it, in the opinion of good judges, being by no means wanting. Capable and upright statesmen are to be found, if due encouragement and protection could be given. But Great Britain seems to feel herself bound to a subservient coöperation with Russia in Persian matters on account of the necessity of maintaining the equilibrium in Europe, which is the end for which the Triple Entente exists.

With Our Readers.

ST. TERESA in her manifold activities, but above all else in her love and practice of prayer, has surely left a special timely message for men and women of the modern world. We reprint in full the Encyclical of our Holy Father Pius X., written for the centenary of her beatification:

Beloved Sons, Health and the Apostolic Benediction. Since the time when We, though most unworthy, have been raised by the goodness of God to the Chair of Peter, We have considered it an important duty of Our Apostolic office, whenever an occasion presented itself of solemnly honoring any children of the Church who were distinguished for their splendid virtues, their eminent doctrine, and their glorious deeds, to avail Ourselves of such an opportunity with all diligence. Seeing that the minds of men are influenced by deeds much more than by words, We have ever been convinced that Our aim of restoring all things in Christ could not be promoted so much by exhortations as by holding up the example of those who made the imitation of Christ their earnest study and reproduced in themselves with admirable fidelity the likeness of His holiness. For this reason, on the solemn anniversaries of Gregory the Great, John Chrysostom, and Anselm of Aosta, We published Letters filled with their praises; and lately we celebrated in like manner the third centenary of the canonization of Charles Borromeo.

A solemnity of the same sort, beloved sons, will fall to the lot of your renowned Order in next April, which will be the 300th anniversary of the Decree of Paul V. conferring the title of Blessed on your Mother and lawgiver, Teresa. In a general assembly of your Order lately, it has been reported to Us, you had the matter under consideration, and you are making diligent preparation to celebrate the anniversary of the joyous event with sacred ceremonies and to offer her in many ways marks of grateful homage. Your pious intentions have our hearty approval, and in the name of the entire Church We gladly associate Ourselves with you in your rejoicings. For the virgin of Avila is an ornament and light to the whole Catholic world, and is by no means the least amongst its illustrious ones. "The Lord so filled her with the spirit of wisdom and intellect and with the treasures of His grace, that, as a star in the firmament, her splendor will shine in the house of God for all eternity" (Bull of Canonization). Thus spoke Pope Gregory XV. about St. Teresa. And how truthfully! For this saintly woman has been of so much service in instructing the faithful in the way of salvation that she would seem to be little, if at all, beneath these great Fathers and Doctors of the Church whom We have named.

It is remarkable how she was gifted by nature for her heavenly office of instructress in the ways of virtue. Her marvelously keen intellect, her noble and generous soul, her sure judgment, her prudence in dealing with people and in business affairs, no less than her sweet disposition and pleasant manner, won for her the affection of everyone. But her natural endowments were altogether eclipsed by her supernatural gifts. Although among her contemporaries were many persons distinguished for their holiness of life and knowledge

of things divine—so that that period may be justly called the golden age of Catholic Spain—it must be admitted that Teresa combined in herself the virtues and gifts of all of that pious band whom she numbered among her intimate friends and advisers.

It would take long, and we do not intend, to describe the many excellencies of this illustrious woman. But we judge it most opportune to set before you, beloved children, some considerations about her virtues—they will be to you a source of profitable meditation, and, through you, a source of instruction to Christians.

In the first place, seeing that those things which exceed the compass of the human reason and lie outside the narrow circle of nature, are nowadays regarded lightly by so many, or even contemptuously thrust aside as worthless, it will be useful to investigate the strong faith of Teresa. Since faith is "the substance of things to be hoped for," that is, the root (as it were) of the divine heavenly life in man, and the foundation on which the whole fabric of Christian perfection is built, it wins our admiration to see to what an extent Teresa lived by faith and was guided by it alone in all her counsels, her words, her deeds. None showed more loyal obedience to the Church, the mistress of truth; none clung to the doctrine more unswervingly. Not only was she unshaken by the wiles of heretics and the deceits of the devil, but she stated in writing that if an angel or a voice from heaven should propose anything to her belief which was not conformable to the doctrine of the Church, she would never in any way believe it. And, further, we know that she was ready to face a thousand deaths, if need be, in defence of the faith. To her nothing was clearer or more evident than the truth of the Christian dogmas; indeed the more inscrutable they were to human intelligence, the more whole-heartedly did she assent to them.

Therefore, when she approached the Adorable Sacrament, her mind seemed absorbed as if her affections were wrapped in contemplation of this Great Mystery. As the same Pope Gregory, Our predecessor, says: "She beheld so clearly in the Blessed Eucharist, with the eyes of her mind, the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that she asserted that she was not in the least envious of those who beheld Our Lord with the eyes of the body" (Bull of Canonization). In reward for her faith it was granted to her, as far as it is possible to the human mind in this mortal life, both to penetrate the secrets of God, even the profoundest and those most removed from human perception and intelligence, and to interpret and explain them with ease. And in this respect it seemed to those whom she chose as her spiritual directors that she might reasonably be compared to Moses, who was privileged to enjoy the presence and conversation of God.

Who has not heard how ardently she longed to share this gift of faith with those who had it not? While still only a child, she conceived the design and formed plans for crossing to Africa, to give to those savage peoples "the Christ or her blood" (Brev. Hymn). Being thwarted in her intention, she wept for the pitiable condition of pagans and heretics all her life long, and was filled with holy envy of those who led men back from the darkness of error and sin to the light of truth and holiness. Hindered by her sex and condition of life from taking part in apostolic labor, she put on the spirit of Elias, and undertook what is called the apostleship of prayer and penance. To this end, since she was unable to join in the work of spreading the faith, she set herself to practise the evangelical counsels with all her might, convinced that the more she advanced in holiness the more acceptable to God would be her prayers for the spread of Christianity and the salvation of souls. Finally, her desire of

defending Christian Doctrine and making it known may be gathered from the importance which she attached to the catechism; there was no book which she wished her daughters to take up more frequently or read more diligently.

Another of the chief glories of Teresa, which deserves particular mention because it is so opposed to the spirit of the age, was her singular love for her Lord Jesus. It is regrettable that men have blotted out of memory the answer which Christ gave to His apostles when they inquired the way that would lead them to God; Christ replied: "I am the way and the truth and the life. No man cometh to the Father, but by Me" (John xiv. 6). How completely this was forgotten by those who were called Quietists, and by some innovators of that sect! But it was deeply impressed on the mind and soul of this holy virgin. Therefore, whatever benefits she received from God, she attributed them to Christ; whatever good she sought from God, she sought it from Christ. She made Christ her sole Master by Whom to regulate her daily actions, her sole Guide to lead her up the heights of divine contemplation. All who entertained the like feelings towards Christ, she called most happy; all others she regarded as most wretched, because of their want of faith. And her manner of life accorded well with her sentiments; for the one object of her endeavors was to order her life after the example of Jesus Christ, and by imitating Him to engrave His image more and more on her soul so that she might truly say with the Apostle: "To me, to live is Christ; and to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21).

Having such a Master for her rule of life, she learned promptly to forsake the things of earth, and with earnestness to purify her soul from even slight blemishes and adorn it with virtue. Thus she steadily progressed until she was so fashioned after the image of her Lord that whatever hardships, cares, and sorrows He suffered while on earth, and whatever joys and consolations were His, all these Teresa likewise experienced by the force of that love which so intimately united her to Him. And since it is an effect of charity that, while it inflames the soul, it at the same time quickens and enlightens the mind, Teresa was so far favored by God that she not only beheld the abundant and most perfect virtue of the Christ Man, but she was admitted by contemplation to the inmost mysteries of the Word of God; still more, she was made worthy to have disclosed to her not a few of the secrets of the Adorable Trinity, and to be addressed by the Son of God with the words: "Henceforth thou shalt, like a true spouse, be zealous for My honor; for now I am all thine, and thou art all Mine."

How faithful she was to the obligations of this compact there is no need to say. Until this time she had indeed disregarded self, and ever aimed at advancing the interests of Christ, but from now until her death she lived wholly and entirely for Christ. We would direct special attention to the way in which her desire for promoting the greater glory of her Spouse influenced her attitude towards two things, the greatest that the infinite love of Jesus conceived, and which ought to be most dear to the heart of everyone, since He instituted the one as His last gift to man and the other when expiring on the Cross—we mean the Blessed Eucharist and the Church.

Who has ever praised more grandly than she did the wisdom and goodness of God in instituting this Sacrament, in which He accommodated Himself marvelously to our littleness and gave expression to His love, and ordained for ever the Sacrifice by which He ransomed the human race? Who hungered after this Bread of Angels so insatiably? For a time when even pious souls did not approach the Holy Table frequently, Teresa approached it daily, and with such eagerness that it seemed as if not even armed men could restrain her from partaking of the Sacred Banquet. Who was more sadly grieved than she to

behold men's indifference and irreverence towards this Sacrament? Who was more zealous in atoning for the injuries offered to this Mystery of immense love? And she unceasingly urged her daughters likewise to make fervent reparation. On one occasion, unable to bear the torture which racked her, she earnestly besought God either to end at once the shameful wickedness of these ungrateful men or to destroy the earth altogether.

And then, too, see her love for the Church, the Mother of all Christians! She used to say that no one can really love God without being as zealous for the spread of Christ's Church as for the glory of Christ Himself. What staunch loyalty she showed in all matters to that Church of which she was so devoted a daughter! And how lavishly she extolled the authority given to the Church by Christ its Founder! Indeed, the high estimation in which she—a woman so endowed with the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and enjoying such familiar friendship with God—held those instruments of divine grace called sacramentals, may appear to superficial minds to have been excessive; and it is certainly astonishing that she expressed her willingness to undergo a thousand deaths on behalf of these or the least of the rites of Holy Church. Again, it did not escape her discerning judgment and heavenly wisdom that the prosperity or adversity of the Church depends in large part on its ministers' holiness of life, and that much more is accomplished for the salvation of souls by one priest who lives up to the obligations of his high office than by a large number of indifferent priests. Therefore, while she pours out tears at beholding the Church buffeted by violent storms and so many souls rushing to eternal perdition, she at the same time tries to win from God by her austerity of life, manifold bodily chastisements, and humble, persevering prayer that the Church shall have an abundant supply of priests well disciplined in learning and the virtues befitting their state, and while they labor for the salvation of others that they may not imperil their own.

Teresa, however, was not content to work for this object singlehanded. Since it is the nature of charity to spread its beneficient power to as many others as possible, she gathered others around her to be her helpers and to transmit to them her zeal and mode of life, "Having effectually conquered the flesh by perpetual virginity, and the world by remarkable humility, and the snares of the devil by her many excellent virtues, she then roused herself to higher achievements, and putting off the weakness of her sex by force of her noble mind, she girded about her loins with strength, and strengthened her arm, and enrolled an army of brave souls who would wage holy combat for the house of the God of Sabaoth and His law and commandments" (Bull of Canonization). Spurred on by the double spirit of Elias, and divinely leagued with your holy father St. John, she undertook to bring back the illustrious Order of which she was a member to its primitive rigor. A mighty task, surely, and one of no easy achievement! Yet, as it is well known, she speedily brought her design to a happy consummation. Thus it came to pass, chiefly through the exertions of Teresa, that the world at that time was afforded the astonishing spectacle of an immense number of persons who, withdrawing themselves from the busy world and entering into the service of God, emulated the ancient anchorites of Mount Carmel and the Thebaid by a manner of life most rigorous in its discipline, but tempered by all the sweetness of heavenly contemplation; and whatever their contemplation taught them which would be serviceable in leading souls to eternal life, all this they shared with others either by that apostleship of penance and prayer of which We have spoken or by a diligent discharge of the sacred ministry. It has long been known to Us that you, beloved sons, still uphold those high ideals which have been handed down to

you, and have not relaxed from the spirit of St. Teresa; for We have had intimate personal acquaintance with your Order for a very long time. And We now seize the opportunity afforded Us of giving public expression to the good will We deservedly entertain for both the sons and daughters of your great Mother. Sufficient praise, indeed, can never be given to the manner of life embraced by those young women who exchange the wealth, renown, and pleasures of the world for the simplicity of the Cross, and shutting themselves up in the silence of holy retirement, are consumed with the fire of charity, pleasing victims to God on the altar of Christian penance; there day and night they unceasingly make intercession for that world which knows them not. Equally estimable is the life of the friars, who are not so much occupied in Divine contemplation as to take no share in the active life, but attend to both in due order, and, gathering the good odor of Christ within the cloister by training themselves in virtue, spread it around them outside for the benefit of others. Therefore, beloved children, strive not only to hold fast to the alliance of contemplation and action marked out by your predecessors, but make it flourish and grow vigorous among you. For in these days more than ever the Church has need of sacred ministers who will combine close union with God with active love for men—priests such as your holy Mother Teresa so desirously longed for.

Lastly, since that yearning for novelties, which is in evidence more than ever to-day, has invaded even the field of ascetical and mystical theology, all must see the importance of jealously guarding St. Teresa's teaching in both these spheres. For "God Almighty so filled her with the spirit of understanding that she not only bequeathed to the Church the example of her good works, but she bedewed it with the heavenly wisdom of her treatises on mystical theology and other pious writings" (Bull of Canonization). Whoever wishes to lead a life of holiness, let him but study these, and he will have need of no others. For in them this renowned mistress of piety points out a safe path of Christian life from its inception up to the consummation and perfection of virtue; she sets down accurately the ways best suited for correcting vicious habits, quelling boisterous passions, and effacing the defilements of sin; and she puts before the reader every enticement to virtue. And in explaining all these matters, she at once shows her admirable knowledge of things divine, and gives proof of her intimate acquaintance with the nature of the human soul, its recesses, and its inner workings. In this great knowledge of human infirmity, which inclined her tender heart so exceedingly to mercy, and still more in the ardor of her charity, is to be sought her characteristic strength of prayer and gentleness of manner, which exert such wonderful influence on men's minds. As Our predecessor, Leo XIII. of happy memory, speaking of St. Teresa's writings, says beautifully: "They have a force, more heavenly than human, which rouses one marvelously to a better life, so that their reading is most profitable not alone to those engaged in the direction of souls and those who tread the highest paths of virtue, but also to everyone who is at all concerned about the duties and virtues of Christian life—in other words, who is anxious about his salvation" (Letter to Father Bouix, S.J., March 17, 1883). As regards mystical theology, Teresa discourses about those higher regions (as it were) of the spiritual life with such ease that there she seems to be in her proper sphere. There is not one secret of that life which she does not penetrate and disclose to us. Advancing through all the degrees of contemplation, she reaches such sublime heights as are inaccessible to all except those who have experienced and are acquainted with the divinest affections of the soul. Yet she says not one word which conflicts with exact Catholic theology; and she sets out everything with such facility and clearness that the most disting-

uished doctors of her day were astonished to find the mystical theology which was vaguely taught by the Fathers of the Church here and there through their works, gathered together by this saintly woman and arranged systematically. For our own part, when We review the errors which are so prevalent in these matters at the present day, We consider specially important not only the accuracy with which Teresa, when describing the mystical movements of the soul, distinguishes between the human element and the divine, and marks off precisely the functions of the intellect from those of the will, but also her insistence on the need of these movements being accompanied by the exercise of all the virtues. Her teaching is that the several degrees of prayer are so many steps up the ascent of Christian perfection; that a man's progress in prayer is chiefly discernible in a more faithful discharge of his duties and increased zeal in sanctifying his life; finally, that the more one is joined in mystical union with God, the more fervent becomes his love for his neighbor and his solicitude for the welfare of souls. Whoever will reflect on these teachings of St. Teresa will come to understand how deservedly writers on these difficult subjects have acknowledged her as a master and have followed her guidance, and furthermore, with what justice the Church pays to this virgin the honors given to Doctors, and in the liturgy prays God "that we may be nourished by the food of her heavenly doctrine and instructed by the ardor of her tender piety." Would that those who now write about what they call mystical psychology would make up their minds to follow in the footsteps of this great mistress!

We have here, beloved children, touched on the principal things that rebound to the glory of St. Teresa. When published broadcast by you, they should help much to increase devotion to her among the people and to add distinction to the pious celebrations you are about to hold. For it is much to be desired that St. Teresa should be known and esteemed among all devout people—she who, as is clear from what we have written, "shone as a brilliant star in Carmel, and adorned the Catholic Church by the virtues of her angelic life, her writings of heavenly wisdom, and her numerous children who so faithfully follow the example left them by their great mother and mistress" (Letter of Leo XIII. to the Bishop of Salamanca).....

Meanwhile, in token of heavenly favors, and in witness of our good will, We most lovingly impart to you, beloved son, and to all the children of St. Teresa, Our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 7th of March, the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the year 1914, the eleventh of Our Pontificate.

POPE PIUS X.

WE believe that Dr. Washington Gladden in his article in *Harper's Weekly* for July 18th, entitled *The Anti-Catholic Panic,* exaggerates the situation when he says that we are in for another anti-Catholic crusade that will sweep the country. That there is a rising wave of anti-Catholic hatred is beyond question; but it will not assume the proportions Dr. Gladden describes. The Catholic Church is too well known, and the majority of our non-Catholic brethren are too fair-minded and intelligent, to permit of that.

But Dr. Gladden, and the editors of *Harper's Weekly* who publish his article, merit the gratitude of all who love justice and peace. Dr.

Gladden seeks, in the face of the terrible storm which he sees impending, to give some advice to his fellow Protestants, that will calm their fears and lead them to be reasonable and just.

One of the most effective measures to secure a better understanding and a fairer judgment would be for all the leaders of Protestant bodies, and all ministers, to denounce such sheets as *The Menace* and *The Peril* that seek to do nothing but breed hate.

We are certain that neither the Catholic body, nor any considerable portion of it, will " say hard and bitter things about non-Catholics;" or " cherish the worst suspicions about their motives and purposes." Misunderstanding is inevitable; it is a necessary result of our differences. Misrepresentation should be sincerely and earnestly condemned by everyone.

* * * *

JUST as we wrote the above there came to us an able opinion written by a Catholic, Judge Malone of the Court of General Sessions of New York, which should certainly make for religious peace. We reprint a portion of it:

.....I think the law is perfectly well settled that no man in a house of religious worship, on the Lord's Day, in a discontented state of mind himself, is to infuse that discontent into the minds of other persons, by which the tendency is to disturb the tranquillity and peace of those communicating at divine service....

The place was the Calvary Baptist Church, and the date when these proceedings occurred was Sunday, May 10th, about eleven o'clock in the morning. I think that the quiet, undisturbed worship of God in a house of worship involves precious doctrines to the people, and cannot be diminished even by well-meaning and respectable persons; and Sunday was not a proper time, nor was the Calvary Baptist Church the proper place, for the disputatious discussion upon the responsibilities of citizenship and the duties of men. It was the time and place where forms of conduct are to be cautiously and strictly observed. Surely, if you strip religion of its quiet forms and external symbols, you will fix it to the earth; it would seem, too, that it was of primary importance to the community that their retreat from a world of stress and excitement on that Sunday morning should not be disturbed, and that end, as I view it, would be defeated, without the instrumentality of outward quietness and proper behavior, and by conduct that is such as will arrest and fix the attention of the communicants, and stimulate those who are desponding, those who come there for contemplation and for religious consolation. No one assuredly can respect religion and at the same time insult its forms and proper symbols..... Any conduct, therefore, which is calculated to destroy that nice observance of orderly behavior which has always existed on the Lord's Day in houses of worship, is a matter of great importance to the multitude of men generally. It seems to the court that such a proceeding, from all the evidence that was submitted before the magistrate and read here, was clearly contrary to the religious feelings and habits of the people of this country, and cannot be reconciled with good sense or good feeling.....

If our municipal authorities have not, within the law, authority to provide

against such evils of confusion and disorder in the house of prayer, then indeed are our people at the mercy of the combination of those who respect no law, no order, and no government except their own unbridled wills.....While it is beyond the power of the law to rectify men's minds, and to infuse into them that spirit which prompts them to the doing of praiseworthy things promotive of the peace and comfort of the community, still it is within the power, yes, the duty, of the law to take from those who are indifferent and evil-minded, the ability of doing public mischief, and to limit and restrain them of their liberty, if needs be, when they grossly abuse it.....

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Synopsis of The Rubrics and Ceremonies of Holy Mass. By Rev. W. Doyle, S.J. 15 cents net. *My Lady Rosia.* By F. M. Groves. $1.25 net. *The Inglethorpe Chronicles.* By T. Kendal. 75 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Cranberry Claimants. By Rosa Mulholland. 50 cents. *Lisbeth.* By M. T. Waggaman. 75 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome. By F. W. Fuller. $2.25 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century. By F. Ozanam. Translated by A. E. Nellen and N. E. Craig. $2.00 net.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, New York:
Educational Missions. By J. L. Barton. 75 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
George Macdonald Stories for Little Folks—At the Back of the North Wind. Simplified by Elizabeth Lewis. $1.50.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The Religious Poems of Richard Crashaw. By R. A. E. Shepherd. 30 cents. *Parish Life under Queen Elizabeth.* By W. P. M. Kennedy, M.A. 30 cents. *Richard of Wyche.* By Sister M. R. Capes. $1.50 net. *Leaves from the Note-Book of a Missionary.* By Rev. Wm. B. Hannon. 75 cents. *The New Man.* By P. Gibbs. $1.00 net. *The Sweet Miracle.* (A Mystery Play.) By Eça de Queiroz. 30 cents net. *St. Bernardino, the People's Preacher.* By M. Ward. 30 cents net. *Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church.* By M. Barrett, O.S.B. $1.80 net. *Atlas Hierarchicus.* By P. C. Streit, S.V.D. $10.00 net.

MARTIN SECKER, London:
The Epic. By L. Abercrombie. 1 *s.* net. *Comedy.* By J. Palmer. 1 *s.* net. *Satire.* By G. Cannan. 1 *s.* net. *History.* By R. H. Gretton. 1 *s.* net.

P. S. KING & SON, London:
The Drink Question. By Rev. J. Keating, S.J. 6 *d.* net. *Christian Citizenship.* By Rev. T. Wright. 6 *d.* net.

JOUVE ET CIE, Paris:
Nos Désenchanteurs. Par C. de Vaudac. 0 *fr.* 95.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:
Paroles d'Encouragement. Par F. Million. 1 *fr.* *Figures de Pères et Mères Chrètiens.* Par Abbé H. Bels. 2 *frs.*

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
L'Eucharistie. Par P. Batiffol. *La Paix Constantinienne et le Catholicisme.* Par P. Batiffol. 4 *frs.*

ÉMILE PAUL FRERES, Paris:
La Survivance Française au Canada. Par Prince de Beauvan-Craon. 3 *frs.* 50.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Prudens Sexdecim Linguarum Confessarius. Par M. d'Herbigny, S.J. 2 *frs.*

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THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

BY CHARLES H. MCCARTHY, PH.D.

TO understand the events which culminated September 11, 1814, in the great naval victory on Lake Champlain, it is not necessary to have in mind an outline of American history from the date of the discovery by Columbus. An advantage will be perceived, however, in a familiarity with the origin and development of political parties under the Constitution. As we shall see, the declaration of war in 1812, as well as a number of interesting events in its progress, is closely bound up with the struggles of the first political parties in the United States.

In the Convention which sat in Philadelphia during the summer of 1787 were many discrepant elements. There were delegates from small States and delegates from large States, delegates from slaveholding States, and delegates from States that were essentially free; delegates representing States which were chiefly agricultural, and delegates from States that were beginning to be commercial. There were delegates who favored hard money, and delegates who favored soft money. By the adoption of a few important compromises, some of these jarring elements were finally harmonized. In another view, that Convention could be regarded as being composed of two antagonistic groups, namely, one whose members signed the Constitution, and one whose members refused their signatures. It is in the fortunes of the latter that we are now interested. The tuneful voice of patriotism, which had hushed the agitation of factions, failed to influence sixteen delegates, who left the Convention without having approved its work. To this class belonged Luther

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Martin, of Maryland, later known as "the bull-dog of the Federalists." Even better known in 1787 was George Mason, of Virginia, who saw in the lack of a Bill of Rights an insurmountable objection to the proposed Constitution. Lansing and Yates, both from New York, left the Convention before its task was finished. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, also belonged to this band, to which, according to one's political faith, one can apply the epithet statesmanlike or parochial. Concisely to describe the situation, it may be said that seventy citizens of twelve States were honored by appointment as delegates to the Convention; that many, like Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, declined to attend, and that, at one time or another, fifty-five members visited the Convention, but only thirty-nine signed the finished draft of a new constitution.

When the Constitution was engrossed and signed, it was promptly forwarded to Congress, then in session in New York, with a recommendation that it be submitted for the adoption of the several States. In that body it was proposed by some to amend the plan of the Convention. Such action, of course, would have undone all that had been accomplished, and before another convention could have prepared a different constitution, there is little doubt that anarchy would have become general. In 1787 there existed among the commonwealths controversies of the gravest character. James Madison, who had been one of the framers, was at that time a delegate in Congress from the State of Virginia. Very much to the satisfaction of that body, he answered the objections of his colleague, Richard Henry Lee, who not only criticized the work and the programme of the Convention, but, as *The Federal Farmer,* soon began in the newspapers a spirited opposition.

In the New York journals Hamilton must have seen the addresses, the thoughts, and the observations which comfortably filled their columns. It is certain that he would not have descended to an argument with every fellow who had an inclination to scribble in a newspaper, but the letters of Richard Henry Lee were not beneath the dignity of notice. Hamilton, doubtless, had some confidence in his own skill in argumentative composition, and in his knowledge of the new plan. The result was the publication of the celebrated series of eighty-five letters, printed between the autumn of 1787 and the following summer, chiefly in the *Independent Journal* and the *New York Packet.* In their preparation Hamilton was slightly assisted by Jay, who wrote five numbers, and very ably by Madison, the sole author of twelve or fourteen, and a collaborator, with Hamilton, in the composition of three or four. Not so

well known is William Duer, who contributed a few sprightly numbers, but did not greatly add to either the dignity or the value of the papers.

Whatever may have been the effect of the essays, known collectively as *The Federalist,* they ultimately supplied the leaders with arguments, and are credited with no slight influence in having persuaded the conventions of eleven States to adopt the Constitution. Those who favored and those who opposed the new system, then, formed the first political parties in the national period, but as yet they were without organization. One is not to infer, however, that in this memorable campaign there was any lack of energy. It is difficult in our time even to imagine the feelings of the partisans of that epoch, but the existence of factions, now called parties, was just as real as are the divisions of to-day. From an examination of contemporary newspapers, one might almost fancy that the buried greatness of Rome had crossed the Atlantic. Cato, and Brutus, and Cincinnatus exchanged blows with fearful adversaries as courageously as did the original owners of these patronymics some two thousand years before. From a grave more remote came the shade of Aristides, renowned for public virtue, who volunteered his services during the war. We cannot now pause to examine the list of casualties, but must reluctantly leave this topic with the statement that the fight was furious. Besides these paper battles there were armed mobs, and rioting, and bloodshed.

The element which favored the *foedus,* or union, under the proposed Constitution, became known as the Federalist Party. Those opposed, nowhere more numerous than in New England, were called Anti-Federalists. As was stated in the preceding paragraph, the former was successful. Though the opposition was bitter and the feeling tense, even at that early date was illustrated the fine American characteristic of gracefully accepting a political defeat. When the Constitution became operative, the occupation of the Anti-Federalists apparently was gone. Their conduct plainly declared to the victors, "Gentlemen, you now have the Constitution to which you profess so great attachment. We shall take care that its provisions are strictly observed." This attitude, manifest in the action of Gerry, gave us the strict constructionists and the loose constructionists.

Hamilton, the intellectual leader of the Federalists or loose constructionists, conceived a series of fiscal measures which were soon enacted into law. The extent of his success has been vividly suggested by Webster, who said that the first Secretary of the

Treasury touched the corpse of public credit and it sprang to its feet. The improvement in the public finances was almost instantaneous. The moneyed interests, which have ever had an influence out of all proportion to their number, were promptly drawn up on the side of the new government. Jefferson, a foreign secretary with few duties, dreaded this corrupt treasury squadron, as he called it, and began to undermine the influence of his colleague and the authority of his chief. The establishment of the United States Bank, a measure which divided friends, was opposed by the strict constructionists, who looked to Jefferson for leadership. The Constitution, they maintained, did not create a state, in the language of that day a *nation* equipped with sovereign powers. Therefore the government could not charter a corporation. The social and the sectional opposition to this institution, afterward known as the first United States Bank, we may pass without observation.

After a year under the new system, the agitation in New England sank to rest. The more clamorous in opposition had been silenced by the adoption of ten amendments to the Constitution. The energetic fiscal policy of the government was satisfactory, especially the act for assuming the Revolutionary debts of the States; public securities were rising in price, taxes were reduced, and trade, interrupted by the war, was everywhere reviving. Rhode Island, after recovering from her paper money delusion, entered the Union in May. In a word, one year under what was sometimes called the new roof had brought contentment. South of the Potomac the measures of government were differently regarded. Everything done by Washington's administration was believed to be wrong. All the bills passed, it was said, were merely schemes in the interest of the East, as New England was then called. Most detested of them all was the Assumption Bill. These conditions led to the decline of Anti-Federalism in New England, and to its rapid growth in the South.

By Southern Congressmen the funding system was declared odious, unequal in its operations, and unjust. The excise law, an alleged imitation of a British custom, was objected to in the House, and in western Pennsylvania resisted by the "Whiskey Boys." The very thought of a title for General Washington, which was seriously proposed, appears to have made some men mad. They likewise objected to his levees, and to the equipage of Vice-President Adams, as well as to the books written by that official. The discontented found a leader in Jefferson, fresh from France and its ultra republicanism. Every unpremediated remark, every unconsidered observation at an

advanced stage of some dinner, were by him written down in his *Anas*. Indeed, he seems not to have hesitated to record gossip at third or even fourth hand. These fragments of conversation, mixed with his own suspicions, were brooded over with miser care, until he appears to have been fully convinced that there was in the land a strong party bent on the establishment of monarchy. The reader need not be told that many of these monarchy men were as ardent devotees of freedom as was Jefferson himself. Nevertheless, the administration and its great chief were assailed by the *National Gazette*, a publication edited by the versatile Philip Freneau, seaman, satirist, and romantic poet. Very strong, though not conclusive, testimony points to Jefferson, Freneau's employer, as the author of the most shameless of all the attacks on the first President. In the House there was animated opposition to the proposed stamping of Washington's image upon the new gold and silver coins. With the terrible year, '93, came Citizen Genet, whose criticism of the President at first delighted the Republicans, and marks a division of the American people into pro-French and pro-English parties. This difference of sentiment was intensified by the publication of Washington's neutrality proclamation. The Jeffersonians denied his constitutional authority to issue it, and they charged him with ingratitude for not observing the provisions of the treaty with France, and coming to the assistance of his ally. The ratification of Jay's treaty with England, merely added fuel to flames that already burned briskly. Toward the close of his second term, Washington was vilified by Tom Paine and by the *Aurora*. In a word, the expiring hours of the first President's political career saw his countrymen divided into the most bitter factions on the subject of foreign relations. One felt or feigned the greatest admiration for France, the other was destined similarly to regard England.

The X Y Z mission belongs to the administration of the elder Adams. The American commissioners, Gerry, Marshall, and Pinckney, were not received by Talleyrand, the Secretary of Foreign Relations, though through several of his emissaries it was made clear that the Directory was willing for a large sum of money to enter into a commercial treaty with the United States. Because of the violent changes in their country, the members of this executive board, virtuous successors of a wicked king, believed that their harvest was likely to be brief, and that it was their duty to make it glorious. Their unfriendly treatment of the American commissioners, injured for a time the prospects of the Jeffersonian Republicans. However, the attacks on Federalism were soon resumed. In

the single term of John Adams, the blunders of the government of France led to a *quasi* war with that nation. For the moment, therefore, the spirit of faction lost something of its virulence. Again it flamed forth after the passage by the Federalists of the celebrated Sedition Law, an act palpably at variance with the spirit of the Constitution. This legislation was met by the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, the former prepared by Madison, and the latter a modification of Jefferson's draft. On these were based the practical secession of official New England during the war of 1812, the nullification of South Carolina in 1832, and the secession of 1860. High taxes incident to war measures, the passage of the obnoxious law mentioned, and the quarrels of its leaders brought about the defeat in the fourth Presidential election of the Federalist Party, which in a little while was to pass forever from power.

On March 4, 1801, Thomas Jefferson, the greatest of American political thinkers, took the oath of office as President, and delivered an inaugural address which was once as familiar as the Declaration of Independence. Its phrases have long since become a part of the political thought of this nation. Though he had been elected by the House of Representatives, and had been opposed by a bold and vindictive minority, Jefferson's first term was both tranquil and prosperous. So that he would not be compelled to witness the spectacle of his successor's inauguration, John Adams, chief of a moribund party, left Washington on the night of March 3d. In Jefferson's own picturesque phrase, Federalist appointments had been crowded through with whip and spur until nearly midnight of the third of March. For this unhandsome treatment, and for the petty insult of Adams, the new President owed no courtesies to the Federalist leaders.

Probably without foreseeing all the consequences of such a step, Jefferson had long been considering the acquisition of a tract at the mouth of the Mississippi. Indeed, the subject had been considered by him when he was Secretary of State. It was while Minister Livingston was arranging for its purchase, that Napoleon offered to sell to the United States the whole of the Louisiana territory. In its purchase the President disregarded the principles of the Kentucky resolutions, and furnished New England no slight justification for nullification and secession. But he knew that he had done an act outside the Constitution, whose amendment he actually proposed. This draft his less scrupulous friends permitted to take a quiet slumber. In this transaction, so much ridiculed by the Federalists, Jefferson showed enlightened statesmanship. Leaving

out of account his failure by a succession of impeachments to change the political complexion of the Federal Judiciary, his first term was marked by almost perfect success. Except in the matter of hostility to the army and navy, his policy had been much the same as that of his Federalist predecessors, his control of Congress, perhaps, even more complete than theirs. But dame fortune, who oftentimes makes sport of armies, and emperors, and kings, was soon to reveal to her favorite another side of her countenance. The completeness of his victory in the Presidential election of 1804, must have startled even Jefferson himself.

In the great wars between France and England, he very much desired to remain neutral. In the meantime, he shrewdly foresaw, his own country would be increasing in wealth and population. His attitude evoked no answering sympathy in England. If the United States would not be her ally, said the British Cabinet, she must submit to be plundered by English fleets. Napoleon stepped to the same sound. If America was to be plundered, France must get a share of the spoils. Neither power respected the shopkeeping prudence of the President.

On the 21st of October, 1805, came Trafalgar, which established the naval supremacy of England. This event, it may be supposed, did not tend to diminish British arrogance. Napoleon would tolerate no neutrality, while Great Britain with brutal insolence resolved to annihilate American commerce. On the high seas, and even in the ports of the United States, not only the ships of friendly nations, but the vessels of American citizens were seized. In a mild manner the government threatened non-importation, but the proposed measure was suspended. To such a pitch were matters carried that an English warship fired into a coastwise trader, and killed an American citizen. After manifesting a flash of spirit the President immediately apologized for it to his friend Monroe, then in England. He afterward recommended the building of gunboats, toy instruments of war which have provoked the smiles of every succeeding generation. The meekness of the American ruler invited outrage after outrage. This was the era of the Orders in Council, and the retaliatory decrees of Napoleon. The British closed to American commerce one-half the world, the French the other half. Even trade between domestic ports could not be carried on with safety. British arrogance culminated in June, 1807, when the *Leopard* fired a broadside into the unprepared *Chesapeake,* killing and wounding several seamen, and compelling her to surrender. After a search for deserters the British commander carried off four, of whom

three were natural born citizens of the United States. One of them was hanged at Halifax. For a moment the spirit of '76 flared up. A vessel was ordered to England to demand reparation, and Congress was convoked in special session. The President feebly prepared for war.

About this time the government appears to have realized the dangers to American commerce. In a message to Congress, therefore, the President recommended an embargo. A legislature loyal to the administration promptly passed such a measure. In the imperfect view of Mr. Jefferson, this would save American ships and American seamen. But so ignoble a solution of the difficulty would, of course, ultimately destroy commerce. The Federalists, it is true, had declared embargoes, but only for short terms, whereas in its duration Jefferson's embargo was indefinite. Later it was with a slender commerce that the nation went to war with England, and from the injuries of that conflict and the long embargo American commerce has never recovered. This fatal stroke the President had not designed. His paternal policy looked no farther than protection.

After no little hesitation, the former supporters of Jefferson finally introduced and passed a bill for the repeal of the embargo. Though the President knew that his policy was a failure, he did not care formally to admit it. After the elections of 1808, when he was aware that Madison would succeed him, he took little interest in the new legislation proposed by Congress. During the course of a lifetime, the President had nearly always been the favorite of powers beneficent. Even at the hour of his retirement, they hid from his sight impending disappointment and humiliation.

Upon the representations of Mr. Erskine, the British Minister, President Madison allowed one thousand vessels with their cargoes to sail from American ports. While the English government disavowed the acts of Erskine, the ships were permitted to complete their voyages without being molested. The President desired the return of those vessels, but they never came back. Notwithstanding the experience of his predecessor, the new President believed that non-importation and embargo would ultimately bring both belligerents to reason. By the Rambouillet decree, enforced in May, 1810, Napoleon ordered the confiscation of all American vessels in ports controlled by France. The loss thus entailed has been estimated at forty millions of dollars. After a demand for compensation, which was refused, the administration quietly submitted to the spoliation. At this time France agreed to revoke her decrees if England would rescind her Orders in Council. The President

seemed willing to assist the Emperor, who in turn hoped to gain an advantage over England and America, if only he could persuade them to fight each other. He demanded that the United States cause her rights to be respected by England. This will account for the non-importation measure, as to that power, which before adjournment in 1811 was passed by Congress. The prospect of peace was clouded once more, when the frigate *President* and the British sloop of war *Little Belt* had an encounter near Sandy Hook. While neither side admitted having fired the first shot, it is quite certain that after the disgraceful surrender of the *Chesapeake,* American officers were eager for an opportunity to efface the memory of that event. When, therefore, the British sloop began its pursuit of the *President,* that vessel did not, perhaps, try its utmost to escape, and in turn became the pursuer. In the engagement which occurred, the American ship lost one man, the British in killed and wounded thirty.

In a message to Congress the President carefully enumerated the offences of both governments, and later in his letters stated that the danger of an armed conflict was as great with one power as with the other. In fact, were it not for the danger of meeting in northern waters stronger English fleets, he would have sent warships to chastise both the French and Danes for their insolence in the Baltic. Unless there was indemnity for these offences, the President hinted at war with France. On the other hand, Congress under the leadership of Calhoun and Clay, was lashing itself into fury against England. The grounds of resentment against the two powers appear to have been equal. The leaders, however, chose to fight it out with England, perhaps because their party had always been pro-French. There was, of course, a difference between the offenders, for the French had not impressed thousands of seamen. Moreover, there was an ancient friendship for France and an ancient enmity against England. Furthermore, Southern leaders preferred that policy which would most displease the North, the commercial section of the country. On a recommendation of the President, Congress passed an embargo of ninety days, but before the expiration of that period another of his messages urged a declaration of war against England. On June 17, 1812, both Houses agreed to such a measure.

The letters of Madison leave no doubt that in his judgment there were justifications for a war with France. Why, then, did he recommend a declaration of war against England? The usual explanation of his change of front is that Clay and Calhoun, young and aggressive leaders, made such a stipulation for a second term.

It is not at all probable that a formal agreement was entered into. Whoever was nominated by the Jeffersonian Party was certain of an election. The case against Madison is strong. A Congressional caucus renominated him; the war message followed. In other words, Madison is charged with having disregarded the convictions of years to gain a second term. This subject, the integrity of Madison, is far larger than it appears to be. It would lead to a discussion of the disputed numbers of *The Federalist,* the mystery of the Pinckney plan of a constitution, and the slander of certain New England Federalists.

War was declared on an empty treasury, as Gallatin had foretold it must be. Restrictive measures had almost destroyed commerce. The United States Bank having failed to obtain a new charter, the government had no efficient fiscal agency. Finally the policy of Jefferson, an economical one to be sure, had substituted for battleships a number of comparatively worthless gunboats, and had placed the army on a very peaceful footing. Under Madison there was little change in administrative principles. It was in these circumstances that Congress declared war against the mistress of the seas. In a brief essay its conduct cannot be described. It will be sufficient to state that, as might have been expected, there followed eighteen months of disaster. The statesmen who were eager to annex the two Canadas were a long way from Quebec. In the lowering clouds, however, there were a few rifts. One of the more cheerful campaigns we shall presently describe.

From the shores of Long Island to the mouth of the Mississippi, British fleets rode triumphant. The region of the Chesapeake was actually conquered territory. Though its inhabitants were terrorized, they were afforded no protection by their government. To Gallatin's warning of an invasion the President, dreaming on conquests in Canada, turned a deaf ear. When danger was impending, feeble preparations were begun. Somebody's kinsman was appointed commander; his neighbors took up their muskets. Perhaps the most disgraceful event of the war was the capture of Washington, which followed the battle of Bladensburg in August, 1814. In their flight both government officials and militia could see behind them the flames of burning public buildings. The destruction in the Connecticut River of a score of seagoing vessels, and the loss of nearly as many more at Wareham, Massachusetts, showed the supremacy of the British in American waters. Eastern Maine was nominally in the possession of the English under General Sherbrooke.

Two years marked by inefficiency and misapplied energy had gained nothing in Canada. Thereafter the aggressive became a defensive war against superior forces, for being a little relieved of its fear of Napoleon, England sent to America four brigades from Wellington's Peninsular army. The battles around Baltimore, as well as the victory at New Orleans, were defensive advantages. The British would have been in occupation of much of American territory, were it not for the defeat of their land and naval forces at Plattsburg.

Up to June, 1813, the balance of naval power on Lake Champlain inclined to the side of the United States. Neither belligerent attempted materially to strengthen its small fleet. The *President,* the *Growler,* and the *Eagle,* three armed sloops, gave the range of the lake to the United States. At Isle aux Noix, in the narrows, the enemy had a fortified station. By determining the American commander for 1814, one event of the year 1813 was of the greatest importance. With two of his three frigates, Lieutenant Sydney Smith sailed down the lake to disperse the British gunboats. In doing so he fell in with three, which on his own responsibility he chased down the Sorel River. Presently he saw a British flag flying from Fort Isle aux Noix and attempted to return, but he found the river narrow, the current strong, and the winds at rest. In a word, manœuvring was difficult. In this situation he was soon overtaken by a strong force of the enemy, which had appeared on both banks. The pursued boats, too, participated in a desperate three hours' fight. The *Eagle* was forced to run ashore to avoid sinking, the *Growler* soon became unmanageable and surrendered. The taking of both sloops gave to the English the supremacy of the lake, while the capture of Lieutenant Smith gave the command of the American flotilla to Thomas MacDonough.

The *Eagle* and the *Growler* were not only refitted, but renamed. As the *Finch* and the *Chubb* they were destined soon to take part in a memorable battle. Taking advantage of their superiority, the British in July, 1813, made a descent on Plattsburg. In that place, as well as at Saranac, they plundered the magazines, and swept American shipping from the neighboring waters. By August 6th, however, MacDonough had afloat three new sloops. No more plundering was undertaken during 1813.

Through the winter of 1813-14, and the following spring, there was immense activity in naval construction. The *Saratoga* was launched in Otter Creek, where the American fleet was anchored. The British made at that point an unsuccessful attempt to seal it up.

At this time, the early summer of 1814, a small American army under General Izard occupied the village of Plattsburg, then a place of fifteen hundred inhabitants. This officer had thought of making a demonstration against Montreal or Kingston, but in August tidings of the encampment of British regulars on both banks of the Sorel persuaded him to remain at Plattsburg. In a letter to the Secretary of War, he recommended such a policy. About the same time that official instructed Izard to march at once to Sackett's Harbor with four thousand men. In obedience to orders he set out August 29th, and on the seventeenth of September arrived at his destination, where he heard with amazement of the great victory on Lake Champlain. While he pushed through the wilderness, fame had visited his old camping ground.

Scarcely had General Izard and his men turned their faces toward the west, when Wellington's veterans, eleven to fourteen thousand strong, crossed the frontier under General Sir George Prevost and occupied Chazy, just abandoned by the Americans. On September 5th the invaders were within eight miles of the Saranac, at the mouth of which is Plattsburg, even then important for its trade. Opposed to the British force were fifteen hundred troops that General Izard had left behind. These, commanded by Brigadier-General Alexander Macomb, were chiefly within the strong fortifications on the bluffs south of the Saranac at Plattsburg, which had been built by General Izard, a skillful engineer. Skirmishers, indeed, had been thrown out to retard the progress of Prevost. To these the British commander paid not the slightest attention, but in column continued his march toward Plattsburg, where his army arrived September 6, 1814, and occupied that part of the town on the north of the Saranac. Thence he saw the defences of the Americans, and at anchor beheld their little fleet. Though Prevost was confident of success, he deemed it prudent to await the arrival of the British ships under command of Captain George Downie of the Royal Navy. In the meantime, September 7th to 11th, the General was making preparations to batter down the defences of Macomb. At both the fords and bridges there was constant skirmishing. The militia, which began to arrive in considerable numbers, enabled Macomb greatly to strengthen the works planned by General Izard. The newcomers labored with spirit, and did not rest either night or day.

For reasons now scarcely intelligible, General Prevost by his frequent and urgent letters forced Captain Downie, who fully expected the coöperation of the army, to attack the American fleet

before he was thoroughly prepared for battle. Accordingly with a favorable breeze his ships got under way at daybreak, and at five o'clock on the morning of September 11th fired signal guns for an advance by the army. A feeble attack by that branch of the service was the cause of Prevost's subsequent court-martial. The commander of the fleet was amazed to find no concerted action by the impatient General, but nevertheless went gallantly to his fate. Captain Downie had hoped that a victorious army would drive the American squadron from its chosen anchorage in Plattsburg Bay, a sheet of water two miles long and two miles wide, and with his superior fleet he would then defeat it on the open lake. From north to south in front of the American works on shore were ranged the *Eagle,* the *Saratoga,* the *Ticonderoga,* and the *Preble,* with ten gunboats. About one and a half miles out in the harbor MacDonough awaited the enemy. Across the narrow neck of land ending in Cumberland Head, could be seen the masts of the British fleet coming up the lake. The bay can be entered only from the south. As MacDonough took a position in the upper harbor, it was dangerous to attempt to get between him and the north shore. To the west were his gunboats and the Plattsburg forts. The position, though not without its elements of danger, was skillfully chosen. In a boat Captain Downie reconnoitred the American fleet, and made his dispositions accordingly. He may have had misgivings when he saw no victorious British force on shore. Nevertheless the fleet held on and sailed up the harbor, with the *Confiance* leading the line. Next in order came the *Finch,* and *Linnet,* and the *Chubb.* There were about twelve gunboats in addition to the vessels named.

The *Confiance,* which was to attack the *Eagle,* received the concentrated fire of the American fleet, and was thus unable to carry out her part of the programme. The wind failing, she was compelled to anchor within five hundred yards of MacDonough's line, from which position, in still water, she levelled a broadside that struck down one-fifth of the crew of the *Saratoga.* Twice MacDonough found his ship on fire. For a time it was bearing the brunt of action. Like a common sailor he worked a favorite piece. For a few minutes he was knocked senseless by the fall of a spar. He had scarcely risen to his feet, when he was knocked across the deck by the flying head of a captain that had been serving a gun. Early in the fight Captain Downie had been killed. Fortunately for the American fleet the *Confiance* sent no broadside like the first. In such havoc no human flesh could live. On the decks of the *Confiance* the confusion was quite as great as on the *Saratoga,*

whose fire slackened and then failed. It was at that instant that the seamanship of MacDonough saved the day. The *Saratoga* was worked around until her port guns were brought to bear on the *Confiance* with fatal effect. The sails of that ship were cut to very rags, her masts were likened to bundles of matches. In two hours from the time of her first destructive broadside, in a sinking condition, she was forced to strike. After "wynding" the *Saratoga,* MacDonough had practically a new vessel, and began a lively fight with the *Linnet,* which held out nearly half an hour longer. The Ticonderoga had taken care of the enemy's galleys. Early in the engagement the *Chubb* drifted helplessly through the American line. The *Linnet,* however, took the post assigned her, and after hard fighting forced the *Eagle* from her position. Her commander, Captain Pring, was the last to strike his colors. The *Finch* went ashore on Crab Island, where the convalescents in a hospital manned a battery and compelled her to surrender.

In reality this fight was the conflict between the *Saratoga* and the *Eagle* on one side and the *Confiance* and the *Linnet* on the other. About two hundred Americans were killed and wounded, the casualties on the British side were at least three hundred. "Sir George Prevost and his army," says Roosevelt, *Naval War of 1812,* "at once fled in great haste and confusion back to Canada, leaving our northern frontier clear for the remainder of the war; while the victory had a great effect on the negotiations for peace."

Of those moving onward to take their places in the hall of fame, few are they who do not sound a note of the advance. The hero of Lake Champlain had given at least one blast on his bugle horn. When the *Enterprise* and its seventy-four determined young men entered the harbor of Tripoli and devoted the *Philadelphia* to the flames, Thomas MacDonough, twenty years of age, distinguished himself for gallantry. A little later the *Siren,* of which he was first lieutenant, lay at anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar. Near her was an American merchant brig, which was visited by a boat from a British man-of-war. Its crew seized a seaman, who was claimed as a deserter from the English service. MacDonough, whose commander was absent, was an interested spectator. Instantly he armed and manned his gig and gave chase, overhauling the boat under the guns of the British frigate. He released the impressed seaman, and took him back to the merchant vessel. In a great rage the British captain soon appeared on the *Siren,* and inquired of MacDonough how he dared take a man from an English boat. "He was under the protection of my country's flag, and it was my duty," was the

reply. With oaths such as the departed spirits of the wicked must forever hear in the brimstone lake, the captain swore he would lay his frigate alongside and sink the *Siren*.

"While she floats you shall not have the man!" said MacDonough.

"You'll repent of your rashness, young man," rejoined the angry Englishman.

"Suppose I had been in that boat, would you have dared to commit such an act?"

"I should have made the attempt, sir!"

"What! would *you* interfere if *I* were to impress men from that brig?"

"You have only to try it, sir," was MacDonough's cool reply.

The British captain did not try it. Who was this bold subaltern that made an overbearing English officer stare and gasp?

Early in the eighteenth century there dwelt in the vicinity of Salmon Leap on the Liffey, twelve miles from Dublin, one Thomas MacDonough, a member of the clan Donchada, a descendant of Donoch, who was a brother of Cormac, Lord of Moylurg. This Thomas MacDonough married one Jane Coyle. These were the great-grandparents of the American Commodore. Writing in 1909 Rodney MacDonough, Esquire, says, "The family was of the Protestant faith, and the succeeding generations have been actively connected with the Episcopal Church in America."[1] Of the union mentioned three sons, among them James MacDonough, came from the county Kildare to America about 1730. Family traditions ascribe to this emigrant, who settled at the Trap, in Delaware, both wealth and a superior education. It has been supposed that he was a physician. It is certain that he became a man of no little consequence in his community. In 1746 this successful settler married Lydia Laroux, a lady of Huguenot ancestry. The names of their seven Protestant children will be interesting to this generation. In the work referred to they are given: Thomas, Bridget, John, James, Patrick, Mary, and Micah. Thomas MacDonough, the eldest, was educated as a physician, and practised his profession in the vicinity of his home. His record in the Revolution, in which he held the rank of Major, was such as to win the approbation of General Washington.

Thomas MacDonough, the brave officer of the patriot army, was the father of the hero of Lake Champlain, who was born, December 23, 1783, near the Trap, in Newcastle County, Delaware. In

[1] *Life of Commodore Thomas MacDonough*, p. 11.

his sixteenth year, February 5, 1800, he received from President Adams a warrant as midshipman in the navy. His first cruise was against the French in the West Indies. His bearing in the Mediterranean had been briefly noticed. Soon after the War of 1812 began, he was ordered to Lake Champlain, where, as we have seen, he won the greatest naval battle of that conflict. In his victory there was no element of luck. His rare foresight deserved success. The influence of winds, of seasons, and of currents had been carefully calculated before he concluded to meet the enemy in Plattsburg Bay. The arrangements of the American commander neutralized the undoubted superiority of Captain Downie. As the British squadron stood fearlessly up the harbor, the quarter-deck of the *Saratoga* was consecrated when MacDonough and his officers for a few moments knelt in prayer. A confident silence preceded the shock of battle. The *Saratoga* had been prepared for "wynding," and it was the ability to work her around and use the uninjured port guns that finally gained the day. Unable to imitate her example the *Confiance* met another fate. Begun very early the American commander's apprenticeship was pursued in perilous places. It was this familiarity with danger that qualified MacDonough for the eminence to which he attained, the highest won in the American naval service down to the war for Southern independence.

Though Burke had eloquently noted its disappearance in Europe, in America as late as 1814 the age of chivalry had not passed away. The swords tendered by the English officers were promptly returned by MacDonough, who knew and acknowledged that they had earned the right to wear them. Their wounded he took immediate measures to relieve. This humanity was remarked by Captain Pring, himself a gallant seaman and the soul of the British attack.

Because of State and other grants this poor lieutenant of thirty suddenly became a man of means. His health, which at the close of the war had begun to decline, unfortunately could not be improved by statute. Notwithstanding his youth, consumption, which oftentimes prostrates heroes as well as cowards, soon developed, though he lingered for ten years, dying in 1825 at the age of forty-two. From Lake Champlain there had come no flashy story of the greatest victory of the war. MacDonough had in his character nothing of the theatrical, but was as thoroughly modest as he was brave and religious. He far surpassed the achievements of the older navy, and for the future set a high standard.

THE VIRTUE OF BIGOTRY.[1]

BY RICHARD J. KEEFFE, LL.D.

THE world in many respects is better off to-day than it was when the Saviour first came. One-third of the earth's population now lays claim to the name of Christian. Between two hundred and fifty and two hundred and ninety millions, or nearly twice as many as the members of all the Protestant Churches together, swear allegiance to the One Church Universal. It has been computed that, if all the Catholics of the world were lined up in the United States army marching form, on the calculation that one hundred and seventy-six men pass a given point a minute, it would take the Catholic army, marching without intermission day and night, three years and fifty-six days to pass the reviewing stand. Arranged fifty abreast, the column would extend from Havana to the North Pole, and if strung out in single file, there would be a line two hundred and thirty-nine thousand miles long, circling the globe approximately about nine times.[2]

All this indicates that quite an advance has been made beyond the original one hundred and twenty Christians whom Christ left behind as the nucleus of His Church, when His mission on earth came to a close. And yet, despite this tremendous advance, religious indifference, one of the things Christ came to destroy, has not been entirely eradicated. In fact religious apathy is one of the most conspicuous features of our modern life, not only without, but also within, the confines of Christendom itself. Even in our own beloved America, fifty-six millions, according to recent statistics, profess allegiance to no religious creed. And surely no one, who looks about him, can honestly close his eyes to the positive trend towards naturalism, so evident in many of our modern styles, animal dances, so-called morality plays, in divorce and other elements in our life that make for the dissolution of the truly Christian conscience.

There is no need of taking a gloomy outlook with regard to the world's progress in general, or our own civilization in particular. Our American life is not as bad and as hopeless as some people are

[1] This article was suggested by an essay in the *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1914, entitled, *The Danger of Tolerance in Religion.*

[2] Lecture on religion, Catholic University Course.

in the habit of describing it. In fact there is every reason for being proud of our country, and for having the greatest confidence in the general good sense and ultimate integrity of the American people. Among them the Church enjoys a freedom and virility unparalleled throughout the world. In international affairs our nation is setting a standard of high morality that is serving as a beacon light of revelation to the other nations of the earth. And there is reason to believe that, with regard to many knotty problems destined to arise in the future, America, the youngest of the great powers, will lead the way to justice and to truth. But it is precisely because of such faith and pride in our country, because we look upon patriotism as a holy and a sacred obligation, because we regard the love we entertain for our flag as a form of loyalty we owe to the One Who has made the flag possible, and Who presides over its destiny; it is precisely for these reasons, that, if we be true patriots, we should not complacently remain blind to those elements and tendencies in our life that militate against the first principles of religion, and therefore against the best interests of the nation. One of these tendencies is the positive trend toward irreligion.

This fact should be a source of grave concern to all; but especially to the members of the sectarian Churches, for it is within their ranks that the effects of this tendency are most apparent. Already measures have been taken, and policies proposed, to awaken the drooping faith of the American masses. Outside the Catholic Church, however, most of these efforts have met with signal failure. The Protestant pulpits continue, to a great extent, to preach to empty pews, and largely because the remedies employed succeed only in ministering to the symptoms, instead of getting at the underlying disease. The ultimate cause of modern religious indifference is not the lack of attractiveness in religious service, but the absence of genuine conviction, a condition that is at once the cause and result of the much flaunted spirit of so-called broadmindedness and toleration in matters pertaining to religious practice and belief.

It is encouraging, however, to find that the recognition of this truth, so familiar to the average Catholic as to appear almost truistic, is beginning to filtrate into the Protestant mind. A writer in a contemporary non-Catholic review has recently had the courage to face the problem squarely, and to accept the conclusions, so deadly to the average Protestant complacency in doctrinal matters, which an unprejudiced diagnosis of existing conditions has forced upon him.

> Notwithstanding all our pretending [he writes] that we are of an age which lives and thinks scientifically, we are still, for the most part, not creatures of thought, but creatures of sentiment. We still, for the most part, have sentimental political affiliations, with glorious ideals, but little conception of the facts which condition their realization. We still are apt to have and desire a sentimental sort of education for our children, on a cultural basis which ignores at once the necessity of the knowledge of the facts of real life, and the vulgar necessity of our childrens' earning a living. We still speak, with a pathetic dignity, in terms of a sentimental economics based on life as a sentimentalist would have it, rather than on life as it is. We still enjoy sentimental literature. We still patronize sentimental drama. And because in all these matters most of us are still comparatively unthinking beings, we are apt in all of them to have a general toleration for our fellows, who, equally unthinking, tolerate us.
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> In each of these fields, however, there is going on a rapid change. In each of these are coming small but growing groups, which are so very much in earnest that they refuse to be tolerant. As people are facing facts in life, rather than mere sentiments about life, the tendency toward intolerance is becoming more and more apparent. In religion, however, we are, apparently, for the most part, afraid to permit ourselves this development from tolerance to bigotry. The very same man, who is a healthy bigot on sex-relationship, politics, economics, and what not else, imagines that in religion he is bound, if he would be in accord with the Zeitgeist, to be tolerant of all kinds and shades of religious belief and disbelief. Of course part of this is due to the impression, not now so prevalent as once it was, that *certain* truth is truth demonstrable *physically,* and that religion, which is incapable of such demonstration, is a thing in which uncertainty is inevitable. The main (or as we would say, the more immediate) reason for it, however, is the unthinking or superficially thinking assumption that mankind has developed religiously from intolerance into tolerance, and that tolerance, complete, unquestioned, is the highest point yet reached in the development of religion. Students of the history of religion, however, know that this is not so.[3]

This arraignment of modern religious tolerance, appearing, as it does, in a non-Catholic journal, and written by one who was quite recently made dean of the Episcopal cathedral at Fond-du-Lac, should be highly suggestive, not only to all sincere non-

[3] *Atlantic Monthly,* July, 1914, *The Danger of Tolerance in Religion.*

Catholics, who are earnestly seeking the truth, but also to many within the Fold, who may have been misled by the false sentiments constantly expressed by their non-Catholic brethren, masquerading under the name of liberal-minded tolerance. And how familiar are their shibboleths; "What is the sense of being narrow-minded and intolerant?" one hears on all sides; "We all believe in the same Lord, and all are working for the same end. What is the use, therefore, of arguing about beliefs? Let us all get together, forget the things that divide us, and think only of that which unites us. One religion is as good as another, so what is the sense of haggling over creeds? Let the Baptists and the Methodists and the Episcopalians and the Lutherans and the Roman Catholics and the Unitarians, and all the others simply agree to love one another, and forget their differences."

Tolerance of this kind in reality is not tolerance at all. It is but the palest kind of religious indifference based on the assumption that there is no such thing as objective religious truth, or that, if there be, there is no necessity of trying to determine what it is. One can hardly be held up as an example of a truly tolerant man, if he merely assumes a neutral attitude towards an opinion concerning something, to the objective truth of which he is wholly indifferent. Such an attitude, by stretching the meaning of words, might perhaps be *called* tolerance; but surely such tolerance hardly rises to the dignity of a virtue; is neither positive nor dynamic, leads nowhere in particular; and, in the course of history, has not achieved any positive results. In fact history proves that such tolerance is nothing short of a destructive force—a sign and cause of religious decay.

To say that one religion is as good as another, that it matters not what one believes, is tantamount to saying that in the most important thing in man's life—in the theory of life itself—there is no definite truth which man may hope to make his own. This is to destroy the reasonable character of all religious belief. "It is to exalt peace at any price into the throne of ultimate reality. It is to glorify intellectual cowardice and inefficiency. It is not only to destroy a rational basis for morals; it is in the end to destroy a rational basis for thinking as a whole."[4]

Such a condition is indeed a sufficient cause for serious alarm; not, however, for despair. To one at all familiar with the history of movements and of thought, it is patent that the present wave of

[4] *Ibid.*

toleration is but a flux that will soon be followed by a reflux of religious intolerance. "Every great upheaval of life and thought," to draw once again on the author already quoted, "through which humanity has gone, has been accompanied, first, by a popular sense of uncertainty as to truth, and a consequent tolerance of every sort of belief. This tolerance is a mark of the decay of old standards rather than of the formation of new ones. After every period of tolerance has come a period of intolerance, of intellectual strife," and, we may add, of positive reconstruction.[5]

It is the teaching of experience that where there is genuine conviction and real love of truth, there is found bitter intolerance of anything that contradicts what is held to be true. A teacher, for example, if loyal to her vocation as teacher of the truth, cannot be indifferent towards the twenty-seven contradictory propositions which her pupils submit in answer to the same problem. The son, who really loves his mother, cannot be indifferent with regard to the opinion of another, which clashes with his own, and which reflects unfavorably on the name of that mother who brought him into the world. Such a one cannot in conscience *tolerate* both opinions as being equally true. Neither can the Christian who has positive convictions in matters of religion, and who loves the truth, as a loyal son loves his mother, be tolerant of any belief that contradicts what he is convinced is the truth.

And yet as our Protestant contemporary seems pained to record, this frame of mind is among Protestants the exception rather than the rule.

> We see many sorts of ministers [he says] in their desire to promote what they believe to be the unity desired by their Master, Christ, exchanging pulpits with one another, and passing genial compliments about one another's superlative worth. There is a tremendous deal of good feeling, and everyone is very happy; and, behold, the millennial unity of all men, for which Christ prayed on the night of His betrayal, is at hand!
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> But is it? If this was the sort of thing Christ wanted, why did He not practise this modern, tolerant method when He was on earth? Why did He not seek to conciliate, on a basis of mutual toleration, the Sadducees and Pharisees, for instance, instead of denouncing them both for differing from His conception of religion? Why did He preach things so definite as to alienate most of the people whom He came to earth to save? Why did He die? Apparently it was because He uttered such

[5] *Ibid.*

> definite and positive teaching as to force, by His very intolerance, the reflex intolerance of those opposed to that teaching. It is apparent to anyone who reads the Gospels that Christ stood for the *definite* in religion, that He himself died rather than tolerate the religious ideas of most of His contemporaries, and that He earnestly urged His followers to imitate the steadfastness of His example. He prayed, it is true, that all the world might become united; but He must have meant united on the positive and definite platform on which He Himself stood. Any other interpretation would stultify, not merely His words, but His whole life.[6]

The proper remedy, therefore, for the current irreligion of the day is not recourse to the open pulpit, is not to be found in an appeal to the sensational or bizarre, but is to be sought in the proper inculcation of *uncompromising religious bigotry.*

One can almost see the startled look of surprise with which the reader greets this conclusion. Is it not tantamount to controversial suicide? Is such a confession not a proof of the very indictment with which our non-Catholic brethren are particularly fond of assailing the Church, viz., that the Church is the inveterate foe of our most precious heritage, religious liberty? Does it not lend color to the charge that the temporal power of the Pope, if we should let it, would bend our necks, and that the flag of the Vatican would supplant the flag of freedom that flies from our nation's dome? Should the Catholics ever gain the ascendancy in America, would not the religious persecution of our non-Catholic citizens be the inevitable result?

Quite the contrary. The religious bigotry which we are advocating is quite different from the kind of intolerance that is implied by the term *fanaticism,* and should be carefully distinguished from it. Bigotry can be a virtue; fanaticism is always a vice. Bigotry, according to the *Standard Dictionary,* implies merely "an obstinate or intolerant attachment to a cause or creed;" fanaticism involves an unreasonable attitude toward those who disagree with that cause or creed. It is because of the failure to recognize this nicety of thought, that much of the confusion in this matter is due. One of two fallacies awaits the one who is not master of his thought, either to separate and divide things that are *distinct,* but not *separate* or *separable,* or else to confuse and identify things that are *similar,* but *distinct.* The one who professed that he could understand how Noah succeeded in getting all the animals into the Ark, but could

[6] *Ibid.*

not understand how the Jews succeeded in carrying that Ark about with them for forty years through the desert, is no more the victim of the second fallacy than the one who conceives that all kinds of intolerance are as one, and that because a Catholic is intolerant in *one* sense, he is therefore intolerant in *all*. Similarity of name often leads one into the unhappy error of identifying objects that are different. Just as the man in the story confused the Ark of the covenant with the Ark associated with the account of the Flood, so will the careless thinker fall into the error of presuming that, every time intolerance is mentioned, one and the same thing is meant.

It is a self-evident fact, once attention is drawn to it, that in religious matters there are *three kinds* of intolerance: dogmatic, social, and political. The Catholic is, and always will be, uncompromisingly intolerant in the *dogmatic* sense, not, however, in the *social* or *political* sense. In other words, the Catholic believes that, in possessing his Catholic faith, he is in possession of the *Truth,* and, consequently, he is, and necessarily must be, intolerant of every creed or doctrine that contradicts that Truth; he is always taught, however, to be broadminded and big in his social and political relations with all his fellowmen, and especially with those whom he believes are not as fortunate as he in possessing the Truth whole and undefiled.

This statement of the Catholic position ought to drive from the Protestant mind that bogey which haunts it so persistently with regard to Catholic endeavors to Catholicize America. It is always best to state one's position strongly and clearly, so that those *who do not accept it,* may at least *understand* it, and judge accordingly. We do not deny that we would like to make America Catholic. In fact we are bending every energy to bring about this consummation so devoutly to be wished. But in this we are doing no more than any other Church, whether it be Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, or any other whatever, is actually doing, or, at least, should be doing, if the members of these Churches are really convinced that they are in possession of the truth. I love to believe that the reason why the late Mr. Kennedy left his millions to fight the Catholic Church, is because he was honestly convinced that salvation is of the Presbyterian faith alone. If this be the case, then no one can doubt the logic of his intolerance, though reserving the right to challenge the correctness of his creed. Why then object to Catholic endeavors to take our unbelieving millions into a participation in that

whole truth which we believe we possess? To do otherwise would be playing false to the first principles of Christianity, and ignoring the command of Christ when He said: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Why then this outcry against the efforts of the Catholic Church to convert America? To the observing and impartial mind, the only reasonable answer seems to be, that it is because the Catholic Church is too successful in her efforts to please the fancy of those whose chief stock in trade is to proclaim from the housetops the glorious doctrine of religious toleration. In other words, the social intolerance which the Church suffers at the hands of those whose proudest boast is their spirit of dogmatic liberality, has its beginning in the honesty and sincerity of the Catholic claims, and in the fidelity of the Church in striving to extend that unity of faith for which Christ prayed and lived and died. Are there not, therefore, at least grounds for the suspicion that this tolerance, carried on in the sacred name of toleration, is in reality but a subtle disguise, behind which the discerning eye may detect the familiar features of the religious fanatic? Does not bigotry of the Catholic kind stand forth in contrast as a genuine virtue? Should the Church be condemned for practising that kind of intolerance which Christ Himself made mandatory when He said: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and there shall be but one fold and one shepherd."

Despite all effort to show how beautiful and restricted the Catholic notion of intolerance really is, our point of view continues to be misinterpreted and misunderstood. Under the guise of earnest patriotism, the so-called "liberals" in religion are continually raising their voices in warning against the great "Roman peril" that threatens to gain domination over the liberties of the American people. They regale themselves and their willing readers with startling accounts of instances in the early centuries of the Popes' actual interference in political affairs, and strive to stir men on to action by grewsome prophecies of what liberty of conscience might expect, should the Church make good her intention to convert America to the Catholic faith. To attempt a refutation of such a temperamental accusation would be to dignify the absurd, or to execute a corpse. The merest tyro in the field of history knows that, while

the Popes did interfere in things political, making and unmaking kings, they never claimed to exercise this power as a divine prerogative, but merely as a *natural* right vested in them voluntarily by the *people* who could both give that right and take it away. To allay the honest fears of those sincere Christians outside our Fold, in whose minds misrepresentations concerning the threatened encroachment of the "Roman machine" may have created a fear which perhaps stands between them and honest investigation, we can do no better than to quote the words of one who has anticipated us by voicing a sentiment to which the most bigoted Catholic can subscribe.

> If, by an impossible supposition, the Pope should man army and fleet to storm our coast, do you know what Catholics here would do? You would have two millions in the American army ready to die to resist the Pope's invasion; you would have thirteen million Catholics in their homes praying for their sons, brothers and fathers in the field; you would have forty-five thousand Catholic nuns on their knees before the Tabernacles, beseeching the God of armies to strike the guns from the hands of the Roman emissaries; you would have seventeen thousand priests in the first ranks of the army fighting, till they died, for the Constitution of the United States. We would be loyal Catholics still; but we would say to the Pope: "We shall render unto God the things that are God's." Yes, but we will "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."[7]

In conclusion, we would urge the necessity of dogmatic bigotry in the practice of religion. Every child of the Church should recognize that he has a stringent duty toward his non-Catholic brethren, which can and ought to be performed without the slightest danger of giving offence, much less of meriting condemnation. He is wanting in both charity and courage who tries to minimize his duty in this regard, and in most cases receives and deserves the just contempt of those whose good will he is trying to secure or retain. If a man is weak with regard to what he knows to be his duty to God, he will surely not be strong in fulfilling what his duty to his neighbor may demand. This then is our sacred obligation: to stand up manfully for what we believe to be the truth; to be intolerant of every creed that contradicts that truth, and, when occasion arises, to defend our faith against the assaults of ignorance and defamation. If this be bigotry, then bigotry is something ardently to be desired. Were there more of such bigotry abroad in the

[7] Rev. J. P. McKey, C.M., in the *Marian*.

land to-day, there would be less fanaticism and less decay in the religious temper of our times. Our beloved country would then present to the world a striking proof that men can differ with regard to religion, without ceasing to be friends. There would be no room for such a degrading and disgraceful society as "The Guardians of Liberty," and the death knell would be rung for such filthy sheets as some of our journalistic anomalies edited by self-styled "patriots" who are to-day, greatly to the disgust of all decent Protestants, calumniating our clergy, insulting our devoted nuns, and vilifying that faith which millions of their fellow-citizens hold dearer than life itself.

It is indeed a source of encouragement to note that the Protestant mind is beginning to catch a spark from the temper of our own. Those outside of the Church, who have any faith at all, are fast tiring of the many makeshifts that are designed to put sentimentalism in the place of objective religious truth. Many such souls are beginning to realize the utter helplessness of Protestantism to cope with the situation, and are casting imploring glances in the direction of eternal Rome. Experience has proven that "Protestant tolerance will not stand the test of enthusiasm,"[8] with the inevitable result that the tide of conversion is sweeping multitudes back into the Ancient Faith. In the United States alone thirty thousand non-Catholics are entering the Church each year, and it is safe to say that there would be ten times as many more if the Catholics of the country would but show the proper *enthusiasm* in furthering the cause of our holy religion. Is there not something pathetic, though laudable, in the flickering efforts of dogmatic Protestant Christianity to quicken the dying embers of a smoldering faith?

> Is it not time [the author so often quoted, asks in another context] for those whose intellectual processes have become completely and not merely partially socialized, to lift their voices with a religious message somewhat different from that commonly heard to-day, to call men away from the contemplation of their religious eccentricities, and the age from its admiration of its own religious experiments, back to the contemplation of that which alone has in it any promise of real knowledge—the religious experience of the race? Is it not time for some hardy souls, who fear not popular clamor, to insist that the only kind of religion that is scientific at all is dogmatic religion.[9]

[8] *Protestant Paradox, Atlantic Monthly,* April, 1914.
[9] *Laissez-faire in Religion, Atlantic Monthly,* May, 1914.

Surely we Catholics, who enjoy a living union with a Church whose experience, unlike that of Protestant Christianity, covers nearly two thousand years, will not let this golden opportunity go by default. Shall we not rather prove to ourselves and to the world that there *are hardy souls* who will inaugurate a strenuous propaganda against the fashionable dogmatic tolerance of the hour, and at the same time prove by their lives that men can be both broad-minded and liberal in their social obligations, true defenders and staunch upholders of our country's rights and liberties, and at the same time, practise, as far as religion is concerned, the uncompromising virtue of bigotry?

THE PILGRIM.

BY ELEANOR DOWNING.

BEHIND me lies the mistress of the East,
Golden in evening, fairy dome on dome
Poised and irised like the far-flung foam
Lashed on the ribs of some forsaken coast.
Wicked and lovely temptress, fruitless boast
Of all that man may build and little be,
Mart of the world's base passions, where thy feast
Of shame was spread, thy sin encompassed me,
Where all desires and all dreams were rife
With lust of flesh and eye and pride of life,
Lo! I have reft thy carnal mastery—
I have gone forth and shut the gates of thee.

Before me lies the desert and the night,
White star and gold above a pathless waste,
Blue shade and gray to where the world effaced
Flings loose its shadows on the lap of God.
Briars and dust upon my brow, unshod,
In pilgrim weeds athwart a vineless land,
My feet shall pass and mark the path aright,
For lo! Thy staff and rod are in my hand;
And with the light Thy city shall unfurl
Its golden oriflammes and tents of pearl—
Dead Babylon, thy gilded clasp I flee;
Jerusalem, lift up thy gates to me!

THE UNLIGHTED CANDLE.

BY FELICIA CURTIS.

TRAVELERS motoring through the lovely Gorreston district in southwestern England, along the picturesque road by whose side runs the babbling little Gorre, see rising above the trees in its well-wooded grounds, surrounded by a formidably high wall, the twisted chimneys of a heterogeneous pile of buildings known to the country folk as "The Convent," and occupied by a strictly enclosed religious order. Forty years ago the place was called "The Towers." It came into the possession of its present owners by a deed of gift from the principal actor in the story that follows this brief introduction. The story was written in the third person by Jasper Thyrlston, among whose papers it was found after his death a few years ago.

The little group by the grave waited expectantly while the men arranged the ropes round the coffin, and lowered it out of sight. The mourner stood for an instant looking down at the coffin, then signed to the men to shovel in the earth, and turning away with a courteous gesture of farewell to the onlookers, went away alone to the great gray house standing above them.

"Buried like a dog!" muttered Squire Kenyon to the doctor, as with the rest, mostly tenants on the estate, they went in the opposite direction.

"And among dogs," rejoined the other, with a gesture towards some dozen white tablets dotted about the grass. "Those are to the memory of the late Mr. Thyrlston's favorite hounds."

"A shocking burial!" The squire's good-natured face was paler than usual. He glanced back half-fearfully at the grave. "Hang it all, Methuen! There's something devilish and uncanny about it! No parson even! Not a word of—of—" the squire had the usual difficulty felt by his kind when mentioning religion—"of the Church service, or—or—anything pointing to any—er—hope of another life."

"Thyrlston hadn't any such hope," returned the doctor, open-

ing the gate into the road; "he had been buried exactly as he lived; without belief in religion of any kind."

The squire took off his hat, and ran his fingers through his thick gray hair, then glanced at his companion.

"You were with him at the last. Well, did he die as he lived? Was his unbelief strong enough for a quiet deathbed, eh?"

Doctor Methuen, an erect soldierly-looking man, looked at the questioner gravely. "You don't expect me to answer that, squire?"

The squire reddened. "Well, I don't, Methuen. Beg pardon for asking; but it upset me to see a fellow-creature put into the ground as you'd bury a favorite hunter."

There was silence for a minute, then the squire said hesitatingly:

"There was some village gossip about Father Creagh trying to see Thyrlston. Good man that, spite of his popery—asking your pardon, Methuen."

The doctor was a Catholic.

"He did try, more than once."

"And?"

"Failed," replied the doctor shortly. There was no end to be gained by recounting the message from the dying man that had put finality to Father Creagh's efforts.

"Even a papist burial service would have been better than nothing! Dear! dear!" grumbled the squire, turning in at his own gates.

Mary Methuen's eyes met her brother's as he came into the room where tea waited for him, but she asked no questions. The two were the eldest and youngest of a large family; there were five-and-twenty years between them.

The doctor went to a bookshelf and drew out a folio.

"That's where Mr. Thyrlston is buried," he pointed to a picture of the remains of a Druidical circle, its big stones mostly lying prone; "right in front of what is called 'The Stone of Sacrifice.' He chose the spot himself; God help him!"

"And his son?"

"My heart ached, Midge, as I saw him going back alone to that great barrack of a place. Yet what can one do? His father has been a terror to every decent-thinking being, with his aggressive atheism, ever since twenty years ago he bought 'The Towers!'"

"You'll call on the son now and then, John?"

"Oh, I'll call right enough," returned the doctor impatiently.

"Give me some tea, Midge; I feel as if I had been in a Scotch mist."

The girl obeyed; her gray eyes a little dewy, her face grave. Her thoughts were with the man alone in the huge half-castle, half-mansion that its late owner had been slowly restoring for the last five years; and her thoughts—as every good woman's pitiful thoughts do—found expression in a prayer.

The subject of those thoughts sat looking out across lawns ending in a clump of cypresses, pointing like accusing fingers to the darkening sky. Midway the white tablets gleamed faintly amid the dark masses of the Druid circle. A heavy oppression lay on the young man's heart; the weight of a vague terror, a dread that he denounced as groundless, unreasonable, was upon him. It grew from the memory of the closing scene in his father's life. For to the fool who in health had said defiantly, "There is no God!" had come in those last hours an awful frenzy of terror as the fact of the existence of that God Whom he had scoffed at, denied, derided, forced itself upon his naked, shuddering soul.

That dying man, that abject, shrieking, terrified yet still blaspheming creature who had so carefully eliminated all faith in God, or belief in immortality from his son's training; who had taught him that all religious systems were but priestly humbug; well-intentioned plans for keeping the less-intelligent half of mankind in order, had found his theories collapse like a pricked bubble at the last; had died raving against the God he had denied, and the science that was powerless to save him.

The room grew darker, the cypresses were swayed as by a rising wind. From the distant kennels came the long-drawn howl of a dog; again it came, and now some half-dozen more joined in the cry. Suddenly the noise ceased, and with a swift quickening of his pulses Jasper Thyrlston saw a darkness moving among the Druids' stones. For a moment it was as if a cold wind stirred the watcher's hair. Then with an impatient exclamation at his own folly, he opened the window and went out upon the lawn. The darkness detached itself from the stones and came towards him. In the gray light Jasper saw a man a trifle above middle height, who uncovered as he approached, and a musical cultured voice asked, "Mr. Jasper Thyrlston, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Permit me to introduce myself: Max Marlow. Your father was my lifelong friend."

"Your name—pardon me, sir—is unfamiliar to me."

"Doubtless." The stranger laughed easily. "Oddly enough it is sometimes unfamiliar to myself; but, though my old friend has not mentioned me to his son, there must be among his letters many from me; we were closely intimate; but I have no desire, believe me, to thrust acquaintance upon you, sir."

"My father's friend is welcome." It would be easy to verify the stranger's statement, and the loneliness of that empty house was appalling. "If, waiving ceremony, you will dine with me, Mr. Marlow, you will confer a boon on a solitary man."

A flood of light streamed out into the night. The servants were lighting the lamps. Jasper led the way back into the room. The guest was a man of a sinuous grace of movement and with a courtly manner; but as he stood in the blaze of the lamplight, Jasper was conscious of a strange feeling of repulsion, that held in it a something akin to fear. Learning that the visitor had just arrived from a journey, taken with the hope of being in time for the afternoon's ceremony, his host put him into the care of a servant, and made his way to a locked-up room, his father's study.

The truth of the stranger's assertions was evident. To Jasper's surprise letters with his signature abounded among the dead man's papers. Glancing hurriedly over them he noted that they dealt with a variety of religious and scientific subjects. The young man faced his guest at dinner with a resolve to put before him as soon as they were alone, the difficulty that was shaking his soul to its very depths. The newcomer was bronzed as with tropical suns, but his hair was a reddish-auburn and his eyes blue, a blue that flashed in the lamplight like the glint of steel. He talked lightly and easily like a citizen of the world; and presently the old antagonistic feeling that oppressed Jasper, gave way before the charm of his manner; and, as they sat over their wine, he said: "You have been an extensive traveler?"

The other nodded.

"Yes, I've been up and down, to and fro, in this absurdly small planet like the personage in the history of Job."

"Not a flattering comparison."

"Not? Did such a being exist what a monarch of all he surveyed he would be?"

"You don't believe in the devil's existence, then?"

"My dear sir!" mockingly, "do you?"

"A fortnight ago I should have treated the idea as an absurdity —but now—"

Jasper stopped short as he met Marlow's eyes.

"But now"—the guest chose a fresh cigar—"you are worrying yourself unnecessarily about words uttered in the delirium of fever, or the half-stupor of physical exhaustion."

Jasper stared at him blankly.

"How do you know that?"

"My dear sir, I have seen men die." The tone held a sneer. The hearer flushed hotly.

"Give me the reason then, if you can, why a life spent in complete disbelief in the existence of powers of good and evil, should end in an awful terror of both?"

"Inherited superstitious tendencies probably, coming to the surface. Body getting the better of mind."

"My tutor, who like my father was an atheist, died half a dozen years ago. On his deathbed, to my father's intense disgust, he sent for a priest and was—as he styled it—reconciled to the Church."

"And then?"

"That's the remarkable part of it. From a despairing, horror-stricken wretch, he became serenely calm, absolutely fearless."

The man sat looking into the fire and made no comment.

"Now what I want to know is this," went on Jasper eagerly, "where is the weak spot in the armor? If at the very time I need all the support my teaching can give me—"

"Why?" interrupted the guest.

"You ask why? This life being all, isn't there something horrible in going out into the darkness?"

"According to your own showing one is unconscious of such darkness."

"And yours, sir?"

"Oh, I am unshakeable. I hope I may be useful to you in helping to dispel what is really nothing but an attack of nerves. I've studied every religious system known, Thyrlston, and a good many lost in the mists of the past."

"I hope you'll make a long stay," exclaimed the young man eagerly; "our antagonism to Christianity has shut us out from more than the very slightest intercourse with our neighbors."

"My dear Thyrlston"—the blue eyes met the dark ones like the flash of a sword—"I have every hope of our intimacy becoming as complete as that of myself and your father has been."

So came Max Marlow into Jasper Thyrlston's life, and the work of uprooting those tiny seedlings that the sight of his father's despair had planted in his soul, began in good earnest. The newcomer had an answer for every question, a knowledge of every subject. He scoffed good-humoredly at all that men held sacred. His pupil was anxious to be rooted firmly in unbelief, for the solid earth seemed to have given way under his feet when those doubts had first assailed him; he drank in his companion's sophistries with avidity.

He made merry at Christmastide over the "superstitions" of the villagers, tracing the story of the Incarnation back to legend and fable. He was by Jasper's side when sheaves of Easter lilies were carried into Father Creagh's little church, and declared the history of the Resurrection of the Lord to be but a survival of a sun myth. And Jasper listened hungrily, but—and his Guardian Angel, closer to his side than was even the brilliant cosmopolitan and scientist, knew and rejoiced thereat—ever with a vague doubt lurking deep down in his heart.

The strategist was cautious; quick to note that though Jasper's intellect responded to his clever sophistries skillfully disguised as truths, the man—naturally clean-minded and somewhat ascetic in temperament—was repelled by anything savoring of vice. The undermining of moral laws called for greater strategy and finer weapons than were needed for the uprooting of those tiny shoots of belief, sown in the horror of an impenitent sinner's deathbed.

The doctor was, however, waiting his opportunity. It came with a journey of Marlow's to London. That very afternoon, to Mary's intense surprise, her brother brought Jasper Thyrlston home with him to tea. The aversion that had mingled with her pity for the man's isolation disappeared, as she listened to her brother and their guest. The doctor was keenly interested in social work, and aired his hobby on most occasions.

"My father—no doubt with reason—had little faith in human nature," said Jasper presently; "my friend, Mr. Marlow, is of the same opinion; but I'm inclined to differ from him, and am therefore ready—if you will allow me—to second this scheme of yours for a men's reading room and club, doctor."

"It's really Father Creagh's scheme," said Mary with a smile.

"Well, anybody's scheme that tends to the uplifting of humanity deserves help," said Jasper; his eyes resting admiringly on the fair, earnest face.

"There is only one really uplifting force: religion," said the girl a little timidly; but Jasper had no reply ready.

The young man was finding the quiet atmosphere of this Catholic household strangely restful. A tiny light twinkled in a distant niche before a statuette of the Sacred Heart. A picture of the Immaculate Mother with Her Divine Child hung over the mantelpiece. The face of Marlow, mocking, cynical, contemptuous, rose before Jasper's mental vision. He put the recollection from him with an almost physical effort. The thought seemed a desecration. He assented eagerly when, as he rose to take leave, his host cordially urged him to repeat his visit.

"But you must come and see me first," he added, "come to-morrow and let me show you over 'The Towers.'"

The invitation was accepted; then—surely Jasper's Guardian Angel had something to do with it—the usually reserved Mary said suddenly, to her brother's intense surprise: "You have never been inside our little church, I think you said, Mr. Thyrlston? May I show it to you?"

And presently Jasper found himself for the first time in a Catholic church. There were a good many people there, and more kept coming in. Mary's heart beat fast; she was praying with all her soul as she genuflected before the tabernacle.

"I'm staying to Benediction; will you stay too? I should like you to hear our choir," she said quietly; and to Jasper's secret amusement he found himself seated before the Altar, where an acolyte was lighting the candles.

It was a festival; there were a great many candles, and Jasper, as he watched the tiny stars twinkle out one by one, noted that the acolyte had missed one. He wondered whether the boy would notice the omission, but no, he went away with his taper, and the arch of brilliance over the altar remained incomplete. Somehow that unlighted candle sorely worried the young man. He felt absurdly sorry for it thus condemned to deadness, while its neighbors glittered joyously. Presently a solemn hush came over the kneeling people, but Jasper sat with his eyes on a glittering something, gold, with a central Whiteness, held aloft by the priest. Then in the breathless silence from the man's heart, involuntarily, came the wish that was an unconscious prayer, "Oh, that I too could believe!"

"Did you notice that one candle was missed?" asked Jasper, accompanying Mary to her own door.

"Yes."

"I felt idiotically sorry for it," he said with a boyish laugh.

"It made me think of a soul in the midst of all God's gifts and graces standing dead and unresponsive," said the girl softly.

"Yet," returned Jasper, with more earnestness than the occasion seemed to demand, "it was not the candle's fault, but the fault of the acolyte."

"True. So my simile is imperfect. A soul would be without that excuse." The girl's voice was a trifle unsteady. Somehow she felt as if mighty issues were at stake.

"You think so?"

"Why, surely. God's grace is offered to every man."

"God's grace? That is a theological term I scarcely understand," he said with a little smile.

"It is a magnificent reality to those who have it," answered Mary Methuen, looking up at him with the light born of faith in her eyes.

"And is gained by—?" The tone was light, but the girl felt an underlying earnestness in it.

"Asking God for it," she answered, and so left him.

It was a new experience to Jasper to receive guests. His father's friends had been few, their visits rare. He was glad that Marlow was away, a sentiment shared by the dogs, who one and all hated and slunk from the interloper. They came joyously round their master next day, as he took his guests through the huge solitary rooms, full of things of beauty and value.

"The front part of the building is comparatively modern," he said presently; "this is the old portion. 'The Towers' was once a religious house, as you know. This"—opening a low arched door—"was the chapel."

It was a beautiful little sanctuary, with one lofty window.

"It has suffered no damage," went on Jasper, "except that of being stripped of everything portable. I don't quite know what to do with it."

"Turn it into a billiard room. Just the place for one!" came Marlow's voice, accompanied by an angry growl from the dogs as they slunk away.

He came in, bowing to the guests, and with inward annoyance at his appearance Jasper went through the necessary introductions.

"Am I not right, Miss Methuen? You think not? Ah, it is of course a matter of sentiment, but—really—"

"It is rather a question of reverence," replied the girl, looking steadily at the speaker, and Jasper saw the man's eyes shift and fall away from her gaze. "This place has been consecrated to the worship of God, and ought not to be put to other uses."

"Of course, of course," the usually musical voice grated harshly on Jasper's ear; "but as Thyrlston here—like myself—doesn't believe it—"

"What brought you back so unexpectedly?" interrupted Jasper abruptly.

"Shall I pose as a seer, and say that I felt you needed me?" was the laughing reply.

A sudden constraint had fallen on the party. The pleasure of the day was over. The brother and sister presently took leave, Jasper and Marlow going with them through the gardens. Jasper was in no mood for conversation as he stood looking after his guests. Marlow was also silent. Jasper glanced at him presently, and was startled into an exclamation by his expression. His face was distorted with passion, a passion in which malignity, repulsion, hatred, and above all an awful dread were mingled. Jasper shrank back in terror exclaiming: "Marlow! Good heavens, man! What is it?"

There was froth on the man's lips, as he turned from gazing along the road, and looked with an evil light in his eyes at his companion. Then muttering something inarticulate he turned away, disappearing among the cypresses that hid the Druid circle. Jasper drew a breath of relief. The oppression that had weighed upon him since his guest's return had vanished. He was conscious of a strange calm, a sense of security from some unknown yet imminent danger. He stood expectant of something, though unconscious of what that something might be, and as he waited he saw Father Creagh coming through the gathering shadows. The strange serenity that had fallen upon his spirit seemed to become intensified as the priest drew nearer. He was walking rapidly, one hand thrust into the breast of his coat. Jasper uncovered as he approached, but Father Creagh went swiftly on with downcast eyes. An impulse to follow him, why he could not have explained, came over Jasper; he made a few steps into the road, then stopped, wondering at himself.

"Were you ill this afternoon?" he inquired, when Marlow and he met at dinner.

"I'm never ill," returned his guest with a laugh.

Jasper was silent and preoccupied during the meal, but his companion had never been more brilliant. He had just ended a witty story, the viciousness whereof was disguised under clever epigram and graceful jest, when Jasper said suddenly:

"I've been reflecting, Marlow, that my education has been a terribly one-sided affair."

The other's eyebrows arched in delicate inquiry.

"I've heard every imaginable argument *against* the beliefs, sentiments, fancies, delusions if you like, call them what you will, that sway the minds and influence the actions of millions of my fellows, and now I mean to hear a few on the other side."

"Is that necessary?" The tone was good-humoredly sarcastic.

"Undoubtedly. I'll hear both sides."

"Well, my dear fellow, I'm ready to act as guide—or follower—through the bogs of dogma if you like."

Jasper shook his head with a smile.

"Not a bit of it. You hold a brief for the other side, Marlow."

"Devil's advocate, eh?" the tone held a snarl.

There was immense surprise in Father Creagh's mind, though his welcome was cordial, when Jasper was ushered into his shabby parlor next day. The priest was well-known to be a brilliant scholar. He was also a writer of repute. Jasper expected a display of intellectual fireworks, when, after stating his case in much the same words he had used to Marlow, he awaited the Father's reply. It was a surprise when it came.

"It will be an immense pleasure to me to help you, Mr. Thyrlston. We will begin at once, if you like, with the Penny Catechism."

"I expected a different reception, sir. I am in earnest."

"So am I, Mr. Thyrlston." The eyes bent on Jasper's flushed countenance were full of kindness.

"But—the—the Catechism! I am not a child, sir."

"You must become one before you can enter the Kingdom of Heaven," said the old man softly; "so, if you please, we will begin with the Penny Catechism."

"You cut me dead yesterday, Father," said Jasper as he took leave of the priest an hour later. It must be added that in the meanwhile his sentiments with regard to the Penny Catechism had undergone revision.

"I was taking the Blessed Sacrament to a dying man," answered the priest; and Jasper had abundant food for thought as he went homeward.

The weeks that followed were a continuous duel between the master of "The Towers" and his guest, for whose departure he yearned. Only loyalty to his father's memory kept him from intimating to his father's friend that his presence was unwelcome. Jasper never mentioned his new studies, yet the two never met without Marlow attacking the dogmas that the other was beginning to recognize as eternal verities. Every step towards the light was met by some stumbling-block of skillfully-expressed doubt, some scientific obstacle, some brilliant piece of sophistry. Marlow was past master, too, in sarcasm and clever gibe; but Jasper saw the light shining in the distance, and towards it he plodded with unfaltering purpose.

Benediction was over. The boy came to extinguish the lights. Mary Methuen standing beside her brother touched Jasper's arm. He had been spending the day with them.

"*All* the candles were lighted to-night," she said; and her eyes were bright with happy tears as he replied:

"Thank God!"

He went away homeward, his heart full of a joy too deep for outward expression. He passed through the side gate into the gardens, and started as, coming from behind the clump of cypresses, he saw Marlow sitting on one of the stones of the Druid circle. The man sprang up, recoiling further and further away from him as he approached.

"I have news for you, not unexpected, I think," said Jasper; "at last I am a Catholic. This morning I was baptized, and—"

He spoke to empty air. Marlow had vanished.

Jasper, a good deal perplexed, made his way to the house. A servant met him at the door.

"Mr. Marlow has been called away suddenly, sir," said the man; "he bid me tell you he would write in a day or two."

But no letter came; and when Jasper Thyrlston went to the safe wherein he had placed the huge packet of correspondence bearing Max Marlow's signature, found among his dead father's papers, he sought for it in vain.

COMPLETING THE REFORMATION.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

III.

IMMANUEL KANT was the one through whom the Reformation first sought footing and expression in philosophy. The reformers had conceived of the great masters of reason as no better than the misguided ministers of Satan, and now philosophy was to be asked to take the same low note of dispraise. And what more effective way was there, to create a harmony in negation between Lutheranism and philosophy, than by attempting to show that the theoretical reason itself recognized its own limitations, and confessed its inability either to know God or to demonstrate His existence. If nature could be made to appear as a blank wall, all scribbled o'er with hieroglyphics, to which there is no key or clue, *natural theology* would be left suspended in the air, and the Catholic doctrine of the reasonableness of religion would vanish into the same thin medium. But how could this result be accomplished, without one's going over, bag and baggage, to skepticism? By means of *criticism!* After casting about for some years, Kant finally discovered, as we shall see, the principle he needed: Whatever is *necessary or universal* in our knowledge comes from the *mind* itself, not from its *objects,* and is really an *anticipation* of experience, instead of being, as hitherto thought, a *result* of the latter.

This assumption, unproved and incapable of proof, destroyed the theoretical power of reason in general, reduced metaphysics from a science of reality to a science of the conditions of knowledge, and cut down man's *rational* outlook upon the world and life, to the size and requirements of a pietistic conception of faith. The horizon of philosophy was thus lowered to the level of Lutheran theology, both being made to meet in a confession of the same limitations. The wings of reason were clipped, to prevent it from soaring in the future, above the cramped quarters in which it was proposed to keep it cooped. And, strangest of strange things! Kant never *investigated* the conditions under which the acquisition of knowledge becomes possible; he *prejudged* the whole question of man's power of knowing, arbitrarily employing a purely speculative

principle to criticize the *actual* contents of human experience. No proof was offered of the glaring assumption that the categories are wholly *subjective;* proof is not even possible. For, even if it were true, as he claimed, that a category—"causality," for instance—lives subjectively in the act of knowing, it would not follow that it lives there only, or that it does not at the same time truly express the nature of the reality known. So that Kant's attempted proofs of his main assumption remind one of Daniel O'Connell's historic saying, that "he could drive a coach-and-four through any act of parliament."

But Kant was the philosopher of pietism—we must not forget *that,* if we would draw him true to life, and not detach him from the background in which he lived and labored. We have it under his own hand and seal, that his purpose was *to separate faith from knowledge,* which was exactly what Lutheranism had done in the sphere of religion, when driven to bay by rational criticism. "I had to suppress *knowing,* he declares, to make room for *believing.*" ("Ich musste also das Wissen aufheben, um zum Glauben Platz zu bekommen.")[1] What clearer betrayal of a religious prepossession could there be? "There is no doubt," says Professor Kallen, "but that Kant, earnest and rigoristic pietist as he was, really meant to vindicate Lutheran Christianity from skepticism."[2] To isolate science and metaphysical belief so radically that neither would ever again have anything to fear from the other—that was his dominating purpose, all too plainly avowed in the passage just quoted, though some of his biographers, who naturally dislike this frank avowal of a religious aim in writing philosophy, endeavor to explain it away, in offhand fashion—its Lutheran intent is so embarrassing!—as merely the glimmering of a doubt, in Kant's mind, concerning the objective truth and value of science.

But this attempt at palliation is a leap from the frying pan into the fire, on the part of those who make it. If there be one thing more than another, that Kant never for a moment doubted, it was the work and worth of the sciences. To imagine him wavering on this point, in order to weaken the force and relevancy of his personal confession, would be to throw his whole philosophy out of joint, and to streak it through, from end to end, with contradiction. In the second preface to *Pure Reason,* he says that, thanks to critical philosophy, both morality and physics have proved their

[1] Kant, *Théodore Ruyssen,* 2d. ed., 1905, p. 67.

[2] Boston *Evening Transcript,* Wednesday, June 16, 1909, p. 26, col. 1, par. 4. Review of Professor James' work, *A Pluralistic Universe.*

rightful claim to a place in any scheme of philosophy—a statement anything but indicative of doubt concerning the validity of science.[3] To save Luther and Newton, pietism and science, were the two things on which his mind was ever set. "I have mapped out in advance," he declares, "the way I wish to follow, and nothing shall swerve me aside."[4] The course he has in mind is to make both science and religion the results of *immediate sensible experience,* so as to cut the *supersensible,* or faith, entirely off from all continuity and connection with *scientific truth;* so as, in other words, to create for religion—in this case, pietism—a sort of charmed circle, within which it might enjoy a haven of refuge and a right of asylum from the persecuting attacks of the skeptics for all time to come.[5] Belief in science and faith in the moral law were Kant's two unshaken convictions. Making all due allowance for the fact that he wished to destroy the old metaphysics of Wolff, in order to build it up again on "incontestable principles" and "clearly determined concepts,"[6] it nevertheless remains true and undeniable that both his preliminary clearing of the ground and his subsequent reconstructions followed closely the lines of his own particular religious persuasion, and for that reason, if for no other, are open to the charge of special pleading in disguise. The duality of his purpose, half pietistic, half scientific, is transparent.

Germany has debated the question threadbare, whether Kant was not after all a less daring, less logical second edition of Hume, attempting to satisfy religious scruple by rebuilding in the air an arbitrary system of morals, after having undermined completely by criticism every single one of the real foundations on which it might have been made to rest. Certain it is that he who started out to destroy dogmatism ended by becoming the prince of dogmatists himself, claiming for his own views an absoluteness not less commanding than the "categorical imperative" of the moral conscience, which proved to be his only plank from shipwreck. And he certainly sailed the seas of speculation upon it, as if it had all the steadying ballast and displacement of a full-rigged ship. Critics take pains to warn us that Kant's views on religion are an incidental by-product, not to be taken seriously. That may well be. But it is also true that they might have formed the preface to his philosophy, instead of having been hurriedly packed into an appendix—so clearly apparent is it that his conclusions were religiously preaccepted before having been "critically established." And we say all

[3] Kant, *op. cit.*, p. 65. [4] *Op. cit.*, p. 22. [5] *Op. cit.*, p. 67. [6] *Op. cit.*, p. 66.

this, not to question his having been a philosopher, but to prove that he had a particular religious purpose in philosophizing as he did; which is a charge commonly preferred against Catholic thinkers, more often true, however, of those who bring it than of those it is brought against, because of the greater ability we all have to detect the mote in another's eye, and to miss the beam within our own.

The destructive religious purpose which thus inspired and guided Kant's criticism of the power of reason in general, compels us to class him among dogmatists of the *negative* type, much as he himself would have spurned the designation. We are all too prone to forget that the worst dogmatist of all is the one who tries to establish a universal negative. Dogmatic assurance is as much the trait of the critic as it is of the plain and positive believer, though it is the latter, usually, who comes in for more than his proper share of learned denunciation. It is time the wind shifted, and blew from another quarter—it blows too much upon the shorn lamb, and too little on his shearers, just at present. One might well ask the latter where they got their shears, and whence they derive the logical right to use them as they do. But the millennium will probably be upon us before critics turn to criticizing their own arrogant assumptions and universal negatives, which are beyond the power of any mortal man to prove, being, in the last analysis, no more than *unreasoned* preferences, *temperamental* leanings, *foregone* conclusions, bewitchingly arrayed as angels of light. Prejudice incandescent!

The dogmatism of the destroyers of dogma, ah! when we see that, we shall have had a visit from dame wisdom in person, and the slayer shall himself be slain in long-deferred requital of his misdeeds. How few ever notice the *purely assumptive* nature and character of the principle which Kant so effectively employed to lessen the insight and to diminish the constructive power of human reason? We are all so easily stampeded by unsupported affirmation or denial, that we very much resemble those eastern folk who regarded the world as resting for support on the back of an elephant, without troubling themselves further to inquire what it was that held up the elephant. And even when, as often happens, the sweeping affirmation or denial of the critic is flanked by proof upon proof, apparently—we never criticize the critic, but, by the misplaced trust reposed in him, proceed straightway to forfeit the larger faith that cometh not of criticism or of understanding, but is

heaven-blown into our vacillating souls, to broaden with a knowledge direct from God, that mental life of ours, which men are ever, it would seem, full bent upon contracting.

Kant, while ostensibly criticizing the power of human reason to know its Author, had really in mind, all the while, a defence of the Lutheran notion of faith, as something utterly to be divorced from rational knowledge. When this important fact is realized, a flood of light is let in upon many dark places in his writings, which one sorely misses, when approaching the study of this inconoclastic thinker, over the sole avenue of the history of philosophy. The religious end he had in view accounts for his attempt to partition the mind off, like a honeycomb, into separate cells, each of which stores and elaborates the products of experience; reason sorting the various material presented, pretty much as a mail clerk casting letters of different address into their proper pigeon-holes. It also serves, in no small measure, to explain why Kant invented more mental faculties than any professional mind-splitter before or since, and why his philosophy looks so much like a map of Scotland, where the counties follow the clans and are scattered up and down the length and breadth of the land, instead of forming an undivided, continuous territory. Once he had begun separating faith from knowledge, he could not well but extend the process further. A faculty was provided for this, another for that—all to force his religious presuppositions through; with a special Faculty, capital F, black italics, for religion—the lonesomest-looking of them all! And then, to put Humpty-Dumpty together again, after he had been quartered, an appeal is made to the "synthetic unity of apperception," that is, to the fact of *coefficiency,* which implies, if it imply anything, that no such dismemberment of the mind as he attempted was right or possible from the start. How far removed all this excessive "cabinet making" seems from the organic life of the human soul! Even Kant himself saw that it was, and tried to mend matters too late, by an appeal to the unifying principle of apperception. Had he started out with this psychological fact, as he should have done, because the evidence for it is empirical, his philosophy would have been a different story. But he could not have defended pietism, except by dividing and opposing the different faculties of the human mind. So there you are. His religious purpose meets you, unabashed, at every turn.

It would be impossible, therefore, did one so desire, to overestimate the influence which pietism exerted on the ideas, principles,

methods, and conclusions of Immanuel Kant. His mother, Anna Regina Reuter, was a pietist, and so was the mentor of his early student days, director Schultz, of the Königsberg gymnasium. He says of his mother, whom he lost early, that she was a pietist by conviction, of a reflective type of mind not given, in the least, to emotional mysticism. And the same appreciation is true also of the son. Pietism, it should be said, was a religious movement started by Spener, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, about a hundred years before Kant's time—which sought to revive the waning influence and drooping spirit of the Lutheran churches of Germany, by a more enlightened style of preaching, and a complete overhauling of the systems of religious and theological instruction previously in vogue. It laid stress on the purely individual character of faith, the superiority of inward piety of heart over all external religious practises, and the sterility of theological discussion in general. It inculcated morality of a severe type, made the sentiment of *personal satisfaction* the criterion of religious truth, declared all true conversions sudden and immediate, recommended family worship rather than congregational, and advocated the principle of toleration in the treatment of infidels and heretics, especially the latter. It was the relentless foe of free thought, opposing the rationalism of Descartes, then in the ascendant, as Lutheranism had opposed that of Aristotle and the schoolmen. It was, in fine, a reaction, against the steadily growing influence of reason in Protestant dogmatics—an effort to bring Lutheranism back to its first principles of emotional fervor. Enjoying a brief period and measure of success, the pietistic movement eventually drifted into an excessive emotionalism which sealed its fate with the sober-minded. The mystic extravagances into which its votaries fell brought it into a contempt that still lingers, by association, around the name. Built upon the quicksands of sentiment, and lacking utterly in rational principles of control, it could have come to no other end.

But pietism had known a bloom, in the heyday of its prime, that seemed full of future promise to its leaders, and it was this pristine condition that Kant hoped to see brought back. He condemned, as severely as any one else, the mystical direction which pietism had taken, but he thought that, by reconstructing it on a moral basis, he could rescue it from the clutches of mysticism, and launch it forth on a new, more enlightened, and more practical career. It is history how he asserted and defended its austere ideal of morality, in the famous "categorical imperative"—that

thunderous "thou shalt" of the moral conscience, which he flung back at David Hume, as the sole reason for his refusal to follow the inviting Scotsmen into the byways of skepticism. Out of the demands and implications of the moral conscience he *deduced* the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, thus admitting through a side door two truths to which he had flatly refused admission at the front. This method of deducing the doctrines of Christianity out of sentiment became sacrosanct with orthodox Protestant theologians, until the rise of the liberalist school in the nineteenth century, when sentiment became the be-all and the end-all of religion, its term as well as source.

It would be difficult, did we not take the influence of pietism into account, to explain Kant's unhesitating surrender to Hume, without so much as striking a single direct blow. He was on the defensive all the time, and his occasional sallies were for the purpose of feeling the strength of the skeptic's lines, so as to make sure that he had nothing to fear for the position upon which he intended finally to fall back. That is why, when the time came, he retreated all along the front before the pressing Scotsman, until he had barricaded himself in the inner stockade of the moral conscience. This was the stronghold of pietism, and here he would turn to bay and give effective battle. All else might be considered well lost, if this position were not won away. *Cicero pro domo sua!*

Once safely intrenched behind the moral conscience and its mandatory ideals, Kant set about transferring to philosophy the entire pietistic background and scheme of religion—its preference for the subject over the object, its dislike of externals, its distrust of reason, its autonomous individualism, its insistence on the primacy of the will and moral sentiment. Pietism, it will be remembered from the sketch furnished a paragraph or two back, fairly bristled with false contrasts and antitheses. Internal religion and external, faith and reason, heart and mind, dogma and morality, knowledge and belief, were all set over, each against the other, in mutual exclusion and opposition, to such an extent as falsely to suggest and offer a choice between the *whole* truth and some one or other of its divided fractions. Kant brought over into philosophy this entire list of aspectual contrasts and severed points of view, increasing it by many personal contributions of his own, in the form of what he called "antinomies of thought," until the theoretical reason fairly dripped contradiction at every pore, and seemed in very truth the incompetent thing Luther had

said it was two centuries previous. Kant never stopped his process of isolating pietism from all things else, until he had made Christ and Christianity, the whole world of human thought, in fact, empty into it as so many tributary waters to a single sea. History, philosophy, theology—nothing mattered save in relation to the object of Kant's choice and predilection. Christ's life work was one of heroic moral example. Nothing else He did counted for the good of the world. From the pages of modern books they still stare out at us—these arbitrarily invented contrasts and choices. Originally the products of a very dubious Lutheran apologetics, they were philosophically warmed over by Kant, and by him extended to the field of human knowledge in general, which had never known such fencing-off before—the reason being, we imagine, that no one possessed sufficient arrogance, in pre-Reformation times, to regard philosophy as a piece of private property.

But this was precisely the view which Kant took, and sought, might and main, to establish. The very fact of his having employed the analytic reason to undermine itself, and to prove that no truth could possibly be built up, which would be a truth *for all,* shows clearly the negative dogmatic purpose that dominated his thought. To admit a public, objective, general truth, as capable of establishment—that of the existence of God, for instance—would cut mortally into the Lutheran theory that faith is a private act of confidence, with which the intellect has nothing to do. If any constructive synthesis, therefore, were to be deemed worthy of attempt, it would have to be *moral,* not *intellectual,* so as to keep it close, all through, to the privacy of conscience. Reason was to be held in check, while conscience marched on, unhindered, to capture and reduce to ashes the "white city of thought." He accordingly took good care, at the start and throughout, to separate the logical from the real, the universal of reason from the particular of sense. By this piece of strategy, the former was prevented from having any real continuity or connection with the latter, and the work of the constructive reason was made to look very much like the pastime of building castles in the air. Such universal ideas as "existence," "causality," "contingency," "necessity," he said, came from the mind alone, and not from objects. Nothing, therefore, can be built upon them, or by their means. They are empty mental forms, purely *subjective* in origin, character, and validity—gaunt and bare "possibles," out of which nothing could be got by way of argument, since they possess no reference or relation what-

ever to actual experience, not having come into the mind from objects, but having gone out from the mind, rather, upon them. The illusion of taking one of these "possibles" for reality, he likened to that of a merchant, "thinking he could increase his wealth by adding a few zeros to his bank book."[7]

The *subjective* was everything for Kant, as it was for pietism; the *objective* and rational, nothing, unless it was a moral conviction, as distinct from intellectual—which, also, was good pietism faithfully rendered into philosophy. For, one of the points on which the pietistic scheme laid particular stress, was the *sterility of all theological discussion,* and to Kant this point was paramount. "All faith," he said ponderously, "is an affirmation subjectively sufficient, but objectively accompanied by a consciousness of its insufficiency."[8] It is, therefore, moral faith in God, not intellectual, towards which he is always heading, and constrained to reach. He is determined, come what will, to deprive faith of all social character, and so to individualize it, as to "substitute the God of one solitary groping soul for the God of a world-wide Church; to build up a lonely, self-full creed, instead of the companioning and selfless creed of the ages." Kant simply could not see the woods for the trees.

And when he said it was not the mind that revolved around objects, but objects, rather, that revolved around the mind—was he not here, also, translating his individualistic religious attitude, his fondness for the subject, and his dislike for its inseparable companion and counterpart—the object? He took great joy in likening himself to the Polish astronomer, Copernicus, for having been the first to "discover" that the whole world of objects circled about the individual subject, as about its central sun. This "discovery" has been called "the Copernican revolution in philosophy," akin to that other which had turned the science of astronomy into newer and hardier paths. But the Polish astronomer *proved* his position, which is more than can be said of the Prussian philosopher. Revolution it was, but "discovery"—no! Invention, rather. The idea could not but have been suggested to him by his ambient. The Reformation had made *religion* a matter of lonely, private concern, but so far no attempt, of any account, had been made to extend this loneliness to philosophy. Things were drifting that way, however, very fast. Pietism, by putting a fresh ban on the rational in religion, had made the so-called rights of the heart seem para-

[7] *Op. cit.*, p. 133. [8] *Op. cit.*, p. 340.

mount to those of reason—a position which Jean Jacques Rousseau promptly flanked and turned to the profit of skepticism. And so well he might, it was such a helpless attitude, in the first place, for religion to assume—the ostrich policy of burying its head in the sands. On all sides, the individual was rising against tradition, philosophical as well as religious, and thought no longer had a stable place whereon to lay its head. Archimedes was again tugging at his lever, and crying, "Give me where I may stand, and I will move the world." Kant was, therefore, translating pietism, and reflecting back the spirit of the times—he was not making a *purely scientific discovery*—far from it!—when he introduced the Copernican revolution into modern philosophy. The eye that saw, in this case, wanted to see, and the desire created the vision, or rather, the mirage!

We hear somebody interrupting us at this point, to ask how we dare say all this of Kant, especially in view of the fact that the *critical* idea first came to him while pondering the suggestive pages of David Hume. In reply we would state that we allow this fact its fullest recognition, as, also, that it was Shaftsbury who impressed upon Kant the feasibility of making moral sentiment supreme. Our contention ranges wider in its sweep. In Kant there are, so to speak, two concentric circles—a wheel within a wheel, if you prefer —the inner, full of the urgings of pietism, the outer, characterized by a lifelong effort to find a philosophy for it. Hume was indeed the source of the critical idea, as Shaftsbury and Hutcheson of the moral. But Hume, it should be noted, influenced the *development* and *systematic expression* of Kant's thought, he did not *originate* the thought itself. In proof of which we would point to the direction in which Kant's mind had, independently, been running, long before he grasped the full suggestiveness and value of his *auxiliary* British sources. Of Scotch descent himself, he was indebted to the land of the thistle for ideas as well as pedigree.

Kant's youth was spent—we must say it again—under the influence of pietism, the tenets of which were assiduously instilled into his mind at home and in school, until, in 1740, he entered the university of Königsberg, his native town, where he was taught the rationalism of Christian von Wolff—a somewhat diluted form of the theodicy of Leibnitz, that invited the shafts of the critical by the loose joints of its armor. These two influences proved formative and decisive on the youthful Kant, for he conserved the first, and reacted against the second, his whole life through. Signs

of this reaction are present in his writings from the very beginning. In his first venture into metaphysics proper, published in 1755, under the title, *A New Explanation of the First Principles of Metaphysical Knowledge,* we find the significant doctrine announced, that *existence cannot be deduced from idea.* The statement occurs in the course of his criticism of the ontological argument, held in such high esteem by the Cartesians, and constitutes his reason for rejecting that argument as worthless. Kant does not seem to have realized at the time the full destructive import of the principle he was using. He still believes metaphysics possible, in the sense of a knowledge of *reality,* and there is nothing to indicate the presence of the "critical" idea, that metaphysics is a science of knowledge only. But the very *thought* is present in principle, to which the critical idea, when it does come, will be but as servant unto master. Theodicy or natural theology is to be denied the support of reason, and the arguments in its favor demolished. The pietism he learned at school, and the rationalism he was taught at the university are struggling in his mind for the ascendancy, fourteen years before he discovered, and twenty-six years before he published, the critical idea. When he said so early, that the existence of a being could no more be proved from the idea we have of it, than the reality of a triangle from its concept, he was expressing the general thought of his lifetime, in the terms, and under the guise, of a particular criticism. He was "building wiser than he knew," and coming events were being well foreshadowed. In fact, the Kant of the pre-critical period might have shaken hands with the Kant of the post-critical, at any time, without the formality of an introduction!

That this was the case may be gathered from the subsequent course of events in the pre-critical period of Kant's mental history. The cosmological argument went, eight years later, in 1763, and the teleological along with it, in the work entitled *The Only Possible Foundation for a Demonstration of God's Existence.* The progress of Kant's thought is well indicated in the reflection, that, if it be necessary to *convince* one's self of the existence of God, this conviction need not, necessarily, take the form of a *demonstration.*[9] One year later, in *An Inquiry Into the Evidences of the Principles of Natural Theology and Morals,* Kant definitely breaks with the rational method of metaphysics, and proposes that truth be deduced from "inner experience," and "immediate consciousness," rather than from "ideas."[10] He is now well under way, though the

[9] *Op. cit.,* p. 40.

[10] *Op. cit.,* p. 43.

critical idea has not yet appeared above his mind's horizon. In 1769, five years afterward, the critical idea came, though he made no mention of its coming, save to Lambert, and to him he vouchsafed no detail. He kept the idea to himself for eleven years. He wanted to mature it, to let it grow up, so to speak, before making its bow of introduction to the learned world. And even when it did finally appear, in 1781, it was not without showing the results of its long period of incubation, for it seemed a tired and labored prodigy—not the bounding, bursting, effervescent thing one would have expected from a really fresh, new, and original discovery. It had been too unconscionably "long a-borning" to have been the spontaneous child of genius. It lacked the flash.

Its private influence on Kant went on, in the meanwhile, to confirm him in ways already chosen. By 1776, metaphysics had become for him—he says so himself—"a dark ocean, shoreless and unlit," upon which he ventured "without enthusiasm." Assuredly, no one would ever imagine, from the text of his writings, that it was all a matter of plain sailing, with him; rather is it borne in upon one, that, though he

> was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea,

he had suddenly found himself becalmed. He had "shot the albatross," and consequences were following, of a kind not calculated to promote enthusiasm. In another metaphor—he rarely allowed himself the luxury of figures of speech—he calls metaphysics a fairyland (Schlaraffenland),[11] where everything may be made to turn out in the end as desired at the beginning—a whimsy, nothing more.

> Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage.

Two decades of persistent thought in one direction—the divorce, namely, of logic from metaphysics, the rational from the real—which is as clear in his first utterance as in his last—had suddenly found a principle which would justify it completely—the very thing it needed, for as yet it had had no soul. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and Hume proved himself such, proverbially and really, to the straitened advocate of anti-intellectualism. How he did so is a story that deserves to be told in a special chapter, and must wait its hour.

[11] *Op. cit.*, p. 52.

SAFE TO SEA.

BY JACQUES BUSBEE.

"I NEVER was so scared in all my life!" Bassett exclaimed breathlessly. "Did you fellows hear me holler?"

The Captain of the Cape Hatteras Life Saving Station who was sitting alone by the red-hot stove, sprang to his feet and laid down his pipe and week-old newspaper. He turned quickly towards Bassett, who stood in the door of the waiting room, which the sudden draught had burst open. "I know it," he said, "where is the wreck, Bassett? On the outer Diamond Shoals?"

Bassett was pale under his tan. "There ain't no wreck," he stammered. Then he added, "And if there was, we couldn't go to 'em. The sea is something awful."

"What has Bassett seen?" the Captain asked impatiently of Orastus Webb, who came in from patrol, his oilskin dripping and his moustache glittering with salt spray. "Where is the wreck?"

"I tell ye there ain't no wreck," Bassett repeated.

"A dead man got after him," Orastus said laconically, as he took off his oilskins and hung them on a peg. "Tell the Captain what scared ye."

The Captain smiled grimly. "It must have been that skin of a man, with nothing hanging to it but the hands and feet, which Bassett found in the Hook of the Cape after that Italian brig struck three weeks ago."

"Go on and tell the Captain about it," Orastus urged, as he laboriously removed his boots by folding down the tops, then slowly drawing out his feet, wet with perspiration from the struggle of walking.

"Whenever I get to the end of the Cape," Bassett began excitedly, "I can hear that man calling through a megaphone. I just naturally know that skin was him. Well—I rode Polly Dark when I went on patrol to-night to get above the blowing sand and flooded beach. But I was sorry I did, for every little while I had to get off and wipe the sand from her eyes, she staggered so. When we

reached the keypost, I registered on my dial, but Polly Dark refused to go any further, whickering and trembling all over. Ye know how wreckage has been coming ashore ever since that vessel struck three weeks ago. The whole point of the Cape is strewn with it. So I thought I'd look round a bit. I might find another one of those poor devils that went down. I tied Polly Dark to the keypost, and began to pick my way amongst the slippery beams and piles of seaweed that showed black on the white sand. Just as I was a-straddle of two beams, something jumped up with a grunt and dashed between my legs, throwing me a somersault on the sand. I knew it was a hog, but—man! I was past making a sound—I just lay there. At last I got up, and as I did I let a yell, and I kept on yelling for a mile. I never stopped till I got back to the boathouse, where Orastus was on watch. If you fellows had a been to leaward ye'd a heard me."

"Give me the dial," the Captain broke in. He took a key from his pocket, opened it and removed the circular card, which proved that Bassett had been to the very end of the Cape, and recorded the fact with the other key chained to the post.

"That Italian brig was beyond human aid," the Captain said with finality. "The breakers pounded her to pieces in twenty minutes—"

"Now, Captain," Orastus protested, "ye know I'm no coward. I wanted to go, but ye wouldn't let us."

"You'd drown us all," the Captain replied, as he went over to the window, which rattled only during lulls. He pressed his nose against the cold glass. "It's as black as a pocket," he muttered.

"I'd rather patrol on nights like this than in calm weather," Orastus remarked.

"Heavens!" the Captain ejaculated as he looked sharply at Webb. Then he added as he turned away, "Well—every man has his rathers."

"You've got something else to think about," was all Orastus answered. But the Captain knew what he meant by "something else to think about." Never had a man changed like Orastus since his wife's death. Was it remorse for the way he had neglected her, and was his unnatural courage despair?

Orastus propped one foot on the other, and watched in silence the evaporation from his red wool socks. The smell of drying woolens, of men and tobacco, filled the room.

Two surfmen, still stupid with sleep, who were to go out on the twelve o'clock patrol, came downstairs from their cots to the waiting room. They put on their oilskins and gum boots mechanically. They stood and waited with all the stolidity of hitched horses. They did not speak.

"The wind blows spiteful to-night," Orastus remarked, as he rose and nearly uncoupled himself with a yawn. "The tide's not rolling in, but the combers are just falling on to the beach like solid walls. I pity any vessel near the shoals this night. Well—I reckon I'll haul it. I may be up again 'fore day," and he threw a questioning glance towards the Captain as he started upstairs to his cot.

"Maybe!" the Captain ejaculated. "I'll wager ye everyone will be up 'fore day. My eyes never lied to me yet. I saw a vessel, I tell ye, just before dark closed in. She was beating off the Outer Diamond Shoals, but God knows she'll never make it, if the wind don't shift."

"'Taint no wreck coming in to-night," Bassett muttered as though to reassure himself. "Nobody could see through that curtain of blowing sand and spray. Captain, you just *felt* ye saw something. Nobody else could see anything."

"Boys," the Captain said ignoring Bassett's remark, "keep a sharp watch. I *know* a wreck lies out on the shoals."

"God pity us all if a wreck does come this night," Peter Mashew exclaimed, as he and Gaskins started out into the storm.

A mile up the beach the revolving beam of Hatteras Light cut a circle in the blackness on scudding clouds and flying spray—a wheel of destiny. Ten miles to sea the leaping breakers on the Diamond Shoals danced like ghosts above the shifting quicksands—the graveyard of the American merchant marine.

The Captain remained alone by the stove. He felt that fate had smirched his honor, though he knew that human courage had been powerless to save those men aboard that Italian brig when she struck, and almost instantly went to pieces. Had she only chosen the outer Diamond instead of the Hook of the Cape. He suddenly rose and moved back from the stove, as he smelled his boots scorching. Laying down his pipe and newspaper, he went over to the closet, took a lantern, lit it, then opened the door into the boat room and peered into the gloom. There she was—the lifeboat. Resting lightly on the heavy four-wheeled truck, she seemed a living thing, with graceful swelling sides and polished

handrails. The long oiled oars lay across the seats, and the Captain involuntarily put out his hand to them. "Are you ready?" he muttered as the mingled roar of surf and storm pressed around the isolated house like a tangible presence.

The Captain turned quickly—Gaskins stood behind him. "I know it," he said with a quick intake of breath, " where does the wreck lie? "

"Peter Mashew took the south patrol—I was in the boat-house," Gaskins jerked out. " Peter must have been near the key-post when he burned two Coston lights. I saw both red lights flare up, but they were dim. I don't believe a wreck on the shoals could see those signals and know that help was coming."

"Where does the wreck lie?" the Captain broke in.

" I couldn't see anything," Gaskins answered.

" It will take Peter Mashew some time to make his way back through such a—" but the Captain turned and began to mount the stairs two at a time.

Bassett started violently in his sleep—then suddenly sat up on his cot. "Wreck?" he asked huskily. But the Captain had climbed the ladder, and was in the lookout on the housetop. " Boys," he said descending, " she's on the outer Diamond. I saw her lights distinctly, but only for a second through a rift in the fog. Git everybody up. I'll call Creed's Hill Station."

Three long and a short—three long and a short—" Hello Creed's Hill! Is that you Steele? "

" A wreck lies on the Outer Diamond. Have you seen their distress signals? "

" Yes, we have. We'll be ready to start at daybreak."

" Yes, I know, the tide turns at five o'clock. The surf will fall. We'll start then."

" I tell ye, I'm going. If I can't launch her on the north beach, I can haul her across the cape, and launch her in the lea of the hook. The surf's not so strong three miles down the Hook abreast your station, is it? "

" How can I tell. When we see how the wreck lies, we'll know how to get the men off. We'll consult when we get there."

Peter Mashew was out of breath from running. " The first time I saw it I wau'nt sure; after a little I saw the light plain, but it was very pale. I saw it for just a flash; then the fog shut it out. After a little I saw it again. It bears southeast by east."

From the Cape Point Station a rocket split the night with pow-

dered fire; then another and another. The life saving station throbbed with nervous tension. The surfmen, all dressed and ready, were carefully examining the lifeboat—the gear, everything that might be needed. The medicine chest and bags of blankets were got out, but the beach apparatus would be useless. The wreck lay on the outer Diamond, probably eight or ten miles to sea.

By four A. M. the wind had canted to the northwest, and subsided to a moderate breeze, but the sea was appalling. Waves broke into surf as far off shore as the eye could see through the flying mist and whirling spoondrift. Towering billows madly chased one another shoreward, and scattered with thunderous roar into a smother of foam and spray upon the desolate beach. Lanterns were beginning to look like glowing embers as the wan light of dawn filtrated the fog, and disclosed the surfmen with tense, solemn faces, preparing to match strength with the sea.

"Every man here?" the Captain shouted. "Where is Peter Mashew?"

"He's gone for the horses," somebody answered. In tarpaulins and hip boots (those long boots that drown a man because they strap over the shoulders) the surfmen silently strained their muscles to the task of rolling the lifeboat, mounted on the truck, down the incline.

"Back the horses up there," shouted the Captain, as the frightened animals quivered—whickering.

All moved forward. The men threw their weight on the downward turn of the wheels, the horses bowed their heads to the wind, their muscles standing out in high relief. Three hundred yards more to the beach!

"'Taint no use to call away the lifeboat! No human can shoot that surf," Bassett cried out instinctively, as they crawled to the edge of the beach, and faced the breakers flying up in a thick white wall of spray that hissed like steam.

"A man must die if his time—" but the wind cut away Orastus' words.

The whole beach was under water. Foam thick as suds boiled knee deep. Breakers chased one another so closely that their crests rushed screaming together.

"We'll never launch her," Bassett wailed. "The sea is too strong; we'll have to wait. Maybe we can in two or three hours when the tide's out." But Bassett fell silent as he caught the Captain's eye.

"Lift her off the carriage—now—all together," and with his words the Captain bent his shoulders to the strain. "Hold her there, Midgett. Every man to his oar—steady."

Struggling in the swash, framing the sand, the men held the lifeboat by the oar locks and handrails awaiting the final order. The Captain held the steering oar, and watched the combers with a fixity that seemed hypnotic.

"They come in sevens. All ready? Now—with the next—keep her off—."

The boat shot forward with the suction of the retreating wave, rose instantly upon the next, poised lightly on the crest of the succeeding comber, plunged headlong into the trough, then rising, rising, her keel three-fourths dry, pitch-poled over and over, and was hurled upside down far back upon the beach by the resistless flood. Five men in cork jackets, half-smothered with salt water, were tossing in the surf. Three were hanging to the boat—one was missing!

"Where's the Captain?" Orastus shouted as soon as his feet touched bottom.

The next comber rolled him in, head down. "I'm all right," he gasped, as several hands seized him, "but I'm full of water. Everybody safe? Where's Peter Mashew?"

"Lift the boat over—quick about it!"

Blood was flowing from a cut on Peter's head. He seemed unconscious, but breathing Finally he opened his eyes and groaned. "Boys, I'm done for," he whispered Then he tried to stand. "My right knee is jammed."

Bassett and Webb lifted him, and bore him back to the station, with the assistance of the cook, who had been holding the horses.

"Leave him with the cook and hurry back," the Captain shouted.

The wind was rapidly backing to the west—the surf was falling with the outgoing tide. "Those boys take their time to come back—Steele will be there ahead of me. A woman could launch a boat in another hour," the Captain exclaimed impatiently. "There's three oars and a bag of blankets washed away," he said suddenly as he scrutinized the lifeboat. "Go to the station, Midgett, get three oars and another bag of blankets, and tell those boys to hurry back. See if Peter Mashew is much hurt."

"We five can go without Peter? We five can go," Orastus said excitedly, as he seized the handrail.

"Hold on," the Captain ordered, as the three men hove in sight.

"Come on, boys, drag her down! Steele will be there ahead of us. We *will* go."

With the receding wave the lifeboat shot forward, then grounded for a second, as six surfmen, clumsy in cork jackets and gum boots, scrambled over the sides and took their seats with oars poised. Bassett and the Captain held the stern.

"All ready? Get in Bassett," said the Captain seizing the steering oar with both hands. Bassett blanched, and his oar slipped from his grasp.

"'Taint no use," he faltered. "No human can launch her in such a surf—my time ain't come."

"Ye an seven surfmen," the Captain hissed, "and ye are the Cape Point Crew."

"We'll never come back," Bassett cried out, as the Captain shoved the boat off. "We'll never come back!"

"By G——!" the Captain shouted, "it's not your job to come back!"

But they did come back—back over the wild waters of the great Diamond Shoals, with their pitiful load of half-dead seamen, taken from the masts and rigging of the sunken vessel, where they had clung hopelessly and naked of clothes, which the storm had torn off.

The Hatteras Crew reached them first; the Creed's Hill Crew were a close second. The vessel lay upon her starboard side in the midst of a seething mass of breakers, her bowsprit, foremast, mainmast, maintopmast, and deck houses, fore and aft, gone, and her stern to the mizzen rigging carried away. The surrounding wreckage, pitching and beating about in the breakers, threatened death and destruction to the rescuers and the lifeboats. Eleven sailors still clinging in the rigging, seemed to regard the life-savers as merely apparitions called up by their frozen delirium. Then a wild, shouted consultation. The Creed's Hill Crew would stand guard. The Hatteras Crew would enter the breakers. Past master of surfmanship, they pulled to a position windward of the wreck—to windward by both wind and tide—then veering carefully upon the cable, and steadying the lifeboat with the oars, they dropped in among the breakers. Fending off the debris hurled about by the spuming waters, the lifeboat crept closer and closer into the maw of death. "Steady boys, steady!" the Captain shouted, as he heaved a line

which fell, thank God! across the spar on which two sailors clung. But they would not loose their hold, or could not. It lay within their grasp, but their frozen hands seemed helpless.

Suddenly Orastus Webb bent a line about his waist and leaped into the sea. In an instant he was swept from sight—then tossed high upon the wreck in a tangle of spars and cordage. He reached the mizzenmast. The surfmen burst into wild cheers. Taking the line from his waist, he fastened it about the sailor nearest him, and tearing loose his hands flung him into the sea. One by one the others followed, until five rescued men were safely hauled aboard the lifeboat, frozen, drenched, clean spent—but saved. Six helpless souls remained.

"Don't try to reach them, Webb," the Captain shouted. "Heave 'em the line."

Nobody saw just how it happened. For only an instant Orastus Webb was seen as the furious waters dashed him high against the broken mast. His strong arms fought the flood—then he vanished.

It was no time for vain regrets. Six men remained who must be saved. But the Hatteras Crew lost heart. Then Captain Steele pulled in to play with death. The sea was falling with the turning tide. The Creed's Hill Crew crept perilously close, but the line fell foul. Again and again they heaved it, and when at last those passionate hands grasped it, and the last man was hauled through the hissing water, the lifeboats turned and fled from the dissolving wreck, rapidly sinking through the gathering gloom into the everlasting quicksands of the treacherous shoals.

And they did come back. After seventeen hours, sore and spent, yet exultant, with their strange cargo wrapped in blankets, they all came back, except Orastus Webb. He joined that company from many lands and times, whose voices rise with the rising of the storm, when Gulf Stream waters charge in furious combat the waters from the frozen north out on the Diamond Shoals.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION THEN AND NOW.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.

CATHOLICS are I think sometimes discouraged by the fact that in spite of frequent corrections, a great many of the old intolerant objections to the Church are still being published, and even scattered broadcast in such a way as to make it clear that a large number of people are interested in, if not convinced by, them. I have thought that they might derive some consolation from having their attention called to the fact that in certain ways at least, during the generation just past, a decided change has come over the attitude of that portion of the reading and thinking public whose opinion is really worth while. Perhaps this change cannot be better illustrated than by taking a book which, although very popular in its own time, just forty years ago, is now regarded as an index of the lack of scholarship of the generation preceding our own.

The book in question is *The History of The Conflict Between Religion and Science,* by Professor John W. Draper, which received the honor or privilege of a place in the International Scientific Series just forty years ago. It was issued in 1874, and in my copy, dated 1875, the legend *Third Edition* shows that the book sold almost as a popular novel did at that time, and evidently attracted wide attention. Professor Draper was very well known among scientific men generally for some excellent work in science, and well known particularly among physicians as the author of a valuable *Treatise on Human Physiology.* He had published besides a series of papers containing important results of original research on physiological subjects, and many memoirs embodying experimental work of a high order of merit, on chemical and other scientific themes. He was the author of a well-known *History of The Intellectual Development of Europe.* It is easy to understand then how his book, supposed to be thoroughly authoritative, deeply influenced the rising academic generation. Above all it was eagerly read by those who were to devote themselves to teaching in the colleges and universities of this country during the subsequent twenty years.

It seems to me not too much to assume that most of the maturer scientists who are now teaching in this country, read Professor

Draper's book, and were led by it to the conviction that religion, and above all the Church, had been constantly opposed to intellectual progress of any kind, and, beyond all doubt, to such social progress as would lead to the real development of mankind. It is quite certain that a great many of these men who are still alive, even when not entirely conscious of the source of their opinions as to the relations of science and religion and the Church and education, have at the back of their minds certain prejudices, founded on the influence produced on them during their plastic, formative state of mind by the reading of Professor Draper's book. Indeed, so firm is the feeling in many of these men, that this whole subject is settled for them beyond the possibility of any modification, that they have insulated their minds from any further currents of information.

Controversy is distasteful at best; to find out that one has been cherishing a mistaken notion for years, is always disturbing as one grows older, and so it is not surprising that many of these men frequently use expressions with regard to the supposed relations of Church and science that are incompatible with what is now very generally known of the history of science. Their minds are made up, and they simply refuse to bring for a second time any of these subjects before the bar of judgment. Besides, though they would resent any such imputation as to their own state of mind, they have the feeling that people with religious convictions are prone to see only one side, and, therefore, anything that may be said on the other side is only a bit of special pleading for a conviction that no reasoning and no argument would change. They argue, as a consequence, that it would be quite useless for them to read the other side with any reasonable hope of getting at the real facts. This attitude of scientists is very different from the open-mindedness that is supposed to be characteristic of the devotees of science; but it is very human.

Now the interesting fact with regard to Professor Draper's books is that Professor Draper, a scientist, did not know the history of science at all. He was entirely ignorant of the great advances that were even then being made, with regard to our knowledge of the growth of science during the mediæval period. He thought that there was very little, indeed practically no science, during that period. Looking about for a reason, he made the Church a scapegoat. The publication during the past generation of many German volumes on the history of the different sciences—and these German students went straight to the original documents—has shown us that there were magnificent developments of science during the

mediæval and early Renaissance periods, when the Church was in control of the educational institutions and of every phase of academic work. The story of the opposition between religion and science falls to the ground at once when these facts are known. Some of them were already in process of publication even in Draper's time, but he knew nothing of them. He was so sure that there was nothing to know in this matter, that he probably did not bother his head very much about trying to get the latest results of scholarship in the matter.

Professor Draper's summary of the relations of the Church to science or learning, and his declaration of her absolute refusal to recognize anything as scholarship, except what was deduced from the Scriptures, shows how far a man can go in his assumption of knowledge when he knows literally nothing about a subject. For him the Dark Ages knew nothing because he knows nothing about them. If they knew anything, he would know it, but he does not. Of one or two men he knows something, but they are exceptions to the general rule of absolute negation of intellectual interests and developments. Draper said:[1]

> In the annals of Christianity, the most ill-omened day is that in which she separated herself from science. She compelled Origen, at that time (A. D. 231) its chief representative and supporter in the Church, to abandon his charge in Alexandria, and retire to Cæsarea. In vain through many subsequent centuries did her leading men spend themselves in—as the phrase then went—drawing forth the internal juice and marrow of the Scriptures for the explaining of things. Universal history from the third to the sixteenth century shows with what result. The Dark Ages owe their darkness to this fatal policy. Here and there, it is true, there were great men, such as Frederick II. and Alphonso X., who standing at a very elevated and general point of view, had detected the value of learning to civilization, and, in the midst of the dreary prospect that ecclesiasticism had created around them, had recognized that science alone can improve the social condition of man.

Of course the man who wrote that either knew nothing at all about a whole series of triumphs of human intelligence, or else he deliberately put them out of his mind. One wonders if he had ever even heard of Dante, of whom more has been written than of

[1] Page 250.

any man who ever lived. Those triumphs of art, architecture, the arts and crafts, engineering, construction work of the highest genius, the Gothic cathedrals and the great public buildings, town halls, hospitals, university buildings, would surely have appeared to him as representing magnificent intellectual—and social—accomplishments, had he appreciated anything of their real significance or allowed himself for a moment to get out of the narrow circle of interests in which he was unfortunately placed. Our architecture in his time was cheap; our art absent; our crafts lacked development; our civic and university architecture of the quarter century before he wrote was literally a disgrace, and of course Professor Draper could not be expected to appreciate the achievements of the Middle Ages in those departments in which his own generation lacked so much.

It is especially striking to take a paragraph of Professor Draper's, in which he sums up a whole movement, and place beside it a paragraph of a serious and informed student of the same subject. Professor Draper inherited the old traditions of lazy monks, living in idleness, a drain on the country, of absolutely no benefit to themselves or to others. Professor Draper wrote:[2]

> While thus the higher clergy secured every political appointment worth having, and abbots vied with counts, in the herds of slaves they possessed—some, it is said, owned not fewer than twenty thousand—begging friars pervaded society in all directions, picking up a share of what still remained to the poor. There was a vast body of non-producers, living in idleness and owning a foreign allegiance, who were subsisting on the fruits of the toil of the laborers. It could not be otherwise than that small farms should be unceasingly merged into the larger estates; that the poor should steadily become poorer; that society far from improving, should exhibit a continually increasing demoralization.

As a commentary on this, read the following paragraph from Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's book on *The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain,* in which he describes what the monasteries actually did for the people. Mr. Cram has made a special study of the subject in connection with the magnificent architecture which these mediæval monks developed, and which he would like to have our people

[2] Page 267.

appreciate and emulate. Professor Draper is much more positive, but Mr. Cram is much more convincing.[3]

> At the height of monastic glory the religious houses were actually the chief centres of industry and civilization, and around them grew up the eager villages, many of which now exist, even though their impulse and original inspiration have long since departed. Of course, the possessions of the abbey reached far away from the walls in every direction, including many farms even at a great distance, for the abbeys were then the great landowners, and beneficent landlords they were as well; even in their last days, for we have many records of the cruelty and hardships that came to the tenants the moment the stolen lands came into the hands of laymen.

Or, almost better still, read the following paragraph from an address at the summer meeting of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, delivered by Dr. Henry Goodell, the President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, on the general subject of the influence of the monks in agriculture:

> Agriculture was sunk to a low ebb at the decadence of the Roman Empire. Marshes covered once fertile fields, and the men who should have tilled the land spurned the plow as degrading. The monks left their cells and their prayers to dig ditches and plow fields. The effort was magical. Men once more turned back to a noble but despised industry, and peace and plenty supplanted war and poverty. So well recognized were the blessings they brought, that an old German proverb among the peasants runs, "It is good to live under the crozier." They ennobled manual labor, which, in a degenerate Roman world, had been performed exclusively by slaves, and among the barbarians by women. For the monks it is no exaggeration to say that the cultivation of the soil was like an immense alms spread over a whole country. The abbots and superiors set the example, and stripping off their sacerdotal robes, toiled as common laborers. Like the good parson whom Chaucer portrays in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales:*
>
> > This noble ensample unto his scheep he gaf
> > That first he wroughte and after that he taughte.
>
> When a Papal messenger came in haste to consult the Abbot

[3] *The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain.* New York: The Churchman Co., 1905, p. 458.

> Equutius on important matters of the Church, he was not to be found anywhere, but was finally discovered in the valley cutting hay. Under such guidance and such example the monks upheld and taught everywhere the dignity of labor, first, by consecrating to agriculture the energy and intelligent activity of freemen often of high birth, and clothed with the double authority of the priesthood and of hereditary nobility, and, second, by associating under the Benedictine habit sons of kings, princes, and nobles with the rudest labors of peasants and serfs.

President Goodell has told the story of how the monks cleared and reclaimed the land, transformed fens into forests, marshes into gardens, and swamps into beautiful domains. As he says:

> A swamp was of no value. It was a source of pestilence. But it was just the place for a monastery because it made life especially hard, and so the monks carried in earth and stone and made a foundation, and built their convent, and then set to work to dyke and drain and fill up the swamp, till they had turned it into fertile plow land and the pestilence had ceased.

President Goodell did not hesitate to proclaim that the monasteries were the early representatives of our agricultural colleges. They taught the peasantry of the surrounding country how best to grow their crops and what to grow. Because of their wide affiliations they were enabled to secure seeds of various kinds, and stock for breeding purposes, and so were able to teach the people what was best for particular neighborhoods, and not only show them how to raise it, but actually supply them with the necessary initial materials. It became a proverb that the monks and their people were the best farmers. When we ourselves were ignorant of scientific farming, we did not appreciate what the monks had done for agriculture. Now that our soil is becoming exhausted by unscientific and wasteful farming, the foundation of agricultural colleges leads the men who have studied the subject to appreciate what the monks really accomplished. Professor Draper not only cannot find anything good to say of the monks, but he can scarcely find anything bitter enough to say of them. On the other hand President Goodell, who has studied the situation from his point of view very carefully, can scarcely find words strong enough to praise them. He concluded his address as follows:

> My friends, I have outlined to you in briefest manner to-day the work of these grand old monks during a period of fifteen hundred years. They saved agriculture when nobody else could save it. They practised it under a new life and new conditions when no one else dared undertake it. They advanced it along every line of theory and practice, and when they perished they left a void which generations have not filled.

Professor Draper makes an especially strong appeal to American readers by contrasting all the accomplishments of our material civilization here in the United States, with the results in Mexico and in South America. Our progress has been all beneficent, while the influence of the Spaniard was everywhere absolutely maleficent. He seems to forget all about our obliteration of the Indian, with its awful injustice. He proclaims our increase in wealth as the surest sign of our intellectual superiority. He says:[4]

> Let us contrast with this the results of the invasion of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards, who in those countries overthrew a wonderful civilization, in many respects superior to their own, a civilization that had been accomplished without iron and gunpowder—a civilization resting on an agriculture that had neither horse, nor ox, nor plow. The Spaniards had a clear base to start from, and no obstruction whatever in their advance. They ruined all that the aboriginal children of America had accomplished. Millions of those unfortunates were destroyed by their cruelty. Nations that for many centuries had been living in contentment and prosperity, under institutions shown by their history to be suitable to them, were plunged into anarchy; the people fell into a baneful superstition, and a greater part of their land and other property found its way into the possession of the Roman Church.

Place beside that a paragraph from the late lamented Professor Bourne of Yale, who having made special studies in Spanish-American culture and education, as well as in its intellectual life, contrasts it quite unfavorably with what was accomplished in the English colonies. Professor Bourne was, like Draper, a professor at an American university, but he had made special studies in the subject, and knew something about it. Professor Draper talked out of the depths of his assumption of knowledge; Professor Bourne

[4] Page 289.

out of an intimate acquaintance that had been obtained by years of serious research work. Professor Bourne said:

> Both the Crown and the Church were solicitous for education in the Spanish colonies, and provisions were made for its promotion on a far greater scale than was possible or even attempted in the English colonies. The early Franciscan missionaries built a school beside each church, and in their teaching abundant use was made of signs, drawings, and paintings. The native languages were reduced to writing, and in a few years Indians were learning to read and write. Pedro de Gante, a Flemish lay brother, and a relative of Charles V., founded and conducted in the Indian quarter in Mexico a great school, attended by over a thousand Indian boys, which combined instruction in elementary and higher branches, the mechanical and fine arts. In its workshops the boys were taught to be tailors, carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and painters.

Sir Sidney Lee, the editor of the *National Dictionary of Biography of England,* and the author of a series of works on Shakespeare, which has gained for him recognition as probably the best living authority on the history of the Elizabethan times, without deliberate intent, answered Draper almost directly, in the following paragraphs from his work, *The Call of The West,* which appeared originally in *Scribner's Magazine,* but has since been published in book form. Since Mr. Lee cannot be suspected of national or creed affinities with the Spaniards, and his knowledge of the subject is unquestionable, his direct contradictions of Draper are all the more weighty:

> Especially has theological bias justified neglect or facilitated misconception of Spain's rôle in the sixteenth century drama of American history. Spain's initial adventures in the New World are often consciously or unconsciously overlooked or underrated, in order that she may figure on the stage of history as the benighted champion of a false and obsolete faith, which was vanquished under a divine protecting Providence by English defenders of the true religion. Many are the hostile critics who have painted sixteenth century Spain as the avaricious accumulator of American gold and silver, to which she had no right, as the monopolist of American trade, of which she robbed others, and as the oppressor and exterminator of the weak and innocent aborigines of the new continent, who deplored her presence among them. Cruelty in all its hideous

> forms is, indeed, commonly set forth as Spain's only instrument of rule in her sixteenth century empire. On the other hand, the English adventurer has been credited by the same pens with a touching humanity, with the purest religious aspirations, with a romantic courage which was always at the disposal of the oppressed native.
>
> No such picture is recognized when we apply the touchstone of the oral traditions, printed books, maps, and manuscripts concerning America which circulated in Shakespeare's England. There a predilection for romantic adventure is found to sway the Spaniards in even greater degree than it swayed the Elizabethan Englishman. Religious zeal is seen to inspirit the Spaniards more constantly and conspicuously than it stimulated his English contemporary. The motives of each nation are barely distinguishable one from another. Neither deserves to be credited with any monopoly of virtue or vice. Above all, the study of contemporary authorities brings into a dazzling light, which illumes every corner of the picture, the commanding facts of the Spaniard's priority as explorer, as scientific navigator, as conqueror, as settler.

When an Englishman will admit this much in a comparison of his own countrymen with the Spaniards, it is easy to understand how great must be the actual historical contrast between the settlers of Spanish and English America.

Professor Draper's philosophy of history is, indeed, something to make one pause. He says on page 291, "The result of the Crusades had shaken the faith of all Christendom." As a matter of easily ascertainable history, the faith of Christendom was never so strong as during the century immediately following the Crusades. This was the thirteenth century, with the glorious Gothic cathedrals; the great Latin hymns; the magnificent musical development; the wondrous tribute of painting to religion; from Cimabue and Duccio to Giotto and Orcagna, and of sculpture from the Pisani to the great designers of some of the doors of the baptistry of Florence, of the finest arts and crafts in gold and silver, in woodwork, in needlework, in illuminated books—all precious tributes to religious belief. In the hundred years after the Crusades, the Popes secured a position of influence in Europe greater than they had ever had before or have ever enjoyed since, which they used to secure the foundation of hospitals everywhere throughout Europe, the establishment of universities, the organization of religious orders for teaching and

nursing purposes, and the finest development of social life and social happiness that the world had ever known.

According to Professor Draper, the removal of the Papal court to Avignon in France gave opportunity for "the memorable intellectual movement that soon manifested itself in the great commercial cities of Upper Italy." For him the earlier Renaissance begins with the fourteenth century, the thirteenth is entirely neglected, and a period that is really one of decadence is proclaimed a triumphant era of progress, because forsooth the removal from Rome of the Papacy and the abandonment by some of Christianity itself, gives him an opportunity to explain, thus from his prejudiced point of view, how the first stirrings of the Renaissance began. Verily indeed Professor Draper has written a joke book of history. Everything is along the same line. It is very rare, indeed, that by some chance he states a genuine historical truth, and when he does he usually disfigures it in some way or other. For him the Moors are the source of chivalry, of respect for women (!), and of the noble sentiment of personal honor. Everything else that is of any value in Christendom, must be referred to some source not Christian, lest by any chance religion should seem to have done any good in the world. *And let us not forget that this book was taken seriously, and not by the ignorant, but by university men, college graduates, professors, and teachers in many parts of the country.*

Above all Professor Draper can scarcely be too bitter in his denunciation of the way that the poor were imposed upon, their ignorance encouraged, their rights refused, and all opportunities denied them. All this was due, according to Professor Draper, to the tyranny of the Church. President Woodrow Wilson, after making a special study of that subject, suggested in a passage in his book, which may be found in *The New Freedom*, exactly the opposite of this. He knew something of the subject. Professor Draper was quite sure that he knew all about it, and that no good could have possibly come out of the Church. President Wilson's expressions are interesting to those who do not know them:

> The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic systems which then prevailed, was that the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church—from that great Church, that body we now distinguish from other Church bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic

> Church then, as now, was a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become a Pope of Christendom, and every chancellory in Europe was ruled by those learned, trained and accomplished men—the priesthood of that great and then dominant Church; and so, what kept government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

The greatest surprise is to be found in Professor Draper's ignorance of the history of his own profession. He says, "It had always been the policy of the Church to discourage the physician and his art; he interfered too much with the gifts and profits of the shrines." Professor Draper apparently knew nothing of the great medical schools attached to the universities in the mediæval period, whose professors wrote great medical and surgical textbooks, which have come down to us, and whose faculties required a far higher standard of medical education than was demanded in America in Professor Draper's own day. For about 1817 anyone who wished might enter an American medical school practically anywhere in the country, without any preliminary education, and having taken two terms of ungraded lectures, that is, having listened to the same set of lectures two years in succession, might receive his degree of doctor of medicine. In the Middle Ages he could enter the medical school only after having completed three years of preliminary work in the undergraduate department, and then he was required to give four years to the study of medicine, and spend a year as assistant with another physician before he was allowed to practice for himself. This is the standard to which our university medical schools gradually climbed back at the beginning of the twentieth century—a full generation after Draper's time.

We know now that in those earlier centuries they had thorough clinical teaching in the hospitals, that is, physicians learned to practise medicine at the bedside of the patient, and not merely out of books and by theoretic lectures. Clinical teaching had not developed in Professor Draper's day to any extent. The mediæval hospitals had trained nurses and magnificent quarters, while the trained nurse was only introduced into America in 1871, and our hospitals at that time were almost without exception a disgrace to civilization, according to our present standards of hospital construction. Our

surgery was most discouraging, because there were so many deaths in the unclean hospital conditions. The mediæval hospital surgeons operating under anæsthesia boasted of getting union by first intention, and were in many ways doing better work than their colleagues of 1870, Professor Draper's own time, before Lister's great discovery. Of all this Professor Draper had no inkling.

Professor Draper's prestige, and the fact that his book was published in the International Scientific Series, led a great many people to read it, and it found its way into many of the public libraries of the country, on whose shelves it may still be found. Many of its readers thought it could never be effectively answered. Scientists were affected by it, or at least those interested in science, and it represented one phase of that pronounced opposition to religion which characterized the early days of Darwinism.

And if the seriously educated were willing to accept the ignorant and prejudiced views of Professor Draper, what was to be expected of the general reader? What has helped the position of the Church in this country during the past generations is knowledge, and ever more knowledge. When those who are not of the fold know even a little of the history of the Church, know a reasonable amount of the other side of controversial problems, and above all when they have been brought into personal touch with the Church itself, her pastors and the hierarchy and religious men and women, prejudice disappears and understanding grows. We still have the monks and nuns of the olden time with us, but no one who knows them personally ever thinks for a moment of lazy monks and idle nuns. After a man has met scholarly Catholic clergymen, he has quite a different view of the relations of the Church to education. That is all that the Church has ever needed—to be known in order to be appreciated. Nothing emphasizes this so much as the change that has come over the knowledge of the Church and her institutions during the generation that separates us from the writing of Professor Draper's book.

INVENI QUEM DILIGIT ANIMA MEA.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

WHAT do I see?
The semblance of a little wheaten cake
Stampt with the image of Him Who for my sake
Died on His Passion-tree.
That wheat was grown in the eternal field,
And threshed with love's own flail, and heavily ground
Between the stones of life and death, and found
In perfectness, that I might see revealed
My Lover and my God;
Him from Whose eyes
There dropt the sorrow-drops all humanwise;
Him at Whose nod
The everlasting hills would quake and flee.
This do I see.

What do I see?
The chalice seeming of the grapes' red juice,
With water mingled, as for daily use.
O Love and Lord of me,
That juice is of the blood-red grapes that grew
Upon the living Vine Whose fruitage knew
The ripening of the everlasting Sun
Whose course was ne'er begun.

O Lover mine, O King,
What is indeed this thing,
This high, love-dreadful thing?
Thy Life, Thy Death, and Thine Uprist, and all
The glory of Thine Ascension festival
In these few minutes' space
Passing before my face.

Here do I bow my head,
And in my heart be said
Things of adoring love my tongue all weak
Frames not itself to speak.
Oh, here is bitterest bitter and sweetest sweet;
And here is hunger and thirst and drink and meat;
And here are clouds of agony, the mist
Wherefrom doth rise the glory of the sun;
Here the defeat and here the victory won;
And here is God Himself in Eucharist

THE LEGEND OF POPE JOAN.

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

ONE of the most common historical questions deposited in the Question Box during our missions to non-Catholics is the following: Was there not in the ninth century a female Pope? Time and time again has this fable been refuted, but like all fables calculated to discredit the Holy See, it is still part of the stock-in-trade of the unscholarly and unscrupulous anti-Catholic lecturer and writer. We propose in the present article to give a brief summary of a most detailed and thorough account of the origin, development, and falsity of this legend, which the Abbé Felix Vernet of the University of Lyons has lately written for the *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique.*[1]

It is now generally admitted by critical historians that the earliest authentic document referring to Pope Joan dates from the thirteenth century. The earlier texts such as the *Liber Pontificalis* (ninth century), Marianus Scotus (+1086), Sigeburt of Gembloux (+1112), Otto of Friesingen (+1158), Richard of Poitiers (*circ.* 1174), Godfrey of Viterbo (+1191), and Gervaise of Tillbury (*circ.* 1211) have all been proved interpolations of later centuries. The first four authentic references are John de Mailley's *Chronicle of Metz* (*circ.* 1250), the *De Diversis Materiis* of Stephen de Bourbon (*circ.* 1261), the *Chronica Minor* of a Franciscan of Erfurt (1261), and the *Chronicle of the Roman Pontiffs* of Martin of Troppau (Polonus, 1279).

The Abbé Vernet divides these eleven texts into two groups, the first dependent on the chronicle of Metz, and the second on the chronicle of Martin of Troppau. Each group gives a different version of the legend.

Group I.—The chronicle of Metz puts the story tentatively as follows: "Query. With regard to a certain Pope, or Popess, because she was a woman who pretended to be a man. On account of his ability, he became in turn notary of the Curia, Cardinal, and Pope. One day while he was riding, he gave birth to a child. According to the Roman law, his feet were tied together, and he

[1] *Jeanne (La Papesse)*, vol. x.

was dragged at a horse's tail for half a league, while the people stoned him. He was buried on the spot where he died, and this inscription set up:

Petre, Pater Patrum, Papisse Prodito Partum.[2]

During his pontificate the fast of the Ember Days, called the Popess' fast, was instituted."[3] This account is recorded after the Pontificate of Victor III., who died in 1087.

Stephen of Bourbon adds but two details, viz., that she came to Rome from some other city, and that she became Cardinal and Pope by the devil's aid. His inscription puts *Parce* in place of *Petre,* and *Prodere* in place of *Prodito.* He dates the event 1100 A. D. The Franciscan of Erfurt briefly recites the same story, adding that the Popess was a beautiful woman, and that the devil himself revealed the fact that she was with child. He places the event in 915 A. D.

Group II.—The popular mediæval chronicle of Martin of Troppau (Polonus) is the origin of all the interpolated accounts of the female Pope in the *Liber Pontificalis,* Marianus Scotus, Sigeburt of Gembloux, Otto of Friesingen, Godfrey of Viterbo, and Gervaise of Tillbury.

According to Martin, Pope Joan succeeded Leo IV., who died in 855. His account runs as follows:

> After the aforesaid Leo, John, an Englishman by descent, who came from Mainz, held the see two years, five months and four days, and the pontificate was vacant one month. He died at Rome. He, *it is asserted,* was a woman.....while Pope she became pregnant. But not knowing the time of her delivery, while going from St. Peter's to the Lateran, being taken in labor, she brought forth a child between the Coliseum and St. Clement's Church. And afterwards dying she was, *it is said,* buried in that place. And because the Lord Pope always turns aside from that way, there are some who are fully persuaded that it is done in detestation of the fact.....[4]

The interpolator of the *Liber Pontificalis* gives her reign as two years, one month and four days, while the author of the account in Marianus Scotus agrees with Martin of Troppau. The chronicle

[2] "Peter, Father of Fathers, reveal the childbirth of the Popess."
[3] *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica Scriptores,* vol. xxiv., p. 514.
[4] Dr. S. R. Maitland's translation in the *British Magazine,* vol. xxii., p. 42.

of Otto of Friesingen makes Pope John VII. the female Pope, thus assigning the date A. D. 705. Perhaps he realized the impossibility of putting in Pope Joan between Leo IV. and Benedict III.

How did the legend originate? At least ten different theories have been put forward since the seventeenth century to account for this legend, but the majority of them are most arbitrary and improbable. Leo Allatius[5] believed that the people made a Pope out of a pseudo-prophetess, Thiota, condemned by the Synod of Mainz in 847; Leibnitz[6] held that a woman had been bishop once of some see outside of Rome; Blasco[7] considered the legend an allegorical satire on the *False Decretals;* Suares, Bishop of Vaison, traced the legend to the wife of the anti-Pope, Pierre de Corbière (1328); Baronius[8] thought the weakness of John VIII. in dealing with Photius led the people to call him in mockery the woman Pope, and that the legend arose from a later chronicler taking the term literally; Wouters[9] held a similar theory with regard to John VII. and his dealings with the Council in Trullo (692); Secchi considered the legend a mere fabrication of the Greeks at the time of the Photian schism. All these hypotheses are ruled out of court by the Abbé Vernet, who proposes three probable explanations.

1. Bellarmine in his treatise on the Pope[10] mentions the letter of Pope Leo IX. to Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, which protested against the consecration of eunuchs to the episcopate, and alluded to a rumor which had reached him that a woman had once been Patriarch.[11] This letter proves conclusively that in 1054 the legend of the female Pope had not as yet arisen, otherwise the Greeks could easily have retorted by a *tu quoque.* The Abbé Lapôtre[12] and E. Bernheim[13] both call attention to the tenth century *Chronicon Salernitanum,*[14] which relates this story of the woman patriarch of Constantinople, and both see in it the germ of the legend of Pope Joan.

2. In the tenth century Rome was practically ruled by Theodora, wife of Theophylact, and her two daughters Marozia and Theodora. The four Popes named John, John X. (+929), John XI. (+936), John XII. (+964), John XIII. (+972), who reigned at this time were so dominated by them that it is easy to imagine

[5] *Confutatio fabulæ de Joanna papissa,* Rome, 1630.
[6] *Flores sparsi in tumulum papissæ,* Goettingen, 1758.
[7] *Diatriba de Joanna papissa,* Naples, 1778. [8] *Annales eccles, ad an.* 853.
[9] *Dissertationes,* Louvain, 1870. [10] *De Romano Pontifice,* Book III., chap xxiv.
[11] P. L. CXLIII., col. 760. [12] *Le Pape Jean VIII.,* p. 365.
[13] *Zur sage der Päpstin Johanna* in the *Deutsche Zeit, für Geschicht,* vol. iii., p. 410. [14] M. G. H., SS., vol. iii., p. 481.

the people saying: "We have women for Popes." The Abbé Lapôtre quotes a chronicle of Benedict of St. Andrew, used by Martin of Troppau, which says that under John XI., Rome "fell into the power of a woman (Marozia), and was governed by her."[15] Such a document, he adds, might easily account for the origin of the legend that a woman had really occupied the Holy See. He believes that his hypothesis is confirmed by the fact that the name Johanna is the feminine of John, and that Joan became Pope between a Leo and a Benedict. We know that Pope John XII. was deposed by a Council held at St. Peter's under the patronage of the Emperor Otho, and was replaced by Leo VIII. Once Otho departed from Rome, John XII. returned, and in a Council at the Lateran, he condemned Leo VIII. and his adherents. At his death, May 14, 964, the Romans, passing over Leo VIII., chose Benedict V. Pope.

3. It is certain that as late as the fifteenth century, there was a statue of a pagan goddess with a child in a narrow Roman street near St. Clement's Church on the way to the Lateran. This statue was removed to the Quirinal by Sixtus V.,[16] probably on account of the legends centring about it. This statue bore an inscription consisting of five letters, P. P. P. P. P. Lelièvre, in the *Revue des Questions Historiques*[17] interprets it as follows:

Pater Patrum (a priest of Mithra)
Propria Pecunia Posuit (erected this monument at his own expense).

The populace, having a vague notion of a female Pope, deduced either from the woman Patriarch of Constantinople or the dominance of Marozia in the Rome of the tenth century, were not satisfied with this simple explanation, but interpreted these letters in the way we find recorded in the chronicle of Metz, viz.:

Petre, Pater Patrum, Papisse Prodito Partum.

When the Popes went in solemn procession from St. Peter's to the Lateran, they avoided passing along the street which leads from the Coliseum to St. Clement's. Some concluded that they did so out of very shame, because the statue of Pope Joan stood there, whereas the real reason was the extreme narrowness of the street.

It is interesting to note the variations of the legend in the

[15] *Chronicon*, ch. xxx., M. G. H., SS., vol. iii., p. 714.
[16] *Florimond de Remond, l'Anti-papesse*, p. 182.
[17] Vol. xx., p. 575.

course of history. While the main source of the two particular stories may be readily traced in every case, each writer seems to feel perfectly free to make additions and changes at will. In 1260 a Franciscan tells us in his *Flores Temporum*[18] that the Popess was called John of England, although as a matter of fact she came from Mainz. We see at once the chronicler's evident desire to reconcile the two contradictory accounts of Joan's birth. In the main, he follows the text of Martin of Troppau, though he differs from him in a few details.

Boccaccio, in his *De Claris Mulieribus* (+1375), makes the Popess a German named Gilberta. She studied in England, and succeeded, by the devil's power, in becoming Pope.

Another variation of the legend by an unknown author[19] relates that Joan was deposed, became a religious, and lived until her son became Bishop of Ostia. She wanted to be buried in the street, the *Vicus Papissæ,* where her child had been born, but this was refused, and she was buried at Ostia.[20]

Dœllinger published a manuscript of the fourteenth century[21] which declared that the Popess was named Glancia, and came from Thessaly. She became Pope under the name of Jutta and not John.

John Huss called the Popess Agnes, as we read in his fourteenth proposition, " The Church has been deceived in the person of (Popess) Agnes."[22] No one objected to this thesis at the time, for the fable of Pope Joan was generally admitted.[23]

The legend in its various forms was very commonly believed for the three hundred years preceding the Reformation. Lenfant[24] cites one hundred and fifty writers who mention it, and he does not enumerate them all. It was exploited by John Huss and William Occam, and by Gerson and his Gallican followers.

Martin of Troppau, the source from whom so many drew their versions of the legend, was the penitentiarius of five Popes. The Augustinian, Amaury d'Augier, chaplain of Urban V., made Joan the one hundred and tenth Pope,[25] and Platina, the librarian of the Holy See under Sixtus IV., put her after Leo IV. as the one hundred and sixth Pope.[26] When the portraits of the Popes were

[18] M. G. H., SS., vol. xxiv., p. 243.
[19] Manuscript in the Berlin Library, 4to, 70.
[20] Rev. H. Thurston, *The Month,* May, 1914, p. 454.
[21] *Die Papst-Fabeln des Mittelalters,* pp. 50, 51.
[22] Hefele, *Conciliengeschichte,* vol. vii., p. 165.
[23] Lenfant, *Histoire du Concile de Constance,* vol. i., p. 324.
[24] *Histoire de la papesse Jeanne,* part ii., ch. v.
[25] *Actus pontificum Romanorum.* [26] *De Vitis Pontificum,* p. 119.

placed in the Cathedral of Siena in 1400, the portrait of Pope Joan figured among them, despite the fact that Pius II., Pius III., and Marcellus II. had been Archbishops of Siena. Her portrait was finally removed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany at the instance of Clement VIII., who substituted Pope Zachary (+752).

John de Torquemada and Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards Pope Adrian VI., admitted the legend without question, and St. Antoninus of Florence, while doubting it himself, dared not come out openly against it. In fact, there is not a chronicle of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, published in Italy under the eyes of the Popes, which does not mention the existence of Pope Joan.

Since the Reformation, Protestant controversialists have often spoken of "the Popess Joan as the eternal shame of the Papacy." The Centuriators of Magdebourg record it three times.[27] We find it mentioned by a court preacher, Polycarp Leiser, Luke Osiander (1583), Samuel Huner (1596), Aretius of Berne (1574), Spanheim (1691), Lenfant (1736), etc. Lenfant's *Histoire de la Papesse Jeanne,* published at Cologne in 1694,[28] gives the legend in all its details.

Before the Reformation we find few Catholics questioning the fable of Pope Joan. The only ones that spoke in a hesitating manner were James de Maerlant (1300), the anonymous author of a life of Urban V., published by Baluze, Aeneas Piccolomini afterwards Pius II., St. Antoninus of Florence, and Plantina in his *Lives of the Popes.*[29] They had so small a following that the Franciscan Rioche declared that their denials went counter to the general opinion of Christendom.

One of the first to deny it emphatically was John Thurmayer, (Aventinus) in his *Annales Boiorum* (1554). He was not much of a Catholic, for Bayle calls him "a good Lutheran in disguise," and his book was put on the *Index* of 1564. In 1568, Onofrio Panvinio devoted three pages of his edition of Platina's *Lives of the Popes* to refute the legend, which, de Laval (1611) says, were sufficient to convince Protestants like Casaubon and de Thou. Bellarmine made use of the proofs of Panvinio in his *De Romano Pontifice.*[30] The most complete refutation of the fable came from the pen of Florimond de Remond, a member of the French Parliament from Bordeaux. His book, *The Anti-Christ and the Anti-Pope,* although declamatory and full of digressions, showed clearly

[27] *Centuria IX.*, 333, 357, 501. [28] The Hague in 1736. [29] Vol. i., p. 207.
[30] *De la Servière. La Théologie de Bellarmin,* pp. 110, 111.

the inherent contradictions of the legend and its utter improbability. Baronius inserted a summary of it in his *Annals*.

Bayle in his *Dictionary*[31] tells us that in the seventeenth century a number of Protestants began to deny this legend. Among them were Chamier, Dumoulin, Bochart, and particularly David Blondel (+1655). Two pamphlets by the last-named writer caused quite a stir among Protestant polemists, some of whom, like Spanheim and Lenfant, made a most strenuous effort to exploit the legend in the interests of Protestantism. The famous Leibnitz wrote against Spanheim, and Bayle in his *Dictionary* gave the story its quietus forever in the world of scholars. The eighteenth century rationalists took their cue from Bayle, as we may read in Voltaire.[32] Among scholars to-day the legend is unanimously rejected.

The one argument conclusive against the fable of Pope Joan is the chronological argument. All the dates given for her pontificate are not only mutually contradictory, but are assigned to some other well-known Pope. The most commonly given date in the legend is 855, between Popes Leo IV. and Benedict III. We know that Leo IV. died July 17, 855, and that Benedict III. was elected Pope a few days afterwards. On September 21st, he was expelled from Rome by an anti-Pope, but returned soon after, took possession of his see, and was consecrated in the presence of the Emperor's legates on September 29th. He was Pope until April, 858, as Garampi has shown in his dissertation, *On the Silver Coin of Benedict III.* (Rome, 1749). Pope Nicholas I. was consecrated on April 24, 858, so that we have only ten weeks unaccounted for in the interval between Leo IV. and Nicholas I.[33] It is impossible to locate in this century the so-called two years pontificate of Pope Joan. The other dates assigned—915, 1087, and 1100—are likewise historically impossible.

[31] Vol. i., p. 576.
[32] *Œuvres*, Geneva, 1777, vol. xxx., p. 5.
[33] Duchesne, *Liber Pontificalis*, vol. ii., preface, pp. lxvii.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE IN THE PRIMARY GRADES.

BY THOMAS CRUMLEY, C.S.C.

IT would be unfortunate, I think, if the mere fact that "Christian Doctrine" is presented as a subject for discussion, should create a presumption against the efficiency of either our teachers or our methods. I for one see no reason whatever for crying "calamity." Behind our system of catechetical instruction there is a tradition of splendid achievement. Men and women with the highest spiritual ideals, and the finest spiritual training, have been generally engaged in the work, and it would be strange indeed if their ability, stimulated by their enthusiasm, were lacking in results. That these results everywhere and always have not been uniformly good is easily understood. Inhibitory causes were at work; there was indifference, or ignorance, or poverty, or persecution, or maybe scandal. But where such causes have been absent—and they have been fairly absent in this country—the teaching of religion has certainly kept pace with the successful teaching of other branches.

Opinion to the contrary probably is founded on a misapprehension of (a) the reach and (b) the purpose of catechetical instruction in the primary grades.

(a) The reach is often overestimated. There seems to be a tendency to attribute "leakage" chiefly, if not solely, to defective teaching in the parochial schools. Thus while acknowledging that "the fashions of the world, inherited perversity or weakness, faults of education, the example of others, pleasure, interest, fear, engrossing occupations, prejudices, calumnies, scandals," all count for much in explaining "leakage," Bishop Bellord places a heavy responsibility on religious instruction of the primary sort. In fact he entitles his pamphlet on the subject *Religious Education and Its Failures*. Another writer deplores the spectacle of "a Catholic doctor who in legal or medical lore is not equalled by any of his profession, but who in religious learning has the equipment of a schoolboy." And a teacher makes the charge specific in these words: "When children go to work many of them do not practise their religion; every priest in the country knows this to be true. The chief reason is because they are not thoroughly instructed."

Now it seems to me that such views arbitrarily lengthen the reach of grade work. How many of us know our geography at twenty-five? How many of us could on the spur of the moment go through the conjugation of a Greek regular verb? Suppose a child's formal instruction in music—with the incentive to practise that formal instruction implies—ceases at the age of twelve, what sort of musician will you have four or five years later? And can you reasonably expect maturity of judgment in religious matters from young men and women who have been missing for years the immediate direction in class, the encouraging word, the wise counsel of teachers? If the eminent Catholic lawyer or doctor had paralleled his medical or legal work with a similar intensive study of religion, he would probably have been noted as a theologian. The effect of early lessons in Christian Doctrine goes far; in its measure it runs through the lifetime of the individual; but it is a thin thread rather than a full stream of influence, and there is small hope of a continuous growth in learning religious truths and of a constant increase in the practice of them without the incentive to learning and practice that formal instruction gives. If the working boy had received private tutoring in catechism after he left school, he might have kept the faith.

I say might, for of course there is no assurance that he would. And here let me point out what I take to be the questionable logic of those who lay the blame of defections chiefly on the parochial schools. They call attention to the large number of boys and girls who gradually—they all grant that the process is gradual, which in itself is a significant concession—cease to practise their religion after they are deprived of the influence of a teacher, and they ask, "What has your teaching availed for these?" But the obvious reply is to point out the vast majority who do remain constant and to ask, "If our teaching was effective enough to keep this larger number faithful, why has it not sufficed for the minority?"

The fact is the causes of defection are many and different, and each case has its particular cause or more probably its numerous particular causes. To subsume all instances of loss of faith under one head and then attribute them to one cause, recalls the familiar fallacy against free-will based on the fact of the uniform recurrence of a definite number of suicides at a definite place within a definite time. It is a misuse of statistics.

(b) Another possible source of error in measuring the value of catechetical instructions, arises from an overestimation of its

purpose. If its purpose is conceived to be the turning out of infant apologists, child missionaries, precocious controversialists, or even youthful defenders of the faith, then our system has fallen short. If, on the other hand, its purpose is simply and solely the personal sanctification of the child, then there is not so much room for adverse criticism.

Now whatever we may reasonably expect from college graduates, we are surely going too far when we ask mere children to give evidence of a thorough understanding of the principal articles of faith, and to display a considerable power in refuting objections. It would be fine of course if Johnny could step out on the best Turkish rug, and lay some visiting gray-haired agnostic low; but Johnny will have to grow gray himself perhaps, and make years of higher study, before he is able to do that. It would be fine if little Mary, manifesting an easy familiarity with delicate questions of conduct, could tell that Protestant girl just why it is wrong to wear certain dresses or go to certain places of amusement, but Mary doesn't yet know why herself. She can only repeat over and over again that Sister told her it was wrong. The authority of Sister is enough for Mary. Sometimes, indeed, she doesn't remember exactly that Sister ever really told her it was wrong; she only believes such would be Sister's verdict if the question were actually put. In other words, Mary has acquired in the classroom what may be called a feeling for righteousness, a taste for doing good—which is quite as distinct as a taste for harmony, and also quite as subtle. Mary cuts a sorry figure perhaps in the oral examination; but her heart has been cultivated, and we should remember, with Paschal, that "the heart has reasons which reason does not know."

Criticism of our parochial school system has then, it seems to me, been a little too free and a little too harsh, and if there is room for a pamphlet entitled *Religious Education and Its Failures,* there is also room for a larger work entitled *Religious Education and Its Successes.* The presumption is not against the efficiency of our teachers or their methods, but quite the other way about. My reason, however, for going into this matter was not so much to combat a prevalent opinion—though after all we certainly have a right to know where we stand—as to get a good light on our subject, and prepare to view it from the proper point. For the sake of convenience let us consider the subject under four heads: (1) "Its Nature;" (2) "The Teacher;" (3) "The Child;" (4) "Methods."

THE SUBJECT.

The subject labors under a disadvantage on account of its name. "Christian Doctrine" sounds merely a step removed from "Christian Theology." It suggests a science whereas it is really an art. The distinction is important for our discussion. The pragmatists, it is true, assert that there is no knowledge except for action, that all learning is ultimately for the sake of adjustment to environmental conditions; that if when my finger is held too close to the fire I have a burning sensation, it is because I may withdraw my hand and preserve my finger whole. But while pragmatism has great merit as a psycho-biological theory, it is not easily applied to many branches of learning. It is difficult to show, for example, the relations of formal logic to conduct, and one should have to go a long way around to point out the practical value of metaphysics. Even the laws of political economy can hardly be brought to bear on the affairs of modern business. There are, however, certain studies which are pursued chiefly for the sake of satisfying the perceptive and critical faculties of the mind, and certain others in which the satisfaction of these faculties is merely incidental to some form of soul-expression. The former we call sciences the latter arts. The element of learning is all-important in the one; it is simply the means to an end—and not always the only means—in the other. Science teaches us to know; art teaches us to do. When his learning is over, the student of science has no prospect of engaging his knowledge in the world of practise, whereas the student of art undertakes no learning that does not issue in craft. The farthest goal of the scientist is the laying together of observations and generalizing from these; but of the artist it may be particularly said that "the current of life which runs in at his eyes or ears is meant to run out again at his hands, or feet or lips." Science stops with the acquisition of truth; whereas the acquisition of truth is merely a point of departure for art. The world of fact—what has been or is—constitutes the proper object of science; the world of practise—what ought to be in the realm of the beautiful and good—is the concern of art.

With this distinction in mind, we may assert at once that Christian Doctrine, as taught in our primary grades, is an art rather than a science. There is of course a science of religion, but it has the same limitations as any other science. The dogmatic theologian, viewing his world of fact—sacred history, miracles, prophecies,

mysteries, authorities, traditions—seeks in orderly presentation and careful generalization to meet his craving for a comprehensive understanding of the things of God; but he goes no farther than the complete satisfaction of his critical faculty. Even the moral theologian, although his science well illustrates the pragmatic view of the function of knowledge, indulges largely in theories, makes room for differences of opinion, resorts to shifts and compromises and problematic solution of cases, all the while intent on making up his mind about the right and wrong of actions; but when his mind is made up his interest ceases. In the case of catechism, it seems hardly necessary to say that what the child learns should have immediate reference to conduct. In other classes he may study to know; in this class he should study to do. In other classes he is informed; in this class he is formed. In other classes his mind chiefly is exercised; in this class he is schooled in motives, and his will is set to give quick and proper response to the play of graces and temptations. It makes almost no practical difference to him whether there is a river called the Nile; but it makes a tremendous difference in his relations with God and his fellows whether he has learned to act justly and honorably.

Moreover, we should remember that it is one thing to possess knowledge and quite another thing to reproduce it; and it is enough if the child possess it. Indeed, it is enough if the child possess not *knowledge,* but what I have called a " feeling for righteousness "—what psychologists might describe as a subconscious conviction about morality, a conviction which has somehow been given in the past, but the conscious expression of which does not enter into a present state of deliberation. This taste for doing good is highly important in the education of every one of us; it is what the child gets in our parochial schools, and what the Catholic boy or girl who attends the public school misses in the usual hasty *mind*-preparation for First Communion. Now, if the class in Christian Doctrine may rightly be said to engender tastes it is obviously an art, and perhaps a better name for it would be the class in Christian Living.

THE TEACHER.

Taking up next the question of "The Teacher," we may note, to begin with, that the Church in America is fortunate in having the work of catechetical instruction almost exclusively in the hands of Religious. Those men and women profess to lead the life of per-

fection, and their special ways of imitating Christ have the approval of the Holy See. Is it any wonder that being securely in a position to sanctify themselves, they should be able to lay the foundations of sanctity in others? Their very garb is a suggestion of other-worldliness, of sacrifice, of charity, of noble efforts to attain something, the value of which is not measured by ordinary standards. Those who recently opposed the wearing of the habit in our governmental schools, were right in asserting that it makes a deep religious impression on the mind of children. I hardly think they exaggerated the potency of its influence.

But Religious are happy also in their traditions. Every community has its heroes and heroines, men or women of spotless lives and scholarly attainments, teachers who received their inspiration not only in libraries and laboratories, but in the very Holy of Holies at the foot of the Cross. What a work was theirs, what triumphs they enjoyed! What imaginations they fired; what hopes they kept alive; what memories they sweetened; what minds they illuminated; what characters they formed; what careers they launched; what lives they made beautiful; what souls they saved! Idealists they were; strong, even-tempered earth-beings with a constant, intelligent outlook on eternity; imitators of Christ, their faces aglow with His truth, their hands apt to administer His mercy, their tongues eager to proclaim His glory, their hearts burning with His love, their souls bathed in the saving waters of His grace. Records of what they accomplished are a source of encouragement; sayings of theirs are quoted, methods they employed are adopted, and so generation after generation has profited by their example.

The common advantages that Religious enjoy by reason of their training and associations, should be considerable factors in producing the ideal teacher of Christian Doctrine. Most Religious have traversed successfully the purgative way, and are far advanced on the road of perfection. They have learned the art of Christian living. It has become almost instinctive with them to avoid serious sin, and the practice of difficult virtues is comparatively easy for them. They can hardly escape being ordinarily good instructors in catechism. But it is notorious that artists are not always the best teachers of their particular art, and so I should say that besides the common advantages Religious receive from their training and associations, certain other qualifications are to be sought in the ideal teacher. Perhaps the most important of these is a realization of the character of the work in hand. Too frequently the teacher of

Christian Doctrine is content if he succeeds in imparting a certain amount of knowledge. And this would be the end of his labor if his subject were a science. His subject, however, is an art, and his aim must be to instruct in such a way that every truth he implants in the mind shall have its issue in conduct. Moreover, this issue should be as far as possible immediate. The purpose of catechetical instruction is the personal sanctification of the child. The teacher takes the place of Christ for the child, and we know that the direct result of Christ's teaching was not brilliant thinking but right living.

The whole secret of teaching, as you are aware, consists in establishing wishes in the heart of the pupil. All culture is self-culture, and all educational development is from within. The function of good instruction is not to put something into the child, but to get something out of the child—to elicit proper responses. Hence the best a teacher can do is to inspire. As someone has said, the pupil may be led to the founts of learning, but he cannot be made to drink. The teacher's task is to make the pupil so thirsty that he will want to drink. If the subject is a science, the pupil must be given the wish to know; if it is an art, the wish to do. You cannot, for instance, make a boy learn the multiplication table until you make him *want* to learn it, until you set him a motive for learning it —fear of punishment, love for his parents, desire to please, ambition to excel, or the like. And similarly you cannot get a boy to learn his Eighth Commandment until you make him want to tell the truth. Not until he actually scorns to lie, can he be regarded as having learned that particular catechism lesson.

It is decidedly wrong for a teacher of Christian Doctrine to say, "Well, I've told him now. I've questioned him, and found out that he *knows* what he ought to do. It's his own fault if he doesn't do it." Such an attitude, obviously the outcome of a misconception of the purpose of religious instruction, might deserve the following criticism: "But your work is less than half done. You haven't begotten in him the wish to do what the law or the counsel calls for. Besides confronting his intellect with truth, you should play upon his emotions, the mainsprings of action. You should entreat, persuade, cajole, goad him if you like; above all you should watch for the moment of grace and seize it with gladness."

If good teaching consists in establishing wishes in the heart, the best teaching consists in establishing wishes in the unwilling heart. The principle underlying this statement is plainly applied in business, politics, in social intercourse—wherever indeed men seek to control

or direct the conduct of others. How many a woman has come home from a shopping expedition with a lot of stuff she had no use for on going out, and has no use for now, only down at the store the young saleswoman was so attentive and had such a sweet smile and seemed so pathetically anxious to sell. How many a library, with its unread volumes, gives silent testimony to the frequent visits of the irresistible book agent. How many a poor wretch has returned from a night of debauch a victim of his friends' solicitations to be a good fellow. Recently we beheld the spectacle of two distinguished men, leaders of great parties, taking the stump for votes. One might think it would have been enough if they issued modest statements of their claims to the highest office in the land, and let their cause rest with the intelligence of the citizens. But no, they found it necessary to go before the people directly, and appeal to their emotions, their prejudices, their personal interests, their sectional pride, their party spirit. Now the point is that if men have to be furnished with wishes in everyday affairs of life, the child in the schoolroom can be successfully handled in no other way. The child is father to the man; the things he does are the things he wants to do, and when we make profession of directing his conduct, we can expect results only on condition of filling his heart with adequate longings.

It seems hardly necessary, since we speak chiefly to a body of Religious, to make more than a passing mention of another qualification the instructor of Christian Doctrine should have, namely, the will to teach his subject. An indifferent teacher of science may be a possibility, but an indifferent teacher of art is almost a contradiction in terms. And what inspiring motives there are to teach the art of living. It was the work of Christ for which He provided continuity when He sent the Apostles to convert the world. May we not think it was the work of the Blessed Virgin herself, the Help of Christians? It was certainly the work of all the saints, and some of the choicest souls who have ever labored in God's vineyard found it a special means of their own salvation. If the purpose of religious instruction were merely to impart knowledge, there might be room for lack of enthusiasm, for I don't myself see how anyone can wax zealous over the prospect of filling child minds with a given amount of textbook material. But the teaching of Christian Doctrine means so much more than that on the side of interest; it means purging emotions, sterilizing imaginations, setting hearts right, giving calls to the will, in a word, saving immortal souls.

THE CHILD.

Our third topic, "The Child," would deserve no special consideration except for one thing, that is, the right of the child to be treated as an individual. Teaching by classes has certain advantages over private tutoring, and they are so great that even if private tutoring were universally possible, educators would hardly advocate its general use in preference to the system which now prevails. Emulation, the example of studious habits in others, the effect of discipline commonly observed, the lights thrown on difficulties by questions freely asked and sympathetically answered, are factors too valuable to be dispensed with altogether. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the advantages of class teaching are in inverse ratio to the pragmatic character of the study; when the subject is a science they loom large, when it is an art they are comparatively insignificant. In painting, for example, the word "class" signifies usually a group of separate workers who are using the same model. The master's criticism, which *is* the teaching, is given to each individual apart. The same is true of music and sculpture, dancing and gymnastics, of all studies in which the pupils are learning to do. In the class of Christian Doctrine, therefore, each child has a right to individual treatment. The task of saving souls or—what is the same thing—teaching the art of moral living, is a delicate business, and cannot be accomplished by wholesale methods and rules of thumb.

Read the New Testament, and see how Christ, your model, achieved results. He taught classes, it is true; He preached to multitudes because multitudes have common faults, common ignorance, common needs, and so are capable of receiving common wishes for proper responses. But can you imagine that He failed to take time and occasion to come into personal contact with those of His followers whose situation was special? You have in all the Gospels abundant testimony to the contrary. Indeed it is surprising to note the number of instances in which Christ's attention was given to the individual case. He gathered His Apostles one by one, and it is reasonable to think that these first vocations were very difficult to receive. Each of the twelve had engrossing private interests, and none of them had yet been blessed with the fullness of faith. In order that Christ should succeed in having them intensely want to follow Him, He doubtless was obliged to deal with them separately, to strike the level of each understanding, to picture peculiar advan-

tages to each imagination, to stir the sentiments of each heart. It is recorded in St. Luke (chapter x.) that "The Lord appointed other seventy-two; and He sent them two and two before His face in every city and place whither He Himself was to come." What follows is a lesson in pedagogy, in which, however, our Lord gives simply general instructions. The studious omission of particulars indicates that the disciples were not only paired off with reference to their character, and the people they were to visit, but were also taken apart and taught privately. It was a difficult mission—"Behold I send you as lambs among wolves"—and the timid had to be encouraged; the impulsive cautioned; the apathetic aroused; the over-confident warned; the hot-tempered made gentle; the uncouth made cultured; the unwise made prudent, and self-righteous made humble, the unattractive made magnetic. And all this required time and patience, but our Lord took the trouble.

He seems to have exercised direct supervision over even the rank and file of His followers. He rejected some—the mercenary scribe and the man out of whom the devils were departed; He had difficulty in calling others—the man who begged for time to bury his father, and the man who wished first to take leave of them that were at his house; and He seemed to fail altogether with a few—the man whom He looked on and loved, and who nevertheless "went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions."

Christ wanted the single soul, and when class teaching did not produce the proper responses, He condescended to employ other methods. What would have become of St. Peter if Christ had not uttered a prophecy about the denial? What would have become of St. Thomas if Christ had not shown him the sacred wounds? What would have become of the public sinner if Christ at a critical moment had not spoken in her defence? What would have become of the Samaritan woman if Christ had not revealed Himself as the Messiah?

Even the miracles of Christ were often performed not so much to prove His Divinity, as to meet a need of the individual. And as what the individual needs most is faith—for unless one has a vivid realization of things unseen, one's wishes will hardly reach out into the spiritual world—so Christ in nearly all His private wonder-workings added the lesson of faith to whatever other lesson He may have intended to teach. Thus although He loved Lazarus with an extraordinary love, He exacted from Martha a formal confession of faith before He brought forth her brother from the tomb.

It was the faith of Jairus that won him back his daughter; it was the faith of the woman who touched His garment that banished her infirmity; it was faith as well as humility that procured favor for the centurion; it was faith as well as obedience that restored vision to the man who was called to wash in the pool of Silo; it was faith as well as perseverance that brought happiness to the blind man who persisted in crying "Son of David, have mercy on me." In these and many other cases faith chiefly was the lesson taught, but the important fact for us just now is that it was taught *to the individual.*

Now as men and women with special disabilities were treated by Christ apart, so children with special disabilities should be treated by teachers apart. The teacher takes the place of Christ for the child. The child has a soul to be saved, and comes to the catechism class to be trained in doing good. If it is fortunate enough to have acquired proper habits, its wishes are of the right kind, and need only to be intensified. If, however, it has acquired bad habits, the teacher's problem becomes more difficult, and an entire new set of wishes must be established. When this can be done in common, there will of course be a saving of time and effort on all hands; and it *can* be done in common, provided the class has pretty much the same moral antecedents, the same home influence, the same associations on the street and in the playground.

But the trouble lies just here. Classes in subjects that partake of the nature of sciences, can be graded with comparative success. The ordinary examination tests answer the purpose. Proficiency in the arts, however, is not so easily measured, and we often find that pupils in the primary catechism are very unequal in their knowledge of religious practice. Even if the majority are conceded to have arrived at about the same stage of progress, there remain those who have the natural limitations that make them deficient in other studies, those who have indifferent parents or careless brothers and sisters, those who are thrown a good deal with bad companions. To the teacher belongs the task of furnishing all the pupils with appropriate desires, and to this end the study of individual needs is imperative. Let us put a case. A boy has grown up in an atmosphere of violence; his mother was a fury, his father was a brute, and his companions were bred in cruelty. Curses and blows and privations for punishment were his everyday lot; physical forces beat against him continually. With *stimuli* coming from such an environment, the boy's career obviously

depended on the character of the wishes from which his actions would flow. If fright had been established in him, his heart would have been filled with the desire to flee from suffering, and he would have developed into a coward. But on several occasions it happened that he was successful in meeting force with force, brutality with brutality; and as the idea grew in him that safety and satisfaction for himself could be attained through cruelty to others, the wish to inflict pain became dominant and fixed. He developed into a bully. He comes into the Christian Doctrine class sullen, defiant, suspicious, ever alert to deal a telling blow. It would be fatal to his education to use force with him, because though that might conquer him for the moment, it would only confirm his deep-rooted conviction that success is best obtained by the infliction of punishment—to-day is yours, to-morrow will again be his. The problem, of course, is to eliminate this conviction, and its sequence of desires by making the boy feel his helplessness in certain situations. Once he realizes that physical force is powerless to effect a great many things, he will undergo a change of heart, and become amenable to rational discipline. The task, however, is not so easy. Kindness is often a good remedy, but will not cover his case. Kindness is lost on him. He is distrustful of soft answers, for in his experience they never turned away, but always provoked wrath. Pleadings he scorns as a raising of the white flag, and the bestowal of favors is intelligible to him merely as a subtle kind of strategy in war. Perhaps the best course to pursue is a negative one—not fussing over him in any way, but always shaping circumstances so that his efforts to gain things by brute strength prove invariably futile. The boy must be saved somehow, and because his case is unusual the teacher should take extraordinary trouble. Who shall say indeed that the teacher can take too much trouble?

METHODS.

The question of "Methods"—the fourth of our division—probably deserves a more extensive treatment than we can give it here. Keeping in mind, however, what there was to say about "The Subject," "The Teacher," and "The Child," we may briefly touch upon a few points to some advantage. Let us not, to begin with, lose sight of the nature of the subject. Christian Doctrine is an art, and its problem is to get the child to pursue a course of righteous conduct faithfully. Hence a teacher who emphasizes the intel-

lectual phase of catechetical instruction makes a serious mistake. The accumulation of a certain amount of book-learning is the object of scientific study in the primary grades, but no *religious* truth is known until it is practised. The other day I had occasion to ask a boy whether he knew how to say the Rosary. He answered yes. I asked him further whether he had ever actually said it, and he answered no. I then explained to him that although he might be able to tell me the proper sequence of prayers and mysteries, he did not yet know how to say the Rosary, and would only begin to know how after he had many times said it with all the fervor of his heart. "Do you know your Catechism?" is a misleading question, and the reply it elicits might frequently be different if the wording were: "Do you practise your Catechism?" To follow Christ is "to hear the word of God and keep it," with the stress on "keep." Ruskin knew more about painting than ten Turners, but he was no painter. Similarly the ordinary examination tests in Christian Doctrine, are to my mind of almost no value as indicating a child's assimilation of religious truths.

But it may be objected, "Surely the child should be able to give reasons for the faith that is in him, and explain why he acts one way rather than another." If I did not fear to be misunderstood, I should like to deny both parts of that proposition. The chief thing for the child is to have the faith; to be able to defend it is an accomplishment perhaps but not an essential. In like manner it is all-important whether a child acts according to the laws and counsels, and but slightly important whether he can talk about the wherefore of them. The fact is faith comes by doing rather than by knowing, and Catholic traditions are handed down more effectively by Catholic practices than by treatises on Catholic theology. The case of catechism in the primary grades is similar to the case of grammar. It is not always the child whose recitation is perfect that uses the most correct language; it is the child whose ear has heard no slovenly speech, and whose tongue has, therefore, been prevented from uttering false inflections. So, too, the child that knows his religion is sometimes an examination failure, only he has been blessed with a good mother, whose tender solicitations made him always want him to say his prayers; with a good father, whose nobility of character filled him with desire to be just and honest and self-respecting; with good companions, whose example evoked in him wishes to rival their fine behavior.

The wise teacher, then, far from emphasizing the intellectual

phase of catechetical instruction, will make it his chief business in the classroom—and out of it, if necessary—to get the child to practise religious truths *as a means* of learning them. He will establish in the child a desire to frequent the sacraments, realizing that the clearest understanding of these great means of salvation comes to those who actually experience the workings of grace in the soul. He will not be content with quoting "Blessed are peacemakers," but will arrange for some particularly belligerent child to feel the truth of the saying by exercising the office of mediator. He will teach the virtue of almsgiving by making it possible for a selfish child to feel the happiness that comes through sacrifice. In a word, he will complement his theoretical work by the introduction of laboratory methods.

With regard to the merits of teaching for the understanding as compared with teaching for the memory in primary catechism, a general statement by G. Stanley Hall has helped me to make up my own mind. He writes:[1] "Just as about the only duty of the young child is implicit obedience, so the chief mental training from about eight to twelve is arbitrary memorization, drill, habitation, with only a limited appeal to the understanding." The contention that truths should not be offered the child mind until it is prepared to grasp their meaning needs considerable modification, especially where there is question of religious truths. Even to adults religious truths are offered for belief as well understanding. Blind faith receives its reward, and has its functional value too. "I believe, Lord; help my unbelief," procured grace for him who uttered the prayer in addition to the cure of his son. The Scriptures contain many "hard sayings," which nevertheless must be accepted as they are written down. There is a "deposit of faith" which the Church jealously guards through formulas that have received the sanction of councils and doctors. Words themselves acquire special connotation from their traditional use in certain connections. All important definitions deserve accurate verbal memorizing, whether the intellect comprehends them or not. If there is hope that understanding of them may come later, the form in which they are best expressed is already in the mind.

Besides, words and phrases have a value by themselves. They help in the process of understanding, and they function also in the process of retention. If the color of an object is sometimes useful in defining it and holding it in memory, the name of an object will

[1] *Adolescence*, chap. ii., p. 451.

often do as much. "That pale yellow thing" might in conceivable circumstances be an illuminating expression, but not more illuminating than a name might be in other circumstances. Understanding is for the most part slow work; it is always slow work for the beginner; and as the mind gropes and halts, and falls behind and struggles on in its brief approximations to the truth, it is highly desirable that the right word should be present to lend the assistance of its rich associations. Moreover, words perform a valuable service in the reinstating of meanings. Our grasp of things is often momentary; we have a flash of insight, and the next instant the truth is gone; or our grasp of things may only partially be lost. In either case we have all experienced how the right word will catch the meaning "on the go" and bring us back our truth. "Arbitrary memorization" is a big factor in the child's religious training, but of course it may be overdone. There should be at least a "limited appeal to the understanding," and any teaching that is confined to mere drill, to the mere putting of questions and receiving of answers out of a textbook, is too contemptible for criticism.

In conclusion I may say that my general pedagogical creed with reference to Christian Doctrine in the primary grades is this: I believe in all the good old methods, and in about two-thirds of the new; but I believe with my whole strength in the teacher who realizes that the salvation of souls is in his hands, the teacher who will not stop at the presentation of truths to the mind, but will seek to reach the heart of the child; the teacher who will always want to take the trouble that he thinks Christ would take, and who prays to know what Christ's wishes are; the teacher who is so adaptable to the needs of individual cases that he may be said to have no set method, and yet can assert confidently with St. Paul: "I am all things to all men."

FRONTIERSMEN OF ORTHODOXY.

BY RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT.

A RIBBON of land, in some regions fifty miles wide, in others fifty yards, threads its way from the Pacific, above the shoulder of the Hermit Kingdom, and across the backbone of Manchuria. On the fringe of the Gobi Desert, between the Mongol and Russian *vis-a-vis,* Maimatchin and Kiakhta, it narrows to a brook bed. Widening, it twists thence in and out the passes of the Altai, and, by a circuitous southern course over sun-parched steppe and forested mountain face, finally reaches the Caspian, Russia's Asiatic border.

You will see a varied lot of frontiers if you travel extensively: the wire fence of the Italio-Swiss with its little electric alarm bells; the sleepy tree-arched roads between Holland and Belgium; the granite posts fringing the United States and Canada; but rarely will you find a border that voices so forcibly the methods and ideals of a nation as does that neutral strip marking the edge of Muscovite lordship. Studded along it, like buttons on a lambrequin, stand little stockaded forts, each with its equipment of men and arms. From them, by day and by night, tramp stern-visaged men to patrol the intervening stretches, much as do the life guards of our coast. By day and by night their eyes are fixed on the southern horizon—Mongolia, Tibet, Afghanistan and Indiaward. Mounted and afoot, armed for action and alarm, they form a veritable picket fence of bayonets from the Pacific to the Caspian.

These soldiers who patrol the farther fringe of the Tsar's kingdom, constitute only the skirmishing line for a greater army. Behind the soldiers stand the priests. Until you have seen this second army, you cannot comprehend the first. Until you are convinced that Russia has assimilated and is assimilating more and more territory that she may bring "His saving faith," as she understands it, to all nations, you will not fully grasp the *raison d'être* of Russian arms. "The world policy of Russia is a gradual growth. It is the Christian ideal. The expulsion of the Turk, the conversion of the Asiatic heathen, world-wide dominion of Russian orthodoxy, are nothing more than the realization of Christ's kingdom on earth."[1] Incredulous students of international politics may claim

[1] Wirt Gerrare in *Greater Russia.*

that the Slavophils, Alexander III. and Dostoievski and their kind are all dead, their dream an illusion forever shattered by the Russian defeat in Manchuria. The reigning Tsar, however, adheres to the ideals his father set up, as many of his administrative acts prove, and as is indicated by this continent-cleaving Siberian border to-day. Beneath the surface of the main channel of Russian endeavor is rolling, silently, with irresistible impelling force, the Slavophil spirit. It is to-day the dream of the wise men at St. Petersburg, it is the dream of the obscure village priest, that through the Orthodox faith the world will be converted to Christ. And these doubters of the *Filioque* have set before themselves, as a means to attaining that end, the absorption of territory in Asia, until the borders of the Russian Empire shall be contiguous to those of a Christian-civilizing power, British India.

Let us turn to recent history. In the 90's when Manchuria became a complement of Eastern Siberia by the building of a railroad, an army was flung across it ostensibly to guard the line from the depredations of native brigands. But scarcely had these soldiers become settled in their bastioned forts (you can see them to-day), than the fiat was declared that missionaries of faiths other than the Orthodox would be excluded from Manchuria. And into Manchuria poured the Russian priests. Last year, at the request of the natives, it seems, Russia established a suzerain over Mongolia. To-morrow her troops will move southward, and with them the priests. But a few months back the Minister of the Interior sanctioned the Holy Synod's ban on the Baptists as "a sect especially harmful to the State." The *Novoe Vremya* explained the action of the government as due to recent refusals of Baptists to take the military oath. It is clear, then, that Russia is determined not to step aside from the path to her purposed goal, so forcibly symbolized by her troop-lined, priest-guarded Asiatic border, of dispelling national and racial divergencies through the erection above them of the Cross of Orthodoxy.

Now what the Russian frontier priests are doing on Christianity's outer rim, is only a small portion of the work they are carrying forward in the scattered villages throughout the length and breadth of Siberia. For it must be remembered that, despite its mighty railroad, its cities with their schools and shops and giddy cabaret night life, its steamer lines from the Altai to the Arctic, from Baikal to the Urals, Siberia is still a pioneer country; and that the village is typical of Siberian life to-day. Hence the obscure

priest in the out-of-way hamlet, and not the city pastor with his perfectly appointed church and well-defined parish, is typical of the labor and ideals of the Orthodox Church in Asia.

It has been my privilege to meet many of these humble "popes" in the scattered settlements all the way from the Urals to the Usurri Hills. Among them was one of whom I have ever since entertained happy recollections—the priest at Ookteechenskaia-on-Shilka in Trans-Baikalia. His real name I never knew. This is not to be wondered at, for at his ordination each priest receives a new name from the bishop, much as a Sister adopts her name in religion. But I did not even set down his priestly name; when first I saw him he reminded me so strikingly of the Emperor Palæologus in Gozzoli's Procession of the Magi, that I knew him ever after in my journal as Father Palæologus.

When I set forth on my Siberian wanderings, I filled one of two suitcases with toys—crocodiles that actually would wriggle; phosphor stars and crosses that shone in the dark; electric torches and scarf pins fashioned like death heads that glowed with light from the battery concealed in one's pocket. These toys proved effective in amusing the children. One afternoon I rode into Ooteechenskaia and put up at the post house. That night before I unrolled my blankets, I gave each of the keeper's children an electric torch. The next evening there foregathered in my room half the village. We had much fun. Boys and girls were highly delighted. The older folks, too, were mightily interested. They sat on benches ranged around the room, audibly wondering what manner of man this was who had descended on their village with a perambulating toy shop. The pocket torches were a mystery, and so thick and fast came the questions that I saw I would have to give a talk on electricity. I was explaining, with abundant gesticulation, why one did not have to apply a lighted match to an electric torch, when a face appeared in the doorway and smiled at the group of children and old folks. It was a young man's face. Firm features showing through a scraggly incipient beard made him seem militant. As he stepped across the threshold, I saw his blue cassock and silver pectoral cross, and I knew him to be the village "pope." With his kindly assistance I was able finally to explain the mysteries of the electric torch; then, overcome by his own curiosity, he "shooed" his spiritual brood from the room and set to asking me questions. But why, in the name of common sanity, had I brought toys?

"Because I wanted to understand your people," I replied, wav-

ing him to a chair. "Tell me what a man laughs at, and I'll tell you what he is."

"I should express it differently," he parried, his eyes a-sparkle. "I should say, tell me what a man believes and I'll tell you what he is."

The retort was unexpected. I had found the general run of Siberian priests rather dull fellows, with little knowledge apart from the simple statements of the faith and the liturgy. Few, indeed, possessed the gift of repartee. Father Palæologus, on the other hand, was a young man, and the enthusiasm of youth had not yet dimmed. Perhaps that was why he spoke so optimistically of his work and ideals. Like the average priest, he was the son of a "pope," and his wife the daughter of a "pope," the bishop having arranged the match and solemnized the marriage, which is compulsory in the case of secular priests, and must be accomplished in the period between his leaving the seminary and his taking Orders.

"I am of the white clergy,"[2] he explained with charming simplicity, "or I would not be married, and living here in this village with my wife and little girl. Were I of the black clergy, I would be in a monastery, St. Innocent's at Irkutsk. But God did not call me to the religious life. I am happy though. We must do what He wants us to do, that is the only way to be happy."

"It is not that I take holy things lightly," I remarked, after a pause, "but being a journalist I am inclined to view many spiritual matters from the point of the world. I have found that happiness is often enhanced by material things—lands and money and what they can do."

"Well there's little enough money here," Father Palæologus laughed, "everyone is poor. The schoolmaster, he gets less than one hundred roubles a year. If I lived in a prosperous town with some generous *khoutariani* (well-to-do-folk) among my parishioners, I might have as much as eight hundred roubles and a big church. But not here in Ooteechenskaia. I have a house and a plot of land —twenty *dessiatines* out of the thirty-three in the glebe. I have help whenever I need it to plow the fields and bring in the crops. My bees make a little honey, enough for a taste on holy days, and—"

He hesitated, seeing that I had caught sight of his frayed elbows. "And my parishioners," he concluded quite unconcerned, "attend to the repair of the church. A committee of the men visit around and collect the tithes. As everyone is poor, we get tithes

[2] The white clergy, as they are commonly called, are the seculars; the black, the religious.

in kind—wheat and flesh, chicken, sometimes bread. But too much bread is bad, it grows stale before we can eat it!"

The mention of bread set me to rummaging among my things for a box of sweet cakes I had bought of a Chinese provisioner at Stretensk.

"If it's not too late," I suggested, "let us have some tea."

Scarcely were the words out of my lips than Father Palæologus bellowed in a voice that fairly shook the rafters, "Samovar!" From the next room came a hurried "Ceychas!" and with an alacrity I had never before encountered in Siberia, the keeper's wife brought in the steaming urn. Now whether or not the worthy Mrs. Palæologus had given her husband a substantial supper that night I could not say; at all events he barely uttered a word until he had tossed down two glasses of tea and devoured innumerable cakes. Then he brushed the crumbs off his beard on to his cassock, and from the cassock to the floor, and finally settled in the chair as if perfectly contented with the world. As I watched him sitting there, so hungrily devouring my sweet cakes and tea, I could not but be attracted by the human side of this lonely fellow. How restricted and circumscribed his life must be! His wife and child must be well dressed and his home maintained in order, and, despite his assurance of the divine blessings, I knew each meal, each stitch of his clothes, each timber over his head, meant a struggle with poverty. Cards, drink, dancing, recreations dear to the Russian heart, are forbidden him. His congregation cared nothing for theology, and little for the dream of the Church to convert the world. After the fashion of congregations the world over, they demand much of their priest, but give him little on which to do it. They see that he has cloth of gold vestments to wear in church, but few care if his everyday cassock is out at the elbows. They are willing to obey his directions—to come to church and make their children come, but the average village priest in Siberia is quite apart from his people and alone. Many of them consequently become either disinterested or ascetic; not a few have recourse to unspeakable immoralities. Was Father Palæologus like the others I knew, I wondered, dull and resigned, an insignificant cog in the immense machinery of a spiritual empire? Or was he aware of what an integral part he was playing with all the others who had dedicated themselves to the service of Christ in the Orthodox Church in Asia?

"About how many of the clergy would you say there are in Siberia, Father?" I asked.

"Let's see." He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the rafters. "There are, in round numbers, about twenty-four thousand clergy in Siberia, besides eight thousand church layworkers, such as choristers, sextons, and the like."

"That means one priest to every three hundred and fifty souls," I replied.

"Would that it were three hundred and fifty," he said with a wag of his head. "It might, possibly, were all the eight million people of Siberia Orthodox, but, alas, they are not. Only about eighty-five per cent of them are members of the Church."

"Does the Latin rite have many members?" I interposed. "I only ask because when I went to Mass at the little church behind the cathedral in Irkutsk, the congregation not only filled the building, but flowed down the steps and along the pavement."

"Yes, the Roman congregation in Irkutsk is large," he agreed. "You see, the Poles are Roman Catholics, and many of the soldiers stationed in Siberia are from Poland. There are some seventy-five thousand Roman Catholics registered in the last census if I remember rightly. I'm told that their priest gets part of his salary from the government."

"And speaking of salaries," he continued, "the Lutheran pastor in Irkutsk is said to get a small share from the imperial treasury. Do you recall his church? It stands on the Bolshkaia, opposite the new Russo-Asiatic bank. He has quite a congregation—mostly Danes and Russians from the Baltic provinces.

"Then there are the Rasknoliki, the dissenters. And Jews!" Father Palæologus threw up his hands in disgust. "Siberia is full of them! Faugh! Sixty or seventy thousand. They've two synagogues in Irkutsk.... So you can see that altogether the average congregation is far from three hundred and fifty."

"But you have not mentioned the native tribes," I said, "they number some million and a quarter. What of them?"

Father Palæologus nodded his head sadly. "Yes, a million and a quarter. That is a very low figure, though the natives are gradually dying off, or being assimilated much as are your American Indians.....Well, they are mostly heathen. In the West, there are the Mohammedans who constitute two per cent of the population. Have you ever seen one of their mosques?"

I said I had, recalling how once I had looked over the housetops of Tcheliabinsk, the first city of size east of the Urals, and had seen at one end of the town the muezzin's minaret topped by a

gilded crescent, and, at the other, the church with its gilded cross—Saracen and Crusader face to face !

"Here in the East are the Kalmucks, the Booriats, and the other tribes," Father Palæologus continued, "many of whom are professing Buddhists. The story of their religion is rather interesting. These fellows are Mongols, and their primitive religion was Shamanism. While they recognize a supreme God, they offer no prayers to Him, but worship a number of inferior divinities, especially the evil spirits, whose power for harm has to be deprecated by means of sacrifices. So, to propitiate these powers of heaven and of earth, they have recourse to Shamans, the medicine men or wizards, who are accredited with possessing a mysterious influence over the elements. Nominally, many of the Mongols are Buddhists, as I said before, paying tribute to the Grand Lama at Urga. Some few of them, however, are Christians. But when they are removed from the influence of the Buddhist priests, they revert to Shamanism; this is especially true of the Booriats around Lake Baikal."

"But doesn't the Church make an endeavor to convert these natives ?"

"I was just coming to that," he said with a smile. "You must know first of all that the aim of the government is to assimilate these natives, until racial differences shall have disappeared. We are encouraging the immigrants who come out here to intermarry with the natives. And they are doing so on all sides. What's the result ? An Orthodox girl marries a native, and she brings her husband and her children into the Church. A young fellow marries a native girl, and he sees to it that she comes and her children. Of course, we cannot be sure of definite results until the second or third generation, but intermarriage will finally bring them all into the fold."

"There is an objection to that," I remarked. "These native conversions may be only matters of expediency, and not the result of conviction. Do not these natives relapse into their old faiths when they get away from the influence of the Church. And, on the other hand, are not the missionaries of Islam who slip into Siberia from Kazan wreaking destruction on your well-laid plans for conversion by marriage in Western Siberia ? You can't forbid them because of the Edict of Toleration."

"No, we can't forbid them, that's right," Father Palæologus acknowledged, "and I'm afraid there is much in what you say, but—"

"But could you honestly make the statement that the Church is gaining ground in Siberia?" I countered.

"Certainly!" he replied with a start. "We must because we hold the true faith. We must because the Church has a *chirokaya natoura*—an expansive nature. It must grow!"

"However, the Roman Catholics and the Buddhists and the Mohammedans and the dissenters all say they hold the true faith."

"Bah!" Father Palæologus' fist came down on the table, making the *chai stuccons* rattle in their saucers. "We will make these natives believe—or else, how can they hope to be saved?"

"But wouldn't you find it more effective to win them?"

The good Father was silent for some moments, his eyes staring out of the window into the night.

"You do not seem to understand," he said slowly, emphasizing every word with a decisive gesture. "The Orthodox faith is the true faith. You can take it or leave it—but so long as the army and the police are around, were it not wiser to take it?"

The next day at noon I left Ooteechenskaia to ride back over the Shilka Mountains, so that except for saying farewell, I did not see Father Palæologus again. For all I know he is still in that little village; still cultivating his twenty-two *dessiatines;* still wondering whence the next meal is coming for his wife and child; still ministering to his peasant flock.

I have recounted our conversation at length, because Father Palæologus' replies were typical of those one receives from any of the pioneer priests in Siberia. They are possessed of a peculiar confidence which, when faced by cold logic and indisputable facts, seeks refuge in pretty generalities. They seem absolutely assured that the native tribes will eventually become Orthodox, and that by intermarriage and assimilation their conversion will be permanent. With equal assurance do they believe that the presence of troops on the nation's outer rim will suffice to convince the heathen.

Under the social conditions that exist to-day in Russia, and under the methods that the Orthodox Church is at present pursuing, one feels that the attainment of the ideal of universal conversion is, of course, wild phantasmagoria. For he is blind, indeed, who would think the various elements making up the Russian Empire to be united in a common love for the Tsar or even in common patriotism. They are held together by force of arms. But even that binding force is ineffectual at times. Within the army to-day, just as within the Church, discontent, breaking often into open revolt, is turn-

ing aside much of the interest and endeavor which should be applied to the furthering of its aims. Riots at Krondstat and squabbles on Mt. Athos do not make for that solidarity which a spiritual conquest by a nation demands. While the Church claims to add to its roll two thousand converts yearly, principally from the Armenians and dissenters, their most optimistic figure for the Orthodox in the entire empire is sixty-nine per cent. Others give it as sixty-two per cent, recalling the fact that twelve out of Russia's one hundred millions are Mohammedans.

When one would seek for the result of Russia's policy of arms as it affects conversion, he must turn to those lands which the Russian army has lately evacuated, and he will find that Russia's policy is a failure. These frontiersmen of Orthodoxy are failing in their trust, and by short-sightedness and childish fear are defeating their own ends, denying their own avowed destiny. In Manchuria are two striking examples—and be it remembered that Manchuria was the territory which Russia reserved for its own proselytizing.

At Port Arthur, shortly after Russia leased that section, there were laid the foundations for a mighty church. Men and machines dragged iron-stone monoliths and set them up on the hillside. Eighty thousand roubles ($40,000) were sunk in the foundations alone. A fortress of the faith as inaccessible as was Tiger's Tail on the heights above was to be this church. Slowly from the forest of scaffolding reared the walls. Then came war and the defeat of Kuropatkin at the Yalu. Down the peninsula streamed the Japanese army. Behind Tiger's Tail cowered the Russian fleet while Togo lay without. The siege guns began to thunder, and into that quiet corner of Asiatic coastline came the awful thunder of war. For eleven months Japanese shells battered against the foundation of the new church, showers of bullets snipped the scaffolding, huge projectiles pierced the walls and buried themselves in the pavement where the altar was to stand. On January 2, 1905, Stoessel handed his sword to Nogi; ten days later the twenty-six thousand Russian soldiers, stripped of arms, marched out from the fortress. In their midst walked the soldiers of Russia's second army, these carrying the accoutrement of their warfare—the sacred vessels, the ikons, the books of the liturgy. To-day all that remains of what was to have been the church are some crumbling ruins. The little slant-eyed Japanese guide who points them out, says with pride, "No use now, there is only one Russian left in Port Arthur."

To the eastward, thirty miles over the hills, lies Dairen.

" Dalny " the Russians called it, and they had great plans for making the little Chinese port a mighty commercial capital in the Far East. Broad streets were laid out, and a civic centre planned, rows of substantial houses ran up, the harbor was dredged, and wharves constructed. As a crowning glory, a big cathedral was erected on an eminence in the heart of the town. Then came the war. With scarcely the interchange of a shot, Dalny fell into the hands of the Japanese. The dawn of 1905 brought Russia's dream for the town to a bitter awakening. The Japanese poured in and took up the life of the city. To-day Dairen is booming with trolley cars and a newspaper in English, with office buildings and an electric park, fashioned after the manner of Coney Island, that looks out over the sapphire waters of the bay. On all sides buildings are springing up. Each boat from Japan brings a fresh consignment of settlers. Few Russians remain—a handful of merchants, a score of clerks, and the consul who lives in the ugly white house to the north of the town. Central in this bustle and growth stands the Russian cathedral. What were once its close-clipped lawns are now waist-high meadows of rank weeds. Far overhead the stay cables of the dome cross, rusted and snapped, swing languidly in the gentle breeze that blows in from the Pacific. Attempt to enter the grounds, and you find the gates chained. Huge padlocks are on each door.....Across the street stands the Yamato Hotel, one of those smart, up-to-date Japanese hostelries. In its parlor each Sunday morning an Anglican pastor gathers about him the resident Britons, and prays that laborers be sent forth into the harvest.

Less than two hundred miles north of Dairen runs the ribbon of land which so strikingly defines the southern fringe of Russian lordship in Manchuria. There stand her soldiers. There stand her priests. Though the Treaty of Portsmouth made no such demands, Russia withdrew her spiritual forces just as soon as her soldiers were defeated. In a word, Russia's spiritual conquests abroad depend on her victories in the field of battle.

The first glimpse of the frontiersmen of Orthodoxy makes one think of them as militants, just as Father Palæologus looked militant to me when he thrust his head into the " postantia " door that night I gave away the pocket torches. But having known them for a time, having partaken of their simple fare and witnessed their blind faith, one is more apt to think of them as mere children. Because they are guarded by a huge army, they believe they are destined to win.

New Books.

THE REAL MEXICO. By Hamilton Fyfe, Special Correspondent of the London *Times*. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Fyfe has written a most valuable and interesting study of Mexican life and politics at the present day. He has traveled through the rebel lines, and interviewed General Carranza and many of the rebel leaders; he has visited a number of the chief towns from Monterey to Mexico City; he has journeyed over the country in trains and mule coaches, dined at the clubs, and conversed with the common people.

He brings out clearly the discrepancy between the democratic professions of the Northern rebels and their practical policy of robbery, murder and absolute intolerance. He ascribes the revolution to an existence of vast landed properties, the growth of an ambitious middle class, the general discontent sown by revolutionary socialists, and the chance for plunder and loot afforded the peons, most of whom were hitherto working for only twenty-five cents a day.

He speaks of Huerta as a bluff old soldier with a kindly heart, but utterly lacking in dignity and tact. He rightly absolves him from the charges of drunkenness and of murder. He severely calls to task the President of the United States for assuming, without the slightest evidence, that Huerta was responsible for the assassination of Madero. He shows clearly that Madero's murder served only as a pretext for the revolution, for Carranza was on the verge of making war with Madero at the very time of the murder.

Mr. Fyfe pictures Madero as a "fanatical idealist, lacking capacity for either business or politics. He was a spendthrift of glowing words; he was neurotic, a faddist, incapable of thinking clearly, a vegetarian and a spiritualist; he held séances with his wife as medium, to obtain guidance from the mighty dead." During his conflict with Felix Diaz in the streets of Mexico City, he became insane, and shot down with his own hand two of his officers who had advised him to resign.

In a chapter called "The Nemesis of Paternalism," Mr. Fyfe admits the strong, despotic and successful rule of Porfirio Diaz, but he says rightly "that the Diaz régime kept the people in political

swaddling clothes." He styles Diaz a great policeman, but in no sense a statesman, because the edifice that he built was shattered in a few short years.

Mr. Fyfe deplores the policy of President Wilson in backing bloodthirsty, thieving, and murderous rebels, while he refused to recognize Huerta, who had not been proved guilty of any crime. The British recognized Huerta on the policy, often acted upon in India, of supporting the strongest man in sight.

There is very little anti-Catholic prejudice in the book, although we find him saying for the benefit of the British public, "that the religion of the Indians is little different from the idolatry which their ancestors practised." Again, in his chapter "The Church and the Catholic Party," he states that a fair and honest election would undoubtedly result in the selection of a Catholic president. His Protestant bias makes him add: "Would Mr. Wilson and the people of the United States feel any satisfaction in knowing that they had substituted a clerical for a military despotism? Of the two the former is usually the worst."

CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY: INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM. By Henry C. Day, S.J. With a Preface by Cardinal Bourne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.80 net.

"Experience has shown," says Cardinal Bourne in his preface, "how difficult it is to obtain from either Socialists or non-Socialists anything approaching a clear definition of what they really mean. And it is most unfair to appeal to the teaching of the Catholic Church in support or condemnation of theories on which she has not pronounced directly or indirectly." In this excellent treatise, Father Day, although in no sense original, brings together in a small compass the exact teachings of the Church on the social question. He contrasts throughout his volume the essential democracy of the Catholic Church with the anti-democracy of extreme liberalism on the one hand, and of Socialism on the other. In a comprehensive historical survey, he clearly proves that Christian democracy as set forth in the teachings of Leo XIII. and Pius X., is by no means a modern growth. In its essential features of liberty, equality and fraternity, it is as old as the Christian Church, into which her Divine Founder originally breathed a spirit of compassion for the poor. Of course the idea connoted by the term "Christian democracy" has expanded with the accelerated strides of political and economic progress, and with the

general awakening in recent times of men's consciences to the needs and claims of the poor.

Father Day shows conclusively that the Catholic Church has always been earnest and successful in her efforts on behalf of the people, and on the whole has solved the social problems of every age more adequately than any of her rivals. He defines Individualism in social science as "the disposition to prefer the private rights and free activities of individual members of society to the social claims and collective enterprise of society as a whole." So understood, Individualism is opposed to Collectivism; it prefers the whole to the part, and authority to freedom. He proves that both conceptions have this character in common—both are unreal in themselves and consequently are unattainable. Extreme Individualism is anarchy, while extreme Collectivism is Socialism. Against both the Church makes a strong protest.

"The Catholic Church is neither individualistic nor anti-individualistic. She lays down no inflexible law. She forges no unnecessary fetters for the individual or for society—either in politics or in economics. She is content to shape her attitude to the varying systems which pass before her, not by any rigid, unalterable rules, but by considerations arising out of the actual needs of individuals and the welfare of society." In a chapter entitled "Some Fundamental Fallacies of Socialism," Father Day refutes the extreme Socialists' claim for equality, Marx's theory of surplus value, the false principle of labor being the sole or chief source of wealth, the "right to work" formula of Louis Blanc, and the materialistic conception of history. He sums up the case against modern Socialism in two indictments—the one economic and the other religious or moral. His two theses are thus expressed: The scheme proposed by Socialism for the regulation of commerce and industry is not only impracticable, but it is also economically unsound. 2. The ethical principles of Socialism militate against the fundamental ideas of religion and justice, while its aim and method likewise conflict with Christianity.

In a chapter on "The Church's Attitude to the Social Question," the author brings out clearly that the mission of the Catholic Church is preëminently spiritual and non-political. She exists for the purpose of teaching a religion of the soul, and bringing the salvation of God through Christ to men. She neither defines the forms nor directs the actions of temporal governments. No body of politicians can claim to have a monopoly of her approval or

patronage. She cannot identify herself with Socialism with its materialistic aims and methods, nor advocate the destruction of individual freedom and the abolition of private property. On the other hand, she cannot approve of extreme Individualism, for she must uphold the wider claims of social justice and charity which it ignores. While claiming the right to speak to society in regard to the general moral bearing of political and economic questions, she holds utterly aloof in matters of right and justice on which her members are divided, viz., the exact fixing of the limits of State intervention, the arrangements of just wages between employer and employee, the determination of the relative value of different kinds of labor, etc.

Father Day concludes by stating that "if the present scheme of democracy is to prove a lasting success, it must cease to be irreligious, and conform to the spirit and methods of Christ. By so doing it will not lose its independence, but, on the contrary, will increase its freedom."

SOCIALISM, PROMISE OR MENACE? By Morris Hillquit and John A. Ryan, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The chapters which constitute this book originally appeared as a debate in several consecutive issues of *Everybody's Magazine*. The object of this joint discussion was to present to the reading public both sides of the much mooted social problem, and to draw their attention to the promise or menace of the movement, which is yearly growing in influence and extension.

The discussion was conducted fairly and without bitterness, both sides agreeing on all substantial points—no easy task—concerning the meaning and doctrine of Socialism. Socialism was considered in all its important phases, not merely as a scheme of politico-economic reconstruction, but as a living movement, and as a system of fundamental principles.

Mr. Hillquit concedes in substance that Socialism as a living movement and system of thought, is fundamentally and necessarily incompatible with any definite religious creed. The immorality of Socialism lies in the fact that it makes the moral law merely a social convention, places the most debasing individual conduct beyond the reach of moral condemnation, adjusts marital relations on the basis of selfish and temporary passion, and makes the State the supreme arbiter of right and wrong, justice and injustice.

THE CHURCH IN ROME IN THE FIRST CENTURY. By George Edmundson, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

While the student of early Church history will find nothing new in this volume, he will certainly appreciate the careful presentation of such abundant material and the evident fairness of the writer. The first lecture treats of the Jewish Colony in Rome, and St. Paul's letter to them from Corinth. The author maintains the genuineness of Rom. xvi. 1-23 against the hypercritics, and declares that St. Paul clearly refers to St. Peter as the founder of the Roman Church. Lecture II. is valuable for its firm defence of the Petrine tradition. Mr. Edmundson says: "That Peter visited Rome between the years 62 A. D. and 65 A. D., and that he was put to death there by crucifixion, is admitted by everyone who studies the evidence in a fair and reasonable spirit. This is not a tradition, it may rather be described as a fact vouched for by contemporary or nearly contemporary evidence." In Lecture III. he refutes the theory of Baur and Lipsius that Simon Magus had no real existence, and was really St. Paul in disguise. He also maintains St. Peter's seven years episcopate at Antioch. Lecture IV. deals with St. Paul's first visit to Rome after he had made his appeal to Cæsar, and the letters he wrote during the First Captivity. Lectures V. and VI. treat of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul during the persecution of Nero. Lecture VII. discusses the organization of the Church in Rome, and Lecture IX. the attitude of the Flavian Emperors to the Christians.

The poorest chapter in the book is the seventh, which might be corrected by a careful reading of Father Moran's *Government of the Church in the First Century*. We also question many of Mr. Edmundson's statements, such as the visit of Barnabas to Rome, his authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the ascribing of the Apocalypse and the Epistle of Clement to the year 70, the random conjecture that St. Clement was a brother of M. Arrecinus Clemens the consul, etc.

LOURDES. By Johannes Jörgensen. Translated from the Danish by Ingeborg Lund. With a Preface by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents net.

Mr. Belloc in his preface advises "those who have no devotion or faith, but whose minds are none the less free, and who have the means and the leisure, to go to Lourdes and see what they shall

see." If they lack the means or the leisure or both, we advise these undevout unbelievers to read this interesting account of Lourdes by the well-known, Danish littérateur, Johannes Jörgensen. The first part of the book, taken in the main from the Abbé Estrade's account of Bernadette Soubirous and the apparitions of Lourdes, is not so interesting as the rest of the volume, which relates the author's own experiences. He describes in glowing words the Feast of Corpus Christi at Lourdes, with its impressive *procession aux flambleaux;* explains the difference between the *Brancardiers* and the *Hospitaliers;* tells us of the scientific accuracy of Dr. Boissarie and his *Bureau des Constatations;* gives in detail the cures of Augusta de Muynck, Marie Bailly, Aurélie Huprelle, Joachine Dehant, Leonie Lévêque, and others; refutes the false theories of modern rationalists in regard to the miracles at Lourdes, and sets forth clearly the utter dishonesty of Zola's book.

His theology is not always the best, although his meaning is always evident. He says, for instance: "Christian doctrines about the Trinity, about the Virgin Birth of Jesus, His Resurrection, His Ascension, are rejected by many because they are unthinkable. This is true, they are unthinkable....." Many a modern philosopher has fallen into this same mistake. It is incorrect to call a thing unthinkable, simply because it cannot be pictured by the imagination. Again he seems to have imbibed some of the pessimism of that erratic genius Huysmans, for he asserts that "Catholic art has become a thing of the past; that everyone who has talent is enrolling himself among the enemies of Christ; that the powers of darkness are now supreme in the world; that Father Benson's *Lord of the World* confirmed him in his gloomy views," etc.

The book is beautifully printed and illustrated, and remarkably cheap.

JESUS CHRIST, HIS LIFE, HIS PASSION, HIS TRIUMPH. By Very Rev. Augustine Berthe, C.SS.R. From the French by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.75 net.

Père Berthe first became known to English readers through his *Life* of Garcia Moreno, the martyred President of Ecuador, in which he depicted a heroic soldier of Christ.

Now he presents us with a *Life* of Jesus Christ. Surely it is not chance, but rather a providence of God, that the nation which

produced Renan, with his rationalistic *Vie de Jésus,* should also have given us the serene faith of Fouard, the glowing ardor of Didon, and the devout simplicity of Berthe—three chivalrous, loyal knights of Christ springing to the defence of their beloved Master, Whose Divine claim was assailed by their unworthy countryman.

This *Life* of Christ was written for the instruction and edification of the devout faithful; to be the daily reading of the family circle. "Then," exclaimed the devout author, "France would soon again become the most Christian nation, and the cherished daughter of the Church."

We have no lack of books on this sacred subject, but each gives a different view of our Divine Saviour. The book under consideration lays special emphasis on Christ as the Teacher of Truth; the unceasing struggle between truth and error; the blind hatred of Jesus the Eternal Truth, which possessed His enemies—a hatred which pursued Him to Calvary and the tomb.

With no discussion, and but few notes, the narrative moves on in a calm simplicity that captivates the reader. The translation on the whole reads smoothly, though there are lapses into French idioms, an odd choice of words, and faulty constructions. Occasionally, the language lacks the dignity required for a sacred subject. The translator, as well as the writer, is evidently French. Had he used either the Douay or some recognized translation of Scripture, many passages would have been avoided which, although literally correct, are, to say the least, quite unfamiliar as Scripture.

LOUIS PASTEUR. By Albert Keim and Louis Lumet. Translated from the French by Frederick Taber Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75 cents.

Louis Pasteur well deserves a place in the *Great Men Series,* now being published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. As Lister said in his speech at the Pasteur Jubilee in 1892:

> There is no one living in the entire world to whom surgical science owes so much as to you. Your researches in regard to fermentations have shed a powerful light that has illumined the fatal darkness of surgery, and changed the treatment of wounds from a matter of empiricism, uncertain, and too often disastrous, to a scientific art of assured beneficence..... Medicine is indebted, no less than surgery, to your profound and philosophic studies. You have lifted the veil which for

centuries had overhung infectious diseases. You have discovered and demonstrated their microbic nature. Thanks to your initiative, and in many cases to your special and personal labors, there are already a number of these pernicious disorders which to-day we completely understand.

Huxley said that Pasteur's discoveries concerning the prevention of grape diseases and the improved manufacture of wine, beer, and vinegar were worth the five billion ransom of France. His vaccine for special diseases of cattle alone saved France thirty million francs a year. His cure of hydrophobia has merited the gratitude of thousands of patients.

This greatest scientist of his age, remained always the devout Breton peasant, absolutely loyal to the faith of his fathers.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE ON CIVILIZATION. By Ernst Von Dobschütz, Professor of the New Testament in the University of Halle-Wittenberg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

If this book were to be presented as a doctorate thesis in a Catholic university, it would be rejected as the work of a careless, inaccurate student, even had its orthodoxy been unimpeachable. It is full of what Josh Billings used to call "the things that ain't so." He holds the oft-refuted theory that the early Christian views on marriage, divorce, and slavery were influenced to a large extent by the Stoa; he calls St. Jerome "an actor who knew how to pose;" he asserts that the mediæval Popes quoted the Bible only "for the sake of appearances;" he has the mediæval Church improve the Psalter by slight interpolations; he speaks of the obligatory following of the Commandments and the free following of the counsels of Christ, as "a double morality;" he attributes a nonconformist tendency to the Franciscan movement, shrewdly "turned into an instrument of ecclesiastical policy;" he makes mysticism creedless, and scholasticism guilty of an adulteration of Christianity.

He speaks of Queen Mary of England as Bloody Mary, and ascribes to Galileo the eighteenth century fable of the *E pur si muove;* he caluminates the Jesuits for criticizing the genuineness and historical value of the Bible, etc.

His main thesis—repeated verbatim at least three times—is that the Bible is not a textbook of theology and controversies, nor an authoritative proof of doctrine, but a book for Christian devotion. He tells us that "there are as many doctrines in the Bible

itself as men who wrote the several books of the Bible or even more." "St. Paul," for example, "has not one doctrine of the Atonement, but half a dozen theories about it." As in his viewpoint the writers do not agree in doctrine, "the (Protestant) Church has to formulate a doctrine that keeps to the main line of religious development, and permits a modern adaptation of the several modes in which religious experience is expressed." What does the author mean? He himself declares "that this seems vague, but it is the path which Christianity is bound to follow, and it promises success."

We were going to find fault with the translator for his very poor rendering of the German text, but we found on consulting the preface that the author himself is responsible. There are a number of misprints, *v. g.*, "Crumwell" for Cromwell, "Gaiseric" for Genseric, etc.

But at least the author denies the old-time Protestant myth of Luther's rediscovery of the Bible at the monastery in Erfurt.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN IRELAND. By Philip Wilson. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. $3.25 net.

Mr. Wilson proposes to write a history of the conquest of Ireland during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his three successors. For he believes that this period forms "a complete and self-contained chapter of Irish history." The present work extends only to the accession of Elizabeth, but a second volume is in preparation which continues the narrative to the close of the Tudor period.

The writer quotes continually from original authorities such as the State Papers published by the Record Commission (1832-1851); the Carew manuscripts, calendared by Brewer and Bullen (1867-1873); the *Calendar of Patent Rolls* edited by James Morrin (1861-1862); the *Calendar of Fiants,* etc. He frequently cites Spencer's *View of the State of Ireland;* Sir John Davie's *Discovery of the True Causes Why Ireland was Never Subdued;* Moryson's *Itinerary;* Stanihurst's *Chronicle;* Stafford's *Pacata Hibernia;* Ware's *Annals of Ireland;* and among later writers acknowledges his indebtedness to Froude's *History of England,* Richey's *Short History of the Irish People,* and Bagwell's *Ireland Under the Tudors.*

Such an array of authorities prepares us at the outset for a scholarly treatment of this period of Irish history, but our author is too full of anti-Catholic prejudice to write objective history.

CONFERENCE MATTER FOR RELIGIOUS. Compiled by Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. With an Introduction by Very Rev. T. P. Brown, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.50 net.

These conferences are compiled chiefly from two sources, *Sentences, Leçons, Avis du Pere Champagnat,* and *L'École de Perfection Religieuse* of Rev. H. Clement, C.SS.R. About a dozen conferences have been written by the compiler. Religious will find these two volumes full of useful and practical matter for spiritual reading, and priests called upon to give retreats will also find them suggestive and helpful. The educational conferences which Father Brown commends so highly, may be suited to the French boy, who possibly needs more supervision in certain matters than his more robust and pure American or English brother.

PENTATEUCHAL STUDIES. By Harold M. Wiener, M.A. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $2.00.

This volume comprises some two dozen articles, written for *The Bibliotheca Sacra* by Mr. Wiener, one of the ablest opponents of the documentary theory. In *The Irish Theological Quarterly* last October Father Pope made use of some of the evidence gathered by Mr. Wiener, who has made a special study of the relations between the Massoretic Text and the Septuagint. The book is a sequel to the author's *Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism,* which has been already reviewed a few years ago in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Although we do not commit ourselves to all the views of this interesting critic, the book certainly deserves serious study.

NOTES ON POLITICS AND HISTORY. A University Address. By Viscount Morley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

This volume is the amplification of an address delivered last year by Lord Morley before the University of Manchester, of which he is Chancellor. It is brimful of questionable statements, which, of course, he was not called upon to prove in a brief oratorical outburst.

We fail to see how self-government was saved by three small communities, Holland, Switzerland, and Scotland; we find in Rousseau rather the father of modern anarchistic theories than the precursor of modern conceptions of social justice; we do not accept M. Aulard's estimate of Taine, since the critics of late have set forth his own untrustworthiness; we do not believe the achievement of Italian unity to be the greatest fact in European history since the

Peace of Westphalia; we do not hesitate to decide whether or not Socialism can be the assured key to progress; we were unaware of De Maistre's "poor opinion of mankind, and his hatred of all individual claim;" nor do we think the motives of Bismarck's Kulturkampf obscure. It would take a volume as long as Mr. Morley's address to discuss adequately the many theses set forth in this interesting but superficial essay.

THE FLYING INN. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co. $1.30 net.

Chesterton is at his best in this tale of wild and rollicking humor. All his pet theories and all his well-known hatreds figure on every page. Dalroy and Pump travel about England, evading in the most impossible and improbable way the lately-passed law abolishing the tavern. Incidentally Chesterton denounces the stupidity of teetotalers; the impossibility of pacificism; the insincerity of modern journalism; the contradictions of the higher criticism; the folly of vegetarianism; the stupid craze for Eastern philosophy; the buncombe of Parliaments, and the insanity of the futurists.

ONE YEAR OF PIERROT. By the Mother of Pierrot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

An idyll of a mother's love for her first-born! If it be true that all the world loves a lover, it seems likewise true that all the world loves a mother, enraptured by the possession of her first-born. At least this was the experience of the mother of Pierrot. All of her little world loved her in, and for, her Pierrot. Truly she was a selfless being, who realizing solely the halo cast about her by the dignity of her motherhood, seems to have lost her own identity in that of her baby monarch.

The authoress, in her charming impersonation of the mother of Pierrot, has been so successful as to make art appear nature. The naïve simplicity with which she assumes her rôle, recounts her experiences, lives and breathes in an atmosphere of true-hearted, refined, yet peasant life, is the perfection of art. The devoted friends of her Pierrot are worthy of her; the best in them is evolved by the innocent child, and the unconscious beauty of the mother-love. There are a few touches which might be dispensed with, but nowhere has romance tempted to unreality, or the natural been sacrificed to artificiality.

BEYOND THE ROAD TO ROME. Compiled and Edited by Georgina Pell Curtis. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.75 net.

Many a Protestant friend has said to a new convert to the Catholic Church: "I will grant that you are contented now in the first fervor of your conversion. But wait until the glamor disappears; your heart will then long to return to the Church of your parents." An Anglican said once to the reviewer that he felt sure that Cardinal Newman longed to return to the Church of England, once he understood the real *ethos* of Rome, only his pride prevented him. He still thinks this, despite the earnest words wherewith the Cardinal repudiated this calumny.

Miss Curtis has gathered together a number of testimonies of converts, all speaking eloquently of the peace and satisfaction that awaits every convert "Beyond the Road to Rome."

Such a book is invaluable to the seeker after the truth, for he sees clearly how the Church appeals to men and women who have fought the great fight for principle which he himself is now waging.

THE SHADOW OF PETER. By Herbert E. Hall, M.A. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 70 cents.

The name of the author is familiar to Catholics, as one, who, having wandered in the desert of doubt and uncertainty, has happily reached the "City set on a hill."

In *The Shadow of Peter,* we have an admirably logical summary of the chief difficulties met by the majority of converts: and what charms us most is the delicate charity shown by the author, who has painfully threaded his way through these same paths. Here the seeker of truth, in this convincing little volume, has left the clue, and we feel assured that many a pilgrim will bless his labors and his name, which is the reward he looks for in this publication.

THE LIFE OF THE SERVANT OF GOD, GEMMA GALGANI. By Father Germanus of St. Stanislaus, C.P. Translated by Rev. A. M. O'Sullivan, O.S.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.80 net.

GEMMA GALGANI: A CHILD OF THE PASSION. By Philip Coghlan, C.P. London: R. and T. Washbourne.

The Abbot Gasquet in his introduction to Father Germanus' *Life* of Gemma Galgani says: "I do not know of the life of any saint in any age of the Church which has brought home the super-

natural to my mind more plainly and fully than this life of Gemma Galgani." She was the daughter of a fairly well-to-do chemist in the village of Camigliano, near Lucca, in Tuscany. Although her whole life was spent in the world, she was from her earliest years attracted in an extraordinary way to things of a spiritual nature, and was soon raised to the greatest heights of contemplative prayer. A few years before her death in 1903 she bore the marks of the Stigmata in her hands, feet and side. Witnesses testify also to her suffering on many occasions a sweat of blood similar to our Saviour's, and to her bearing on her flesh the most extraordinary marks of our Lord's sufferings, such as those of the terrible scourging at the pillar. Father Germanus, her confessor and first biographer, is well known as the promoter of the beatification of the Venerable Gabriel of the Addolorata.

Father Coghlan, the Passionist, has written an excellent abridgment of the original work of Father Germanus.

PRIESTLY PRACTICE. Familiar Essays on Clerical Topics. By Arthur Barry O'Neill. Notre Dame, Ind.: University Press. $1.00.

Father O'Neill's words of advice to young priests appeared first in a series of articles in *The Ecclesiastical Review.* In a kindly common-sense way he tells how to preach efficiently, how to act as book censor, how to read with profit, how to say the Breviary and Mass devoutly, how to avoid ennui, and profit by leisure time, how to take care of their health, etc. We notice that he agrees with Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco in declaring: "Happy the priest with several harmless hobbies, and woe to the cleric who is too listless or too lazy to enjoy the riding of even one. Hobbies often serve as virtue's safeguards, and they are sovereign remedies against sloth."

THE OLD TESTAMENT PHRASE BOOK. By Louise Emery Tucker. $1.00 net.

READINGS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. Arranged and Edited by Louise Emery Tucker. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.

The first of these volumes brings together in a convenient form the more striking of the shorter passages of the Old Testament and the more illuminating of its similes, metaphors and descriptive phrases, and classifies them for the most effective use in class-room

work in English. The second volume arranges in order some of the longer selections, such as nature descriptions, pictures of pastoral and court life, character studies, word pictures of war, festal hymns, and devotional passages. Both of these volumes are well calculated to develop in the student an appreciation of the literary beauties of the Sacred Scriptures.

POEMS. By Sister M. Blanche of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.00.

Sister M. Blanche has just published a volume of verses, most of which appeared originally in the pages of *The Ave Maria*. These poems are full of thought and devotion, delicately and beautifully expressed.

IN THE HEART OF THE MEADOW, AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: William Briggs. $1.00.

Judge Longley of Halifax in his foreword says that "Canadian poetry has been well sustained during the past twenty-five years by a Roberts, a Carman, a Campbell, a Scott, a Service, and a Drummond;" but he seems to have little idea of either the superiority or the greater number proportionally of American poets of that same period. What about the merits of Father Tabb, Maurice Francis Egan, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Eugene Field, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Edmund Clarence Stedman, James Whitcomb Riley, Louise Imogen Guiney, Emily Dickinson, and Emily Hickey, to mention only a few? We are willing to grant that Mr. O'Hagan's poems are easily understood, but they are lacking in beauty of form, individuality and depth of feeling.

THROUGH AN ANGLICAN SISTERHOOD TO ROME. By A. H. Bennett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

Miss Bennett writes a kindly appreciation of her experiences in an Anglican Sisterhood, and clearly brings out the sincerity of these amateur aspirants after perfection. Her soul was naturally Catholic, for we find her praying frequently before our Lady's Altar in the Catholic Church long before her conversion. She was honest to the core, and found it hard to realize how certain of her friends could call the Catholic Church the Italian Mission, while at the same time appropriating all the Church's devotions, and taking her services as a model. The Brighton Crisis with its conversions helped her to realize the utter lack of authority in the Anglican

Church, and though she hesitated for a time, owing to her love for its services and a dislike for certain details in the Catholic Church, she at last realized that Rome alone possessed the divine authority established on earth by Jesus Christ.

She tells us that the rule of her Anglican community was harder than the average modern woman could keep, without a good deal of physical strain; that most of the clergy and laity thought the religious life evidently a mistake; that the divergent views of the clergy on convents developed in her mind a lack of confidence in the clergy in general; that before profession the community lawyer was called in to persuade the novices to make their wills; that she was in the community but never "of it;" that for a long time she was afraid to question the position of the Anglican Church for fear of losing the faith she already possessed; that vicars might disobey their bishops and yet be considered loyal Church officials, etc. A final chapter gives an interesting account of the Anglican Benedictine Nuns of Malling Abbey, who came over to Rome soon after the Bishop of Oxford sent his ultimatum to the Monks of Caldey.

THE FOUR GATES. By Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00.

Most of the poems of the present volume have already appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, *The Sacred Heart Review, America, The Ave Maria, The American Ecclesiastical Review,* and *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* Their study reveals Father Garesché's chief interests, the love of nature, the love of the Blessed Virgin, the Saints, and the love of God. While lacking the lyrical genius of Father Tabb, his suggestive and imaginative lines show talent of no mean order.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE CATECHISM. By Dr. M. Gatterer, S.J., and Dr. F. Krus, S.J. Translated from the Second German edition by Rev. J. B. Culemans. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. $1.75 net.

This volume, written primarily for seminarians, covers in detail the whole field of catechetical work. After an introductory chapter on its importance, the authors give an excellent historical outline of catechetics from the days of the primitive Church.

Part II. on catechetical instruction treats of the purpose, history and quality of the Catechism; the teaching of Bible and

Church history; the study of the liturgy; the singing of hymns; the true method of teaching, presentation and explanation, etc.

Part III. discusses catechetical education or training of the heart. Part IV. on special catechetics deals with the Catechism lesson in itself; the children's prayers, and the special instructions on the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Eucharist and Confirmation. This is by far the best book we have in English on the fundamental principles of the art and science of catechization.

THE FITNESS OF THE ENVIRONMENT. By Lawrence J. Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The substance of this book was part of a college course, delivered last year by Professor Henderson to his students of biological chemistry in Harvard College. He states his thesis as follows: "Fitness of environment is quite as essential a component as the fitness which arises in the process of organic evolution; and in fundamental characteristics the actual environment is the fittest possible abode of life."

The professor is perfectly reliable when he sets forth the facts of chemistry, but he seems to realize himself the failure of his ventures into what he calls "the foreign field of metaphysics." Like many of his confrères, he arrives at the negation of vitalism and says, "we are obliged to conclude that all metaphysical teleology is to be banished from the whole domain of natural science."

STUDIES IN STAGECRAFT. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

The author's *Theory of the Theatre* deals chiefly with principles inherited by the drama of to-day from the drama of the past; in the present volume, the author pays especial attention to present-day drama, showing what it may bequeath to the drama of the future. In his opening chapter, Mr. Hamilton admits the inferiority of the modern playwright, for he says:

> Formerly plays were written in verse or polished prose; nowadays they must be written for the most part in casual, drifting colloquialisms. People do not actually talk in verse; neither do they talk in formal prose, and it has therefore become the leading literary merit of our latter-day drama to present its dialogue divested of all literary turns of phrase.. ....The modern playwright must rely more upon his visual imagination than upon his literary skill, and must be able to conceive his narrative as a drift of moving pictures.

This does not speak very highly of either our "perfect craftsmanship," or of our twentieth century culture.

Mr. Hamilton brings out clearly the predominance to-day of the stage-director, who practically dictates to both actor and playwright. He points out honestly the defects of modern stage-direction, viz., it insists too much on details; it imposes an unnecessary expense upon the business manager; and is inartistic, because unimaginative. Mr. David Belasco is its best exponent in America, and though a painstaking worker, his effects are rather photographic than artistic in the best sense.

The author takes issue with that veteran dramatic critic, Mr. Winter, who has so severely castigated the present-day drama in his book, *Other Days*. We certainly cannot agree with Mr. Hamilton in his plea for Brieux's *Les Avariés*. Such plays are not productive of good. Like many a modern, he seems to think that the mere presentation of vice in all its enormity upon the stage is sufficient to teach its heinousness, and that morality is inculcated by showing the consequences of debauchery. He asserts finally that we have in America to-day no dramatic critics of the first rank, and that our newspapers and magazines do not even aim at fulfilling the rôle of true and honest appreciation.

THE CRANBERRY CLAIMANTS. By Rosa Mulholland. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 50 cents.

This is not a cranberry patch seeking an owner, but an estate in Sussex; the claimants are a little girl from America with an irascible aunt; a young nephew with a redoubtable uncle; and lastly a gentleman who is popularly supposed to have been eaten up by bears. The two first named divide the sympathies and allegiance of the villagers, while their respective guardians keep the countryside in an uproar, until the climax is reached, which climax our boys and girls will do well to find out for themselves.

AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND. $1.50.

THE PRINCESS AND CURDIE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cents net.

Here are two of George MacDonald's delightful stories, simplified for the little folks by Elizabeth Lewis, and illustrated in color by Maria L. Kirk.

The hero, a little boy named Diamond, has learned from his

friend, the North Wind, some wonderful secrets, one of which was that "enduring bad things is often just a way for bringing good things about;" and that, "when things look bad, they are often working out all right." Diamond himself, Manny, Jim, and Baby are all worth knowing, and may perhaps share some more of their secrets with other little boys and girls who sail with the North Wind above the stars.

Curdie, the son of Peter the Miner, becomes the protégé of the Lady of the Silver Moon, who sends him to the palace of Gwyntystorm to save the King from the plotting of his enemies. After a series of wonderful adventures, he manages with the help of Lina, the magic dog, and his forty-nine strange animals to put to flight the rascally attendants of the King and the whole army of the King of Borsa-Grass. Of course in the end he marries the Princess Irene, and on the death of her father becomes king himself.

Every child of eight or nine will read this exciting fairy story with the greatest delight.

POLLY DAY'S ISLAND. By Isabel J. Roberts. New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.

One feels inclined to envy the boys and girls for whom this story is reserved. Given a shipyard for home, real hydroplanes, and boats of every description for toys, land and water for element, stirring events are a certainty. The shipyard fair, too, is a revelation of what little people can devise and little hands accomplish when guided by hearty good will. Over it all there is the atmosphere of a thoroughly Catholic home, and the watchful care of parents whose one thought is for the children whom God has entrusted to them.

THE QUEST OF ADVENTURE. By Mary E. Mannix. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents.

Two little boys set out on this quest, and they do not need to go far in their search. Friends old and young are made, and kept; rivers crossed, trees felled, and a host of discoveries and experiences lived through. The name of the author is a guarantee of a good story, and young folks will not be disappointed in their expectations.

STANDARD BEARERS OF THE FAITH. A Series of Lives of the Saints for Children. London: James Brodie & Co. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents each.

The Life of St. Ignatius Loyola. By F. A. Forbes. No better choice could have been made for a beginning to lead off this new series of *Lives of the Saints for Children* than St. Ignatius. A standard-bearer of the Faith, indeed, was the Soldier Saint, and we think it a title that would have well pleased him. The hearts of children will be won by the story of his heroic life. The author knows well how to tell a story, and how to appeal to children. Especially would we commend the simple, lucid account of the *Spiritual Exercises.* The illustrations are good and well chosen.

The Life of St. Columba, Apostle of Scotland, by F. A. Forbes. The standard bearer of Christ to the Western Isles, the great St. Columba, has been chosen for the second study in this series. Fortunate, indeed, are the youthful readers who thus begin their acquaintance and friendship with their elder brothers and sisters among the heroes of God. The grand courage of Columba in accepting the lifelong penance of his impulsive and passionate act, will win admirers and lovers amid all who can recognize a hero—and what boy or girl cannot?

St. Catherine of Siena, by F. A. Forbes. St. Catherine is the third in the series, and her work of standard bearing was carried out in a restless and warring age. The story of the little maid, whose mother was wont to lend her to the sad at heart, that her smile might comfort their woes, challenges interest with the apostolic careers of an Ignatius or a Columba. Catherine in the midst of her little family of disciples, simple, devoted, zealous, and sympathetic even with the most degraded, instinctively leads others to that love of Holy Church which burned so strongly in her own heart: and not the least merit of this little volume is that the author shows plainly the loyalty and tact of the Saint in her delicate tasks. Always and everywhere Catherine, like Teresa, is the devoted daughter of Holy Mother Church.

If Catholic parents and educators do not hasten to place this series in the hands of their children, they are certainly losing an excellent opportunity of implanting virtue in youthful minds. Every effort has been made to make these volumes attractive.

Written in a simple and charming style, illustrated with copies of good frescoes and paintings, they cannot fail to captivate young people as well as older ones. A complaint has often been heard against the price of Catholic literature. This can have no place here. Indeed the marvel is that these volumes can be published at so reasonable a price.

FRED CARMODY, PITCHER. By Hugh S. Blunt. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 85 cents net.

This is an excellent story, the interest of which centres about the National Game. Fred Carmody is the typical boy hero, Harkins the typical boy villain, and Father Campbell the typical college prefect. All misunderstandings are cleared up in the closing chapter, the wicked Harkins apologizing to the hero for all his meanness.

IN *The Children's Hour of Heaven on Earth* (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 45 cents), Father McNabb has written a brief explanation and commentary of six exquisite child poems by Francis Thompson, S. Baring-Gould, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Wilfrid Meynell, and Father Tabb.

AS its title implies this book *Watching an Hour, A Book for the Blessed Sacrament,* by Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents), consists of exercises of devotion for the Holy Hour. The spread of this devout practice through the Eucharistic propaganda makes this little volume very acceptable as an aid to the profitable use of such a time of grace.

THE needs of children are well looked after nowadays, and the devotedness of Father Roche to their interests is too well known to need recommendation. His latest work, *A Child's Prayers to Jesus* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 30 cents net), will, if the author's advice be followed, lead the little ones to a real friendship with Jesus as the Divine Guest of their souls.

TO all appearances *The Mill on the Creek,* by Frederick Thomas (New York: The Broadway Publishing Co.), is the work of a novice in the art of story-writing. The language is stilted; the sentences often inverted, and too long; the moral reflections too

abundant and too obtrusive, thereby obscuring the story, which in itself is an interesting and adventurous one. The title chosen resembles too closely that of a well-known book to be in any way distinctive.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Paroles d'Encouragement. By Abbé Ferdinand Million. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1 *fr.*) The Abbé Million has collected some fifty passages from the letters of St. Francis de Sales which encourage the devout soul in the pursuit of religious perfection, and the patient acceptance of sickness, sorrow or death.

La Vita Scientifica. By Sac. Camillo Balzano. (Naples: Stabilimento Tipografico M. d'Auria. 5 *lire.*) This book is a refutation of an article that appeared some time ago in the *Medicina Internazionale* upholding pure materialism, and setting aside altogether vitalism and the traditional psychology.

La Vie Intime du Catholique. By Abbé J. V. Bainvel. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 1 *fr.* 25.) The well-known professor of the Catholic Institute in Paris has written a treatise on the essence of Catholicism, bringing out clearly the Catholic's worship of Jesus Christ, his love for the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, and his loyalty to the Church. He shows that while the religion of Protestantism is fundamentally individualistic and only social in some of its effects and manifestations, the life of the Catholic is essentially social, even in the direct relation of his soul with God.

De Vera Religione et Apologetica. By Abbé J. V. Bainvel. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 3 *frs.*) This theological treatise is divided into two parts. Part I. deals with apologetics, the author discussing the chief philosophical and religious tendencies of our time, the nature, object and method of apologetics, and giving a brief historical sketch of the science. Part II. treats of religion and revelation, the divinity of Christ's mission, and the divine authority of the Catholic Church. The author's treatment is clear, detailed, and accurate. A complete and up-to-date bibliography accompanies each section of this work.

Enchiridion Patristicum. By M. J. Rouet de Journel, S.J. (St Louis: B. Herder. $2.60 net.) This is a new and enlarged edition of the well-known *Patristric Enchiridion* of the Abbé de Journel, reviewed some time ago in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In this edition, the author has added about thirty additional texts of Nestorius, Theodore of Mopsuestia, and St. Leontius of Byzantium. A number of errata in the old edition have been emended according to the latest critical editions; the theological index has been gone over; and alterations have been made in the dates ascribed to many of the works quoted. It will prove invaluable to the ecclesiastical student.

L'Origine Subcosciente dei Fatti Mistici. By Rev. Agostino Gemelli. (Florence: Libreria Editrice Fiorentina.) This is the third edition of Father Gemelli's well-known philosophical treatise on the subconscious origin of mysticism. He refutes in a thorough and scholarly manner the modern theory which pretends to account for the facts of Catholic mysticism, and sets forth clearly the Catholic position. He has added to his new edition a very complete bibliography.

Foreign Periodicals.

Catholicism in Geneva. By Albert Vogt. The Reformation in Switzerland took hold at Geneva in 1535 with the preaching of Farel, Froment, and Viret, and Catholicism practically died out. The French Ambassador in 1679, however, dared to possess a public chapel, wherein about fifteen hundred people, many of whom were Savoyards, heard Mass. About 1798 the Sardinian Minister opened a second chapel, and some eighteen children a year were baptized there. Skepticism and immorality lessened the hold of the Reformed Churches, and some of the more earnest minded looked back to former conditions. Many priests and *emigrés* fled to Geneva from France during the Revolution, and some succeeded in remaining hid there in spite of the persecution under Soulavie. In 1795, at the point of the sword, Geneva was annexed to France, and in 1799 there came the priest, M. Jean-François Vuarin, who was to restore the religious life and the public position of the Catholics in that city. Practically alone, until 1816, with untiring energy of voice and pen, he worked for the welfare of the Church and country, and he deserves a remembrance in this year, when Geneva is celebrating the centenary of her entrance into the Swiss Confederacy.—*Le Correspondant,* July 10.

Modern Greece. By André Chéradame. The real creator of modern Greece is the Prime Minister Venezelos, called to power during the revolution of 1909. His clear mind, uprightness, and moderation have won him respect and confidence, except amongst a party too elated by recent Grecian successes. The present extent of territory is 116,000 square kilometers; the population, four and a quarter millions. Plans are now on foot to increase the army from two hundred and sixty to five hundred thousand; there are now strained relations between the general staff and the French military advisers. England, through Admiral Kerr, has directed the navy, and though he considered that a fleet of small torpedo boats would best defend the coasts of Greece, the party favoring offensive tactics has forced the purchase of three Dreadnoughts and many other large ships.

A new railroad from Larissa to Guida, ninety-six kilometers long, is expected to be of great financial advantage; it will reduce the time from Athens to Paris from one hundred to sixty hours, and shorten, to a great extent, the journey by sea to Egypt. The budget must, however, be so much increased this year that there will be a deficit of one hundred and seventy-seven million drachmas, and in three or four years the national debt will be about two thousand five hundred millions. The financial situation at Salonika is seriously crippled; bitter feelings exist towards Italy, Turkey, and Bulgaria, but otherwise the external relations of Greece are excellent. The policy of King Constantine and M. Venezelos is one of organization, and it will be the more fruitful the longer the collaboration of these two men shall continue.—*Le Correspondant,* July 25.

The Month (August): Rev. Sydney F. Smith comments briefly on the meetings of the Fifth Annual Catholic Congress at Cardiff, noting particularly the Eucharistic devotion and Bishop Hedley's paper, the appeal for foreign missions, and the Catholic Social Guild's attitude toward Socialism.——Continuing his study of *The Campaign of Slander Against Catholic South America,* A. Hilliard Atteridge cites statistics to show that Catholicism is not only the State religion of the ten Republics, but is a living power for good, becoming more and more widely effective.——A. F. Trotter writes *On Incense Ingredients as Used in Oriental and Hebraic Rites.*——Rev. Herbert Thurston prints part of a paper read at the Cardiff Congress on *The Ritual of Holy Communion,* particularly noting the early custom of receiving the Blessed Sacrament in the hand or on a white cloth, the administration under one kind, the kissing of the bishop's ring, and the changes in the words spoken by the celebrant.——Rev. Dominic Devas, O.F.M., begins to trace the history of *The Franciscan Order and Its Branches.*

The Tablet (July 11): Father Thurston, S.J., vigorously attacks Mr. Trotman's appendix to the Catholic Library's reissue of *The Triumphs over Death,* by the Ven. Robert Southwell, S.J. Mr. Trotman claims that the real author of the Shakespearean plays, and of Father Southwell's longest and best known poem, *St. Peter's Complaint,* was really one John Trussell, whom Mr. Trotman believes Father Southwell constituted his literary executor. This idea Father Thurston dubs "a pure hypothesis without a shred of

fact to support it." He qualifies as "part of the same preposterous theory," Mr. Trotman's view that "no other than Father Southwell himself inspired the famous sonnets whose "'onlie begetter' has hitherto been known to fame as 'Mr. W. H.'" The monogram, W. M. S. E. R., found on the title-page of an edition of *St. Peter's Complaint,* is shown to refer not to William Shakespeare, but to William Seres, the publisher.——The full text of the address on *Reasons for Cheerfulness,* in the future of the Interdenominational Conference of Social Service Unions, by Father Charles Plater, S.J.

(July 18): The Cardinal Archbishop's plea in favor of foreign missions; that of the Bishop of Newport on *The Blessed Sacrament and Catholic Unity;* and quotations from many other papers and sermons read and delivered at the Cardiff Congress.——The German Emperor has presented an exact fac-simile of the *Labarum* of Constantine to the Holy Father, to be placed in the new Basilica of the Holy Cross. The design is by the famous archæologist, Monsignor Wilpert, and the work by the Benedictines of Maria-Laach. Besides this new basilica, Rome is to have two new churches, and several parishes are to be reorganized.

(July 25): A letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State gives Papal approval to Cardinal Bourne's desire for "a wise and gradual growth of the episcopate" in England. A capital of fifty thousand pounds would be required to start five new dioceses.——The Bishop of Sebastopolis, in an article in *The Catholic Review,* gives fervent utterance to his belief that the stars are inhabited, each "with its own suitable inhabitants."——The sermon of the Bishop of Clifton at the Downside Centenary.——By a *Motu Proprio* the Holy Father grants forever to the Benedictine College of St. Anselmo the right to confer academic degrees in philosophy, theology, and canon law. This privilege had already been conceded orally by Leo XIII., founder of this college. Pope Pius orders here, as elsewhere in Italy, the use of the text of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa* in theology.——Description of a ceremony in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament of San Francesco, Siena. Since 1730 Particles of the Sacred Host have been preserved there intact in a ciborium with a crystal cover. Their perfect condition was verified on the eve of Corpus Christi by Monsignor Scaccia, Archbishop of Siena.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (August): Darley Dale contributes a brief sketch of Herrada of Landsberg, elected Abbess of Hohenburg in 1167, and particularly of her work called *Garden of De-*

lights. This volume, intended for the use of her novices, was a sort of encyclopedia, dealing with divers matters, from theology to agriculture, but most remarkable for the six hundred and thirty-six illustrations by the Abbess. Copies remain, but the original was destroyed at the burning of the Strasburg Library in 1870.——W. M. Kennedy gives an appreciation of Mr. R. Dunlap's new study of *Ireland Under the Commonwealth,* and, while praising the author's sincerity of purpose and effort at fairness, considers that he has not adequately grasped the religious problem involved in Ireland's opposition to England.

Le Correspondant (July 10): André Chéradame devotes a long article to internal and foreign relations of Servia; the Vicar-General of Versailles contributes personal reminiscences of the late Archduke Ferdinand, added to in an anonymous article; and Pierre de Chadalen gives some personal notes on the new heir presumptive, Archduke Charles.——Claudius Grillet reviews the spiritist experiences of Victor Hugo and their influence on his life and poetry.

(July 25): Amédée Britsch reviews the career of Charles-Joseph, Prince de Ligne, a cosmopolitan courtier, who died in Vienna in 1814.——The French books in six Canadian libraries, in Quebec, Ottawa, and Montreal, numbering about seven hundred and seventy thousand volumes, besides pamphlets, help to maintain, thinks Louis Arnould, the present situation, which promises well for France.——Alfred Marquiset devotes an article to the rise and fall of one Fouchard, who, assuming various titles such as General Dubourg and Count Dubourg-Butler, actually governed Paris for six hours during the Revolution of 1830 until the arrival of Lafayette, and who spent the closing twenty-one years of his life in boasts, complaints, and futile military and agricultural plans.——The letters of Jules Ferry, reviewed by de Lanzac de Laborie, cast a vivid light on the policy of the man who from 1846-1893 did so much to promote the colonial empire of France and to injure the Church.——Max Turmann summarizes "the successive opinions and attitudes of Socialists with regard to coöperation" in France, Germany, Belgium, and England.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (July 1): *Conversion and the Subconscious Mind,* by Theodore Mainage. Father Mainage ex-

amines Professor James' theories regarding conversion in his *Varieties of Religious Experiences.* Conversion, according to James, is not due to any exterior influences, to the gift of grace from God, but rather to the influence of the subconscious mind. The convert who thinks himself dominated by some exterior force, deceives himself, his state is purely subjective. If Professor James' theories are true, how account for such conversions as those of St. Paul, P. Alphonse Marie-Ratisbonne, in which the conversion was too sudden for any action of the subconscious mind. The cases of Jörgensen, Elizabeth Seton, Father Hecker, and many others show that the facts in these conversions contradict James' theories.——*Concerning Some Eliminatory Theories of Miracles,* by E. Bruneteau. The first of a series of articles on miracles, written with a view of demonstrating the falsity of the theories of such philosophers as Spinoza, Hume, Mill, Kant, etc. Miracles are the corner-stones of apologetics. Without miracles Christianity could only be proven by an accumulation of probabilities; with miracles Christianity is founded upon certainty. Spinoza endeavored to show four things regarding miracles. That they were impossible, useless, the reason why so many believed in them, and how a philosopher interprets the narratives of marvels. Spinoza, having defined God as a necessary Substance, Whose activity is regulated by necessary laws, logically denied the possibility of miracles. But his definition denying the personality and liberty of God is without proof. God is infinite, and not to be identified with changing bodies. He is not ruled by necessary laws; the miracles, then, recorded in Scripture are not impossible, nor useless, but part of the divine plan.——The series of articles on *The Use of Ecclesiastical Charity in the Middle Ages,* by J. Guiraud are concluded.

(July 15): *Brouage and Its Martyrs,* by Gabriel Aubray. A sketch of the heroic priests who, in 1792, while awaiting deportation to die in Guinea and Africa, after terrible tortures upon the prison boats, succumbed after eleven months at l'Ile Madame, the place of their last imprisonment, in the citadel. An oratory has recently been erected there, and this article is written apropos of its inauguration.——*The Catholic Liturgy of Dom. Festugière,* by Clement Besse. A critique of Dom Festugière's work upon the liturgy of the Church. Much has been written for and against the Benedictine's book, but all unite in admitting the interest of his views. The liturgy as source and cause of the religious life is an object of his special study. Another favorite theme of Dom Festugière's is

the value of the Divine Office considered from the social standpoint. A third is the liturgy as a method of the interior life. In his insistence on the greater value of the liturgy for mental prayer, M. Besse thinks his zeal has led to indiscretion, since he would substitute the liturgy in those communities in which meditation takes its place.

Études (July 5): Gonzague Mennesson shows by many quotations from St. Jerome's letters, how keen, persistent, and supernatural was the spirit of friendship manifested by one too often remembered only as having a stone in his hand and a stone for a heart.——Louis Chervoillot summarizes the novels and historical romances of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, who was born in Zurich in 1825, was almost constantly ill, adopted literature as a profession late in life, and died, crowned by astonishing popularity, in 1898. His novel, *Jürg Jenatsch,* had reached from 1876 to 1913 its one hundredth and eightieth edition, and yet his books are all filled with murders, poisonings, and unbridled passion. Meyer's mother drowned herself, and he became insane. Though he slighted his own poetry, it is his best title to immortality.

(July 20): Paul Delattre gives a long description of the battle of Bouvines, fought July 27, 1214, apropos of the seventh centenary of its occurrence. It has been called the first national event in French history. There Philip Augustus, thanks to the military skill of Frère Guerin, Bishop-elect of Senlis, defeated the coalition of Germany, England, and many French barons, established the Capetian dynasty, put France in the first rank among nations, assured the Magna Charta to England, and enabled the Pope to hold his long-projected Council of the Lateran.——Paul Dudon praises a new critical edition of the works of St. John of the Cross, made by Father Gerard, a Carmelite of Toledo.——Valère Fallon begins a careful consideration of the laws governing education in Belgium, now and for the past seventy years.——Louis Boule concludes a scientific discussion of "the elementary anatomical conditions of life."——Joseph Boubée pays a tribute to the late Archduke Ferdinand.

Revue Bénédictine (July): D. de Bruyne considers a fragment of a preface to a revision of the Book of Esther, made according to the Hebrew, and concludes that the revision was made not by Rufinus, but by St. Jerome. It is doubtful whether a manuscript

of this Hexapla version now exists.——Dom Morin publishes from his forthcoming volume of studies an article on *An Anti-Arian Compilation Issued Under the Name of St. Augustine,* and one on a treatise praising monastic life, composed by William Firmatus, who tried about 1100 to restore monasticism in northwestern France.——Dom Wilmart writes on *A Commentary on the Psalms, Ascribed to Rufinus,* whose author he declares for certain to be Letbert, Abbot of St. Ruf, about the year 1100.

Revue du Clergé Français (July 15): Claude Bouvier writes on *Vocations Among the Working Classes.*——L. Glorieux recalls the speeches and articles by Italian Catholics, which show how much alive the question of the independence of the Pope still is.——Charles Calippe describes the degradation of many of the workingmen and their ignorance, particularly of religion.——O. Jean shows in how many ways the material conditions of labor have improved, yet notes the widespread discontent of laborers.——The French Academy has recently established a prize for those who work for the diffusion of the French language outside of France. French has recently been adopted in Chili as the official language of the faculty of medicine, although Spanish is the language of the country.

Recent Events.

The War in Europe.

On the twenty-third of July the Austro-Hungarian government presented to the Royal government of Servia a note containing twelve demands, to which an answer was required within forty-eight hours. Within the appointed time Servia replied in terms which were almost abject in their character. It gave a formal assurance that it condemned every kind of propaganda against the Dual Monarchy. It agreed to publish a declaration expressing this condemnation on the front page of the Servian *Official Journal* of the following Sunday. This declaration, it was declared, should also express regret that the Servian officers and officials had participated in the anti-Austrian propaganda. The Servian propaganda, in compliance with the Austrian demands, promised to proceed with the utmost rigor against all who might be guilty of machinations, and this declaration would be simultaneously communicated by the King of Servia to his army, and published in the *Official Bulletin* of the army.

It even agreed to two demands of the most impudent character, namely, that all Servian publications which incited to hatred and contempt of Austria-Hungary should be suppressed, and that teachers and methods of education in Servia which tended to foment feeling against Austria-Hungary should be eliminated. Finally it agreed that a Society styled the *Narodna Obrana* (National Union) should be dissolved, and its means of propaganda confiscated. To Austria's demand that all officers guilty of propaganda against Austria-Hungary should be dismissed the service, coupled with the reservation to the Austro-Hungarian government of the right to communicate to Servia the names and doings of such officers and officials, Servia consented upon the condition that proof was offered of the guilt of such officers and officials.

As to the demand made by Austria, that representatives of its government should assist Servia in suppressing in Servia the movement directed against the territorial integrity of the Dual Monarchy, and should take part in the judicial proceedings in Servian territory against persons accessory to the Sarajévo crime, the Servian gov-

ernment replied that it could not be accepted, as it would be a violation of the Constitution and of the law of criminal procedure. To the last demand, that Servia should furnish the Austro-Hungarian government with explanations in regard to the utterances of high Servian officials in Servia and abroad who ventured to speak ill of the Austro-Hungarian government after the Sarajévo crime, the Servian government gave its consent on condition that the Austro-Hungarian government on its side would forward the particulars of these remarks, and give some proof that they were really made.

It seems perfectly evident, from the terms and tone of the note, that it was framed with the direct purpose of bringing on war, and that no reply of Servia could avert it. Even though to the preposterous demands Servia made an almost complete submission, it was all to no purpose. Even the Chauvinist press of Germany was indignant at the terms of the note, and that Berlin had not been consulted as to the demands. All that the German Emperor himself knew, it is said, was that some kind of action was to be taken. Italy, the third member of the Triple Alliance, was left completely in the dark—a fact which constituted a breach of the terms of that Triple Alliance.

The oft-repeated maxim, founded upon the experience of the last and present century, that Austria of two courses open to her is sure to choose the worse, has thus once more been verified, and under circumstances which have brought upon Europe and upon the world a war of which no one pretends to foresee the results. And, strange to say, the author and chief instigator of the step just taken by a Catholic country is a man who is one of the leading and most active Calvinists of Hungary, altogether he combines with his support of Calvinism a love of steeplechases and a passion for fighting duels. This is Count Stephen Tisza, the Prime Minister of Hungary, who has acquired over the aged Emperor an influence which has now proved disastrous. The influence thus acquired is due to the vigorous resistance offered by him in the Hungarian Parliament to the Magyar attacks upon the military prerogatives of the Crown, and to his success in crushing, by making use of the military and police, the obstruction offered by the Opposition in the Chamber. "Force the only means" seems to be his maxim, and having partially succeeded in this way in bringing under control the non-Magyar races in Hungary, the Count has been encouraged to adopting the same means in suppressing the Serbian propaganda, and has persuaded the Emperor to adopt his plan.

No one denies that such a propaganda exists, but how serious it is no one not on the spot can tell. In the kingdoms and provinces represented in the Reichsrath at Vienna, there are nearly 10,000,000 Germans and 18,500,000 non-Germans. Of these 17,500,000 are Slavs. Among the Slavs, the Croats and Serbs number 780,000, chiefly in Dalmatia. In Hungary there are 10,000,000 Magyars, 2,000,000 Germans, and 8,000,000 that are not Magyars. Of these there are over 5,000,000 Slavs. The Croats are Catholic Slavs, and number 1,800,000, while the Orthodox Slavs number 1,100,000. Such was the composition of the subjects of the Dual Monarchy before the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. By this annexation the proportion of Slavs was increased by an addition of 1,860,000 to their number, of whom 434,000 were Catholic Croats, 825,000 Orthodox Serbs, and over 600,000 Moslem Serbs, so that in all the Emperor-King rules over some 25,000,000 Slavs, of whom 2,840,000 are Serbs.

When Germany drove Austria out of the German Empire, she encouraged her to seek compensation by the absorption of the Slavs between her boundaries and Salonika, with the possession of the last-named city as her ultimate goal. This brought her into conflict with Russia, while the Balkan Slavs themselves proved unwilling to be absorbed. Of this unwillingness Servia has proved herself the most conspicuous example, and has thereby incurred the special enmity of Austria-Hungary. Not only has Servia not been willing to be absorbed by Austria-Hungary, but truly or falsely she is accused of trying to absorb the Serbians who dwell in Austria-Hungary. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina has strengthened this movement, for it has added a large number of discontented Serbs to the Austrian dominions. Here is to be found the real object of Austrian action—she is suffering from disappointed ambition. An unwise ambition, too, for the addition of more Slavs to her dominions would serve no better purpose than to increase the existing want of equilibrium.

The Servian reply to the Austro-Hungarian note was given on the evening of July 25th to the Minister at Belgrade, who immediately rejected it as unsatisfactory. Diplomatic relations were straightway broken off. Efforts were at once made by the British Foreign Minister to bring about mediation by means of a Council of the Ambassadors of the four Powers not immediately interested in the conflict. France and Italy accepted the proposal, although the Austrian semi-official journal had declared that Aus-

tria-Hungary would accept "neither arbitration nor mediation." Germany, however, held back, and therefore the proposal fell to the ground. For some days hope was entertained that a conflict might be averted. Conversations took place between Germany and Russia, and between Austria-Hungary and Russia, with the object of localizing the conflict, and of obtaining from Austria assurances that she would be satisfied with inflicting punishment on Servia, and that she had no intention of acquiring an increase of territory at her expense. Nothing resulted from these conversations; Germany seems to have made no representation to Austria-Hungary, but to have left her a free hand to take her own course.

On the twenty-eighth of July Austria-Hungary declared war on Servia, the Emperor-King issuing a Manifesto to his peoples. Supreme self-confidence reigned in the Dual Monarchy, the semi-official Hungarian organ declaring that the remotest consequences of the action against Servia had been fully thought out and tested, and that the Dual Monarchy was in a position to meet every emergency. Its strength was sufficient to make its interests respected in all circumstances. The Burgomaster of Vienna was moved to declare that it was given to the armies of the Triple Alliance to ordain the course of the world's history. On the other hand, Russia did all in her power to prevent war, but was frustrated in the midst of her efforts by the Austrian declaration. It was after the mobilization of Austria and on hearing of the bombardment of Belgrade, that the Tsar mobilized that part of Russian forces, and that part only, which bordered on the Austrian territory. With wonderful foresight of the coming aggression, Belgium had by the twentieth-sixth begun making preparation for the attack which has since been made.

The German Emperor is believed to have done all in his power to prevent the war. Even the Socialist journal, the *Vorwärts,* which has always been an undisguised opponent in principle of the monarchy, and has frequently waged an embittered fight against the present wearer of the Crown, unreservedly admits that William II., especially in late years, has shown himself the firm friend of the peace of the peoples. It would seem that in this case he has suffered, as has the Emperor Francis Joseph, from that ineradicable evil of all one-man governments—the influence of irresponsible back-stair cliques. With the exception of the very few cases in which the single ruler is a man of supreme ability, the commonwealth under this kind of rule is bound to suffer.

Even before any official steps with a view to war had been taken by either Germany or France, warlike incidents occurred on the thirty-first of last month on the Franco-Prussian and on Russo-German borders. On the same day Russia declared a general mobilization of an army which numbers 4,000,000 of men, and Germany proceeded to declare martial law throughout the Empire. Diplomatic conversations were being still continued between the Russian Foreign Minister and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at St. Petersburg. These were brought to an end on the first of August by Germany giving notice to Russia that the Russian mobilization was a great annoyance to her, and that unless demobilization took place within twelve hours, Germany would place her forces on a war footing. The German Ambassador at St. Petersburg seems to have expected the submission of Russia to these demands, for he waited the allotted limit, and then made his demand a first, second, and third time. It was only when he was told that silence meant refusal that he took a crestfallen leave. Thereupon Germany declared war upon Russia, before any warlike step outside her own borders, with a single exception, had been taken by Russia against Austria.

The justification of this action is found in the terms of the treaty made in October, 1879, between Germany and Austria-Hungary, which forms the basis of the Triple Alliance. It is well to note that Italy did not join the Alliance for some years afterwards, and that the precise terms have never been published. By the first clause of the treaty between Germany and Austria-Hungary, in the event "of one of the two Empires being attacked by Russia, the high contracting parties are bound to stand by each other with the whole of the armed forces of their Empires, and, in consequence thereof, only to conclude peace jointly and in agreement." Germany saw in the mobilization of Russia an attack upon Austria, and was so eager in her support of her ally as to declare war before it had been declared by either Russia or Austria-Hungary.

The next step taken by Germany was the invasion of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, an independent state, the neutrality of which was guaranteed by a treaty made on May 11, 1867. This treaty was signed by Great Britain, France, Russia, the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Prussia. All these Powers pledged themselves to respect the neutrality of the Grand Duchy. The German invasion took place, too, before any action had been taken by France. On the same day, without any declaration of

war, Germany violated the frontier of France at four points. The spirit of German action is revealed in the official declaration, "Germany must fire first." On the same day skirmishes took place on the Russo-German frontier, and a general mobilization took place in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland, while Great Britain began to take several precautionary measures.

On August 3d the German Ambassador left Paris, declaring that a state of war existed, and the French Ambassador was recalled from Berlin. On the same day Germany presented to Belgium an ultimatum demanding permission to send her troops through Belgian territory, promising to maintain Belgian independence on the conclusion of peace. Twelve hours were given the Belgian government to return an answer. In the event of a refusal Belgium was to be treated as an enemy. Belgium's answer was that the German proposal was a flagrant violation of the rights of nations, and a complete sacrifice of Belgian honor. The neutrality of Belgium is guaranteed by a treaty of 1839, of which Great Britain, France, and the States which now constitute Germany are signers. The binding character of the treaty was fully recognized by Bismarck in 1870, and France on the present occasion at once announced her intention of respecting it.

The violation of Belgian neutrality, among other things, necessitated the intervention of Great Britain. The other things included a sober view of her own interests, for if Belgium, as the result of the war, should become German territory, it would be a menace to the very existence of Great Britain. Moreover, the *entente* with France and the understanding with Russia called upon England to remain true to the nations with whom she has been acting, in order to prevent Europe being dominated by a certain Power. An ultimatum accordingly was, on the fourth of August, sent by Great Britain, requesting of Germany an assurance that she like France would respect the neutrality of Belgium, and asking for an immediate reply. To this Germany gave a curt refusal. Thereupon Great Britain formally declared war on Germany, and Germany replied by declaring war on Belgium and France. The invasion of Belgium, which had already begun, was at once continued in force. It is doubtful whether all the members of Mr. Asquith's ministry would have been brought into an agreement to enter upon the war, if Germany could have been prevailed upon to respect the treaties by which she was bound to respect the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium. It was this breach which decided the

issue. As it was Lord Morley and Mr. Burns resigned, feeling that they could not give their support to the war.

On the same day that Great Britain declared war against Germany, the President of the French Republic sent a message to the Chambers charging Germany with having made a brutal premediated aggression upon France, before any declaration of war. For more than forty years, under many provocations, France had striven to maintain peace, and even after the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, France had decided to recommend a policy of moderation, and to use every effort to avert the coming danger. Every effort that was being made had, however, been frustrated by the action of Germany. Therefore, it was with the confidence that France had the right on her side—the eternal moral power which no peoples, any more than individuals, could despise—that he called upon the French people to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their country.

The unprovoked character of the German invasion has united all parties in the resolve to defend French territory to the very last. At first there had been a movement among the Socialists to offer an active resistance to any warlike measures. At the head of this movement was M. Jaurès. This led to his brutal murder by an ardent patriot. The national union which has now been accomplished, was made manifest on the occasion of the funeral of M. Jaurès. The whole of the Chamber of Deputies, from the Royalists to the Socialists, listened upstanding to a glowing tribute which was paid to him by M. Deschanel. The whole of France, said M. Deschanel, was united over the coffin of the murdered leader. "Il n'y a plus d'adversaires; il n'y a que des Francais." The whole House as one man raised a resounding shout, "Vive la France!" Another mark of the union of the French people is the admission into the Cabinet of M. Clemenceau and M. Delcassé. M. Hervé, the antimilitarist, applied for leave to go to the front with the First Regiment.

Italy although a party to the Triple Alliance has, so far at all events, remained neutral. The exact terms of the treaty made by her with Germany and Austria-Hungary, have never been published, so that no one can say that the declaration of her neutrality constitutes a violation of her obligations. In fact Austria's precipitate action without consultation with her partners, released those partners from their obligations. The interests of each State became then the determining motive. By the advance of Austria-Hungary into the Balkans, the interests of Italy in those regions were

menaced. In fact for the safeguarding of these interests, there is good reason to think Russia and Italy some years ago entered into an agreement, the exact terms of which, however, are not known.

Even a more cogent reason for Italy's action is to be found in the hatred for Austria, which is a deep-seated feeling in the Italian people, the causes for which are well known. This has been manifested of late on several occasions, and has found expression ever since the ultimatum sent to Servia. There is good reason to think that any attempt of the government to support Austria, would lead to a revolution, and to the declaration of a republic in Italy.

What part, if any, the smaller nations will take in the war, is still a matter of rumor and conjecture. Of these rumors, one of the most important is that the Balkan Confederation has been formed again. If Rumania is included this will have a decisive influence on the future settlement. Turkey is said to be arming, but the probability that Russia would seize Constantinople should be a sufficient motive for her remaining neutral. That the course of the future has now to be settled by brute force, should be a cause for general humiliation, and lead to doubts as to the reality of the progress of which there has been so much boasting.

With Our Readers.

WE recently attended a meeting where a champion of the Catholic position was answering questions put by Socialists among his audience. One of the objectors said: "I am a Catholic and a Socialist. How do you explain that?" "Easily," answered the speaker. "Either you do not know the teachings of the Catholic faith, or you do not understand the doctrines of Socialism."

* * * *

IN the current issue of the *Dublin Review* there is an article that strongly supports this answer.

The article is the personal account of one who was for a period a Catholic Socialist, but who subsequently came to the conclusion that the combination was logically impossible. The writer had been educated in a Catholic elementary school until he was thirteen years of age. In after years his studies led him to believe that there was no incompatibility between Socialism and Catholic doctrine. He did not adopt Socialism at first; he was simply convinced that there was no necessary antagonism between Catholic and Socialist principles.

Zeal for the Church led him to institute a propaganda of instruction for Catholics, to overcome, what he considered, their mistaken and ill-advised opposition to Socialism; to make them leaders in this new movement which he thought destined to win over the majority of the people. He was fearful lest Catholics, in their ignorance and short-sightedness, would make a historical blunder, and would, if they continued their policy of opposition, in after years have much to explain away.

His "Catholic Socialist Society" achieved enough prominence to be condemned by the bishop of the diocese. The condemnation seemed to him mistaken and unfortunate, but he dutifully submitted to authority, and withdrew from all further public activity.

But he determined to make a thorough study of Socialism, in order to be able to convince the Catholic clergy of the error of their opposition. An article by Father Garrold, S.J., in *The Month,* however, brought him face to face with the fact that the Church herself had been and is opposed to Socialism.

"The Catholic Church as an organized movement showed herself everywhere and at all times anti-Socialist!.....The living world-wide movement of Catholicism was hostile to the living world-wide movement of Socialism."

It became evident to him that, in some way, there must be an essential incompatibility between Catholic faith and Socialism. "Thus," he says, "my faith in the Church destroyed my faith in Socialism even before I could see how Socialism offended."

* * * *

THE right understanding of one fundamental truth brought him the blessing of light by which he saw an essential incompatibility where he once believed none existed. He perceived, to use his own words, "by reason, apart from the statements of theologians, that there was a natural right to private property" in both consumptive and productive goods. "Property in consumptive goods was necessary for life, property in productive goods was necessary for free life." Belief in such a truth was absolutely incompatible with Socialism.

Some schools of Socialism would not abolish private property entirely, but even the most moderate would make private capital the exception and State capital the rule. Private ownership of capital is, in their eyes, a mischievous and dangerous thing.

"The Catholic, who believes that private ownership of capital is a natural right, is found to believe such ownership to be in itself a good thing.....Thus there is a great difference both in principle and policy between the Catholic and the Socialist."

* * * *

THE story of this man's conversion is of great value, because it shows how the modern Socialist, or sympathizer with Socialism, may be won back, if he can be won at all, to a right view, and in case he be a Catholic, be saved to the Faith.

The chief argument, he heard in the days when he called himself a Socialist, was that every Socialist was an embryonic atheist. "I never felt anything but anger and contempt for this argument: and when I heard my opponents so often using this argument so evidently fallacious, I became more convinced that they had no case." He is convinced that such arguments only beget a bias in favor of Socialism. "For this reason I read with a shiver of dismay certain Catholic articles on Socialism as being more likely to drive men out of the Church than to keep them from Socialism."

* * * *

THIS man now spends much time lecturing against Socialism to Catholic working class audiences. He is more and more convinced that the "Socialism means—atheism—and free-love" type of argument is most mischievous.

"Catholic and other workingmen are now educated enough to know that Socialism means the State ownership of the means of production: and workingmen are clear-headed enough to know that State ownership of the means of production, though it may mean many unpleasant things, does not mean necessarily promiscuous sexual relations, or the abolition of religious worship.....If we are to oppose Socialism *as Catholics,* our main ground of opposition should be the danger of Socialism to liberty."

MR. WILFRID WARD, in his impressions of America published in the current *Dublin Review,* speaks in a very complimentary way of the work of the Paulist Fathers.

He falls, however, into what was once a common error, in stating that almost all of the Paulist Fathers are converts. Of the entire Paulist congregation, the very small proportion of six of its members at the present time are converts.

The subjects of lectures for non-Catholics, as recorded by Mr. Ward, are not typical of the subjects treated by the Paulists in their missions to non-Catholics. In fact the titles mentioned are of subjects subordinate to those ordinarily treated.

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MR. WARD gives us promise of further comment as the result of his visit, for he writes: "Thus ended an exceedingly interesting and, for me, memorable tour. I parted from my American friends with sentiments of great gratitude and good will. I reserve for another occasion some further account of the lessons I learnt, and the impressions I formed."

WE look forward with interest to the publication of what must have been one of the most interesting papers at the Cardiff Congress. This paper dealt with the ancient religious beliefs of the Welsh people, and was presented by Mr. de Hirsch Davies, a recent convert, of Welsh birth. In writing of this paper in the current *Month,* Father Sydney Smith speaks of it as one that "excited a very special interest." "This paper," he writes, "is sure to be published, and its wealth of apt quotation should cause it to be instrumental in bringing home to the Welsh people how thoroughly Catholic in every way and how instinct with love and veneration for the Mass, for the Blessed Mother of God, for the Pope, for the priesthood and the Catholic Sacraments was the bardic literature from the eleventh to the seventeenth century."

AS we go to press the Catholic world is thrown into mourning by the news of the death of our Holy Father Pius X. After eleven years of pontificate, years full of trial and stress for the Church, this ardent spirit, who willed "to restore all things in Christ," sinks to rest, broken-hearted by the strife of nations.

With paternal solicitude, his dying lips voiced a pathetic and powerful charge to his world-wide family to lift up their thoughts and prayers to Him, Who is the "Prince of Peace."

At this moment when nearly the whole of Europe is being dragged into the vortex of a most terrible war, with its present dangers and miseries and the consequences to follow, the very thought of which must strike every one with grief and horror, we whose care is the life and welfare of so many citizens and peoples cannot but be deeply moved and our heart wrung with the bitterest sorrow,

And in the midst of this universal confusion and peril, we feel and know that both fatherly love and apostolic ministry demand of us that we should with all earnestness turn the thoughts of Christendom thither "whence cometh help"—to Christ, the Prince of Peace, and the most powerful Mediator between God and man.

We charge, therefore, the Catholics of the whole world to approach the throne of grace and mercy, each and all of them, and more especially the clergy, whose duty furthermore it will be to make in every parish, as their bishop shall direct, public supplications, so that the merciful God may, as it were, be wearied with the prayers of His children and speedily remove the evil causes of war, giving to them who rule to think the thoughts of peace and not of affliction.

From the palace of the Vatican, the second day of August, 1914.

PIUS X., PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

What stronger proof can the world need that the arm of Rome is stretched forth for "the healing of the nations," not to sunder, but to draw together in the bonds of fraternal unity and peace! The dying Pope bids no man deny his allegiance to his civil superiors, but he bids all men pray for "them who rule to think the thoughts of peace and not of affliction."

This last appeal was characteristic of the whole pontificate of Pius X., for it was a spiritual appeal. Nor has this consistent and enduring appeal been all in vain. For, in spite of the many materialistic tendencies of the time, in spite of the widespread and mad pursuit of unworthy pleasures, in spite, even, of the various attacks upon the Church, there has been, in the years of the reign of Pope Pius X., among the children within the fold, a great awakening, a response to the appeal that has meant no less than a spiritual re-birth.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Ontology, or the Theory of Being. By P. Coffey, Ph.D. $3.00 net. *Essays on Pastoral Medicine.* By A. O'Malley, M.D., LL.D., and J. J. Walsh, M.D., LL.D. *Index to the Works of John Henry Cardinal Newman.* By J. Rickaby, S.J. $1.75 net. *The Priest and Social Action.* By C. Plater, S.J. $1.20 net. *The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558–1795.* Vol. I. By Rev. P. Guilday. $2.75 net.

THE SENTINEL PRESS, New York:
Venerable Pierre Julien Eymard, the Priest of the Eucharist. By Rev. E. Tenaillon, S.S.S. 75 cents. *Mysteries of the Holy Rosary.* By Rev. A. Tesnière. 50 cents.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
God, Man and Religion. By E. R. Hull, S.J. 25 cents. *Jane Grey, a Nine Days' Queen.* (A Drama.) By the Ursulines of New Rochelle, N. Y. 25 cents. *Louis XI.* (A Drama.) By J. H. Stratford. 25 cents. *Within the Soul.* By Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J. 75 cents. *The Education of Character.* By M. S. Gillet, O.P. 80 cents. *Life of St. Angela.* Compiled by a Member of the Ursuline Order. 10 cents.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Essays. By Alice Meynell. $1.50 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain. By G. E. Street, F.S.A. Edited by G. G. King. 2 vols. $2.00 net.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:
The Home of the Seven Devils. By Horace W. C. Newte. $1.35 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country. By W. H. Hutton. $2.00. *Egypt in Transition.* By S. Low. $2.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse. By J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, F.S.A. Paper, $2.00; cloth, $2.75.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:
The Wine-Press. By Alfred Noyes. 60 cents net.

THE CHAMPLAIN PRESS, New York:
The Black Cardinal. By John Talbot Smith. $1.25.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:
De Curia Romana. Sac. Felix M. Cappello. Vol. II. $1.75.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Where No Fear Was. By A. C. Benson. $1.50. *History of Roman Private Law.* Part I.—Sources. By E. C. Clark, LL.D.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:
The Woodneys. By J. B. Ellis. $1.00 net. *The Democratic Rhine-Maid.* By F. K. Gifford. $1.25 net. *The Passing of the Fourteen.* By R. Sutton. $1.25 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
A Challenge to the Time-Spirit. By T. J. Gerrard. $1.25.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
The Continental Drama of To-Day. By B. H. Clark. $1.35 net.

THE GOODHUE Co., New York:
The Question of Alcohol. By E. H. Williams, M.D. 75 cents.

ST. ANTONY'S ALMANAC, St. Joseph's College, Callicoon, New York:
St. Antony's Almanac, 1915. 25 cents.

CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington, D.C.:
Report of the International Commission to Inquire into the Causes and Conduct of the Balkan War.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
A Naval History of the American Revolution. By G. W. Allen. 2 vols. $3.00 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The Question of Miracles. By Rev. G. H. Joyce, S.J. 30 cents. *Lourdes.* By Very Rev. Mgr. R. H. Benson. 30 cents net. *Outlines of the World's Literature.* By H. Binns. $2.25 net.

SANDS & Co., London:
The Minor of Oxford. By C. B. Dawson, S.J. *2 s. 6 d.*

M. H. GILL & SON, LTD., Dublin:
The Absolution of Recidivi and of Occasionarii. By Rev. D. Barry, S.T.L. *1 s.* net.

A. TRALIN, Paris:
Conversations Latines. Par. Ch. Dumaine. *1 fr.* 60.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:
Les Vaillantes du Devoir. Par L. Rimbault. *3 frs.* 50. *Les Sacrements au la Grace de l'Homme-Dieu.* Par M. Besson. 2 vols. *6 frs.* each.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:
Le Démon de Midi. By Paul Bourget. Two volumes.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Notre-Dame de Lourdes. Par Henri Laserre. *1 fr.* 50.

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